

Prodigies 2761

Chapter 2761 Cause A Stir

Beneath the sky, Lin Xun stood in quiet puzzlement. How could a Transcendence powerhouse like Buddha Venerable Shiye retreat so easily?

“That old baldy actually ran away like that?” Xue Ya exclaimed, disbelief written across his face.

“If he hadn’t fled, that thirty-six petaled lotus platform, condensed over a hundred thousand years, would have been gravely damaged. It is the foundation of his path to eternity. Perhaps it could still be repaired, but he would have missed the chance to ascend to eternity. Faced with such a choice, retreat was his only path.”

As they spoke, Yan Ji’s shattered will dharma form drifted over from afar. In that instant, understanding dawned on Lin Xun and the others.

“Quickly leave this place—”

Before Yan Ji could finish, his already damaged will dharma form collapsed completely, dissipating into nothingness.

“Let’s go.” Pu Zhen, Lin Xun, and Xue Ya vanished into the void.

Moments later, a storm of terrifying spirit senses swept across Cold Moon City. Although the earlier battle had erupted within the Golden Light Dharma Realm, the sheer scale of power it unleashed was still astonishing. Ordinary cultivators might not have sensed anything, but it was enough to alarm the ancient monsters lurking in this Central Core Region.

After all, this was the Seventh Heaven Domain, a land teeming with Immortal Imperial Clans and where quite a few old monsters had already stepped onto the immortal path.

However, when those vast spirit senses swept across the land, they found nothing. Whether it was Buddha Venerable Shiye or Lin Xun and the others, they had long since vanished from this world.

.....

Three days later, in a remote mountain range.

“Junior Brother, Xue Ya and I will take our leave first,” Pu Zhen said with his simple, honest smile.

Even after three days of recuperation, Pu Zhen and Xue Ya’s injuries had recovered less than thirty percent. This left Lin Xun worried, and he urged “Senior Brothers, why not rest a while longer? In your current state...”

“Time is pressing, we can’t afford to delay. Third Senior Sister and the others are still unaware of what happened in the Taiyu True Realm.” Xue Ya said with a hearty smile, “Besides, these injuries won’t hinder us. Don’t worry.”

“Very well, Senior Brothers, but promise me if you ever face danger in the future, you must tell me right away. I’ll be at the Origin Sect for the years to come,” Lin Xun said gravely.

“Alright.” Pu Zhen and Xue Ya nodded together.

The battle three days ago made them realize their little junior brother had long since grown up and no longer needed their protection like a hatchling. His strength had grown so great that he could stand beside his senior brothers and even help them seize victory from the jaws of defeat!

A smile spread across Lin Xun’s face. His senior brothers’ acknowledgment was without doubt the greatest recognition of his current cultivation. Now that he was finally able to help them, his heart swelled with pride and deep satisfaction.

On that day, Pu Zhen and Xue Ya departed together. Meanwhile, Lin Xun returned to the Origin Sect alone. The purpose of leaving the sect this time was to avenge his senior brother Ye Chunjun. He never expected that this journey would bring so many unforeseen trials.

At the same time, it had also brought him great gains. By slaying the Four Fiend Venerables of Empty Hidden Realm, he seized the opportunity to break through in his cultivation, stepping directly into the intermediate Heavenly Longevity Stage in one fell swoop.

In addition, when he returned to the Cloud Guardian Workshop, he encountered his two senior brothers Pu Zhen and Xue Ya. Together, the three fought side by side, cutting down the four Brahma Lords, Hong Ke, Hong Jing, Hong Yi and Hong Yuan, and even forcing Buddha Venerable Shiye himself to retreat in disgrace!

This was without a doubt a huge blow to the Zen Sect Ancestral Court. After all, a Brahma Lord was the equivalent of an elder of the Origin Sect's three great pavilions. Each one had cultivated to the Nirvana Spirit level, and the fall of four of them at once was a loss the Zen Sect could not bear.

At the same time, this battle made Lin Xun witness firsthand the sheer terror of the Transcendence Stage, a power that had reached a level beyond all imagination. If Pavilion Master Yan Ji's will dharma form had not suddenly intervened, the consequences would have been utterly catastrophic.

The Transcendence Stage was still far beyond Lin Xun's grasp. However, the Nirvana Spirit Stage was another matter. It was a summit he could pursue and even hope to surpass.

During the three days of recovery, his senior brothers shared with him what they knew. The four fallen Brahma Lords had long since stepped into the Nirvana Spirit Stage. The strongest, Hong Ke, had reached its pinnacle, while even the weakest, Hong Yuan, stood firmly at the intermediate level. Each had steeped in this realm for countless years, far surpassing ordinary Nirvana Spirit cultivators.

This realization lifted the weight pressing on Lin Xun's heart. He had questioned why the gap between Heavenly Longevity and Nirvana Spirit was so great.

Now he realized it was because those four Brahma Lords were top-tier existences among Nirvana Spirit experts. With his current cultivation, it was only natural that he could hardly contend with them.

His two senior brothers, Pu Zhen and Xue Ya, had reached the advanced and intermediate levels of the Nirvana Spirit Stage, respectively.

According to Xue Ya, if Pu Zhen was at his peak, his strength would have been enough to kill Hong Ke, a pinnacle Nirvana Spirit expert, within three punches! That alone showed just how terrifyingly deep Pu Zhen's foundation was.

Of course, Xue Ya was no weakling. Although he spoke humbly of his own cultivation, his words carried the unshakable confidence of someone who could utterly crush any opponent of the same cultivation stage.

Ultimately, the reason they had been driven into such a desperate state was not the four Brahma Lords alone, but because the enemy had Buddha Venerable Shiye sitting in command. Otherwise, the strength of those four Brahma Lords would never have been enough.

.....

The Origin World, near the ancient teleportation formation... In a quiet hall, Jin Zhongyue sat sipping tea with an air of leisure.

A month earlier, when Lin Xun had departed through the ancient teleportation formation, Jin Zhongyue immediately relayed the news to Cao Beidou, an elder of the Origin Sky Pavilion. Cao Beidou in turn passed the intelligence on to Deputy Pavilion Master Fu Wen.

That same day, Jin Zhongyue had been praised by Cao Beidou, who even promised that if Lin Xun failed to return to the Origin Sect, he would use his influence to help Jin Zhongyue reclaim the position of deputy deacon.

After all, once Lin Xun was dead, that seat in the Origin Sky Pavilion would be vacant, and Jin Zhongyue could step in without contest! This thought naturally left Jin Zhongyue brimming with excitement and anticipation.

The longer Lin Xun remained absent, the more delighted Jin Zhongyue became. He often pictured bloody scenes of Lin Xun being slaughtered in a storm of blades. Thus, during this time, the humiliation and rage he had felt at being reduced to a mere guard faded away.

Buzz—The ancient teleportation formation suddenly hummed to life.

Jin Zhongyue didn't need to guess. He knew it had to be someone from the sect returning from their travels. However, just as he was leisurely sipping his tea, his eyes suddenly bulged wide.

Pu!

The next moment, tea sprayed from his lips. His hand shook so violently the cup nearly slipped from his grasp. His features twisted into utter disbelief. From the glowing teleportation array, a tall figure emerged, one whose face Jin Zhongyue knew all too well. Over these past days, he had dreamed countless times of this man being slain.

Yet he had returned alive! In an instant, all of Jin Zhongyue's hopes shattered, leaving him drowning in loss and fury. How could this be?!

As his expression flickered between gloom and panic, Lin Xun strode forward, his voice calm yet sharp as a blade. "Jin Zhongyue, do you admit your guilt?"

Lin Xun's condescending, interrogative tone filled Jin Zhongyue with unease. Rising stiffly from his chair, he kept his face expressionless as he said, "Pardon me, Deputy Deacon Lin, but what crime have I committed?"

"On my recent trip, I was ambushed by assassins from Empty Hidden World. I have every reason to suspect a traitor within our sect leaked my whereabouts."

Lin Xun's dark eyes locked onto Jin Zhongyue. "And you are the prime suspect!"

His tone was ice-cold, his aura terrifying. At that moment, Jin Zhongyue, a veteran of the Heavenly Longevity Stage, felt a crushing pressure descend upon him, so heavy he felt suffocating. His body stiffened and his heart roiled in turmoil. .

Could it be...this guy has broken through in his cultivation?!

Impossible!

Although his heart was trembling with fear, he barked fiercely, “Deputy Deacon Lin, stop slandering me! Without evidence, this is nothing but false accusations and defamation!”

He tried to sound fearless.

Lin Xun only smiled faintly, “Didn’t you hear what I said? You are the prime suspect. Whether you’re a traitor or not, let Deacon Tao Leng interrogate you personally and the truth will be revealed soon enough. If you’re innocent, then your name will be cleared.”

That calm smile struck Jin Zhongyue, making his heart sink heavily in his chest. Lin Xun might not have any evidence to prove his guilt, but as deputy deacon, he had every right to suspect him and even drag him in for questioning!

“How can you brand me a traitor with just a few words? I say you’re abusing your authority to take revenge on me!”

With that, Jin Zhongyue spun around and stormed off. “I’m going to Elder Cao Beidou right now!”

However, the moment he moved, Lin Xun clamped a hand around his neck and dragged him close. “After the interrogation, you can run to Elder Cao Beidou all you like. For now, you’re coming with me.”

“Revenge! You’re doing this on purpose—!” Jin Zhongyue shouted desperately, trying to stir up a commotion and draw others from the sect to intervene.

Lin Xun smiled faintly. “I’ve already sealed off this place with restriction power. Even if you scream yourself hoarse, no one will hear. So stop struggling and come quietly. Besides, if you’re not a traitor, what’s there to fear? This is Origin World, I wouldn’t dare take your life here. That would be a grave crime.”

Without another word, he shoved Jin Zhongyue straight into the Limitless Abyss Sword Cauldron. Several nearby disciples caught sight of the scene. Their jaws dropped in shock, but by the time they snapped out of it, Lin Xun’s figure had already vanished without a trace. Even so, they knew that something huge was about to happen today.

“Quick, spread the word! Deputy Deacon Lin Xun has returned!”

“He’s captured Jin Zhongyue and taken him to the Origin Sky Pavilion!”

“It’s been a month since we last saw him, yet Deputy Deacon Lin is still as dazzling as ever...”

Voices spread like wildfire, and in the blink of an eye, the news was sweeping across the entire Origin World.

The Origin Sky Pavilion, Discipline Hall.

“You suspect this man’s a traitor?”

When Tao Leng heard Lin Xun’s purpose, a peculiar look crossed his face.

Lin Xun gave a soft chuckle. “Deacon Tao, if you think I brought Jin Zhongyue here just to vent my grudge, then you’re mistaken. I can guarantee that he is the most suspicious of all. I urge you to interrogate him yourself.”

Tao Leng’s brow furrowed. “Without solid evidence, this matter will most likely be dismissed, and it could tarnish your name. After all, everyone in the sect knows of your feud with Jin Zhongyue. Many will assume you’re targeting him out of spite.”

“So what if it’s dismissed? What matters is that it causes a stir. If not, then every time I travel outside, my whereabouts will be exposed before I even arrive.” Lin Xun sneered.

“Cause a stir?” Tao Leng murmured.

“Yes, I intend to make a stir. And I hold something in my hand. Once the sect sees it, no one will dare say I’m making a fuss over nothing.”

Chapter 2762 Another Mastermind

Tao Leng had only interrogated Jin Zhongyue for less than a quarter of an hour, when heavy footsteps echoed outside the Discipline Hall. An imposing figure entered, Elder Cao Beidou.

The first thing his eyes fell upon was Lin Xun, seated calmly in the main hall with eyes closed in meditation. A cold grunt escaped him. "You haven't been a deputy deacon for long and you already abuse your authority to slander fellow disciples. Outrageous!"

Lin Xun's eyes snapped open, his voice ringing clear through the hall. "Right and wrong have yet to be decided, yet Elder Cao condemns me so hastily. If a mistake is made, how will you salvage your dignity then?"

Cao Beidou gave a cold snort, his eyes sweeping the hall with icy contempt. His voice boomed like a war drum. "Where is Tao Leng? Why has he not come out to greet me?"

His words reverberated through the hall, domineering and oppressive.

The side door cracked open. Tao Leng stepped forth, his expression calm as ever. With a cupped fist, he said evenly, "What urgent matter brings Elder Cao here?"

"Release Jin Zhongyue at once! Do not make a fatal mistake!" Cao Beidou demanded, his expression like ice.

Tao Leng's tone did not waver. "The questioning has only just begun. If we release him now, it will not prove his innocence. It's better that the interrogation be completed. If he is not a traitor, then his name will be cleared beyond doubt. Would that not be a better outcome?"

"Is that possible? Everyone knows you, Tao Leng, are ruthless and cruel. Anyone who falls into your hands, even if innocent, will be forced into confession!" Cao Beidou's face grew darker by the moment. "I'll ask you one last time, will you release him?"

"No." Lin Xun rose up from his seat, meeting Cao Beidou's gaze without the slightest fear. "Elder Cao, why are you so furious? Could it be...you're afraid Jin Zhongyue might reveal something...about you?"

“How dare you question and slander me?” Cao Beidou roared, though his face remained cold and expressionless. “A mere deputy deacon, yet you dare to defy your superiors and trample authority! Tao Leng, tell me, according to the sect’s law, what punishment does such insolence deserve?”

Before Tao Leng could answer, a voice rang out from beyond the hall. “Dock a year’s salary. Thirty lashes.”

With those words, a short, rotund man strolled in at a leisurely pace, dressed in a luxurious jade robe. He sported a drooping moustache, a bulbous wine-red nose, and narrow eyes. It was Chu Jian, one of the nine elders of the Origin Sky Pavilion!

