

Prodigies 2791

Chapter 2791 World Domain Divine Array

In the Floating Cloud Realm, the headquarters of the Great Qin Divine Clan.

"All three elders are dead, and the nine mobilized factions have suffered heavy casualties. It's said the perpetrator is Lin Xun, Luo Tongtian's great-grandson and the legitimate son of Luo Qingxun and her husband."

In the main hall, the guard who had come to report the news inwardly trembled with fear as he stood there stiffly. A terrifying murderous intent was emanating from the clan leader, Qin Jinghe, and it affected the air so much that it seemed to freeze and suffocate all who were there.

The clan leader's expression was calm yet tinged with a hint of steel as he asked, "Have you discovered that guy's whereabouts?"

The guard's voice was hoarse as he responded, "On the day this disaster occurred, Lin Xun also appeared in the Ninth Forbidden Zone and completely destroyed the law power our clan had established, making it impossible for us to locate him now."

Bang!

The documents, furnishings, and other items in the main hall exploded, turning into dust. A chilling murderous intent, like a surging tide, engulfed the hall. Qin Jinghe's face had completely turned ashen.

It had been a long time since he'd been this angry, but at this moment, he simply couldn't control his inner rage. After a long pause, Qin Jinghe finally asked, "Anything else?"

The guard, already trembling with fear, swallowed hard and said, "This incident has already caused a sensation throughout the world. It can no longer be concealed or suppressed. Countless forces and cultivators in the Great Qin Divine Domain are waiting to see our clan's next move."

Qin Jinghe took a deep breath and said, "So, what do you think we should do?"

The guard was stunned. He hadn't expected the clan leader to ask for his opinion. He forced himself to calm down and said, "In my opinion, we must capture this beast as soon as possible. Otherwise, our clan's prestige will be undermined, and we will be criticized by the world."

"Nonsense! I'm asking you what to do." Qin Jinghe frowned.

The guard shuddered and hesitantly said, "The decision is entirely up to the clan leader."

"Get the hell out of here!" Qin Jinghe angrily pointed toward the outside of the hall.

The guard hurriedly exited. The hall was conspicuously empty, leaving only Qin Jinghe alone. He sat there, his expression gloomy, and fell into silent thought.

The Great Qin Divine Domain was vast and boundless. Although it was under the grasp of his Qin Clan, finding a single individual in such a vast sea of people was undoubtedly harder than ascending to heaven.

Previously, the aura captured by the law power in the Ninth Forbidden Zone had allowed them to accurately locate Lin Xun. However, now that the law power had been destroyed, even if they were to pursue him, they wouldn't know where to begin.

Furthermore, Lin Xun's ability to kill Qin Jingtian and two other elders and escape from the Seventh Forbidden Zone had made Qin Jinghe realize that Luo Tongtian's great-grandson now possessed enough combat power to threaten even those at the second realm Martial Ancestor Stage!

Under such circumstances, sending ordinary warriors to pursue him would be tantamount to making them commit suicide.

"Suffering from the oppression of the laws of heaven and earth proves he hasn't yet reached the third realm Martial Ancestor Stage. Furthermore, his purpose in coming to the Great Qin Divine Domain is to save his parents..." After a long pause, Qin Jinghe's eyes lit up, and he immediately ordered, "Come!"

The guard who had been told to 'get the hell out of here' earlier rushed into the hall and prostrated himself on the ground in fear and trepidation.

Seeing the person's cowardly act, Qin Jinghe felt a surge of irritation, but he suppressed it and said, "Convey my order. From now on, close the ancient teleportation array to the outside world!"

"Yes!" The guard then immediately left. In the hall, Qin Jinghe stood up and said solemnly, "Granduncle, please appear."

Just a moment after, a gaunt figure appeared out of nowhere, wreathed with golden light, making him resemble a blazing sun. The aura emanating from him made Qin Jinghe's breath catch. He had long, gray hair that flowed down to his waist. His face was handsome and stern, and his eyes, like a flaming abyss, shimmered with a terrifying radiance.

This was Qin Wenzhang! He was a veteran, a third realm Martial Ancestor, and had an exceptional position within the clan.

"Why do you need to see me?" Qin Wenzhang asked.

Qin Jinghe concealed nothing and told him about Lin Xun. After that, he bowed and said, "Granduncle, please go to the ancient teleportation array. If you encounter this person forcing his way through, be sure to capture him."

Qin Wenzhang nodded and turned to leave.

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Within the entire Great Qin Divine Domain, there was only one ancient teleportation formation leading to the Fortune Dominion, and it had long been controlled by the Great Qin Divine Clan. There were only two ways to use this formation, which was also known as the World Domain Divine Array: either pay a vast fortune or have a nameplate that had been issued by the Great Qin Divine Clan.

After Lin Xun left the Ninth Forbidden Zone, he immediately headed for the location of the World Domain Divine Array.

Two days later, on the shores of Falling Cloud Sea, Lin Xun appeared there. From afar, a blanket of snow-white clouds blanketed the vast, azure sea, shrouded in mist, giving this body of water its name.

The World Domain Divine Array lay deep within this sea. Lin Xun now knew that the Flowing Light Forbidden Realm, where his parents were trapped, lay deep within a chaotic cosmos beyond the Great Qin Divine Domain. This meant that if he wanted to rescue his parents, he would have to use the World Domain Divine Array to escape and reach the Flowing Light Forbidden Realm.

He didn't hesitate a bit as he headed towards the depths of the Falling Cloud Sea. At this moment, he had changed his appearance and concealed his aura, making it impossible for ordinary people to discern his true form.

Not long after, a massive city emerged from the distant sea, and it was entirely azure-black, resembling a behemoth crouching on the vast ocean floor. Falling Cloud Divine City! The World Domain Divine Array was located within it. In the past, this city was extremely prosperous and bustling, attracting countless cultivators from far and wide.

However, when Lin Xun looked over from afar, he noticed that the city was deserted. Beyond the guards stationed on either side of the hundred-foot-high city gate, there was no one in sight. He raised an eyebrow, sensing something was amiss. After a moment's deliberation, he flew straight towards it.

"Stop!"

Seeing Lin Xun flying towards him, a guard at the city gate shouted, "The World Domain Divine Array has been closed. Do not approach any further. Retreat immediately."

"Closed?" Lin Xun asked, "Why?"

The guard shouted, "Enough nonsense! If you don't want to die, then get the hell out of here!"

Lin Xun smiled and said, "There's a saying that goes, 'Those who insult others will be insulted.' Since you're being so rude, don't blame me for being ruthless."

He flew straight towards the city gate. The guards stationed on either side of the gate were furious and tried to stop him, but a sharp darkness soon appeared before their eyes, and they instantly lost consciousness, falling to the ground with a thud.

Lin Xun had already entered the city. The densely packed streets were deserted, and the various shops were all closed. The atmosphere was extremely desolate, making it resemble a dead city.

He narrowed his eyes and flew straight forward. The World Domain Divine Array was located in the center of the city. However, just as he set out, a sudden change occurred—Bang! Bang! Bang!

Divine arrows burst forth from all directions, like razor-sharp bolts of lightning, tearing through the sky and carrying a dazzling, blazing divine light. Each of these arrows was incredibly powerful, possessing the terrifying might to kill a Heavenly Longevity Immortal. The whistling arcs were a sight to behold.

Boom!

Lin Xun didn't dodge. With a flick of his sleeve, endless sword qi spread. A series of piercing explosions echoed, and then the divine arrows exploded in the air, showering down a rain of light that destroyed nearby buildings.

"Go!"

Lin Xun flicked his finger. A stream of sword qi vanished from thin air. In a courtyard far away there was a powerful man who was holding a large, dark bow, the bowstring trembling violently. That intense hail of arrows had been unleashed by him.

"Hmm?"

However, in a split second, the sturdy man's expression changed drastically. His figure flashed, transforming into a streak of light as he vanished into the void, fleeing at full speed. Unfortunately, he was still a step too late.

Puff!

A blast of sword qi slashed through the void, splitting it as if it were paper. Two bloody halves of a body fell from the void, crashing to the ground. It was the sturdy man, but he had been cut in two, his soul long since obliterated.

Clang!

The dark bow in his hand also slammed to the ground, its string snapping. In the blink of an eye, a first realm Martial Ancestor had been annihilated by a single sword strike! However, all this was only the beginning. Just as Lin Xun was about to move forward, the tightly closed shop doors on both sides of the street exploded, sending figures dashing out.

"Kill!"

"Kill!"

"Kill!"

Their roars shook the earth, and a terrifying murderous intent swept across the sky like a raging storm, instantly shattering the quiet and stillness of the streets.

Over twenty Martial Ancestors comparable to the Heavenly Longevity Realm attacked. There were men and women, young and old, and they were unleashing flying swords, war blades, dao seals, spears, and other treasures. The sheer might emanating from them obscured the heavens and the sun, overwhelming the very air. The power of the attacks made all tremble with fear.

This scale was even more terrifying than the combined might of the nine Martial Ancestors Lin Xun had previously encountered outside the Seventh Forbidden Zone. If it were anyone else, their first reaction would probably be to flee. Despite that, he advanced instead!

Buzz!

He summoned the Limitless Abyss Sword Cauldron, scattering billions of rays of light. He charged forward with his weapon, their combined might terrifying to the extreme.

Boom!

A great battle erupted, and the densely packed buildings and streets of the city collapsed and exploded almost instantly, sending the entire Falling Cloud Divine City into a violent turmoil. Divine light roared, weapons clashed, and Lin Xun surged forward with overwhelming force.