“Brother Chu, you came at just the right time.”

Cao Beidou’s eyes brightened. “Today, Deacon Tao Leng and Deputy Deacon Lin Xun colluded, trying to force a confession from Jin Zhongyue. How should they be punished?”

Chu Jian stroked his moustache and smirked. “This is no small matter. At the very least, they should be stripped of their positions. At the worst...imprisoned.”

Tao Leng’s expression flickered ever so slightly. Just then, another voice resounded at the entrance. “With just a few words, you condemn Tao Leng and Lin Xun. Where is the evidence? Or have the elders of the Origin Sky Pavilion chosen to twist the sect’s laws and wield your power like tyrants?”

A group of people strode into the hall. They were all important figures of the Origin Sky Pavilion, including elders and deacons.

Lin Xun’s eyes gleamed. The news had spread, and this was exactly what he wanted.

Sure enough, in the time that followed, more and more high-ranking figures arrived after hearing the news, such as elders and deacons from the Origin Emptiness Pavilion and the Origin Clarity Pavilion. Even several peak masters of the Nine Peaks appeared one after another. In an instant, the Discipline Hall was thrown into chaos, teeming with a restless tide of people.

Outside, countless successors and disciples had gathered. They had no right to step into the Discipline Hall, but that didn't stop them from crowding at its doors, eager to watch the spectacle unfold.

In the Origin Sect Ancestral Court today, Lin Xun was already a figure under the gaze of all. Every move he made was scrutinized by countless powerful figures. Now, upon his return, he immediately seized Jin Zhongyue and branded him a traitor. To those high-ranking figures, it could only mean one thing: Lin Xun was stirring up chaos again!

Thus, they had all rushed over the moment the news spread. If it had been anyone else, such an uproar would never have occurred. Before long, even the three deputy pavilion masters of the Origin Sky Pavilion had been alarmed and arrived in person.

In an instant, the chaotic uproar within the Discipline Hall ceased. Every gaze, sharp as blades, turned toward the towering figures, Xuan Feiling, Fu Wenli, and Qi Xiaoyun.

Everyone knew the outcome of this storm rested on the judgement of these three deputy pavilion masters.

"Lin Xun, tell us everything from the beginning." Xuan Feiling's voice broke the silence, calm but carrying unquestionable weight.

Under the scrutiny of hundreds of eyes, Lin Xun remained composed. "A month ago, I set out on a journey, but I never imagined that shortly after leaving the Thousand Star Sea, assassins from Empty Hidden World would strike at me."

A ripple of shock surged through the hall.

"Empty Hidden World dared to touch one of our Origin Sect?"

"They've gone mad! Do they not fear we'll raze their entire den to ashes?"

"Absurd. Since when did Empty Hidden World grow so bold as to openly provoke us?"

Rage and scorn filled the hall. Outside, the name of Empty Hidden World might strike fear into hearts, but within the Origin Sect, to these lofty figures, it was nothing more than an old assassin faction. It was hardly worth mentioning.

Yet now, they had grown so brazen as to dare target one of their own. This was undoubtedly unusual.

“When traveling, danger and mishaps are inevitable. What proof do you have that this attack was the work of Empty Hidden World, and worse, that a traitor within our sect betrayed you?” Fu Wenli asked coldly.

Lin Xun answered without flinching, “If it just happened by chance, I would not think twice. But this attack was clearly planned. My movements were known the very moment I left the sect. Otherwise, Empty Hidden World could never have tracked me down so quickly.”

“And from that basis, you dare claim it was Jin Zhongyue?” Qi Xiaoyun sneered, his voice frosty.

Lin Xun said, “I’ve made it clear, Jin Zhongyue is the prime suspect. He was the one stationed to guard the ancient teleportation formation, and only he knew the exact time and route of my departure. That alone makes him the most suspicious.”

“Do you have any proof?” Fu Wenli asked bluntly.

“No.” Lin Xun’s reply was calm, blunt and without hesitation.

At once, an uproar swept through the hall. Without any evidence, Lin Xun had seized Jin Zhongyue based on suspicion alone. Was he not afraid that others would think he was settling old scores under the guise of justice?

Sure enough, Fu Wenli’s voice cut through the silence, cold as ice, “You’re just a deputy deacon, yet you dared to drag Jin Zhongyue here and interrogate him without proof. Don’t you think you’ve gone too far?”

“This isn’t just excessive, it’s reckless and lawless!” Qi Xiaoyun barked, his tone booming like thunder.

The air in the hall grew oppressive. Everyone could see the tide turning against Lin Xun. Unless he produced proof, he would have to pay the price for arresting Jin Zhongyue today.

Xuan Feiling frowned. “Lin Xun, do you have anything else to say?”

“Yes.” Lin Xun’s answer was calm. Slowly, he drew out a jade slip. “The Empty Hidden World dispatched the Four Fiend Venerables to assassinate me. This jade slip records something very interesting. Once you see it, you’ll understand why I made such a fuss, and why I judged Jin Zhongyue the most suspicious.”

A jade slip! Fu Wenli and Qi Xiaoyun narrowed their eyes ever so slightly. Around the hall, the faces of the gathered elders shifted, as if they suddenly grasped the reason for Lin Xun’s confidence.

Buzz—

Ripples of light spread from the slip, revealing scenes from the deep mountains outside Star Creek City. They were not of battle, but of the conversations exchanged before it. It was when the Four Fiend Venerables appeared and spoke with Lin Xun and an old man named Feiyin.

As these images played out, the eyes of the high-ranking figures flickered, each expression shifting subtly.

“Who is this Feiyuin?” someone finally asked

“An old man who escaped from the Empty Hidden World. I intended to use his power to track down Venerable Demon and avenge Senior Brother Ye Chunjun. But before I could, the Four Fiend Venerables came straight for me,” Lin Xun explained.

As he spoke, a voice echoed from one of the projected images. It was Venerable Wraith.

“After all, he is a successor of the Origin Sect Ancestral Court. It’s no surprise he carries such confidence. According to the reports, although this boy only recently broke through, his combat power already defies heaven, and his weapons he wields are earth-shaking. He must not be underestimated. Otherwise, why would four of us be dispatched together?”

When the words ended, Lin Xun calmly put away the jade slip. Across the hall, expressions shifted one by one. Suspicion gleamed in every gaze.

“You’ve all seen and heard it clearly. The Four Fiend Venerables came after me the moment they received word of my movements.” Lin Xun’s voice was calm. “Why did they strike together? Because someone leaked the news. Although I had just broken through to the Immortal Stage, they already knew my combat power defies heaven and that my dao weapons are earth-shaking!

“Everyone, before I left this time, I was in seclusion within the sect. So tell me, who told the Empty Hidden World that I had attained immortality? Who told those assassins that my combat power was so heaven-defying they needed to send four of their top Heavenly Longevity assassins against me?”

His words echoed through the hall, striking straight into the hearts of everyone present.

“But this still doesn’t prove there’s a traitor within our sect!” Cao Beidou finally snapped.

Lin Xun’s gaze turned razor-sharp. “Then tell me, how did Empty Hidden World learn so clearly what happens within our Origin Sect? How did they know of my dao weapon, which I’ve only ever revealed once when I defeated Jin Zhongyue?

“Yet before those assassins from the Empty Hidden World even struck, they already knew of my earthshaking dao weapon!”

Lin Xun’s eyes locked onto Cao Beidou, his voice cold as steel. “Elder Cao, under these circumstances, do I not have reason to suspect that Jin Zhongyue, bitter from defeat, was the one who leaked my secrets and my movements to Empty Hidden World?”

Cao Beidou was left momentarily speechless. The jade slip had revealed everything that happened at that time, down to every word spoken and every expression on their faces. Cao Beidou was left with nothing to refute.

“No wonder you’re so enraged,” Xuan Feiling sighed, “Had I been betrayed by one of my own, I too would have been furious.”

His words drew nods of agreement from many present. Empty Hidden World was nothing worth fearing, but if a traitor truly lurked within the sect and leaked Lin Xun’s whereabouts, it would be an unforgivable crime!

“But this still doesn’t prove that Jin Zhongyue is a traitor. Do you truly believe someone like Jin Zhongyue could command Empty Hidden World to send the Four Fiend Venerables?”

Cao Beidou had been holding back for a long time before he finally forced out these words.

Lin Xun nodded solemnly. “Elder Cao is right. Jin Zhongyue does not have the ability to command the Empty Hidden World. That is precisely why I seized him at once, because I suspect there is another mastermind lurking behind him!”

Those words fell like thunder. The atmosphere within the hall froze, sinking into an unprecedented heaviness!

Chapter 2763 Grand Event Approaches

As though struck by a heavy club, Cao Beidou felt suffocated to the point of nearly vomiting blood. He had just claimed that Jin Zhongyue wasn’t qualified to command the Empty Hidden World, yet Lin Xun immediately turned those words against him, pointing to the existence of another mastermind behind Jin Zhongyue. It was as though Lin Xun had cast a brick only to draw out jade...

Unconsciously, Cao Beidou’s gaze shifted toward Fu Wenli. Though Fu Wenli’s face remained calm, a faint frown tugged at his brow, and beneath that composure radiated a cold, oppressive power that chilled the heart. The hall sank into suffocating silence.

In truth, every high-ranking figure present knew Jin Zhongyue was nothing more than a small pawn. However, none of them had expected Lin Xun to use this pawn to drag out the true mastermind behind the curtain.

“This matter...” Fu Wenli’s voice cut through the silence. “Our Origin Sky Pavilion will investigate thoroughly.” But from his tone, no one could tell what lay behind his words.

Xuan Feiling nodded. “Very well. Let Deputy Pavilion Master Fu take charge of this matter. He must provide both the sect and Lin Xun with a satisfactory explanation.”

Lin Xun was about to speak when Xuan Feiling’s calm, resonant voice echoed in his mind, “You’ve made your point. Push further, and the matter will only be left unresolved. Worse, you’ll stir up even deeper resentment from those already against you.”

Lin Xun nodded. He already knew this, but when the outcome unfolded before him, he couldn’t help but feel a trace of helplessness.

.....

That very day, the events in the Discipline Hall of Origin Sky Pavilion spread like wildfire through the Origin Sect, igniting endless debate.

“The conflict between Lin Xun and his enemies is reaching new heights...”

Many quickly realized that the assassins from Empty Hidden World were only a surface detail. The true cause was Lin Xun’s meteoric rise. He had risen too quickly, and those lofty figures who already despised him now felt threatened.

No one dared to say it out loud. Even the great figures were the same. They knew it perfectly well, but would never point it out.

“Even the Four Fiend Venerables failed to kill Lin Xun. Just how terrifying is his foundation?”

“That’s exactly why those big shots are afraid.”

“Clashes like this will only grow more frequent. Whether Lin Xun can overcome every storm, as he did this time, remains to be seen.”

“Unfortunately, Jin Zhongyue is destined to be the sacrificial lamb this time.”

While such whispers filled the sect, Lin Xun had quietly returned to his residence.

The very next day, Tao Leng arrived with news.

“Jin Zhongyue is finished.” Tao Leng whispered, “Today, Deputy Pavilion Master Fu Wenli issued an order, announced personally by Elder Cao Beidou. Last night, Jin Zhongyue, aware of the gravity of his sins and fearing his mistakes would disrupt the order of the sect, committed suicide to escape punishment.”

Lin Xun’s pupils contracted, a chill seeping into his heart. “Suicide...to escape punishment!”

His eyes darkened, his voice cold as frost. “Those old foxes are truly ruthless!”

Tao Leng replied with meaning, “This is the price of wrongdoing. Otherwise...would you accept it? Would those high-ranking figures of the sect accept it?”

Lin Xun sighed softly, “I just didn’t think they’d so easily dispose of Jin Zhongyue, a pinnacle Heavenly Longevity Stage Immortal, like this.”

Tao Leng corrected evenly, “He committed suicide to escape punishment.”

Lin Xun chuckled. “Is there a difference?”

Tao Leng also let out a faint chuckle. “To see the truth, but leave it unsaid...that is true wisdom.”

After a pause, he continued, "Also, Deputy Pavilion Master Xuan Feiling has issued a decree. Feng Qixi and Liu Yunfeng, who have been imprisoned in the Prison of Repentance, as well as Ninth Peak's successor Huang Muji, and Seventh Peak's successor, Xiang Xiaoyuan, will all be released today."

Lin Xun's spirits lifted. This was without question good news.

"Fu Wenli and Qi Xiaoyun agreed to that?" he asked.

"Even if they didn't, they had no choice but to yield." Then Tao Leng added seriously, "From now on, you cannot address those two deputy pavilion masters by name. Otherwise, it will be seen as disrespect...insubordination."

Lin Xun smiled faintly, half exasperated, half amused. "Don't worry. It won't happen again."

Not long after, Tao Leng took his leave. That afternoon, Lin Xun met with Feng Qixi and Liu Yunfeng. He personally arranged a banquet to welcome them back.

"I'm sorry you both had to suffer," Lin Xun said with an apologetic smile as he lifted his glass.

Feng Qixi, dressed as always in her black martial attire, ponytail swaying lightly behind her, looked valiant and composed. She let out a faint sigh. "We didn't suffer, but...I'm a little regretful that I wasn't able to witness Brother Lin's breakthrough."

"Back then, it was under Cao Beidou's order that Qi Lingzhen, Zhongli Ran, and the others seized us and locked us away in the Prison of Repentance," Liu Yunfeng said. "But now, all four have been killed by Brother Lin. Why would I feel aggrieved? I only feel elated."

As he spoke, he raised his cup with a smile. "If you truly see Miss Feng and me as friends, then enough with the apologies. Let's drink."

"Very well! Then let's drink!" Lin Xun laughed, lifting his cup high.

That night, after the banquet, Lin Xun went to the Ninth Peak to visit his fellow disciples, Ye Chunjun, Huang Muji, Qin Ruoling, and the others.

Ye Chunjun and the others already knew that Lin Xun had gone out specifically to avenge Ye Chunjun, cutting down all Four Fiend Venerables in the process. The news left them deeply moved. There was no doubt that Lin Xun treated them as family.

After leaving the Ninth Peak, Lin Xun made his way to the Seventh Peak to visit Xiang Xiaoyuan, who too was overcome with emotion. The two talked for a long time before Lin Xun finally took his leave.

When he finally returned to his abode, a lightness settled over his heart as though a burden had been lifted.

“I’m only one small step away from reaching the advanced Heavenly Longevity Stage. Once I break through, I’ll be qualified to contend for the position of deacon...” Lin Xun reflected.

The requirements for becoming a deacon were notoriously harsh. However, no matter how severe they were, Lin Xun was determined to seize that position with everything he had.

The first prerequisite was simple: one had to stand firmly in the advanced Heavenly Longevity Stage. In truth, among the twelve deacons of the Origin Sky Pavilion, most had already stepped into the Nirvana Spirit Stage.

Only two or three still lingered in the Heavenly Longevity level, but all of them stood at its absolute pinnacle. Suppressing all distracting thoughts, Lin Xun sat down cross-legged, sinking into meditation.

After learning that his senior brother and the others were trapped in the Taiyu True Realm, Lin Xun felt a growing sense of urgency.

Ultimately, he had stepped onto the immortal path, but compared to those who had already reached Transcendence, he was still far behind. Only by constantly sharpening his strength could he truly aid his senior brothers and sisters of Fangchun Mountain in the future!

One month later, Tao Leng came to visit again, bringing news. The Nine Peaks Dao Contest, held once every thousand years, would begin in a month. He asked whether Lin Xun intended to take part.

Of course, it wasn't to compete, but to help maintain order during this grand event. Lin Xun thought long and hard before shaking his head. The Nine Peaks Dao Contest was ultimately a competition among the core disciples of the nine peaks. To him, it held no appeal anymore.

"By then, the Spirit Sect, Zen Sect, and Shaman Sect will all send envoys. Even the Ten Immortal Giants of the Eighth Heaven Domain and the great powers of the Seventh Heaven Domain will send representatives to witness it. Do you really mean to miss such a gathering?"

At those words, Lin Xun instantly changed his mind and agreed.

Tao Leng chuckled, "I knew you wouldn't pass up such a grand event."

Soon, Tao Leng left. Lin Xun couldn't help but feel anticipation stir in his chest. Would the envoys from the Spirit Sect include my senior brothers and sisters of Fangchun Mountain?

Time flew swiftly. The day of the Nine Peaks Dao Contest drew near. Across the sect, the nine peaks' core disciples had spent these recent days in intense training, conserving their strength in preparation for the approaching grand event.

Those who ranked in the top ten would earn the qualification to enter the three great pavilions for cultivation. As for the top three, they would receive the sect's full support, gaining resources to aid their pursuit of immortality itself, and the right to choose any pavilion they wished.

For every core disciple, the Nine Peaks Dao Contest was a matter of both honor and destiny!

At the Ninth Peak, Qin Ruoling sighed, "What a pity Junior Brother Lin Xun advanced too quickly. Otherwise, this year's first place would have belonged to our Ninth Peak without question."

Her words drew sighs from Ye Chunjun, Huang Muji, Meng Haochen and the others. They had been cultivating on the Ninth Peak for years, yet none of them could compare to Lin Xun.

In barely over a year, he had risen from a true disciple to a core disciple, then to a member of the Origin Sky Pavilion, and now even deputy deacon! His meteoric rise shook the entire sect.

Unfortunately, at the same time, he was no longer qualified to participate in the Nine Peaks Dao Contest.

“Do you think our Ninth Peak has not been in the limelight enough? With Lin Xun here, the whole sect cannot help but notice us.”

Peak Master Qin Wuyu’s voice drifted from the distance, “In this Nine Peaks Dao Contest, don’t concern yourselves with rankings. Just fight with your own strength and that will be enough.”

“That’s right. As long as Lin Xun is here, no matter what heights he reaches in the future, he will always be someone who came from our Ninth Peak. Who in the sect would dare look down on our Ninth Peak now?” Ye Chunjun said with a smile. He recalled how, when Lin Xun first joined the sect, even the peak master Qin Wuyu had been rather resistant to him.

Now, whenever Lin Xun’s name was brought up, though Qin Wuyu tried his best to hide it, the pride etched between his brows and the tone of his voice, seeming troubled yet brimming with joy, betrayed his true feelings.

The day before the Nine Peaks Dao Contest, Tao Leng brought Lin Xun specific news. The Spirit Sect Ancestral Court was sending nine envoys.

They were to be led by Spirit Venerable Qing Yun, one of the Ten Great Spirit Venerables. The title of Spirit Venerable carried a rank equal to that of a deputy pavilion master of the Origin Sect.

Of the remaining eight, four were Spirit Lords, figures on par with elders of the Origin Sect’s three great pavilions. The last four were Spirit Nobles, a rank equivalent to the deacons of the three pavilions.

Lin Xun scanned the list Tao Leng handed him, and a familiar name immediately stood out.

Cheng Yu!

His sixth senior sister!

Lin Xun couldn't help but recall a scene in his mind. Back in the Ancient Nebula Road, when they faced the Nameless Esteemed Emperor, a heaven-shaking game of chess broke out. One after another, his senior brothers and sisters from Fangchun Mountain arrived, revealing divine might that shook the heavens and earth.

Among them was his senior sister Cheng Yu. She was petite, with ear-length hair and a plain cloth robe that accentuated her natural grace. Her large eyes shone like stars, and her face was delicate and quietly elegant.

Her beauty was subtle, restrained, imbued with a pure, ethereal charm. To the unknowing eye, she might have seemed nothing more than a sweet, innocent girl next door. However, once she stepped onto the battlefield, she blazed with a fierce, domineering radiance. It was impossible to imagine that such a delicate frame could erupt with power that could shatter the heavens.

It was precisely this striking contrast between her gentle appearance and her terrifying strength that had left such a deep impression on Lin Xun.

Chapter 2764 Heavenly Enlightenment Dao Arena

Next to Cheng Yu's name was the title Spirit Noble. In other words, his senior sister had already become a high-ranking figure in the Spirit Sect Ancestral Court. Her standing was on par with the deacons of the Origin Sect's three pavilions!

This surprised Lin Xun.

It seems like Third Senior Sister and the others are doing well in the Spirit Sect. That's a relief. I must find an opportunity to speak with Senior Sister Cheng Yu.

Early the next morning, the central area of the Origin World...

With a deafening rumble, the earth split apart. Slowly, an ancient battlefield rose from the depths, endless streams of auspicious lights bursting forth and piercing the heavens. Between heaven and earth, faint echoes of the great dao seemed to resound.

When the vast arena finally revealed its full form, the surrounding heavens erupted in commotion. The Heavenly Enlightenment Dao Arena!

Forged at the birth of the Origin Sect by its founding master, this arena was said to be formed from the nine sources of primal chaos, fused with three thousand immortal divine irons, and tempered with supreme powers beyond comprehension.

Since ancient times, once every thousand years, the Nine Peaks Dao Contest had been held on the Heavenly Enlightenment Dao Arena, and each time, it had given rise to a new generation of dazzling, world-shaking figures.

Many of the mighty figures who now held lofty positions within the three pavilions and nine peaks had once competed here in their youth, their brilliance blazing across the Heavenly Enlightenment Dao Arena!

At this moment, the masters, elders, and successors of the nine peaks arrived one after another, taking their places in the nine zones surrounding the arena.

On the opposite side rose a resplendent cloud platform. This was the viewing platform. There, the envoys of the three Ancestral Courts, Spirit Sect, Shaman Sect and Zen Sect, had already taken their seats, along with experts dispatched by the Ten Immortal Giants.

Every one of these figures was a being of immense power, their mere presence compelling awe and reverence.

In addition, old monsters from the top forces of the Seventh Heaven Domain could also be seen, each one at the Nirvana Spirit Realm or above. A number of Heavenly Longevity Immortals were also present, but at such a gathering they could only serve as embellishments, as background figures.

The lineup of envoys and spectators alone was so magnificent that one could well imagine the weight and prestige carried by the Nine Peaks Dao Contest held once every thousand years by the Origin Sect!

Not far from the viewing platform sat the great figures of the three pavilions of the Origin Sect. There was Xuan Feiling, Fu Wenli, and Qi Xiaoyun, deputy pavilion masters of the Origin Sky Pavilion. There was Dugu Yong, Yuan Wutian, and Chi Wen, deputy pavilion masters of the Origin Emptiness Pavilion. There was Fang Daoping, Yu Xing, and Tang Qiu, deputy pavilion masters of The Origin Clarity Pavilion.

All were seated in attendance. Seated below them were the elders of the three pavilions. As for the deacons and deputy deacons, they had been stationed throughout the Heavenly Enlightenment Dao Arena. Some were tasked with maintaining order, while others oversaw the many matters of the contest.

Lin Xun was assigned to stand beside Tao Leng at the edge of the Heavenly Enlightenment Dao Arena, responsible for maintaining order during the Nine Peaks Dao Contest. That said, there was little for him to actually do.

The area surrounding the Heavenly Enlightenment Dao Arena teemed with powerhouses. Who would be so bold and fearless as to stir up trouble here? From what Lin Xun knew, among the spectators this time were nine Transcendence Immortals and more than sixty figures of the Nirvana Spirit Stage!

Such a force was enough to shake the entire Eternal True Realm. If gathered as one, they could sweep across the world unhindered.

Think about it...the four ancestral courts, the Ten Immortal Giants, and the top forces of the Seventh Heaven Domain had all gathered here. Unless the eternal divine clans of the Ninth Heaven Domain personally descended, this lineup alone could already be said to represent the most powerful, most prosperous, and most terrifying force in the Eternal True Realm!

At this moment, the atmosphere in the arena was solemn. Lin Xun, on the other hand, was calm. Since he was not qualified to participate in such a contest, he felt no pressure at all.

Meanwhile, the core successors of the Nine Peaks brimmed with excitement, their eyes burning with anticipation. Everyone knew the Nine Peaks Dao Contest was a grand stage. To perform well here meant instant fame and prestige spreading far and wide!

Lin Xun's gaze drifted toward the viewing platform. It was crowded with exalted figures. Any ordinary person, even glimpsing it from afar, would feel a shock as if witnessing gods descend upon the mortal world.

Even Lin Xun felt a chill in his heart. Although these mighty figures had all suppressed their auras, each one sat there like a divine being enthroned above the nine heavens, their majesty more overwhelming than the next.

Hmm?

Lin Xun's gaze froze. Within the Zen Sect Ancestral Court's camp, he spotted a familiar figure: Buddha Venerable Shiye!

Lin Xun's eyes narrowed. Just two months ago, he and his two senior brothers, Pu Zhen and Xue Ya, had battled him fiercely. Who would have thought he would now appear openly in the Origin Sect Ancestral Court! Moreover, he was leading the Zen Sect's envoy party.

Shiye was a Transcendence-level Immortal. He noticed Lin Xun's gaze right away. Raising his eyes, he pressed his palms together and offered a faint, tranquil smile across the distance. It was so calm and casual as if he was greeting an old acquaintance.

There was no trace of hostility or killing intent, but only serenity. The high-ranking figures nearby all caught the gesture and couldn't help but turn to follow Shiye's line of sight.

"It's him."

"Lin Xun...Lin Daoyuan. That's him."

"Interesting."

“So this is the so-called lotus the Lord of Fangchun Mountain had waited for eternity. Unfortunately, the Lord of Fangchun Mountain has met with disaster in the Ninth Heaven Domain long ago and will never meet this little disciple of his he waited for...”

“Hmph. The Eternal Supremacy Path is a myth even in the Ninth Heaven Domain. To think it would appear in a successor of Fangchun Mountain? I don’t believe it.”

Murmurs of discussion rippled out. These influential figures, hailing from different factions, spoke casually and wore calm expressions, yet their words did not align with their true interests. Even so, the scene left many who witnessed it deeply unsettled.

The fact that such figures would even comment on Lin Xun spoke volumes. Some might be seeing him for the first time today, but they had long since heard his name and deeds. That fact alone was shocking enough.

In this vast world, who else at his cultivation level would be remembered by the three ancestral courts, the Ten Immortal Giants, and countless major forces all at once?

Under their scrutiny, Lin Xun felt a wave of pressure descend upon him. Those gazes belonged to Transcendence powerhouses and ancient monsters of the Nirvana Spirit Stage. When such beings fixed their attention on a single person, one could imagine the weight of that pressure.

Fortunately, those gazes were restrained, their might carefully concealed, carrying no oppressive force. Before long, Lin Xun’s eyes fell on his senior sister Cheng Yu.

She wore a plain long dress, her delicate figure seated gracefully among the Spirit Sect envoys, her hands folded neatly on her knees. Her ear-length black hair set off her fair and lustrous skin. Her features were exquisite and her big eyes shone like stars in the night sky.

At first glance, she seemed like the pure, innocent girl next door. When she noticed Lin Xun’s gaze, she blinked and smiled faintly with a hint of restrained playfulness.

After a moment’s thought, Lin Xun raised a hand, signalling her to come over. Cheng Yu blinked in surprise, then glanced at the man seated beside her.

He wore a daoist robe, his hair tied in a daoist bun, a horsetail whisk in his hand. His features were striking and unusual. This was none other than Qing Yun, one of the Ten Spirit Venerables of the Spirit Sect Ancestral Court.