Flying swords, war weapons, and ancient seals were either destroyed by the Limitless Abyss Sword Cauldron or shattered by the dao sword within it, creating a rumbling sound and a rain of light. Soon, screams and roars rang out, interspersed with the sound of severed limbs and blood splattering.

Lin Xun's momentum was unstoppable. In a few breaths, he had slaughtered around six to seven people. Furthermore, he had done it easily, as if he was slaughtering chickens and monkeys. He was unmatched!

"Die!"

Suddenly, an unusual aura descended from the distance. It was from a black-robed man wielding a bronze halberd, emanating an aura comparable to that of a Nirvana Spirit Immortal. Undoubtedly, this was an expert at the second realm Martial Ancestor Stage.

Lin Xun's expression remained calm and unhurried as he charged forward without evading or dodging. At the same moment, his five dao bodies, Green Wood, Red Flame, White Metal, Yellow Earth, and Black Water, surged forth, surrounding the black-robed man.

Lin Xun's five dao bodies, each possessing combat power comparable to his own, unleashed a combined force, striking with all their might. The Martial Ancestor that was comparable to a Nirvana Spirit Immortal, was severely wounded.

Following that, it wasn't long before he was blasted to pieces, his body shattered and his spirit incinerated. The horrific, bloody scene evoked screams of disbelief from the surrounding area!

Chapter 2792 Deceived

Since stepping onto the immortal path, Lin Xun had already clashed with more than a few Nirvana Spirit experts.

Not long ago, in the Seventh Forbidden Zone, he killed Qin Jingtian and other Martial Ancestors at the Nirvana Spirit level. By unleashing the Time Stopping divine power and the Blade of Time, he had crushed them in one decisive sweep.

Now, as he unleashed his five dao bodies, he blasted apart another Martial Ancestor whose strength rivalled the Nirvana Spirit level. If those from the Origin Sect witnessed this scene, who knew what they would think?

Boom!

The slaughter raged on. While his dao bodies reaped lives, Lin Xun's true body cut down several more enemies without pause. At this moment, he was indeed too fierce and too domineering, pressing forward unhindered, unmatched and invincible.

Blood sprayed. Agonized screams tore through the battlefield. Such a battle was a rarity even in the vast Great Qin Divine Domain. Dozens of Martial Ancestors, all with power on par with the Heavenly Longevity Stage, had joined forces, yet they could not withstand the might of a single man. If word spread, the entire world would quake to its core.

"Retreat!" A cold, merciless voice thundered across the heavens.

At once, an indescribable pressure descended, vast and oppressive, like storm clouds collapsing over a city. Lin Xun's heart clenched. His body chilled. He lifted his head sharply.

Before the distant ancient teleportation formation, a figure emerged from thin air. Long gray hair cascaded to his waist. His features were as youthful as a man in his prime, but his eyes burned like twin abysses of flame, shooting out blinding beams of light.

Clad in jade robes, he stood with casual ease, yet the might rolling from him blanketed the city and swallowed the sky. This was Qin Wenzhang from the Great Qin Divine Clan. He was an ancient monster at the third realm Martial Ancestor level!

The surviving experts scattered at once, vanishing without a trace. Lin Xun did not pursue them. They were insignificant characters.

The greatest obstacle to escaping the Great Qin Divine Domain was none other than the jade-robed man in the distance, a terrifying existence who had stepped into the Transcendence Stage!

Within the Origin Sect, such a figure would be considered a formidable presence, capable of standing shoulder to shoulder with some elders of the three pavilions. By cultivation alone, he could be ranked among the peers of the three deputy pavilion masters!

However, even within the Transcendence Stage, vast differences existed. The three deputy pavilion masters of the Origin Sect, for instance, had long since reached its pinnacle, their foundations terrifyingly profound.

Lin Xun could not gauge how deep the jade-robed man's mastery within the Transcendence Stage was. However, one thing was certain...this man posed a fatal threat to him! The city had fallen into silence. Streets lay split apart. Buildings collapsed into rubble. The air reeked of blood.

"Knowing this place teemed with murderous intent, you still dared to come alone. Remarkable! You are even more remarkable than your great-grandfather back then."

Before the ancient teleportation formation, Qin Wenzhang spoke unhurriedly, his eyes sweeping over Lin Xun. The invisible might he radiated pressed down so heavily that Lin Xun felt as though he could hardly breathe.

The Transcendence Stage...the power of this level was utterly terrifying!

Even though Lin Xun now stood at the pinnacle of the Heavenly Longevity Stage, and even though he had already stepped onto the Eternal Supremacy Path, there still remained a gulf of two great realms between them.

Despite that, he did not retreat. Instead, he drew in a deep breath, steadied himself and advanced step by step along the ruined street.

Qin Wenzhang's brows knit together. "Why insist on courting death? Where your parents are imprisoned, eight third-realm Martial Ancestors stand guard. Even if you make it there, isn't it the same as throwing away your life?"

Lin Xun advanced without pause. "Before, there was a man named Qin Shaomeng who was just like you, spouting nonsense endlessly. In the end, he failed to fathom the depth of my cards and dared not act rashly." He chuckled softly, then sneered, "To put it kindly, that was caution. To put it bluntly...cowardice."

Cowardice!

Qin Wenzhang's face turned to ice. He raised a single finger.

Boom!

With that one gesture, the sky split apart and the void buckled as if it would collapse entirely. Lin Xun did not dodge. Under this strike, he had no chance to. The force of that finger sealed every direction. There was nowhere to flee, nowhere to hide.

If he tried to meet it head-on, he would be like an ant trying to shake a giant tree...crushed to death in an instant! This was the gulf between the Heavenly Longevity and Transcendence Stages. It was like a heavenly chasm, a divide no means could ever bridge.

Even so, Lin Xun did not retreat. Before him, Xuan Feiling's Will Dharma Form appeared, hurling forth a punch.

Boom!

The vast Falling Cloud Divine City trembled violently, as though on the verge of caving in. As dust and smoke rolled away, Qin Wenzhang's voice rang out, "So this was the trump card that saved you the last time you fled for the Seventh Forbidden Zone."

He was not surprised. As he spoke, he clasped his fingers lightly, and a stream of sword qi tore forth.

Shua!

The heavens and earth seemed to split apart. As the peerless sword intent descended, a sound like the praises of the gods resounded through the skies.

"Slay them."

Xuan Feiling's sleeves whipped through the air as he unleashed another punch. Fist and sword clashed. The peerless sword intent shattered bit by bit in the void, and Qin Wenzhang's pupils contracted sharply.

As a third realm Martial Ancestor, every move he made brimmed with the power to transcend the great dao's laws, to obliterate all beneath the heavens. Under such might, even the flick of a finger could annihilate anyone below Transcendence.

Qin Wenzhang had held back from taking action earlier because he knew Lin Xun had this trump card up his sleeve. However, never did he expect that the power of a mere Will Dharma Form could block two of his strikes!

Undoubtedly, the owner of this Will Dharma Form had reached a mastery in the third realm Martial Ancestor Stage that defied imagination. Fortunately...it was only a Will Dharma Form.

Murderous light flickered in Qin Wenzhang's eyes.

Clang!

A resplendent flying sword burst forth, its radiance dazzling, its aura so vast that heaven and earth dimmed, all things withering and collapsing in this wake. Its power completely surpassed Lin Xun's comprehension.

"Go!"

Qin Wenzhang flicked his sleeve, and the flying sword vanished into the void. At the same instant, Xuan Feiling's figure lunged forward. Lin Xun unleashed the Time Stopping divine art.

Buzz!

In that instant, the resplendent flying sword froze before Lin Xun's brow, only three inches away from cleaving him in two. Its speed was unimaginable and its killing intent overwhelming.

However, at that very moment, as Lin Xun's figure violently retreated, a vast spacetime rift tore open before him. Like a black hole deep within the starry sky, it exuded a suffocating, bone-chilling aura.

The Gate of Exile!

All of it happened in the same instant, as if within a single breath. When Qin Wenzhang regained his senses, he saw his True Torrent Flying Sword that he had nurtured for countless years seemed to have been stripped of all its power. As it descended, it vanished noiselessly into that mysterious rift.

As if delivered straight to the doorstep... Qin Wenzhang felt a sharp pain in his chest as the bond with his True Torrent Flying Sword was severed. His expression darkened, fury boiling in his eyes.

You deserve to die!

The abnormal scene struck him completely off guard, leaving him momentarily dazed. Even with his countless years of cultivation, he could not fathom what kind of power this was.

Without giving Qin Wenzhang the slightest chance to respond, Xuan Feiling seized the fleeting advantage and charged in with a violent killing strike. A mysterious sword qi slashed forth from his palm.

When this strike was unleashed, Xuan Feiling's Will Dharma Form dimmed visibly. It was obvious that the power contained within this sword strike was overwhelming and the energy it consumed was immense.

However, Qin Wenzhang was, after all, a Martial Ancestor whose strength rivaled the Transcendence Stage. At that critical moment, he suddenly drew in a deep breath, and his aura surged violently, soaring skyward.

"Condense!"

Before him, a perfectly round, resplendent golden light shield took shape before him, shining with divine brilliance.

Boom!

The sword and shield collided, unleashing a terrifying torrent of dao light. The heaven and earth shook violently, and the vast city split apart with countless spiderweb-like cracks.

If not for the fact that this place housed the only ancient teleportation array leading to the outside world, and that the city was reinforced with numerous ancient restriction arrays, it would have long since been utterly destroyed.

Bang!

Qin Wenzhang was blasted backwards, blood trickling from his lips. Even after reacting so swiftly, he was still injured under the blow.

From afar, Xuan Feiling's gaze sharpened, regret flickering in his eyes. That sword strike had failed to kill. Without hesitation, he stepped into the ancient teleportation array alongside Lin Xun, who seized the chance to leap in.

"You can't escape. The array plate is in my hands." Qin Wenzhang's cold voice echoed as he appeared in the distance, a white tortoiseshell array plate glimmering in his hand. "If you want to activate the array, come and take it!"

Within the ancient teleportation array, Lin Xun scanned the surroundings and said, "Elder, I can start it...but I'll need a quarter of an hour."

"A quarter of an hour? Very well."

Xuan Feiling straightened, sleeves fluttering as his Will Dharma Form burned brighter for a moment. "This is only a fragment of my will. Before it collapses, I will buy you that time."

Though his figure was already dim and hazy, his aura remained overbearing and unyielding as ever.

"Elder, why don't we finish this old thing together!" Lin Xun sent a voice transmission, a ruthless glint flashing in his eyes.

"Your Blade of Time can't hold back a Transcendence being just yet. Stop the nonsense...focus on the array!"

Xuan Feiling's voice transmission had just finished when—Shua!

From the distance, Qin Wenzhang charged in with violent killing intent, clearly unwilling to give Lin Xun any chance.

"Hmph, I've attained Transcendence countless years ago. Even if this is only a Will Dharma Form, holding you back for a quarter of an hour is hardly difficult!" With a cold snort, Xuan Feiling strode forward and blasted out a fierce punch.

Boom!

Qin Wenzhang's figure jolted to a halt as the terrifying fist force shattered his unleashed power, sending him staggering backward under the impact.

"If your true body were here, you would have already fled. But with only this Will Dharma Form, I doubt you can last a quarter of an hour!" Qin Wenzhang charged in once more, his aura surging through the nine heavens.

Bang! Bang! Bang!

He was blasted back again and again. Each time he looked battered and in disarray, but in truth he sustained little damage.

By contrast, Xuan Feiling's Will Dharma Form grew dimmer with each exchange, becoming faint, illusory and blurred.

Qin Wenzhang threw his head back and laughed, "Hahaha! Not even a few minutes have passed and you're already struggling to withstand me?"

He could already see that Xuan Feiling's Will Dharma Form was on the verge of collapse. However, Xuan Feiling only showed a look of pity, as though gazing at a fool, and sighed softly, "I said a quarter of an hour, and you actually believed it?"

Qin Wenzhang froze. At this moment, the ancient teleportation array flared to life!

"This is bad!"

Qin Wenzhang's face twisted with an unspeakably ugly expression. Realizing he had been deceived, he let out a furious roar and charged forward without hesitation.

"Out of my way!"

He swung his fist in a killing strike, but...

“Come then!” At that moment, Xuan Feiling’s will dharma suddenly exploded, as if set ablaze.

Boom!

From afar, it was as if a tremendous sun had exploded within Falling Cloud Divine City, unleashing a violent, boundless torrent of destruction. The nearby seas seemed to vaporize in an instant, while the heavens blazed red with fire stretching for three thousand miles, dazzling and cataclysmic.

That scene was enough to shake the world!

In the city, before the deserted ancient teleportation array, Qin Wenzhang stood with his hair disheveled, his body charred black and his clothes in tatters. Wretched beyond comparison, he could no longer hold back and unleashed a roar of boundless rage.

“Aaahh—!!”

Chapter 2793 Beyond the Divine’s Reach

Xuan Feiling’s Will Dharma Form’s self-destructive strike had left Qin Wenzhang grievously wounded. However, compared to the injuries, what truly crushed him was that Lin Xun had escaped!

It took a long time before his rage subsided and his composure returned. Drawing in a deep breath, he forced his external wounds to fade, but the damage within would take at least three to five months to mend.

“I cannot let this matter end here!” His eyes gleamed with a bone-chilling light. Lin Xun was the great-grandson of Luo Tongtian and he had grasped the power of time. It was clear he had reaped tremendous fortune from the Eternity Coffin.

If Lin Xun were allowed to escape, then the hope the Qin Clan had guarded and waited for countless years would be shattered in an instant. This was something Qin Wenzhang could never tolerate.

Swoosh!

With a sweep of his hand, a communication jade slip shot through the air and vanished in the blink of an eye. Without another word, he stepped into the ancient teleportation array. With a strangle rumble, his figure too disappeared.

The incomparably prosperous Falling Cloud Divine City now lay in ruins, as if silently recounting the terror of the earth-shaking battle that had taken place.

Floating Cloud Realm, The Great Qin Divine Clan.

An hour later, Clan Leader Qin Jinghe received Qin Wenzhang's message.

PA!

The jade slip crumbled into powder in his grip. His expression was darker than still water, his eyes blazing like fire. Not long ago, three elders of the clan, Qin Jingtian, Qin Jingwen and Qin Jinglue, had met with disaster in the Seventh Forbidden Zone.

Now, even with Qin Wenzhang making his move, Lin Xun had still managed to escape. The string of defeats was enough to drive Qin Jinghe to the edge of madness.

"I only hope Granduncle can capture that boy before he reaches the Flowing Light Forbidden Realm. Otherwise...everything will be lost" Qin Jinghe let out a heavy sigh, sinking into his chair.

If Lin Xun managed to flee the Great Qin Divine Domain, it would mean slipping beyond the territory under the Qin Clan's control. Once that happened, no matter how many forces they dispatched, it would all be to no avail!

The Fortune Dominion was far too vast. It spanned more than a hundred epochal worlds. Once beyond the Great Qin Divine Domain, the Qin Clan no longer had the final say over matters of the outside world.

What troubled Qin Jinghe most was that once Lin Xun entered the Flowing Light Forbidden Realm, he was certain to be discovered by the other three top forces. At that time, the Qin Clan could utterly forget about seizing the Eternity Coffin for themselves!

If that happened, then for the Qin Clan, these countless years of waiting would all be in vain, no different from trying to draw water with a bamboo basket. Right now, Qin Jinghe had only one hope: that his granduncle Qin Wenzhang captured Lin Xun before it was too late.

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In the boundless starry sky, an ancient city floated. Its name was Qin.

To enter the Great Qin Divine Domain from other epochal worlds, one first had to pass through the ancient teleportation array within Qin City. Likewise, anyone leaving the domain had no choice but to pass through Qin City.

In short, Qin City was a gateway opened within the Fortune Dominion. Within the gate lay the Great Qin Divine Domain, and beyond it stretched the entirety of the Dominion.

For countless years, forces of the Great Qin Divine Clan had been stationed within Qin City to guard it. Today, the city lord was a Martial Ancestor whose strength rivaled the Nirvana Spirit Stage: Qin Huailin.

Inside the city lord's residence, a subordinate nervously reported, "Lord, in the two days since the ancient teleportation array was sealed, tens of thousands of experts have been stranded in the city. Complaints and accusations have spread across the streets, saying we are obstructing their important affairs."

Qin Huailin lay lazily on a soft couch, his voice calm and dismissive, "Pay them no mind. The Great Qin Divine Domain is our Qin Clan's territory. No matter how much they complain, it is useless."

He was a slender man clad in a splendid robe, his bearing dignified and refined.

Suddenly, an urgent cry rang from outside the hall, "Lord! Someone has activated the ancient teleportation array and arrived from the Great Qin Divine Domain!"

Qin Huailin sprang up, eyes flashing. "Could it be...the plan succeeded? Quickly, let's go!"

With long strides, he left the hall. The ancient teleportation array was located in the vast square before the city lord's residence. However, when Qin Huailin arrived, the place was empty. There was no one before the array.

"Where are they?" His heart sank.

The guards exchanged uneasy looks. A sense of dread settled among them.

At last, one guard stammered, "Lord, the man seemed in a great hurry. He left immediately after arriving."

Qin Huailin's expression darkened as he forcibly suppressed the bad feeling rising in his heart. "Did you see where he went?"

"He tore through the void and vanished." Another guard pointed toward the distant starry sky.

Qin Huailin's unease deepened. His tone sharpened, "Were you able to recognize that man's identity?"

"Lord, I saw it clearly. He looked like a young man..."

A guard quickly described Lin Xun's appearance. Hearing this, Qin Huailin drew out a jade slip. As light and shadow flowed across its surface, a series of scenes appeared, showing Lin Xun within the Ninth Forbidden Zone.

"Is this the man?" Qin Huailin demanded.

The guards answered in unison, "That's him!"

A thunderous buzzing erupted in Qin Huailin's mind, as if struck by lightning.

To prevent news of Lin Xun's appearance in the Great Qin Divine Domain from leaking, Qin Huailin was the only one in the entire Qin City who knew the true reason for shutting down the teleportation array. Now, the target had slipped away right under his nose!

"You useless fools! Why didn't you stop him!?"

In his fury, Qin Huailin struck the nearest guard across the face, sending him flying backwards as blood spurted from his mouth and nose. The crowd fell silent, like cicadas in winter. Everyone could see that Qin Huailin was utterly enraged.

However, in their hearts, they also felt deeply wronged. They hadn't opened the ancient teleportation array, nor did they know the identity of the man who had fled. Moreover, the man vanished the instant he appeared. How could they possibly have had any chance to stop him?

In the distant streets, many figures began to gather. They were cultivators stranded in the city and drawn by the commotion. Furthermore, when their eyes fell on City Lord Qin Huailin's furious expression, their curiosity only deepened. Just what had happened?