“Go on.” Qing Yun said with a slight nod.

Cheng Yu rose to her feet and left the viewing platform. The scene did not escape notice. Some frowned, others sank into thought, and some cast glances at Cheng Yu tinged with coldness. However, she remained unconcerned.

As for Lin Xun, he cared even less. Everyone knew that he and Cheng Yu hailed from Fangchun Mountain. Since fate had given them a chance to meet, he had no reason to avoid it.

“Deacon Tao, I’ll take my leave first.”

Seeing his senior sister Cheng Yu approach, Lin Xun smiled faintly and excused himself, intending to escort her back to his own abode.

“I knew you didn’t care about the Nine Peaks Dao Contest. Go on.” Tao Leng waved him off with a smile.

Lin Xun nodded and left with her at once.

“Senior Sister, this way.” He greeted Cheng Yu with a gentle smile as she walked toward him.

She hummed softly in reply and followed, her short black hair swaying with each step, adding a quiet charm to her presence. The sight of the two departing together drew countless stares. Many of the Origin Sect experts were left stunned, their expressions shifting unpredictably. Yet no one dared to stop them.

When they arrived at Lin Xun’s abode, Cheng Yu finally exhaled a long breath, as if the weight pressing on her heart had lifted.

“Senior Sister, were you nervous earlier?” Lin Xun asked with a smile, pouring tea for her.

Cheng Yu lowered her head, her voice tinged with embarrassment. “I did feel a little uncomfortable.”

Lin Xun was taken aback. Jun Huan had long told him that Sixteenth Senior Sister Cheng Yu was reserved and shy, but he never expected her to still be this way even after attaining the Immortal Stage.

“It’s fine. This is the Origin Sect, and we’ve done nothing improper. There’s no need to care about what others think,” Lin Xun said with a reassuring smile.

Cheng Yu hummed softly in acknowledgment, taking the tea Lin Xun offered with both hands. Her starry eyes lowered, her posture meek and gentle, giving Lin Xun the strange illusion that she wasn’t his senior sister but instead a fragile little treasure that needed his care and protection, and stirring an unexpected tenderness in him.

“Junior Brother...why did you call me here?” Cheng Yu finally asked in a low voice, her tone hesitant. The atmosphere grew faintly awkward.

“Well, nothing serious. I just wanted to ask about how things have been for you, Third Senior Sister, and the others in the Spirit Sect Ancestral Court.”

Cheng Yu’s voice was soft and clear, though her gaze remained lowered as she answered, “We’ve all been well. Before I left, Third Senior Sister told me that if I saw you, I should tell you not to worry about us. Senior Brothers Pu Zhen and Xue Ya have already told everyone about your recent situation.”

Hearing that Pu Zhen and Xue Ya had already reunited with Third Senior Sister and the others, Lin Xun felt a weight lift from his heart and he nodded with a smile. “That’s good.”

After that, he suddenly found himself at a loss for words. It was because Cheng Yu gave him such an unfamiliar feeling, as if he was facing a gentle, shy young girl, and he was afraid any careless word might offend her.

It was a strange feeling. And so, the atmosphere once again grew subtly awkward.

Lin Xun finally couldn't hold back and asked, "Um...Senior Sister, do you really have nothing you want to say to me?"

Cheng Yu blinked in surprise, before gently setting down the teacup in her hand. She hesitated for a long moment, then finally whispered, "Junior Brother...I've been cultivating under Master since I was a child. I've never understood the matters between men and women. So, I...I'm afraid...afraid that..."

Lin Xun tilted his head. "Afraid of what?"

Cheng Yu's delicate, beautiful features flushed crimson, like a burning sunset. Gathering all her courage, she finally blurted out, "I'm afraid I'll let down your feelings."

The next instant, she lowered her head, as if she wanted to bury it into the ground, her cheeks burning with embarrassment.

Lin Xun froze as though struck by lightning. "What?!"

Chapter 2765 Follow Your Lead

What kind of situation was this?! Lin Xun stood utterly dumbfounded, frozen in place, eyes blankly fixed on Cheng Yu. Seeing that he hadn't spoken for a long time, Cheng Yu stole a glance at his stiff expression, worry rising in her heart. Could it be...the blow was too much for Junior Brother?

She blurted out nervously, "Junior Brother, are you...alright? It's all my fault. I shouldn't have said something like that right after we met. I...I apologize..."

Her fair and delicate face was full of guilt and unease.

Lin Xun finally snapped out of it and hurriedly said, "Senior Sister, wait...listen to me, what exactly did you mean just now?"

Cheng Yu's worry only deepened. Junior Brother must have been struck too hard to accept reality. What should I do?

Biting her rosy lips, she whispered, "Junior Brother, calm down. I wasn't rejecting you. I just...I'm afraid I'm not as good as you think I am. I don't want to let down your feelings. I don't know what to say. It's just that...I need time to think. I can't accept you right away. Do...do you understand?"

Lin Xun's face grew stranger by the moment, his thoughts a tangled mess. After a long silence, he rubbed at his stiff cheeks and muttered, "Senior Sister...there must be some kind of misunderstanding."

"Misunderstanding?" Cheng Yu's clear eyes widened in surprise.

"Yes." Lin Xun nodded firmly. "Senior Sister, may I ask about what you just said...who told you that...?"

"Wasn't it you?" Cheng Yu blinked, equally confused.

Lin Xun gave a wry smile, "Since arriving in the Seventh Heaven Domain, I've been cultivating in the Origin Sect. I never knew...anything about this."

Cheng Yu froze and said, "But Junior Sister Jun Huan sent a message saying that you've admired me for a long time, that you've been suffering from unrequited love, and if you don't pour out your heart, it could harm your dao heart and even affect your immortal path. So you entrusted her to pass along your words and deliver me a letter of confession."

Hearing this, Lin Xun's face turned darker than the bottom of a pot, his teeth grinding in fury.

So it was all Senior Sister Jun Huan's doing! Admiration? Unrequited love? Pour out my heart? Letter of confession? None of it came from me! This was definitely her work! No wonder Senior Sister Cheng Yu was so shy when we met. She thought I was confessing my feelings to her!

At last, Lin Xun understood everything. If Jun Huan was here, he would drag her over and teach her a lesson. Wasn't this just matchmaking nonsense?!

Cheng Yu asked with a puzzled look, “Junior Brother, is there something wrong with that?”

Lin Xun gave a wry smile, chose his words with care and finally explained his speculation. After hearing him out, Cheng Yu’s pretty face flushed crimson. Remembering what she had just said earlier, she wanted nothing more than to crawl into the ground. How mortifying!

“Junior Sister Jun Huan is...so hateful.” Cheng Yu muttered, flustered. “When I see her again, I’ll have Third Senior Sister give her a proper lesson.”

“Yes, she must be taught a lesson!” Lin Xun ground his teeth, still seething.

He and Cheng Yu just stared at one another, wide-eyed and speechless... Then, after a long silence, they suddenly burst into helpless laughter, rocking back and forth uncontrollably. The subtle awkwardness lifted, giving way to a light and cheerful atmosphere.

Cheng Yu finally felt completely at ease. Lin Xun finally understood why his senior sister Cheng Yu had been so shy. The truth had come to light and with it came relief.

Many years later, when Jun Huan learned of this, she let out a long sigh. My little junior brother is really a hopeless case!

“Senior Sister, can you tell me what life has been like in the Spirit Sect Ancestral Court all these years?” Lin Xun changed the subject.

Cheng Yu nodded gently, tucking a strand of short black hair behind her ears. She spoke in a soft voice. The awkwardness from before had dissipated, and their conversation flowed with an easy harmony. Time slipped by unnoticed.

Later, Lin Xun brought out a few dishes he had prepared and opened a jar of fine wine to share with her. As for the Nine Peaks Dao Contest raging outside, he gave it no thought at all.

What he did not expect was that the gentle, reserved Cheng Yu turned out to have an astonishing tolerance for alcohol. Cup after cup disappeared into her without the slightest change in her expression. She was no weaker than any man.

At their level of cultivation, drinking was purely for pleasure. Neither of them bothered to suppress or dissolve the effects with their powers, and so they drank freely. Lin Xun soon noticed that the more Cheng Yu drank, the brighter her starry eyes shone, and the livelier her demeanor became. Her porcelain skin took on a rosy glow, making her look all the more charming and endearing.

In contrast, he himself was beginning to feel a little tipsy.

“Senior Sister, I never imagined you were such a good drinker,” Lin Xun said in surprise. The wine he had collected was all aged and rare, brewed with divine ingredients. For ordinary cultivators, drinking it without suppressing its effects would have meant instant drunkenness.

However, Cheng Yu seemed only more spirited the more she drank!

“Junior Brother, I grew up alongside Eldest Senior Brother, who loved wine more than anything. I’ve been drinking with him since I was young. Master scolded him countless times for turning me into a drunkard, but I’ve always thought drinking is one of the greatest pleasures for cultivators. Later on, among all our disciples, aside from Eldest Senior Brother, no one could outdrink me.”

Cheng Yu lifted her cup with a bright smile and said proudly, “I still remember, back then Master Kong Jue loved drinking with me too. Each time he saw me, he’d challenge me to a drinking contest. But in the end, it was always him who collapsed drunk.”

Lin Xun was in awe, as though gazing up at a lofty peak. “Senior Sister is remarkable.”

Cheng Yu giggled, lively and adorable, so much so that one could hardly believe she was a Spirit Noble of the Spirit Sect Ancestral Court, and an Immortal powerhouse.

Just then, the restriction outside Lin Xun’s abode rippled, immediately drawing his attention. With a thought, he withdrew it and Tao Leng’s anxious voice rang out, “Lin Xun, Deputy Pavilion Master Xuan is summoning you. Come with me at once!”

Lin Xun and Cheng Yu exchanged a glance, and in that instant, the drunken haze vanished from their eyes.

“Did something happen?” Lin Xun asked as he stepped outside. Outside, he immediately noticed the trace of anger and anxiety clouding Tao Leng’s face.

Tao Leng swiftly explained the situation. It turned out that the Nine Peaks Dao Contest had gone on for eight hours before finally drawing to a close. Afterward, a grand banquet was meant to follow. It was to celebrate the core disciple who ranked at the top, and to honor the guests who had come from afar.

However, just as the Nine Peaks Dao Contest concluded, an unexpected disturbance erupted. Xing Jun, a Great Shaman of the Shaman Sect strode into the Heavenly Enlightenment Dao Arena and publicly declared that he wished to challenge Lin Xun.

The entire audience was shaken. A Great Shaman of the Shaman Sect held a status equivalent to a deacon or a deputy deacon of the Origin Sect’s three pavilions, their cultivation typically ranging between the Heavenly Longevity and the Nirvana Spirit Stages.

Xing Jun was no ordinary figure. He had only recently ascended to this rank, but his strength was already considered exceptional. Even so, he was a guest. To outright refuse his challenge would seem discourteous. Unfortunately, Lin Xun was absent at the time.

Faced with the challenge, the three pavilions of the Origin Sect naturally would not allow their prestige to be trampled. Before long, a deputy deacon from the Origin Clarity Pavilion stepped forward to fight in Lin Xun’s place.

This deputy deacon’s name was Xie Wumian, who had reached the pinnacle of the Heavenly Longevity Realm, far beyond Xing Jun’s cultivation of the advanced Heavenly Longevity Stage. He also possessed vast combat experience.

In fact, there were no ordinary figures within the Origin Sect. Every one of them was a prodigy, a monstrous genius. Even so, as one of the four great ancestral courts, the Shaman Sect naturally produced formidable disciples of its own. Furthermore, Xing Jun was one of its most dazzling and tyrannical figures.

At first, Xie Wumian held back, thinking it beneath him to unleash his full strength against a lower cultivation level opponent. Winning that way would be neither glorious nor honorable, and might even tarnish the Origin Sect's reputation.

However, who would have thought that the moment the battle began, Xie Wumian was thrown into peril. Even when fought with all his might, he was still crushed, unable to even lift his head.

In less than thirty breaths, he was grievously wounded by Xing Jun, his body shattered with a single punch. If a high-ranking figure had not intervened in time, Xie Wumian would have been annihilated on the spot. Such a disastrous defeat turned the faces of everyone in the Origin Sect dark.

Worst of all, Xing Jun stood tall in the Heavenly Enlightenment Dao Arena, his aura wild and domineering, making no attempt to hide his disdain as he openly demanded Lin Xun step forward. The Shaman Sect had always been a den of demons and fiends, caring nothing for etiquette and law. Xing Jun embodied that in full.

At that moment, the Heavenly Enlightenment Dao Arena was surrounded by powerhouses from the Spirit Sect, Zen Sect, and the Ten Immortal Giants. Faced with Xing Jun's provocation, how could the Origin Sect possibly back down? So Ruo Yunheng, a deputy deacon of the Origin Sky Pavilion, stepped forward.

Unfortunately, even he was defeated, his body shattering under a single punch from Xing Jun. The humiliating sight left the high-ranking figures of the Origin Sect unable to hold up their heads.

The Nine Peaks Dao Contest was a grand event for the Origin Sect, but it had become a stage for the Shaman Sect to flaunt its power. If this continued, how could the Origin Sect still hold its head high in the Eternal True Realm?

However, no one could deny Xing Jun's terrifying foundation. His strength far surpassed his peers. He could be called a heaven-defying genius among geniuses. The fact that he brazenly challenged the Origin Sect on its soil indicated that he was no ordinary figure, but a trump card deliberately prepared by the Shaman Sect.

At this point, Tao Leng hurried away to summon Lin Xun. Upon hearing this, Lin Xun raised an eyebrow. "There are seventy-two deputy deacons across the three pavilions. Don't tell me not one of them can stand against Xing Jun?"