Buzz!

Suddenly, the ancient teleportation array roared once more, light flaring as a figure emerged from thin air. It was Qin Wenzhang.

The moment this old antique of the clan appeared, Qin Huailin shuddered. He bowed quickly and said with reverence, "Greetings, Old Ancestor."

"Where is he?" Qin Wenzhang swept a cold gaze across the square. As he realized what had happened, his face grew grim.

“He...he fled in that direction.” Qin Huailin pointed toward the distant starry sky. Moments earlier, he had been furious and domineering, but now he was trembling, cold sweat sliding down his brow.

“You worthless trash!” Qin Wenzhang thundered. “I told you to guard the ancient teleportation array, yet you let your target slip away. Do you understand that your negligence could doom the clan’s destiny?!”

His voice boomed across the square. Then with eyes blazing, he spat, “Once I catch that brat, I’ll return to settle accounts with you!”

Shua!

Before the echoes of his words faded, his figure had already vanished into the void. Qin Huailin’s expression twisted, his heart heavy with grievance. He felt just as wronged as the guards he had scolded earlier.

Even with you, Old Ancestor, personally in the Great Qin Divine Domain, we couldn’t stop him. And now all the blame falls on me?

His anger boiled over. Turning to the guards frozen stiff in place, he roared, “What are you staring at?! If the clan needs someone to take the blame, don’t think you can escape it!”

With a violent flick of his sleeve, he turned and stormed away. The guards stood there with bitter faces, silent as clay statues.

What could they do? Even if they were innocent, even if they felt wronged, as lowly figures in the clan they could only swallow the blame...

“What are you looking at? Scatter!”

Snapping at the gathering crowd, the guards barked their orders. Unfortunately, it was already too late. Many onlookers had caught a glimpse of what happened.

Whispers rippled through the streets. “So the teleportation array was shut down to catch someone!”

“Who could this person be? He escaped from the Qin Clan’s grasp and even forced a third realm Martial Ancestor to intervene personally!”

“This is no small matter!”

Discussions spread like wildfire.

In the crowd, a woman in purple robes swiftly pressed a jade talisman between her fingers, imprinting a thought into it. “Quickly send the message back. Report that an extraordinary event erupted in the Great Qin Divine Domain, and urge the clan to dispatch a great figure at the third realm Martial Ancestor level to investigate.” With a soft crack, the talisman dissolved into a streak of light that silently shot into the depths of the starry sky.

In addition, she was not the only one. Across the city, many others, alarmed by the abnormal situation, were already sending messages by their own secret arts.

It was only a matter of time before the events that had unfolded in the Great Qin Divine Domain and Qin City would be discovered by great figures from other epochal worlds. When that time came, turmoil would once again sweep across the Fortune Dominion!

Inside an inn within the city, Lin Xun, his appearance already disguised, downed a jar of wine before rising to his feet.

When he first emerged from the teleportation array, he had vanished into the void, fleeing into the starry sky before countless watching eyes. However, that had only been a deception. In truth, he had quietly returned to Qin City unnoticed.

Now, seeing Qin Wenzhang streaking across the heavens in pursuit, Lin Xun finally breathed a long sigh of relief. He decided to leave, but not for the Flowing Light Forbidden Realm. He planned to head to Fortune Divine City!

He had once plundered Qin Jinglie's soul and learned that within the Fortune Dominion lay a vast and mysterious city, regarded as a place 'beyond the divine's reach.'

That was Fortune Divine City!

From ancient times to the present, the divine clans of hundreds of epochal worlds within the Fortune Dominion have all sought to seize Fortune Divine City, but without exception, every attempt had ended in failure.

The reason was simple: Fortune Divine City was filled with a strange, forbidden power. Anyone who entered would have their cultivation forcibly suppressed. Even Immortal figures would be reduced to the Emperor Stage.

As for those at the Eternal Stage, the city repelled them outright. If they dared approach, they would be bombarded by its strange, forbidden power. Throughout history, more than one Eternal powerhouse had been forced to retreat in disgrace before that city.

Thus it earned its name, 'beyond the divine's reach.' Even the divine clans themselves could do nothing before this city.

Today, the city had become a convergence of civilizations from all epochs. Each day, cultivators from hundreds of epochal worlds passed through its streets, some to exchange cultivation insights, some to trade or sell rare treasures, and others for their own mysterious purposes... It was bustling with noise and life, its prosperity unmatched.

The moment Lin Xun learned of its existence from Qin Jinglue's memories, he had engraved this miraculous city known as 'beyond the divine's reach,' deep into his heart.

Chapter 2794 Eternal Might

Outside the Flowing Light Forbidden Realm, the forces of three powerful divine clans, together with the Qin Clan, had already taken their positions. To be more precise, no fewer than eight Transcendence beings were stationed there!

Lin Xun had learned all this from Qin Jinglue's memories. It couldn't be wrong. That was exactly why he chose to head for Fortune Divine City instead of venturing into the Flowing Light Forbidden Realm.

It was simply too dangerous. Even with trump cards hidden up his sleeve, Lin Xun could not guarantee that he could rashly storm the Flowing Light Forbidden Realm and rescue his parents while staying alive.

After all, he did not know whether the willpower of Taixuan could suppress eight Transcendence old monsters. Taixuan was an Eternal being, but what Lin Xun held was no more than some willpower sealed within the token.

Furthermore, those Transcendence antiques had lived for countless years, each with unfathomable foundations.

Of course, the heart of the problem was that Lin Xun knew almost nothing about the true power of the Eternal Stage. That uncertainty gnawed at him. It forced him to steady his heart, to analyze calmly, and to choose the most stable path. Thus, he set his sights on the Fortune Divine City!

Once he reached that city, he would no longer need to fear pursuit! After all, the forbidden power cloaking that city suppressed all cultivation, no matter how mighty, down to the Emperor Stage. Furthermore, within the Emperor Stage, who could possibly make Lin Xun bow?

Moreover, in the Fortune Divine City, he could seek out cultivators of the Great Underworld Ruins and uncover the path that led there. When the time came, he could journey to the Great Underworld Ruins first.

Taixuan had once said that so long as one carried his token into the Great Underworld Ruins, someone there would immediately sense its aura and come forth to offer aid. With that thought steadying his heart, Lin Xun stepped out of the inn. In a flash, his figure shot into the boundless starry sky.

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The starry sky stretched vast and boundless. The Fortune Dominion was like an endless cosmic expanse, studded with relics from hundreds of epochs, grand and mysterious beyond imagination. It was unlike the Return Dominion, and completely different from Kunlun Dominion.

Lin Xun estimated with his current cultivation, it would take ten days to travel from Qin City to the Fortune Divine City. Moreover, this journey would be far from peaceful, riddled with unimaginable dangers and natural calamities, such as spatial torrents and time storms often that erupted without warning.

Fortunately, he had pried the safe route to Fortune Divine City from Qin Jinglue's soul, so as he crossed the starry sky, he felt little cause for worry.

Unfortunately, only half a day later... While streaking across the starry sky, he suddenly halted and immediately summoned the Limitless Abyss Sword Cauldron.

Boom!

A terrifying palm force materialized from nothingness and crashed down like a collapsing heaven. The sword cauldron wailed under the impact, shuddering violently, while Lin Xun's figure was hurled backward.

Pu!

He spat blood. His qi roiled in chaos. Raising his eyes, he saw a figure wreathed in golden divine flames, its aura violent and tyrannical, tearing through the distant void.

It was Qin Wenzhang! However, his expression was like ice, his eyes seething with murderous intent. He looked like a rampaging ancient fiend god, and the might pouring off him made the starry sky quake and tremble.

"Run then! Why don't you run now?" His voice was cold and venomous, dripping with hatred.

Lin Xun's escape from the Great Qin Divine Domain was, to him, the greatest disgrace, a humiliation that drove him nearly mad.

Earlier, misled by Qin Huailin's words, he had wasted precious time chasing toward the Flowing Light Forbidden Realm. Only halfway there did he realize the mistake. Furious, he immediately turned back.

When he scoured Qin City and found no trace of Lin Xun, he quickly deduced that Lin Xun had most likely fled towards Fortune Divine City!

Fortune Divine City was a place 'beyond the divine's reach.' Only there could Lin Xun cast aside all fear of being hunted down by the forces of the Great Qin Divine Clan.

Having come to this conclusion, Qin Wenzhang gave chase without pause. After hours of frenzied pursuit, he finally caught sight of Lin Xun.

"Why are you so eager to die?" Lin Xun let out a long sigh.

"Little trash! Without the protection of that Will Dharma Form, how dare you still spout such arrogance?!" Qin Wenzhang roared as he thrust out a hand.

Boom!

A colossal golden palm unfurled across the heavens, blotting out the stars. Golden dao light raged forth, incinerating the nearby constellations one after another as it closed in to seize Lin Xun.

This was the power of Transcendence, something utterly beyond what Lin Xun could withstand at his current level. Even if he unleashed Time Stopping, the Blade of Time, or the Gate of Exile...it would not change the inevitable result: suppression and defeat.

In addition, Lin Xun knew this all too well. This was why he immediately took out the token Taixuan had entrusted to him.

Shua!

At first, only a faint streak of sword qi appeared, flickering lightly in the starry sky, almost too subtle to notice. However, the colossal golden palm tore apart like fragile paper and shredded into fragments before vanishing without a trace.

Then, Taixuan's majestic figure emerged out of thin air. Clad in plain hemp robes, long hair cascading freely, his bearing was refined yet transcendent. Behind him, billions of auspicious rays churned like a vast ocean of light. Within them, faint and illusory, a dao sword surfaced and sank, appearing and vanishing, radiating a majesty that shook the very cosmos.