Tao Leng let out a long sigh, "Don't you see? The Shaman Sect came prepared. Xing Jun was clearly arranged to provoke us at this exact moment. In other words, he's their trump card. Under such circumstances, if you don't appear, he will never leave the Heavenly Enlightenment Dao Arena."

His expression hardened. "We've already lost twice. We cannot afford a third defeat! Nor can we allow Xing Jun to run rampant any longer!"

With that, he clapped Lin Xun on the shoulder. "Lin Xun, this is a great opportunity for you. If you can win, you'll win the hearts of many in the Origin Sect, and the benefits to your future will be beyond measure."

Lin Xun asked, "Aren't you worried that I'll lose?"

Tao Leng almost rolled his eyes. "If you can't win, I'll dig your eyes out."

Lin Xun laughed. Then he turned to Cheng Yu and said, "Senior Sister, Shall we go and see for ourselves what this Great Shaman Xing Jun is truly capable of?"

Cheng Yu replied in a gentle voice, "I'll follow your lead."

Chapter 2766 Late Arrival

Heavenly Enlightenment Dao Arena.

The atmosphere between heaven and earth was heavy and oppressive, fury burning in the hearts of the Nine Peaks' successors. Even the brows of the high-ranking figures were shadowed with gloom.

On the viewing platform, mighty figures from all over the world, including the Spirit Sect, Zen Sect, and the Ten Immortal Giants, leaned toward one another, whispering in low voices. Xing Jun stood alone at the center of the Heavenly Enlightenment Dao Arena, domineering and proud.

He was lean yet powerfully built, his skin gleaming like bronze. His hair and beard were in wild disarray, while his golden eyes blazed like twin lanterns, surging with terrifying flames. Scarlet strands of immortal law coiled from him, weaving into ancient, barbaric symbols, cloaking him in the aura of a savage war god.

“Why hasn’t Lin Xun appeared yet? Is he cowering in fear?” Xing Jun’s impatient snort echoed across the arena.

The Shaman Sect had never bothered to restrain themselves, showing neither reverence for gods nor demons, and scorning etiquette and rules. The outside world mocked them as a sect of barbarians, and today, Xing Jun lived up to that reputation.

Even here, on the grounds of the Origin Sect, Xing Jun remained as wild and unbridled as ever, showing not the slightest restraint.

Xuan Feiling’s, Dugu Yong’s, and the others’ frowns became more prominent.

How could they not see that Xing Jun’s challenge had been orchestrated by the old monsters of the Shaman Sect?

However, this was no hidden plot, but instead an open scheme. A brazen challenge aimed at humiliating the Origin Sect before the world!

“Brother Fu, has Lin Xun still not arrived?”

From the distant viewing platform, the voice of Earth Shaman Xiong Tu boomed out like thunder.

In the Shaman Sect, the rank of Earth Shaman was equivalent to a Deputy Pavilion Master of the Origin Sect. Xiong Tu’s frame was towering and burly like a mountain, his rugged features made fiercer by the thunder sigil etched on his forehead.

Fu Wenli spoke without a ripple of emotion, “Lin Xun may serve as a deputy deacon of the Origin Sky Pavilion, but whether he accepts this challenge or not is entirely his decision.”

“Hahaha! So even this youngest disciple of the Lord of Fangchun Mountain has lost his nerve?” Xiong Tu threw his head back and laughed.

Though he was a Transcendence-level powerhouse, his emotions showed plainly on his face, and he made no effort to hide the hostility and disdain he had toward Fangchun Mountain. This was the way of the Shaman Sect. Top to bottom, they were all like this.

Fu Wenli said nothing, as though none of this concerned him. Xuan Feiling let out a cold snort. “Old Monster Xiong, if waiting bores you, why don’t you try sparring with me?”

Xiong Tu’s eyes narrowed, then he gave a low chuckle, “Xuan Feiling, don’t try to provoke me. If I smash you flat here on your own Origin Sect’s turf, that old Yan Ji would go mad with rage.”

Xuan Feiling spat, “If you don’t dare, then just admit it. Why talk nonsense? Have you already forgotten when I alone chased you all the way to the gates of your Shaman Sect? Who was the one wailing about revenge and settling scores? It’s been over ten thousand years, yet you still haven’t shown your face.”

If Xuan Jiuyin had been here, he would have realized that his great-grandfather outshone him by a wide margin when it came to arrogance. These words made the audience stir uneasily.

Among the older generation, many exchanged odd looks, recalling that earth-shaking pursuit long ago. Back then, Xiong Tu had indeed been driven into utter misery by Xuan Feiling.

Having his past disgrace exposed in front of everyone, Xiong Tu’s aged face darkened and his eyes blazed with murderous fury. After a long pause, he growled coldly, “Don’t worry. I will repay that humiliation a hundredfold. But today I’ve come as a guest and no matter what, I’ll give your Origin Sect some face.”

Meanwhile, Xing Jun’s voice rang sharp from the arena, “So long has passed, yet Lin Xun still hasn’t appeared. In my opinion, he’s afraid. What a disappointment.”

“I’ll fight you!”

Suddenly, a figure stepped forth, his expression cold as ice.

Ying Tianhong!

He was the head of the deputy deacons of the Origin Emptiness Pavilion, a pinnacle Heavenly Longevity Immortal. It was said that he had already laid the foundation to break through to the Nirvana Spirit Stage. He rarely appeared in public in recent years.

“Brother Ying, you must destroy that guy! He’s far too arrogant!”

Cries erupted around him as many Origin Sect experts shouted in anger. On the Heavenly Enlightenment Dao Arena, Xing Jun sneered coldly, “I’ve already crushed the last two. Do you really want to share their fate? Don’t make a fool of yourself!”

A green light flickered across Ying Tianhong’s face as his fighting spirit surged, and he was about to step onto the arena—“Tianhong, step back!” Dugu Yong’s stern voice cut through the air.

Ying Tianhong frowned. “If Lin Xun doesn’t show himself, are we to let this man run rampant in our Origin Sect?”

The faces of those present grew complicated. At first, they had all been looking forward to Lin Xun appearing up and teaching Xing Jun a lesson.

Now, with no sign of him, a thought surfaced in their hearts. Could it be that Lin Xun doesn't dare to accept the challenge?

That isn’t like him at all!

“The mighty Origin Sect, and yet not one of you at the same level dares to face me. Perhaps the rumors are true...your sect has declined and is no longer what it once was?” Xing Jun sneered coldly.

That single sentence made the blood of the Origin Sect boil. This man is simply too arrogant!

On the distant viewing platform, countless watched, curious to see how the Origin Sect would handle such a humiliation.

Just then, an apologetic voice spread across the arena. "Sorry, I'm late."

The words were not loud, yet every ear caught them clearly. A tall figure appeared out of thin air, stepping into the sight of all.

Lin Xun!

High-ranking figures like Xuan Feiling, Dugu Yong, and Fang Daoping all breathed a sigh of relief.

Just moments before, they had been silently dissatisfied. At such a time, Lin Xun, why had you not come forward? Do you want to watch a Shaman Sect barbarian trample the sect's dignity? However now, seeing him arrive, all of their dissatisfaction instantly dispersed.

"Lin Xun, it's Junior Brother Lin Xun!"

"It's Deputy Deacon Lin!"

"Great! He finally came! I've admired him for so long!"

The successors of the Nine Peaks erupted in excitement, their eyes shining with fervor. Even the elders, deacons, and other important figures of the three pavilions felt a weight in their hearts lift.

It was a mysterious feeling. It was as though, with Lin Xun's arrival, everything would be resolved. A sense of reassurance and confidence filled them.

“In just less than two years, this boy’s prestige within the sect has reached such a level!”

Noticing these reactions, Fu Wenli, Qi Xiaoyun and several others felt a sinking weight in their chests. The response of the sect at this moment was nothing less than a resounding recognition of Lin Xun. This was prestige, an awe-inspiring, terrifying influence.

At ordinary times, such power might remain hidden and hardly noticeable. However, in critical moments like this, it revealed itself in full force. Just like now!

Some peak masters and elders who had always maintained neutrality couldn’t help but smile. For instance, First Peak Master Yue Wuchou, Fifth Peak Master Yu Xiangting and Sixth Peak Master Wen Dongmian all had always chosen to remain neutral and adhered strictly to rules in matters concerning Lin Xun...

Now, they were brimming with hope and confidence in him. This was precisely the scene Fu Wenli, Qi Xiaoyun and the others least wanted to see.

On the distant viewing platform, every gaze was fixed on Lin Xun. The Spirit Sect’s Spirit Venerable Qing Yun, the Zen Sect’s Buddha Venerable Shiye, the Shaman Sect’s Earth Shaman Xiong Tu, and the powerhouses of the Ten Immortal Giants all wore different expressions.

Some eyes gleamed with curiosity. Some faces were icy-cold, faintly concealing murderous intent. Some were still and tranquil, like an ancient well, detached and watching the flames from across the river. Others were lost in deep thought.

Everyone knew that Xing Jun’s appearance was no coincidence. He had clearly been pushed forward by the Shaman Sect to target Lin Xun directly. Now that the man in question had appeared, all eyes turned to see whether the disciple the Lord of Fangchun Mountain had awaited for eternity was truly as formidable as legends claimed.

“You’ve only shown up now?” Ying Tianhong frowned in irritation at Lin Xun’s late arrival.

Lin Xun bowed apologetically. “Senior Brother, don’t be angry. Leave the rest to me.”

"This battle cannot be lost. Otherwise, the reputation of our Origin Sect will be ruined." Ying Tianhong's expression was grave.

At the same time, his voice echoed in Lin Xun's mind. "Be careful. This person has tempered his body to an unbelievable degree, comparable to an immortal dao weapon. He also carries the innate talent of Golden Shaman Divine Blood and wields indestructible, domineering divine arts. You must not be careless when you face him."

With that reminder, Ying Tianhong turned and stepped back. Lin Xun smiled faintly, then lifted his gaze toward Xing Jun in the arena.

"What are you waiting for? Get over here and fight!" Xing Jun crooked his finger arrogantly, his voice booming with menace.

Lin Xun, however, remained calm and composed. Instead of answering him, he turned toward the viewing platform and said evenly, "If anyone else wishes to challenge me, step forward now. Otherwise, once I defeat Xing Jun, I won't be entertaining you."

The entire arena fell silent in shock. Xing Jun froze for a moment, then threw back his head in wild laughter. "Lin Xun! As arrogant as the rumors said! Don't worry, I won't kill you too quickly. I'll make sure to play with you first!"

His voice was violent and savage. Lin Xun ignored him, his gaze still fixed on the viewing platform. "No one? Very well, then I'll have some fun with my friend from the Shaman Sect."

Just as he was just about to step onto the Heavenly Enlightenment Dao Arena, a cold voice cut through the air, "If you win, I'll be happy to give you some guidance."

An uproar swept through the arena. The speaker was a man from the Jing Clan, one of the Ten Immortal Giants. His name was Jing Qingjia, a renowned powerhouse, revered in his clan, and a pinnacle Heavenly Longevity Immortal.

He wore a black armor with a crimson crane cloak flowing behind him. His handsome face and blazing eyes gave off an extraordinary air.

“You won’t go back on that?” Lin Xun asked with a faint smile.

Jing Qingjia chuckled. “Before so many eyes, I would never stoop to something so shameful. On the contrary, you’d best hope you don’t get beaten to death by Fellow Daoist Xing Jun.”

Lin Xun produced a jade-colored silk scroll he had prepared in advance. “Then press your handprint here. Only then will I believe you’ll keep your word.”

All eyes turned toward the scroll. Bold, unrestrained writing sprawled across it: “Whoever goes back on their word is the grandson of everyone here.”

Everyone was struck dumb, eyes going wide. You can do that?!

“Nonsense!”

Fu Wenli barked coldly, a frown creasing his face. “At such a critical moment, you’re still playing childish games. If word of this gets out, won’t our entire Origin Sect become the laughingstock of the world?”

Qi Xiaoyun, Chi Wen and others were left speechless. This Lin Xun really never stops making trouble!

However, more were excited, stirred to the core. They couldn’t help recalling the scenes from the day Lin Xun ascended to the Immortal Stage. Back then, he had called Qi Lingzhen, Zhongli Ran, Gu Shaoyin, and Fu Chaosheng onto the Heaven’s Judgement Arena all at once, choosing to fight one against four...

Everyone thought he had lost his mind. In the end, the truth proved otherwise. Lin Xun only did that to ensure none of his opponents could go back on their words or flee!

Chapter 2767 Ground-Shattering Slam

Jing Qingjia was also dumbstruck. On such an occasion, before the eyes of countless powerful figures, Lin Xun, an Immortal, had actually made such an absurd demand. Fury surged in his chest.

“Do you regret what you said?” Lin Xun asked calmly, raising the scroll in his hand.

With a cold snort, Jing Qingjia left the viewing platform and strode over. He pressed his handprint firmly on the scroll, then fixed Lin Xun with an icy glare. “I advise you not to lose to Xing Jun.”

Lin Xun smiled faintly and pointed to one side. “Good. You’ve got guts. Now stand over there and wait your turn.”

Pu!

Laughter rippled through the crowd. Jing Qingjia’s face darkened, but he forced his fury down.

“Anyone else?” Lin Xun’s gaze swept across the viewing platform. “If you keep dithering, then don’t blame me for not giving you the chance to challenge me!”

His voice rang clear throughout the arena. Even the high-ranking figures present raised their brows. This boy is truly arrogant.

“I’ll do it.”

“Count me in.”

“Hmph! Do you really think you’re invincible?”