"Elder, I had no choice but to trouble you." Lin Xun wiped the blood from the corner of his lips, his voice low, tinged with helplessness.

"On the path of the great dao, who has not faced dead ends? But in my view, once you truly attain the dao and step into Transcendence, beings such as these...will be no more than clay chickens." Taixuan's voice was clear and resonant, and as he stood there, he seemed like a supreme sovereign incarnate!

In the distance, Qin Wenzhang, who had been seething with murderous intent and exuding unstoppable might, suddenly froze. His pupils contracted violently, and his voice trembled uncontrollably, "Ma...Martial God?!"

His expression twisted with disbelief and terror, as though thunder had struck his soul. However, as a Transcendence existence, his reactions were unmatched. The instant he sensed danger, he spun on his heel and fled.

Boom!

A terrifying aura erupted from him, as if he were fighting for his life. His cultivation surged madly to its limits, and in the blink of an eye he vanished without a trace into the void. As a third realm Martial Ancestor, no one understood the terror of a Martial God better than he did. After all, in the Great Qin Divine Clan's ancestral line, there had once been a Martial God!

Even a mere willpower of such an existence was enough to suppress a Martial Ancestor with ease! At that moment, Taixuan's willpower extended a hand, making a light grasping motion in the void.

Suddenly, Lin Xun witnessed an unbelievable sight. Qin Wenzhang, who had vanished moments ago, was yanked back into view as if seized by the hand of a god. No matter how he struggled, he could not break free.

"No—No—!" His scream ripped through the void, his soul nearly fleeing his body. If he had known Lin Xun possessed such a trump card, he would never have dared to give chase. Now, it was far too late for regrets.

Even Lin Xun was shaken to the core. Only now did he realize how utterly wrong he had been. He had underestimated the power of the Eternal Stage, believing that even the strongest willpower could never suppress eight Transcendence beings.

However, reality had shattered that! With a stretch of his hand, Taixuan had caught Qin Wenzhang, a Transcendence powerhouse, like a fly. What kind of terrifying power was this?

"Shall we spare him?" Taixuan's calm voice rippled through the air.

Lin Xun shook his head. At that moment, a daring thought surged up from the depths of his heart!

Bang!

Qin Wenzhang's body exploded, his primordial spirit crushed to nothing. The blood mist evaporated in the blink of an eye, leaving not even the faintest trace behind. Erased. Completely.

Lin Xun's mind and spirit quaked as he sucked in a sharp breath. The Eternal Stage! How could it wield such incredible power?

In the Eternal True Realm, it was said only the Eternal Divine Clans of the Ninth Heaven Domain possessed such existences. In the Origin Sect, Taixuan was the only Eternal figure Lin Xun had ever encountered.

Perhaps it was his ignorance, but he had never truly understood the power of this realm...until now. Even just a willpower, not Taixuan's true body, had slain a Transcendence expert as effortlessly as slaughtering a chicken. Lin Xun's entire worldview was overturned.

Sensing Lin Xun's inner turmoil, Taixuan explained softly, "He was only at the intermediate Transcendence Stage and was also badly wounded. That was why he fell so easily. If it had been someone like Xuan Feiling, who has long reached the pinnacle of Transcendence, killing him would not have been so simple."

Lin Xun's head throbbed at the thought. So it wasn't that they couldn't be killed, but instead it would take great effort... And this is only the power of a willpower!

No words could describe what he felt in this moment. He finally understood that, before a true Eternal powerhouse, his own cultivation was utterly insignificant....

"This is the Fortune Dominion's starry sky. Long ago, I too roamed across these boundless heavens. I never thought I would return here like this, through my willpower." Taixuan clasped his hands behind his back, his gaze sweeping the vast void. With a faint sigh, he murmured, "I wonder...are the old friends from back then still around?"

Then as if remembering something, his eyes sharpened. "Have you found your parents?"

Lin Xun nodded. "They are trapped within the Flowing Light Forbidden Realm." He quickly recounted all that he had learned to Taixuan.

"Eight Transcendence experts..." Taixuan mused. Then he said calmly, "As long as no one of my level intervenes, I can help you rescue them."

Lin Xun's spirits surged with hope. He bowed deeply. "Elder, please lend me a hand."

Taixuan smiled faintly. "Since I have given you my willpower, it is only natural that I lend you a hand."

However, then his expression grew solemn. "Those three divine clans you spoke of...I know them well. Each one's foundation is deeper than the last, strong enough to rank among the top ten of the divine clans in the hundreds of epochs. Within their lineages sit living Eternal old monsters. If they sense us, my willpower might be able to contend with them briefly, but I would not last long. That is why you must have a retreat planned for after your parents are rescued."

His gaze then fell squarely upon Lin Xun. Lin Xun was silent for a moment before asking, "Elder...what do you think of Fortune Divine City?"

"It is indeed a place of unmatched mystery and wonder." Taixuan's eyes glimmered strangely as he said, "But if you hide within that city and your enemies encircle it from outside, escaping again will be no easy matter."

Then, as if recalling something, he mused, "That said...choosing this city as your retreat route may not be entirely without hope..."

"Hope?" Lin Xun was taken aback.

Taixuan smiled faintly. "It's too soon to speak of this now. First, I'll take you to the Flowing Light Forbidden Realm."

As he spoke, he flicked his sleeve. In the next instant, he and Lin Xun vanished into thin air.

Chapter 2795 Foretold Calamity

Outside the Flowing Light Forbidden Realm, grand halls and palaces loomed beneath the starry dome, bathed in divine radiance, solemn and majestic.

Ever since Luo Qingxun and her husband had been trapped within the Flowing Light Forbidden Realm, the forces of three great divine clans and the Qin Clan had entrenched themselves here, building countless halls and strongholds throughout the surrounding starry expanse.

Over the years, each of the three great divine clans and the Qin Clan had stationed two Transcendence powerhouses here. In other words, eight Transcendence experts watched over the Flowing Light Forbidden Realm from outside its borders!

Such a formidable presence could deter the majority of divine clans across the Fortune Dominion. In addition, the Qin Clan had dispatched three hundred cultivators to stand guard here, assigned solely to attend upon the eight Transcendence experts.

The starry sky stretched, vast and silent. In the distance, the Flowing Light Forbidden Realm churned with chaotic mists, occasionally erupting with dazzling arcs of light thousands of feet long, like blades of lightning cleaving through the void.

It was the power of time and space! The entire forbidden realm was cloaked in turbulent spacetime currents, making it a place of unspeakable terror.

However, for the nearly two hundred years since Luo Qingxun and her husband had been trapped, the area outside had remained utterly calm, without the faintest ripple or disturbances. After all, with eight Transcendence powerhouses stationed here, who in the whole Fortune Dominion would dare stir trouble?

On this day, a hoarse, ancient voice echoed suddenly from the depths of a hall. "Fellow daoists, compelled by a sudden impulse, I cast a secret divination. I caught signs of looming calamity. Something great is about to unfold. I ask you all to come forth and discuss it."

In the next instant, one terrifying aura after another erupted across the starry sky, all rushing toward that hall.

Deep within the hall, two mighty figures sat cross-legged upon prayer mats. The one who had spoken earlier was Liangqiu Shui. His hair and beard were white as snow, his cheeks gaunt, and in his hand rested a black jade ruler, exuding a dark and unfathomable aura.

Beside him sat Liangqiu Yun, his frame thin and his face etched with countless wrinkles. Clad in black robes, his entire body was wreathed in wisps of bone-piercing cold qi.

They hailed from the Divine Liangqiu Clan, a divine clan from the Royal Dao Epoch. Across the hundreds of epochal civilizations in the Fortune Dominion, the Liangqiu Clan's foundation and influence were enough to place them among the top five!

Among the three divine clans stationed outside the Flowing Light Forbidden Realm, the Liangqiu Clan stood as the strongest.

“Calamity? Hah, I welcome it! What I fear is idleness. Nearly two hundred years here...I’m bored to death!”

As his voice fell, a streak of divine light streaked into the hall, coalescing into the figure of a youth clad in fiery red daoist robes. With sword-like brows and star-bright eyes, his every movement radiated unrestrained dominance.

Ying Xiaoyuan!

He was a Transcendence powerhouse of the Divine Ying Clan from the Cloud Shadow Epoch. Though he appeared youthful, in truth he had lived for countless thousands of years.

Following close after was a beautiful yet aloof woman clad in purple. She carried a white jade ruyi in her hand, and its surface was engraved with two strange dao characters: Immortal Thunderclap.

Ying Qing!

Like Ying Xiaoyuan, she too was from the Divine Ying Clan. Upon appearing, they nonchalantly seated themselves on the prayer mats arranged off to one side

“Brother Ying is right. We truly hope something stirs near the Flowing Light Forbidden Realm.” A hearty laugh rolled through the hall as two figures stepped inside almost at the same time.

The speaker was a tall daoist with long, flowing sleeves, a purple-gold lotus crown upon his head, and a snow-white horsetail whisk in his hand that drifted like mist.

Yan Andao! He was a Transcendence powerhouse from the Divine Yan Clan of the Shangqing Epoch.

Beside him stood another daoist, dressed in plain robes, his hair tied in a simple bun. His appearance was refined and elegant, but on his back rested a bronze ancient sword, mottled with bloodstains.

He was Yan Anxing. Like Yan Andao, he hailed from the Divine Yan Clan.