One after another, figures rose from the viewing platform, unable to restrain themselves. Almost all were from the Ten Immortal Giants. There were quite a few, and every one of them was formidable.

Many in the Origin Sect couldn’t help but feel a twinge of worry. These were no ordinary opponents. Each was ruthless and terrifying in strength. Then, from the Zen Sect’s side, a figure stepped forward. The entire arena fell silent.

Clad in a white monk's robe, he had refined features and eyes as limpid as spring water. His entire being seemed untouched by dust, radiating an aura that was ethereal, flawless and transcendent.

Yu Fengzi!

He was the chief of the Zen Sect's guardian disciples. A born Buddha, said to possess the Nine Apertures Zen Heart and hailed as the number one Heavenly Longevity successor of the Zen Sect in the past ten thousand years!

It was said that at his birth, one hundred thousand auspicious rays descended from the heavens, three thousand golden lotuses bloomed from the earth, and his body was bathed in Sanskrit chants and divine radiance, as though he was born sacred.

Yu Fengzi's name was renowned throughout the four ancestral courts and the Ten Immortal Giants. Many old monsters believed he was destined to inherit the mantle of the Present Age Buddha of the Zen Sect!

The Three Ages Buddhas, the Past, Present, and Future Ages Buddhas, were exalted titles, comparable to the pavilion masters of the Origin Sect's three pavilions. In other words, Yu Fengzi was very likely to become the next Present Age Buddha!

For a Buddha of such renown to step forward and fight...who among those present could remain unmoved?! At that moment, every heart within the Origin Sect sank. Undoubtedly, Yu Fengzi's appearance made them realize that this was no simple matter. The Zen Sect had clearly orchestrated this long in advance.

Despite that, Lin Xun looked completely unfazed. With a casual wave of his hand, he said, "Come on then, one by one. Press your handprint, and then line up over there."

His words shattered the oppressive silence, leaving countless people dumbfounded. At such a time, how could he still act with such overbearing arrogance?

The experts who had stepped forward all wore dark expressions, some secretly grinding their teeth. Lin Xun's provocations had clearly struck a nerve.

"Are you trying to cause trouble?" Fu Wenli was livid.

"Do you think once Lin Xun defeats Xing Jun, the rest won't leap out?" Xuan Feiling countered calmly. Fu Wenli narrowed his eyes, but said nothing.

"Everyone knows Xing Jun is only the first. Even if he falls, others will surely step out to challenge Lin Xun." Xuan Feiling spoke evenly. "They're not merely here to spectate, and instead they're taking this chance to probe Lin Xun, to test the depth of his strength."

"After all, the Eternal Supremacy Path has never appeared in this world. If such a possibility truly lies within Lin Xun...then those enemies of Fangchun Mountain will not be able to sit still."

The high-ranking figures of the Origin Sect fell silent. Of course, they had already seen through this long ago. Otherwise, why would there have been so many provocations and upheavals even after the Nine Peaks Dao Contest had ended?

Only after the challengers had pressed their handprints one by one did Lin Xun stow away the scroll, muttering to himself, "Counting Xing Jun, that makes nine in total...not a small number."

A casual remark to him, but to people like Xing Jun and Jing Qingjia, it was grating beyond belief. Does this guy really think he can defeat us one by one? How arrogant!

Xing Jun was the first one to lose patience. He jabbed a finger at Lin Xun and snarled, "Why haven't you come up yet?"

Lin Xun nodded. "Then let's start with you."

Before his voice faded, his figure appeared in the arena. In that instant, every gaze in the audience locked onto him. Xing Jun had already defeated Xie Wumian and Ruo Yunheng in succession, shattering their bodies and proving himself to be utterly ferocious.

There was no doubt he was the Shaman Sect's trump card and his foundation was terrifying beyond measure. At this moment, even the Nine Peaks successors, who had always held absolute confidence in Lin Xun, found themselves holding their breath, tension flickering across their faces.

"Remember, you are forbidden from using treasures or weapons beyond this realm, from drawing on law power, and from killing!" Xuan Feiling's stern reminder echoed from afar.

The atmosphere grew heavier, thick with killing intent and suffocating pressure. Xing Jun's expression twisted with menace. He fixed Lin Xun with a savage glare and growled, word by word, "Don't worry, like I said...I won't finish you off so easily. I'll make sure to play with you first."

Crimson immortal laws flared across his bronze skin, weaving into ancient, barbaric totems. In an instant, his aura soared to its peak. From a distance, he looked like a primordial barbarian god roaring back to life!

Many Nine Peaks disciples felt their eyes sting and their hearts quake with dread. After all, they only possessed a Supreme Emperor Ancestor Stage cultivation.

Lin Xun responded lightly, "But I don't have time to play with you. Can't you see how many are still waiting their turn? Let's finish this quickly."

"You're truly arrogant!"

The veins on Xing Jun's forehead bulged as he lost control, murderous intent boiling over.

Shua!

He shot forward like a bloodthirsty blade, tearing through the void. With one punch, the heavens quaked and the earth groaned. Power erupted in its purest and most brutal form, like storm clouds bearing down on a city, collapsing the nearby void and unveiling ancient, mysterious totems. So savage it filled one with despair!

Lin Xun remained still until Xing Jun closed in. Then, he suddenly thrust out his hand. It was a simple palm strike, but brutally direct.

Bang!

The fist and palm collided like the crash of sun and moon, unleashing a torrent of violent power. Xing Jun's domineering punch shattered in an instant, crumbling under the strike. The palm's force surged onward, blasting into him and hurling his body backward through the air.

The entire arena went deathly silent. A collective gasp rippled through the crowd. Everyone had witnessed Xing Jun's ferocity earlier. He crushed Xie Wumian and Ruo Yunheng with unstoppable might. Now, after just a single exchange, he had been forced back!

"Again!" Xing Jun let out a thunderous roar. His bronze skin swelled as terrifying crimson light surged across it. His body suddenly grew taller and more imposing. His hair flew wildly as he hurled another punch forward.

That punch seemed to carry visions of the sky collapsing, the earth caving in, the sun and moon sinking into ruin. It felt as though his fist could split the heavens and shatter mountains, rivers and all of creation. It was far stronger than before!

Even some of the older Heavenly Longevity Stage experts felt a chill seize their hearts. They had to admit that, although Xing Jun was arrogant, he had the strength to back it. Despite that, Lin Xun met the blow with a palm strike, as calm and effortless as a passing breeze.

Boom!

The Heavenly Enlightenment Dao Arena shook with a thunderous roar that seemed to rattle heaven and earth. Before everyone's eyes, Xing Jun's devastating punch shattered into nothingness. The sleeve on his right arm split apart inch by inch, unraveling like butterflies scattering in the wind.

Lin Xun's palm force surged onward like a raging sea, sending Xing Jun hurtling backward dozens of feet. When he finally steadied himself, his face was drained of color and his golden eyes were wide with shock and disbelief. Outside the arena, the audience exploded in commotion.

“Junior Brother Lin, finish him!”

“Fierce! So fierce! that’s how it should be!”

“Magnificent!”

Excitement swept through the Origin Sect. In just two strikes, Lin Xun’s strength was plain for all to see. Xing Jun’s earlier ruthlessness had left them seething, but now it was as if all that pent-up fury had finally been unleashed.

“Junior Brother Xue Ya was right. Junior Brother has already grown this powerful...” Cheng Yu murmured in awe from afar.

On the viewing platform, all the high-ranking figures who had earlier watched with calm detachment now wore grave expressions, their gazes locked on the duel. Lin Xun’s identity was unique, and his path extraordinary, but none of them knew the depth of his power. Now, at last, they had the chance to witness and gauge it for themselves.

Clang!

In the arena, a black bone spear appeared in Xing Jun’s grip. This was the first time he had drawn upon a treasure since stepping into the Heavenly Enlightenment Dao Arena. Everyone instantly knew that he was ready to fight with his life on the line. The Shaman Sect had never feared a fight to the death.

Boom!

He stamped down and shot forward, his figure like scarlet lightning tearing through the sky. The bone spear in his hand thrust forth like the death-spear of an ancient brute god, brimming with unstoppable sharpness.

Cries of alarm erupted from the crowd. Even those watching from afar felt their hearts seize, as if that strike had pierced straight through them. It was too terrifying. His command over the immortal laws had reached a level of mastery beyond belief.

Clang!

Lin Xun remained standing in place. With a single palm strike, the black bone spear suddenly bent with a deafening crack, as if the world was being torn apart. Blazing immortal light erupted, engulfing the arena.

Boom!

With a final snap, the spear gave way, and Xing Jun was blasted away along with it. Blood sprayed from his lips. Faces across the arena turned pale.

Xing Jun's strength was monstrous, yet he couldn't so much as shake Lin Xun. On the contrary, he had been crushed once again! Before the crowd could recover, Lin Xun suddenly moved.

Shua!

Xing Jun had barely steadied himself when Lin Xun's figure appeared before him. A hand shot out, breaking through all his defenses like a hot knife through butter. Light flared, explosions thundered. Lin Xun's fingers clamped onto Xing Jun's wrist with unyielding force. Then, with a savage motion Lin Xun hoisted Xing Jun up before slamming him brutally into the ground.

Bang!

The entire arena quaked. Xing Jun's features were bloodied and distorted, his vision swimming with stars, his body convulsing in agony. The spectators winced as if they themselves had been struck.

So domineering!

Chapter 2768 Win People's Hearts

Xing Jun was crushed far too quickly! From the very start, he had been the one pressing forward, attacking ferociously with strike after strike, each fiercer than the last. Despite that, every blow was effortlessly dismantled by Lin Xun's calm responses.

Even when he finally unleashed his dao weapon, the black bone spear, pouring all his strength into the assault, it was still broken in an instant and he was blasted away along with it. That was when Lin Xun countered...

With unstoppable force, he tore straight through Xing Jun's defenses as if smashing rotten wood, seizing him in one fell motion. It all happened in the blink of an eye.

It almost felt like an illusion. As if before Lin Xun, even a Xing Jun fighting with all his might was still far too weak.

"How...how could this be?" The pupils of the Shaman Sect's Earth Shaman, Xiong Tu, contracted sharply.

The other high-ranking figures on the viewing platform also struggled to remain composed. Xing Jun was no weak cultivator. If he were, he never could have crushed Xie Wumian and Ruo Yunheng in succession. However, against Lin Xun, his strength had proven utterly inadequate.

They both stood at the Heavenly Longevity Stage, so why was the gap between them like heaven and earth? Many couldn't help but recall the rumors. Could it be true...the Eternal Supremacy Path really exists in this world?

The arena erupted in uproar. The Origin Sect disciples were boiling with excitement.

So strong! Far too strong!

Lin Xun truly lived up to his reputation as the most dazzling figure of the sect. Xuan Feiling, Dugu Yong and the others finally relaxed, approval clear in their eyes. Lin Xun's swift victory had not only eased their worries but also restored the reputation of the Origin Sect in one fell swoop.

Fu Wenli, Qi Xiaoyun, and others, however, wore complicated expressions. They should have been overjoyed, but because it was Lin Xun standing in the spotlight, their hearts were unsettled instead.

Bang! Bang! Bang!

In the Heavenly Enlightenment Dao Arena, Lin Xun seized Xing Jun like a ragdoll and slammed him down again and again, as if hammering in a stake. Though Xing Jing's body was terrifyingly resilient, comparable to an immortal dao weapon, in no time he was battered into ruin. His bones shattered, blood streaming and his body was on the verge of collapse.

Blood splattered across the ground, dyeing it crimson. The scene was so ghastly that many could not bear to watch. So miserable!

The Shaman Sect's ace, who had strutted so arrogantly before the crowd, was now utterly broken at Lin Xun's hands. Jing Qingjia and the other experts waiting in line all felt a chill seize their hearts. None of them had expected Xing Jun to be defeated so quickly.

"Stop!" Xiong Tu's voice thundered with fury from the viewing platform.

Lin Xun replied casually, "He isn't dead yet. And he hasn't admitted defeat. That means he still has the strength to fight."

As he responded, he smashed Xing Jun down yet again.

Bang! Bang! Bang!

One more round of brutal slams left Xing Jun's body mangled beyond recognition, barely holding together, as though it could collapse at any time. Gasps echoed from the audience.

"Hurry up and admit defeat!" Xiong Tu's tone grew urgent, fearing that Xing Jun would be crippled.

Xing Jun clenched his teeth, refusing to yield. Before long, his head split open, his primordial spirit locked firmly by Lin Xun, unable to escape.

"I admit defeat." His voice came hoarse and strangled.

"What was that? I didn't quite catch it." Lin Xun said as he twisted Xing Jun's arm from his mangled body, ripping it clean off in a spray of blood. It looked as though he intended to tear Xing Jun apart.

"I! Admit! Defeat!" Xing Jun roared, his voice brimming with fury, humiliation, unwillingness and hatred, echoing through the skies.

At last Lin Xun stopped. With a casual kick, he sent Xing Jun's mangled body flying from the arena, then brushed his hands together, composed and at ease. The entire arena erupted in a storm of noise and commotion.

Except for those in the Origin Sect who despised Lin Xun, everyone else, whether high-ranking elders or ordinary disciples, was brimming with joy and excitement.

Tao Leng was grinning from ear to ear. Lin Xun had won a resounding victory, crushing his opponent with thunderous force. The display stunned every spectator, and the sense of satisfaction was indescribable.

"That's what it means to win people's hearts."

Watching the disciples and elders erupt in cheers for Lin Xun, Xuan Feiling let out a sigh of emotion. In contrast, Fu Wenli, Qi Xiaoyun and the others' expressions grew darker and darker.

"Who's next?" Lin Xun's calm voice echoed across the Heavenly Enlightenment Dao Arena as his gaze settled on Jing Qingjia. At once, the uproar quieted and every eye turned toward them.