Whether it was the Divine Ying Clan, home of Ying Xiaoyuan and Ying Qing, or the Divine Yan Clan, home of Yan Andao and Yan Anxing, both stood proudly among the top ten divine clans in the hundreds of epochal worlds.

Though slightly beneath the Divine Liangqiu Clan, they were still colossal powers in the Fortune Dominion! In short, these three divine clans were true apex existences, each guarded by terrifying figures who had stepped into the Eternal Stage.

Not long after, two more Transcendence experts arrived. Qin Wenzhen and Qin Jiuyi from the Great Qin Divine Clan.

Qin Wenzhen's bronze face was framed by a chiseled jaw and a fierce, bristling beard. His presence exuded a bold, unyielding might. In contrast, Qin Jiuyi was gaunt as a bamboo stalk, his eyes sunken deep, his body so frail it seemed a gust might carry him away.

After entering the hall, the two quietly took their seats on the praying cushions at the very end. They had little choice. Though their cultivation was on par with those present, the power behind them was worlds apart from the three great divine clans. The Qin Clan could at best be counted as second-rate.

And so, the eight Transcendence experts had gathered.

"Fellow Daoist, since you divined an omen of calamity, it must concern the Flowing Light Forbidden Realm. Does this mean someone seeks to rescue that couple?" Ying Xiaoyuan, the fiery-robed youth, asked.

All eyes turned toward Liangqiu Shui.

"It should be so," Liangqiu Shui nodded gravely.

"Could it be...Luo Tongtian has returned?" Ying Xiaoyuan's eyes burned brighter.

"It's uncertain." Liangqiu Shui replied, his gaze falling upon Qin Wenzhen and Qin Jiuyi. "If Luo Tongtian truly returned to the Fortune Dominion, he would certainly appear in your Great Qin Divine Domain, wielding the Fortune Sword. Tell me, has anything unusual occurred within your Great Qin Divine Domain recently?"

Qin Wenzhen and Qin Jiuyi exchanged a glance before shaking their heads. "We've received no such news."

"No news does not mean nothing happened." Liangqiu Shui's voice turned deep. "The calamity I divined most likely originates from the Great Qin Divine Domain."

Qin Wenzhen's expression stiffened. "Is that true?"

Ying Xiaoyuan's gaze sharpened. "Fellow Daoist Liangqiu Shui would never joke about such matters. Could it be that Luo Tongtian has already reached the Great Qin Divine Domain, and your Qin Clan has simply chosen to conceal the truth?" Suspicion laced every word.

At once, Ying Qing, Yan Andao, Yan Anxing and the others fixed their sharp gazes on the two Qin Clan powerhouses.

Everyone knew it was Luo Tongtian who had taken the Eternity Coffin from the Great Qin Divine Domain back then. If the Great Qin Divine Clan intended to keep that treasure for themselves, they would never willingly let a single word slip.

At this, Qin Wenzhen and Qin Jiuyi's expressions changed.

Qin Wenzhen drew a deep breath and said heavily, "Regarding this matter, we truly know nothing. If you still harbor doubts, I will go and investigate myself at once."

Liangqiu Shui said calmly, "That won't be necessary. The calamity I foresaw earlier will unfold here, in the Flowing Light Forbidden Realm. Which also means...if Luo Tongtian has truly come, then your Qin Clan likely failed to stop him, allowing him to break free from the Great Qin Divine Domain."

“Indeed.” Ying Xiaoyuan and the others all brightened as their spirits lifted.

At the same time, Qin Wenzhen and Qin Jiuyi both felt their hearts sink like stones. At Liangqiu Shui’s speculation, a chilling realization dawned on them. If Luo Tongtian had really broken through the Great Qin Divine Domain, then their Qin Clan must have suffered a grievous loss!

“It takes less than a stick of incense to burn to reach the Great Qin Divine Domain from here. Please wait while I gather information.” Qin Jiuyi, gaunt as a shadow with his hollow eyes, rose at once and departed.

No one tried to stop him. Everything so far was mere speculation. If Qin Jiuyi could return with something concrete, all the better.

“No matter what, we must remain vigilant. If Luo Tongtian truly dares return, then he must have something to rely upon. We cannot afford to be careless.” Liangqiu Shui stroked his beard and mused, his tone calm yet grave.

“It was the Qin Clan that hunted Luo Tongtian back then. But now, our three great divine clans are stationed here as well...if he dares to come, it will only be to court his own death.” Ying Xiaoyuan gave a cold laugh, his star-like eyes glittering with disdain.

The others chuckled faintly. Ying Xiaoyuan had spoken what was in all their hearts. Could Luo Tongtian alone possibly contend against the combined might of three great divine clans?

Only Qin Wenzhen felt his chest tighten. He could taste the scorn laced within Ying Xiaoyuan’s words, the ridicule aimed at his Qin Clan for failing to capture Luo Tongtian years ago and letting him flee with the Eternity Coffin

Then Yan Andao, who had remained silent since entering the hall, suddenly spoke in a slow, measured tone. “If it really is Luo Tongtian...have any of you considered who should claim the Eternity Coffin once it is seized?”

That single question caused the air to still, turning heavy and sharp. Eyes flickered, darting from face to face. Though no one spoke, the tension made it clear that none of them would willingly surrender such a treasure.

"It's too early to speak of that. If it really is Luo Tongtian, then we can settle the matter after he is slain." Liangqiu Shui broke the silence, his voice steady.

.....

In the boundless starry sky, Taixuan's willpower strode forward. The scene before Lin Xun blurred into fleeting shadows and streaks of lights, flashing past too swiftly for the eye to grasp. The speed was staggering, beyond mortal comprehension.

"Even Chen Linkong, with all his power, failed to bring your parents out of the Flowing Light Forbidden Realm back then. That alone shows how extraordinary the spacetime barrier covering that place must be," Taixuan said as they sped forward. "But from what you've told me, I suspect...the key to breaking that barrier lies within the Eternity Coffin."

"The Eternity Coffin? Lin Xun's eyes widened in shock.

"Yes, your parents came to the Fortune Dominion seeking refuge, yet they were pursued by the Qin Clan and forced into the Flowing Light Forbidden Realm. But think about it...how could they have known of such a hidden, mysterious place the moment they arrived? Surely, they must have known beforehand. And within that realm...even those at the Transcendence Stage could do nothing to them. Perhaps even an Eternal being would find the barrier unbreakable. In truth, hiding there was the wisest choice they could have made."

Enlightenment dawned on Lin Xun. "Then...it must have been my great-grandfather who told my mother about it."

Taixuan nodded. "I even suspect that the place where Luo Tongtian first obtained the Eternity Coffin was none other than the Flowing Light Forbidden Realm."

Lin Xun's heart quivered violently.

Before he could ask further, Taixuan suddenly stopped in his tracks. His eyes snapped toward the distant starry sky, and he murmured, "A Transcendence aura is racing towards us at full speed."

As he spoke, his sleeve flicked lightly. In the next instant, both he and Lin Xun instantly vanished into the void, leaving not the faintest trace behind.

Chapter 2796 Sword Cultivator

Qin Jiuyi's heart felt unbearably heavy. The calamity foreseen by Liangqiu Shui made him realize that a tremendous upheaval might have erupted in the Great Qin Divine Domain.

If Luo Tongtian had indeed returned...then it could only mean their Qin Clan had failed to capture him...and perhaps paid a grievous price for it.

"How could this be...?"

Troubled by doubt and unease, Qin Jiuyi teleported through the starry void at full speed, desperate for answers.

Huh?

Suddenly, his body froze mid-flight. His sunken eyes narrowed, a cold light flashing within them as he barked, "Who's there?"

The void trembled. Dao laws erupted from him, coalescing into a sea of blazing divine flames that swept outward in every direction.

"Not a bad reaction."

A clear, resonant voice cut through the flames. Taixuan's Will Dharma Form appeared, and a flick of his sleeve scattered the inferno like dried leaves before a storm.

Boom!

In an instant, the black divine flames vanished as if swept away by a storm, leaving only a void riddled with countless scorched scars.

“A...Martial God?!”

Qin Jiuyi’s aged face changed drastically, disbelief flashing in his eyes

“Did you just come from the Flowing Light Forbidden Realm?” Taixuan asked.

Drawing a steadying breath, Qin Jiuyi clasped his fists in salute. “Correct. I am Qin Jiuyi of the Qin Clan. May I ask Your Excellency’s name?”

A smile spread across Taixuan’s face. “What a coincidence! I was just looking for you.”

Qin Jiuyi froze for a moment, then asked, “What does Your Excellency mean by that?”

Taixuan patiently explained, “I was on my way to the Flowing Light Forbidden Realm to rescue someone, but as fate would have it, I encountered you instead...”

At the word ‘rescue,’ Qin Jiuyi’s heart gave a violent jolt. Before Taixuan could finish, he blurted, “Who do you intend to save?”

“Luo Qingxun and her husband,” Taixuan replied casually.

Qin Jiuyi’s expression collapsed. His voice grew grave, “Your Excellency, do you realize three great divine clans, the Liangqiu, the Yan, and the Ying Clans, have stationed people around the Flowing Light Forbidden Realm? If you insist on this course, I fear...”

Taixuan’s laughter rang out. “I know them. Don’t think of frightening me.”

Qin Jiuyi's heart plummeted. This Martial God not only appeared out of nowhere, but also shows not a trace of fear, even knowing that three top divine clans are guarding that place. Too terrifying.

Who is he?

Why would he involve himself in this matter? Could it be...for the Eternity Coffin?