"Hmph!" Though shaken, Jing Qingjia still carried himself with confidence. With a flash, he descended onto the arena. He wore black armor with a scarlet cloak draped across his shoulders, his handsome features and blazing eyes giving him an extraordinary, commanding presence.

Shua!

As soon as he stepped onto the stage, nine massive stone tablets materialized around him. Each one bore a mysterious diagram of the cosmic void, radiating an immovable aura like ancient mountains. Together, they encircled him like nine colossal peaks of the cosmos.

The Nine Light Cosmos Suppressing Stele!

These unfathomable immortal treasures were the Jing Clan's most prized treasures, said to be forged from the primal chaos essence of nine worlds. With their might, they could crush the stars above and suppress the cosmos.

Their defense was unmatched. Encircling the wielder like nine worlds themselves, they formed an impregnable wall of defense that no ordinary opponent could break. A clamor erupted outside the arena as everyone realized it was now Jing Qingjia's battle.

Clang!

In his hand, a spear blazing with flames took form. Rings of flame, born from immortal laws, rippled outward as though to burn the sky and consume the earth.

Flame Sovereign Spear!

At that moment, Jing Qingjia stood like a war god, majestic, domineering, and awe-inspiring. His cultivation and treasures blazed so brilliantly that even some of the older generation could not help but feel a twinge of envy.

"Lin Xun, bring out your dao weapon!" Jing Qingjia lifted the blazing spear, its point aiming directly at Lin Xun.

"To deal with you...I won't need it." Lin Xun remained calm, his tone casual.

“Hmph!”

Jing Qingjia shot forward, as swift as lightning. With a twist of his wrist, the Flame Sovereign Spear streaked across the sky like a blazing comet, tearing toward Lin Xun. At the same time, the Nine Light Cosmos Suppressing Steles revolved around him, as if he were wrapped in the terrifying might of nine worlds shifting in union.

Many onlookers were stunned. After all, both Xing Jun and Jing Qingjia were both extraordinary figures of the Heavenly Longevity Stage, their foundation monstrously powerful. In the outside world, they could almost be called invincible among their peers. In a sense, they already stood at the true pinnacle of this stage.

Unfortunately for Jing Qingjia, this time he faced Lin Xun. In that instant, Lin Xun’s sleeves billowed as he strode forward, his bearing like that of a celestial being. From within his sleeve, his right hand slipped free, fingers clenching into a fist, and he unleashed a punch.

It was an effortless, unadorned strike, yet the Flame Sovereign Spear thrust forth by Jing Qingjia trembled violently, buzzing with unstable force.

Rumble!

The Nine Light Cosmos Suppressing Steles pressed forward, forming a wall of ancient might to suppress Lin Xun’s advance. Their power was terrifying, and for a moment Lin Xun’s stride faltered, his assault briefly checked.

However, the next instant, dao sounds thundered around him. Ten thousand streams of dao light surged forth, weaving together into a mysterious and unfathomable immortal divine ring. With one pulse, it shattered the oppressive force.

Jing Qingjia’s eyes narrowed. The Flame Sovereign Spear swept across the heavens, striking sky and earth, unleashing billions of flames. Crimson laws raged like burning seas, dyeing the heavens red with violent, domineering force.

Bang! Bang! Bang!

In a flash, the two collided. Their battle shook the arena, plunging it into a raging torrent of destruction.

Outside the arena, the crowd was left dazzled, their cries of amazement rising like waves. The high-ranking figures held their breath, scrutinizing every move to gauge the true strength of Lin Xun.

Unfortunately, Jing Qingjia lasted only a few moments before being forced entirely onto the defensive. Though Lin Xun wielded no weapon, the power of his dao was unmatched. He struck with fists, swept with palms, cut with sword-like fingers, and formed seals to suppress and kill.

Every blow made the Flame Sovereign Spear quiver with a mournful hum, while Jing Qingjia's blood and qi churned violently within him. Without the protection of the Nine Light Cosmos Suppressing Steles, he would have already been crushed beneath that overwhelming force.

Gasps and cries of disbelief rippled through the crowd. Even the great figures and disciples of the Origin Sect were shaken, awed by the godlike might Lin Xun displayed. Still, the Nine Light Cosmos Suppressing Stele lived up to their name. Like nine cosmic worlds standing firm, they shielded Jing Qingjia, allowing him to cling to an almost unshakable defense.

"Lin Xun! At a time like this, why don't you bring out your treasure?" Jing Qingjia roared. For him, being suppressed bare-handed was nothing less than a disgrace.

"I already told you...you're not worthy." As Lin Xun spoke, his aura shifted dramatically. His essence, qi, and spirit blazed like a furnace of chaos, and in the next instant, he unleashed a single, explosive punch.

Boom!

Amidst the earth-shaking collision, one of the nine steles was blasted away, its radiance shuddering violently. The entire arena fell deathly silent, every heart shaken by the sight.

"Rise!" Jing Qingjia's face went ashen as he poured his strength into controlling the steles. However, Lin Xun gave him no chance to struggle.

The next moment, Lin Xun surged forward, unleashing hundreds of punches in an instant. Each strike roared like a landslide or tsunami, crashing down upon the steles. Like nine worlds struck by calamity, the steles shuddered with signs of collapse, ruin and decay.

Rumble!

At last, with a thunderous rumble, the nine stone steles gave way, hurled backward as their radiance dimmed and their power broke apart. The backlash struck Jing Qingjia hard. He spat blood on the spot and his face turned ghastly pale.

He tried to resist, but Lin Xun was already there. One punch tore through his defenses, smashing his head and body apart in an eruption of blood and flesh. Several high ranking experts, thinking Lin Xun intended to kill Jing Qingjia, couldn't help but exclaim in fright.

“Stop!”

“You dare—!”

“You dare kill him?!”

Even some old antiques of the Jing Clan leapt to their feet, ready to intervene.

“Everyone, don't worry. He isn't dead yet.” Lin Xun's calm voice rang from the arena. In his hand, Jing Qingjia's primordial spirit writhed helplessly. The Jing Clan experts finally breathed a sigh of relief, but their faces remained ashen.

Jing Qingjia, armed with the clan's treasured Nine Light Cosmos Suppressing Stele and Flame Sovereign Spear, had his dao body shattered by an unarmed Lin Xun. This was an unbearable humiliation!

Lin Xun's gaze swept toward the Origin Sect's high-ranking figures, a cold glint flickering in his eyes. Earlier, when Jing Qingjia was on the verge of being slain, Fu Wenli was the first to leap up and shout at him, looking even more agitated than those of the Jing Clan!

Chapter 2769 Next

Fu Wenli appeared outwardly calm, but his heart felt heavy. He had keenly sensed the anger and disappointment flickering in the eyes of many within the Origin Sect, including Lin Xun. It was clear that his outburst against Lin Xun had offended many in the sect.

“Brother Fu, you lost your composure just now,” Xuan Feiling said coldly.

“The rules forbid killing in such duels. I was only reminding Lin Xun to prevent a grave mistake. I also did it for the sake of the sect. How could that be called losing composure?” Fu Wenli replied evenly.

Xuan Feiling said nothing further. The reaction across the Origin Sect just now had already served as an answer to Fu Wenli’s behavior. Lin Xun was undoubtedly using this battle to win the hearts of the entire sect.

“Don’t go looking for trouble next time.” Lin Xun tossed Jing Qingjia’s primordial spirit aside like trash.

“I’ll remember this!” With eyes full of venomous hatred, Jing Qingjia staggered away in disgrace, clutching his broken body, his ruined flesh, and the shattered remnants of his treasures.

The arena boiled with excitement. From the moment Lin Xun stepped onto the stage, he had crushed Xing Jun, then beaten Jing Qingjia. Each battle was fiercer than the last, and each victory was more dazzling than the last. Applause thundered from all sides, and cheers rose in waves, winning him the admiration and support of the entire Origin Sect.

On the viewing platform, the expressions of the high-ranking figures grew increasingly solemn. The foundation Lin Xun revealed at the Heavenly Longevity Stage had already surpassed not only their expectations, but also their imagination!

“Who’s next?” Lin Xun’s gaze swept toward the seven challengers waiting outside the Heavenly Enlightenment Dao Arena.

Their faces were now solemn, their earlier arrogance gone. The crushing defeats of Xing Jun and Jing Qingjia had left them deeply shaken.

“Zhong Ying, it's your turn,” someone called from a distance.

Zhong Ying was the next to step forward after Jing Qingjia and had pressed his handprint to confirm the challenge. Draped in a yellow robe, tall and imposing, with a blood-red halberd strapped to his back, he exuded a savage and oppressive aura.

He hailed from the Zhong Clan, one of the Ten Immortal Giants. As a pinnacle Heavenly Longevity Immortal, in reputation, foundation, and combat power, he was in no way inferior to Jing Qingjia, and perhaps even surpassed him.

“Hmph! Do you think I need a reminder?”

Taking a deep breath, Zhong Ying suppressed the unease in his heart and strode toward the arena. He had no choice. If he backed down, the written agreement, ‘Whoever goes back on their word is the grandson of everyone here,’ would become a stain of eternal humiliation.

Not only would he disgrace himself, but also the Zhong Clan behind him! It was then that he finally grasped Lin Xun's sinister plan. The so-called agreement was a trap, ensuring no challenger could retreat even if they wanted to.

However, once he stepped onto the arena, his expression steadied. He cast aside all distractions and stood tall with the composure and majesty of a peerless figure.

Clang!

With a steady exhale, a pale silver immortal ring unfurled behind him. As it revolved, the blood-red halberd on his back let out an eager, resonant cry before leaping into his grip.

Boom!

Immortal radiance surged skyward from his body, his yellow robe snapping in the wind. His presence swelled, shaking the heaven and the earth.

“Radiant Shadow Wheel Slash!”

With a roar, he charged forward, his scarlet halberd sweeping out in a blaze of blood-red light. The heavens and earth were drowned in scarlet, as if the arena had fallen into a purgatory of blood.

This was no ordinary strike. It was a ninth grade immortal law, profound and unfathomable, fused into his cultivation and interwoven with his bloodline talent. His very first move was already an all-out assault!

After witnessing the fates of Xing Jun and Jing Qingjia, everyone knew that, against Lin Xun, there could be no reservation or underestimating him. Lin Xun remained unarmed. Without the slightest thought of dodging, he met the attack head-on.

The clash erupted in an instant. One side surged like a vast abyss, obscure laws intertwining and flowing through his palm and fingers, striking forth at will. The other brandished a scarlet halberd, his attacks sweeping wide and free, grand and unyielding. He stood like a peerless warrior of unrivalled might.

In an instant, every gaze was drawn to their duel. However, moments later, Zhong Ying was defeated. A razor-edged sword qi tore across his chest, nearly splitting him in two.

He fought with everything he had, unleashing even his innate divine powers without reservation. Despite that, he still could not withstand Lin Xun and was grievously wounded. Unlike Xing Jun or Jing Qingjia, Zhong Ying admitted defeat decisively on the spot.

Lin Xun stopped at once.

“Even as an enemy, I must admit...you’re very strong.” Zhong Ying’s gaze flickered with reluctance and bitterness. He gave a slight shake of his head, then turned and left the arena.

Outside, silence fell. A heavy, suffocating atmosphere spread across the viewing platform. In the three battles, Lin Xun had proven his strength beyond doubt. Under normal circumstances, no one would dare step forward again without weighing the consequences.

However, this was no ordinary situation. Before the duels began, Lin Xun had forced every challenger to press their handprint onto the scroll. Now, they had no way out.

Either fight...or admit defeat outright! It was at this moment that everyone finally understood Lin Xun's intent. The scroll was a trap laid from the start, because he feared these so-called challengers would shrink back in cowardice.

The realization left the high-ranking figures pale. If the defeats continued, all those who had come to the Origin Sect to spectate would lose face, unable to lift their heads before the Origin Sect!

Unfortunately, there was nothing they could do to stop it. The key was already in Lin Xun's hand: a jade-colored silk scroll bearing their handprints, bound by a vicious oath: "Whoever went back on their words is the grandson of everyone here!"

Who would dare shrink back now?

As for Lin Xun, he seemed utterly unconcerned. He had been drinking and chatting merrily with his senior sister Cheng Yu when this storm disturbed them. He then heard that his enemies had called him out by name to challenge him, how could he possibly be in a good mood?

Furthermore, since every challenger belonged to forces hostile to Fangchun Mountain, how could he possibly let them off lightly? That was why he prepared the scroll in advance

"Who's next?" Lin Xun asked casually.

Outside the Heavenly Enlightenment Dao Arena stood six challengers. Apart from Yu Fengzi, the other five wore dark, gloomy expressions.

They had dared to step forward earlier only because they believed their strength was on par with Xing Jun and Jing Qingjia. However, after watching those two suffer miserable defeats, their confidence had crumbled.

“Don’t dare anymore?” Lin Xun took out the jade-colored silk scroll and shook it lightly. “Should I read it aloud for everyone? Let’s see who here wants to be the grandson of the crowd!”

That was nothing short of humiliation. On the viewing platform, many elders frowned, itching to rush down and give Lin Xun a beating.

Infuriating!

In stark contrast, laughter erupted from the Origin Sect’s side. No words were spoken, but the mocking laughter alone made the challengers' faces turn even darker.

“I’ll go first!” Yu Fengzi let out a soft sigh. He was clad in a white monk’s robe, his features delicate and refined, his aura ethereal and transcendent. He was a natural-born Buddha, a rare prodigy unseen in the Zen Sect for ten thousand years, and the chief of the guardian disciples. His foundation was beyond measure.