Forcing himself calm, Qin Jiuyi spoke in a low voice, "If Your Excellency truly does not fear offending those clans, then I will not object to taking you to the Flowing Light Forbidden Realm."

In truth, this was nothing more than a delaying tactic. He knew all too well that before a Martial God, neither he nor the Qin Clan could withstand!

"Very well," Taixuan replied readily.

Unfortunately, before Qin Jiuyi could even relax, Taixuan added lightly, "However...only your head is needed to lead the way."

Swoosh!

The words had barely fallen before Qin Jiuyi bolted. His escape was so swift that even Lin Xun, who was watching from the shadows, was astonished.

However, Taixuan did not even flinch. With a single flick of his finger—The distant starry sky shattered like glass. Qin Jiuyi, a Transcendence expert, tumbled out, bloodied and broken, his hair in disarray. He had been struck down and grievously injured by nothing more than that single, casual gesture!

Lin Xun's throat went dry, his heart thundering. The Eternal Stage...is so terrifying, so unfathomable! Just a Will Dharma Form alone could crush a third realm Transcendence Immortal powerhouse!

"You cannot escape." Taixuan's calm words echoed as he stepped forward, and in that instant, he was standing directly before Qin Jiuyi.

Boom!

Qin Jiuyi let out a furious roar as dao light blazed across him illuminating the starry sky. He struggled madly, pouring all his strength into a desperate attempt to flee.

Lin Xun's eyes seared with pain. His heart quaked as though it might burst. His vision went dark. A battle of this level was far beyond what his current cultivation could endure.

All he heard was Taixuan's calm sigh, "Since you know it's futile, why not offer your head yourself? Perhaps then, out of pity for your long years of cultivation, I might spare a wisp of your primordial spirit."

These words left Lin Xun dumbfounded. Urging the enemy to cut off his own head and hand it over? Elder Taixuan is...simply too overbearing!

When Lin Xun's vision cleared again, he saw Taixuan holding a blood-soaked head in his hand. It was Qin Jiuyi...his eyes bulging wide, frozen in terror and unwilling rage.

Lin Xun was aghast. A Transcendence powerhouse...slain so easily?

"Quickly. That clash has likely alerted the others." With a flick of his sleeve, Taixuan tore through the void, taking Lin Xun with him.

Outside the Flowing Light Forbidden Realm, Liangqiu Shui, Liangqiu Yun, Ying Xiaoyuan and the other Transcendence experts had gathered in the starry void, brows knitted with suspicion. A moment earlier they had all sensed that terrifying surge of battle aura. It sent chills into their bones and they rushed here at once.

"That was the aura of a Martial God," Liangqiu Shui said gravely. His white hair and beard gave him a kindly look, but his face was now solemn and taut with tension.

In the Royal Dao Epoch, such beings were called Dao Kings.

In the Cloud Shadow Epoch, where Ying Xiaoyuan hailed from, the Eternal Stage was called the Divine King Stage.

In the Shangqing Epoch, where Yan Andao came from, this level of cultivation was called the Divine Wandering Stage.

In short, though the names differed, all describe the same Eternal Stage.

“This calamity is far more serious than we imagined.” Ying Xiaoyuan, who always carried himself with domineering pride, looked uncharacteristically grim.

“I wonder...which old monster has descended upon the Fortune Dominion? Could it be that even they covet the Eternity Coffin?” Yan Andao muttered.

Liangqiu Shui drew a deep breath. “Since we already foresee disaster, we should be ready for battle.”

Just then—From the distant starry sky, a majestic figure strolled forth. Behind him, billions of auspicious rays churned like a boundless ocean, and within them a dao sword floated up and down, appearing and vanishing in flashes of light.

Clad in plain hemp robes, his long hair cascaded over his shoulders, his refined features exuded an otherworldly elegance. In his right hand dangled a severed head still dripping with blood.

This sight struck Qin Wenzhen like a thunderbolt. His eyes nearly split apart as he roared hoarsely, “That’s Jiuyi’s head!”

The others’ expressions twisted drastically. In that instant, they understood where the battle aura they had sensed earlier had come from. At the same time, they all felt Taixuan’s oppressive aura sweep over them and their hearts thrown into violent turmoil. There was no doubt that whoever came with such overwhelming force had come with ill intent!

However, what unsettled them most was that this man was not Luo Tongtian. His face was utterly unfamiliar, and he bore no resemblance to any of the top supreme powerhouses of the Fortune Dominion they knew.

Then, their gazes finally fell on Lin Xun, sheltered behind Taixuan. Compared to the vast might shielding him, Lin Xun's Heavenly Longevity aura was pitifully weak, completely eclipsed by Taixuan's overwhelming presence.

At this moment, Taixuan's calm, commanding voice rolled across the void, "Let the fate of the one who fell before serve as your lesson. If you do not wish to follow his path...then leave this place at once."

The voice resounded through the entire starry sky.

"Your Excellency, are you declaring war upon us?" Liangqiu Shui forced down the turmoil in his chest and spoke in a low, steady voice.

"If you don't leave, then yes...it is war." Taixuan's voice was calm, yet beneath that calmness was an unquestionable authority that made Liangqiu Shui and the others' hearts sink.

Liangqiu Yun suddenly interjected, "No, he's only a Will Dharma Form. Don't let yourselves be intimidated."

A Will Dharma Form?

The Transcendence old monsters stiffened at first, then realizations flickered across their faces. The suffocating pressure that weighed upon them lightened considerably.

"So what if I'm a Will Dharma Form? To slaughter you all is still more than enough." Taixuan laughed, "Within three breaths...if you remain, then war begins."

"One." He began counting.

Liangqiu Shui and the others exchanged glances. As members of three great divine clans, how could they retreat in humiliation? However, the image of Qin Jiuyi's severed head still burned in their minds, and fear gnawed at their hearts. Will Dharma Form or not, this was power beyond their ability to withstand.

"Two." Taixuan's voice rang again.

It was like the tolling of a death knell, and the crushing pressure pressing down on Liangqiu Shui and the others became nearly unbearable.

At that suffocating moment, Liangqiu Shui spoke in a low, solemn tone, "If Your Excellency can withstand my clan's Dao King Will Dharma Form, we will withdraw without complaint at once."

As he spoke, a jade pendant materialized in his palm.

PA!

The pendant shattered with a crack, realising a flood of light. From it emerged a towering figure in daoist robes, his jet-black hair flowing like ink, his brows sharp as blades. Dazzling strands of divine radiance coiled around him. He exuded an eternal aura that seemed to eclipse the great dao itself.

Ying Xiaoyuan and the others instantly felt the weight lift from their chests, their tense bodies relaxing at once. Clearly, a Will Dharma Form at the Eternal Stage filled them with renewed confidence.

Unfortunately, some of them seemed to realize something soon, and their expressions shifted subtly.

So Liangqiu Shui had been hiding such a trump card all along. If he used this to seize the Eternity Coffin...who among us could possibly stand against him?

Despite that, no one voiced it aloud. This was not the time to quarrel over such matters.

"Old Ancestor, we are indebted to you for taking the field." Liangqiu Shui bowed with solemn respect.

The daoist robed figure gave a faint nod, his sharp gaze locking onto Taixuan in the distance. "I am Liangqiu Tianwu of the Liangqiu clan."

After a pause, he added two simple words, "Sword cultivator."

These words were spoken lightly, an ordinary self-introduction, but from the lips of a Will Dharma Form at the Eternal Stage, their weight was entirely different.

Sword God? Sword Immortal?

In the end, they were all cultivators walking the path of the sword. Thus, no matter how high one's attainment, calling oneself a 'sword cultivator' was most fitting.

"I...also am a sword cultivator." Taixuan laughed heartily, his voice rolling through the void like thunder.

"Your name?" Liangqiu Tianwu asked.

"Defeat me and I'll tell you." Taixuan's smile broadened, as though the sight of prey thrilled him. His robes snapped in the void.

"Very well." Liangqiu Tianwu nodded.

Boom!

The starry sky suddenly convulsed and countless stars trembled as if about to plummet from the heavens. An indescribable aura of dread surged from Liangqiu Tianwu, so oppressive that even Transcendence powerhouses like Liangqiu Shui instinctively retreated to a safe distance.

"Little friend, you should step back as well."

Taixuan flicked his sleeve and Lin Xun's figure was whisked away far into the distance. Then, he reached out and seized the dao sword that had been hovering amidst the billions of auspicious rays behind him. The blade fell into his palm with a resonant clang, its cry echoing through the nine heavens.

In that instant, Taixuan's might swelled to an unimaginable peak. With every breath he took, the starry sky itself seemed to heave and tremble, as though bound to the rhythm of a cosmic tide. The sight was utterly beyond comprehension!

Chapter 2797 The Might of the Eternal Sword Dao

A duel between Eternal beings!

In Lin Xun's eyes, this was already a clash that could be called the pinnacle of the world. After all, to countless cultivators, even the Emperor Stage was a realm so lofty it should be revered, while the immortal path was as elusive as a dragon soaring beyond the clouds.

As for the Eternal Stage? That was no longer just a realm...it was legend itself.

Even Lin Xun, who had stepped into the Heavenly Longevity Immortal Stage, had never truly dared to dream of reaching such a height. Until now, the only Eternal existence he had ever encountered was Taixuan.

Yet here, outside the Flowing Light Forbidden Realm, Taixuan's willpower was about to face the willpower of another Eternal being from the Liangqiu Clan. The mere thought of such a duel sent tremors of awe and anticipation through Lin Xun's heart.

How terrifying was the power of the Eternal Stage?