The moment he stepped forward, the atmosphere shifted. In the audience, many secretly breathed a sigh of relief. If Yu Fengzi took action, perhaps he could turn the tide and suppress Lin Xun’s rampant arrogance!

Even the other five challengers felt as though they had been rescued. If Yu Fengzi could defeat Lin Xun, they might not have to enter the arena at all.

However, Lin Xun’s voice cut coldly through the air. “What did I say just now? Line up, one by one. How can the last come first? Monk, get to the back.”

The crowd was stunned.

“Yes! Back of the line! You’re last! Don’t get ahead of yourself!”

“Yu Fengzi, even though you’re a dazzling figure of the Zen Sect, you still have to follow the rules. Don’t forget, you placed your handprint on Deputy Deacon Lin’s scroll.”

Experts of the Origin Sect began clamoring, voicing their support for Lin Xun. In an instant, the five challengers' faces turned green with rage. They looked as if they wanted to kill on the spot! Even many of the high-ranking figures on the viewing platform wore dark, grim expressions.

Only Xuan Feiling and Dugu Yong were smiling, clearly enjoying the spectacle. Their joy was hard to conceal, and they were already thinking of what rewards and honors the sect should bestow upon Lin Xun once today's events came to an end...

He had brought immense honor and prestige to the Origin Sect, how could he not be rewarded?!

"That guy...It's your turn." Lin Xun's gaze swept over and locked onto the next challenger.

He was a lean man in a white robe and black hat, with a long, narrow face and a slender green snake dangling from each ear. Mao Qiu of the Mao Clan from the Eighth Heaven Domain.

Being called 'that guy' made his face darken. What about my name?! This guy is far too arrogant!

Many Origin Sect disciples shouted, "Mao Qiu, get up there!"

Mao Qiu drew several deep breaths, his expression hardening. Then he said in a low, heavy voice, "To knowingly march into defeat is the act of a reckless fool. Therefore...I concede."

His tone was steady, his manner composed. Although he was admitting defeat, he wrapped it in such righteousness and solemnity that the crowd was left stunned.

Before long, many were secretly cursing him as shameless.

"You admit defeat?" Lin Xun asked.

"Yes, I admit defeat." Mao Qiu stiffened under Lin Xun's gaze, guilt flickering in his eyes.

Lin Xun turned his palm over, revealing a jade slip. "This contains a record of your own admission. I'll keep it as a memento."

Mao Qiu froze, then his face turned black with fury. "Lin Xun! I've already admitted defeat, and you still humiliate me like this? This is too much!"

"If you're going to admit defeat, then admit defeat properly. If you refuse to accept it, then step onto the arena and fight?" Lin Xun's tone was indifferent.

The audience exchanged uneasy looks. None of them had expected Lin Xun to be this ruthless. He seized on Mao Qiu's disgraceful surrender and held onto it to shame him, making Mao Qiu a laughingstock forever!

"You..." Mao Qiu ground his teeth in fury.

"If you've admitted defeat, then move aside. Stop wasting my time and everyone else's." Lin Xun didn't even spare him another glance and turned to the next challenger. "You there. Your turn."

Chapter 2770 Admitting Defeat

Mao Qiu left in a huff. He was too ashamed to stay after being humiliated and then ignored by Lin Xun in front of everyone. Meanwhile, the newly selected challenger's scalp tightened as his expression turned rigid.

He was called Zu Tianyou and hailed from the Eight Heaven Domain's Zu Clan, which was one of the Ten Immortal Giants. His cultivation was at the perfect Heaven Longevity Stage. Moreover, it was a realm he had steadily consolidated for several thousand years, making his foundations extremely solid and strong.

In terms of actual battle power, he maintained a slight edge over even the likes of Jing Qingjia. Zu Tianyou took a deep breath and asked in a solemn voice, "Lin Xun, do you dare to decide the battle in one move?"

One move! It was a tremendously restrictive condition that would most likely end in a draw.

"Is he striving for a draw through this method? How cunning!"

Many voices rang out, guessing Zu Tianyou's intentions. There were even hints of contempt on several people's faces.

One move. If Zu Tianyou focused purely on defense, it might truly be impossible to decide a winner. Surprisingly, however, Lin Xun agreed.

"Sure." His casual response was borderline nonchalant. Zu Tianyou was secretly overjoyed. He felt much more relaxed now, certain that he was more than capable of withstanding a single move.

"Good, don't you dare go back on your word!"

With that, Zu Tianyou leaped onto the arena. His gaze was sharp and fierce, while his body brimmed with confidence. Mao Qiu, who had left in embarrassment earlier, began to feel regretful when he saw this. Why hadn't he thought of trying to force a draw?

Zu Tianyou was so devious!

"Kill!"

Zu Tianyu immediately made his move. The best defense was offense! His lean figure charged forth as blade-like, black armor scales surged across his skin. They were made from a ninth grade Heaven Rank law and possessed both offensive and defensive capabilities.

In an instant, his entire body was covered in a layer of scale armor, from which black mist rose like steam. Divine Providence Armor! It was an unparalleled divine technique that embodied the fusion of his talent, cultivation, and law power.

In his left hand was a round bronze shield with numerous Immortal dao runes engraved upon it, while his right hand grasped a long blade that gleamed like snow in the sun.

Yin-Yang Fish Shield!

Desolate Breaker Blade!

They were a set of Immortal dao weapons for offense and defense. Together, sword and shield operated like the Taiji cycle to draw in and neutralize attacks one after one, achieving a far higher level of effectiveness than when used alone. On the other hand, they could also unleash fierce attacks like blades sweeping across the nine desolates!

In the blink of an eye, Zu Tianyou was practically armed to the teeth. He activated all of his trump cards and pushed them to the limits of their power, startling several of the watching bigwigs. Almost at the same time, Lin Xun made his move.

Omm!

The Limitless Abyss Sword Cauldron emerged, its plain cauldron body surrounded by billions of drifting dao lights as it rose into the sky with Lin Xun.

Crack!

When the sword cauldron and the Yin-Yang Fish Shield collided, the latter's surface instantly erupted with cracks as it exploded with a deafening boom. The Immortal dao weapon had crumpled even faster than paper mache!

At the same time, a dao sword shot out from the mouth of the cauldron and swung lightly.

Bang!

Zu Tianyou's furiously chopping blade exploded in his hand, shattering to pieces that shot in all directions. The shield and sword were destroyed almost simultaneously. The impact sent him flying as blood spewed from his mouth and nose. It was as if he had been rammed by T-Rex from the prehistoric era, causing the bones in his body to grind and strain in agony.

Deeply horrified, he instinctively pushed the power of his Divine Providence Armor to an unprecedented extreme.

Meanwhile, Lin Xun's punch arrived. His fist descended like a divine mountain falling from the sky, wrapped in boundless power that could subdue even the heavens. Before Zu Tianyou could even begin to steady himself, he found himself being brutally hammered into the ground by that very fist.

Bang!!!

The arena shuddered violently. The hearts of the onlookers outside the arena trembled involuntarily as they were almost able to feel pain just from watching.

As the dust began to clear, Zu Tianyou was revealed sprawled on the ground, twitching madly as if he was suffering an epilepsy attack. The Divine Providence Armor covering him had been completely smashed apart, leaving his body bloodied and broken. Blood soaked into the ground as he subconsciously groaned in pain, his expression colored by agony...

Silence suffocated the area. The battle had started quickly and ended even faster. From Zu Tianyou attacking, to the Limitless Abyss Sword Cauldron breaking through his shield and sword, to Lin Xun slamming his fist into Zu Tianyou...these events had occurred in the mere blink of an eye.

That domineering and unrivaled punch seemed to have also struck everyone's hearts, causing their expressions to change. Many people couldn't bear to look. There were also many who were frozen in shock.

Xuan Feiling smilingly commented, "We call this being too smart for your own good. He forced Lin Xun to fight with Immortal dao weapons only to suffer such a crushing defeat. If not for his mercy, that punch could have easily ended Zu Tianyou."

"Tragic, truly tragic. To think even he tried to force a draw by deciding the battle in one move. Look at him now...all he can do is twitch there, unable to get up."

Dugu Yong, Fang Daoping, and the other bigwigs of the Origin Sect laughed. They were feeling pretty good at the moment. On the viewing platform, the bigwigs' faces had turned even graver.

Meanwhile, The Zu Clan elders felt their faces burn with shame.

Subdued in a single move!

It was an even more humiliating, pathetic, and ludicrous defeat than Xing Jun, Jing Qingjia, and Zhong Ying had suffered!

"Thank god I ain't cunning..."

Mao Qiu, who had just been regretting his decision, felt incredibly grateful at the moment. After all, Zu Tianyou had been brutalized so badly that even he couldn't bear to look. The entire Origin Sect was in a celebratory mood. This feeling...was simply awesome!

"Stop twitching and get lost so you can recuperate."

Lin Xun put away the sword cauldron and sighed softly in pity. On the ground, Zu Tianyou struggled quite a while more before finally he managed to climb to his feet and slink away in defeat.

"Next."

Lin Xun looked at the next challenger. At this juncture, Xing Jun, Jing Qingjia, Zhong Ying, and Zu Tianyou had been defeated in succession, while Mao Qiu had also admitted defeat. Including Yu Fengzi, only four challengers remained.

However, apart from Yu Fengzi, the other three were no longer confident.

A woman bitterly said, "I concede."

She was from the Fu Clan of the Eighth Heaven Domain. Fu Wenli's face turned ugly at this scene. The woman was one of his juniors and was an extremely outstanding Heavenly Longevity expert.

Hence, her act of admitting defeat in front of everyone made him feel that his reputation was also being tarnished. However, he also understood that, while somewhat humiliating, it was the wisest choice at the moment.

"I concede."

"I also concede."

Two more challengers conceded one after another, sporting gloomy expressions filled with clear reluctance and shame. Lin Xun didn't make things difficult for them. He merely recorded the scene of them admitting defeat in a jade slip.

A commotion began to stir outside the arena. Everyone from the Origin Sect naturally had glowing faces painted with pride and joy. The atmosphere on the viewing platform, on the other hand, was depressingly heavy.

All the challengers, regardless of whether they were defeated or admitted defeat, were from the topmost powers in the world, such as the Shaman Sect and the Ten Immortal Giants.

With the exception of the Spirit Sect Ancestral Hall and a few other factions from the Seventh Heaven Domain, it could be said that Lin Xun had singlehandedly crushed every representative from the various factions that had come here!

An ancient one remarked under his breath, "Is this the power of the Eternal Supremacy Path..."

If the Eternal Supremacy Path was a legend, then that legend was now being fulfilled and proven by this Fangchun disciple. Although he was only at the mid Heavenly Longevity Stage, his strength seemed absolute even when facing opponents at the perfect Heavenly Longevity Stage. It was simply inconceivable!

"His dao weapon is amazing."

Someone sighed in admiration.

Lin Xun had finally brought out his sword cauldron earlier and it had displayed astounding power, destroying the Yin-Yang Fish Shield and shattering the Desolate Breaker Blade in one fell swoop. Its feats had naturally caught the attention of many bigwigs, leaving them rather astonished.

"This kid...heh...he's certain to attract many disasters in the future."

Someone softly chuckled with a meaningful look in their eyes. The comment prodded the hearts of many bigwigs. The majority of the attending factions were hostile to Fangchun Mountain, and they had come to probe and feel out the extent of Lin Xun's abilities.

Hence, the battle prowess he currently displayed caused waves of killing intent to well up from deep within them!

"That's still not his limit."

"Then we'll have to see if the Zen Sect Ancestral Court's natural-born Buddha, Yu Fengzi, can give us a nice surprise."

"If Yu Fengzi wins, the so-called Eternal Supremacy Path will be nothing more than nonsense. If he loses...this will become a top priority matter..."

As the bigwigs conversed, their gazes turned one after another to the only remaining challenger, Yu Fengzi. At the same time, every gaze in the area also gradually converged towards Yu Fengzi.

Dressed in white monk robes, his presence felt clean, ethereal, and transcendent. His serene expression had remained unchanged even through all the previous battles.

Lin Xun casually said, "Your turn."

He could also tell that Yu Fengzi was extraordinary. At the very least, his mettle and aura were incomparable to any of the previous challengers. Yu Fengzi pressed his hands together and bowed before gracefully floating onto the stage.

"Dao Friend Lin, if this young monk wins, will you come with me to the Zen Sect Ancestral Court?"

Yu Fengzi's soft voice chimed like the morning bell. His question made everyone raise their eyebrows.

The many Origin Sect cultivators were triggered by his request. What the hell was this monk playing at? Was he trying to dig at their foundations?

How outrageous!

Xuan Feiling, Dugu Yong and the others couldn't help but frown.

However, Lin Xun laughed and said, "If you let me be the sect master of the Zen Sect, you won't even have to win because I'll immediately agree. Otherwise, you'd best cast aside such thoughts and obediently focus on the fight."

As he spoke, he inadvertently glanced at Buddha Venerable Shiye. He suspected that the request had originated from the old baldy.

"Your condition isn't impossible."

However, Shiye smiled faintly and said, "With your foundation and cultivation, you will have high hopes of leading the Zen Sect in the future if you join."

Everyone was bewildered.

"Hmph! Shiye, Lin Xun is the deputy deacon of my Origin Sect's Origin Sky Pavilion. How can he possibly enter your Zen Sect? You'd best stop with your ridiculous requests!"

Fang Daoping icily grunted. Even someone usually calm like him grew angry at this moment.

"Dao Friend, please quell your anger." Shiye spoke with an air of nonchalance as if he were discussing the weather.

Sure enough, he didn't mention it again.

"Apologies for offending you."

In the arena, Yu Fengzi pressed his hands together, his dignified face neither sad nor happy.