He even feared that with his current cultivation, he might not be able to perceive the battle clearly at all. In the distance, the seven Transcendence powerhouses were equally unsettled.

Even within the vast Fortune Dominion, duels at such a level were exceedingly rare. And whenever such battles erupted, they almost always heralded upheavals capable of shaking the very order of the world. Now, such a clash was about to ignite outside the Flowing Light Forbidden Realm!

.....

Liangqiu Tianwu, clad in a daoist robes, radiated boundless sword intent. He casually extended a hand into the void.

Boom!

The starry sky shuddered. It was as if a fragment of the very laws of heaven and earth had been torn free, drawn into his grasp and condensed into a blade of illusory sword qi. With effortless ease, he refined the laws of heaven and earth into a sword!

That unparalleled power made the seven Transcendence beings draw in sharp breaths. Lin Xun too was shaken to his core.

The laws of heaven and earth were like the dao of heaven itself, the very framework that upheld the operation of the world. For instance, when Lin Xun, an outsider, entered the Great Qin Divine Domain, its laws of heaven and earth suppressed his cultivation the moment he set foot inside.

In general, cultivators studied the great dao in order to continuously transform and ascend, until at last they could contend with the laws of heaven and earth, or even transcend them altogether.

For example, Transcendence Immortals no longer bowed to the laws of heaven and earth because their cultivation had given them the power to rise above those laws, free from their shackles.

Now, before Lin Xun's eyes, Liangqiu Tianwu grasped those very laws with a single motion, refining them into sword qi and turning them into his weapon! It was nothing short of terrifying!

"The great dao laws are born from the power of law and order, and the power of law and order itself arises from the laws of heaven and earth. At the Transcendence Stage, one is no longer shackled by the laws of heaven and earth within the epochal worlds. But at the Eternal Stage, one can wield those very laws, able to destroy or to create within a single thought."

Taixuan's clear voice echoed across the void, "Little Friend, in this battle, I shall wield the sword in my hand to expound this realm to you. Even if you cannot yet fathom its deepest mysteries, you may still observe its 'form' and feel its 'spirit.' When you one day ascend to the Eternal Stage, with the 'form' and 'spirit,' you will truly grasp the wonders of this realm."

His sleeves fluttered as he spoke, and in that instant, a streak of sword qi shot from his fingertip, manifesting out of thin air between Lin Xun's brows.

At once, Lin Xun's senses and vision shifted dramatically. The starry sky was still the same, yet now it brimmed with countless obscure and mysterious auras, like pillars and foundations invisible to the eye, supporting the movement and order of the cosmos.

That obscure aura pervaded everything, woven into every inch of the void, saturating stars, dust, light and shadow, and even coursing through the bodies of every living being. As the seven Transcendence powerhouses circulated their qi, their figures seemed to slip free of that omnipresent obscure aura, appearing detached and ethereal.

However, around Taixuan and Liangqiu Tianwu, the obscure aura seemed to bow in submission, resonating with their circulation of qi in strange and wondrous rhythms. Most striking of all was the sword qi in Liangqiu Tianwu's grasp, condensed directly from that obscure aura. It was as though he was a supreme sovereign wielding the sword of heaven!

Lin Xun's heart trembled. He knew that this omnipresent obscure aura was none other than the power of the laws of heaven and earth! Before this moment, he had only been able to sense it, never actually behold it.

Clang!

Liangqiu Tianwu struck, thrusting out the sword in his grip. It was a simple, unadorned sword. However, in the starry sky, countless stars detonated like shattered glass. The distant Transcendence powerhouses stiffened, frantically circulating their cultivation to resist the all-consuming aura of destruction.

Between Lin Xun's brows, the strand of sword qi coiled like a natural barrier, dissolving the shockwaves. Through its power, he could clearly glimpse the trajectory and aura of that sword strike. However,

because the gap in cultivation was too vast, though he could see its might, he could not fathom its mysteries. Still, he etched every detail of that strike deep into his heart.

It felt as though a celestial being was performing before him, while he was a mere mortal utterly entranced by that overwhelming momentum. In that instant, Taixuan also drew his sword, raising it high before slashing downward. It was a strike that was equally as simple.

However, that blow seemed to cleave heaven and earth apart, split mountains and rivers, and sever the great dao itself. It radiated the tyrannical might of a god-slaying strike.

Liangqiu Tianwu's eyes narrowed. The sword he thrust out suddenly twisted, whipping back through the void. Taixuan countered at once, retracting his downward slash and sweeping his blade horizontally instead.

In that moment, their blades clashed in a storm of thrusts, slashes, slices, lifts, sweeps, smashes, and rolls. Every movement was sharp, precise, and without a single wasted motion. Each strike was simple and unadorned, like watching two mortal swordsmen locked in combat, with no secret arts or flashy techniques. Despite that, each blow carried earthshaking might!

In Lin Xun's eyes, every clash was the ultimate refinement of the laws of heaven and earth. Each strike revealed the terrifying mastery the two Eternal Stage experts possessed over the way of the sword. If any outsiders were present, what they would have seen was nothing but ruin, collapse and chaos, with countless stars falling and endless daos shattering into dust.

"The ultimate peak of the sword lies in 'oneness.' Within a single sword, endless transformations are born. Within a single strike, the infinite laws of the cosmos can be cleaved apart."

Taixuan's calm voice resonated in Lin Xun's mind, "One gives birth to two, two to three, three to the infinite, the infinite to the boundless, yet in the end, all returns to one. Such is the Eternal Stage. All paths before this are born from the 'one,' endlessly transforming and evolving. And when the mystery of the laws of heaven and earth are finally unraveled, everything becomes eternal, everything returns to oneness."

Enlightenment struck Lin Xun's heart like a thunderclap. He gazed into the distance. Taixuan's majestic figure stood like a god, his sword flashing through the void. With every stroke, the laws of heaven and earth shifted, endless mysteries pouring forth and merging into that single slash.

Liangqiu Tianwu was no different. Each strike seemed deceptively simple, yet brimmed with boundless mysteries, unfathomable, incomprehensible and utterly terrifying. Although Lin Xun could not yet unravel the mysteries within, he could perceive their 'form' and sense their 'spirit.' His mind sank into that realm, forgetting the flow of time.

No one knew how long had passed before his heart suddenly jolted. Then he saw the duel between Taixuan and Liangqiu Tianwu was already over. The starry sky remained unchanged, vast, silent, untouched. It was as if the destruction of stars and void from moments before had never occurred.

However, Lin Xun saw that the seven Transcendence beings were trembling in fear, stunned into silence, their faces dazed and stricken. It was as if they had just weathered the aftermath of a cataclysmic storm, their hearts still unable to settle.

Taixuan stood with his hands clasped behind his back, billions of auspicious lights swirling around him. Even in such a relaxed stance, his presence was overwhelming, so vast and unshakable that all before him felt like nothing more than tiny ants.

From afar, Liangqiu Tianwu let out a sigh. "This sword dao is truly extraordinary." His voice carried a mixture of awe, satisfaction, and faint bitterness.

Taixuan smiled lightly. "Thank you."

"Will you let them go?" Liangqiu Tianwu asked.

Taixuan shook his head with a calm smile. "I already set the rules. Three breaths have passed. Their path of retreat is sealed."

Silence fell. Then Liangqiu Tianwu said solemnly, "In that case...someday, I will fight your true body in a battle of life and death."

A sword mark split down his Will Dharma Form. Without another word, his figure cracked apart into two halves and vanished into nothingness. Lin Xun's pupils shrank violently. Only now did he realize the duel had ended because Taixuan's blade had cleaved Liangqiu Tianwu's Will Dharma Form in two!

In the distance, Liangqiu Shui and the others felt their scalps go numb, as though they had been cast into a frozen abyss. Terror gripped them. Liangqiu Tianwu's Will Dharma Form had been slain!

"Run!"

Yan Andao and Yan Anxing bolted instantly, fleeing with all their might. Taixuan's reply to Liangqiu Tianwu was no different from a death sentence. Who would sit and wait for execution? Almost simultaneously, Liangqiu Shui, Liangqiu Yun, Ying Xiaoyuan, Ying Qing, and Qin Wenzhen all bolted into action, each fleeing faster than the other.

Seven mighty Transcendence powerhouses fled at full speed, scattering through the void! Such a scene left Lin Xun utterly astounded. Never before had he imagined that such terrifying old monsters would flee in such frantic panic. This alone proved just how terrifying Taixuan truly was. Against him, they didn't even dare to resist, let alone struggle.

"I urged you to leave earlier, but you refused. Now that I forbid it, you insist on fleeing. Why must you bring such ruin upon yourselves?" Taixuan sighed deeply. With a flick of his wrist, the dao sword in his palm shot forth into the void.

Shua!

In an instant, countless streams of sword qi surged forth like a raging flood, filling the starry sky as the clash of blades resounded across the nine heavens. Eight hundred and forty million swords blanketed the heavens!

Lin Xun was utterly shaken. From the far distance came a chorus of muffled grunts, screams, shrieks and wails of despair...

Then all fell silent. The endless sword qi dissipated like flowing light, leaving the void quiet once more.

“They’re...dead?” Lin Xun asked in shock.

“I can guarantee not a single one of them will survive,” Taixuan said with a bright smile.

Lin Xun drew in a deep breath, finally forcing down the trembling in his chest. “Elder...is this the power of the Eternal Stage?”

Taixuan considered for a moment, then replied calmly, “Strictly speaking, this is only the power of a Will Dharma Form.”

Lin Xun let out a wry smile.

If even a Will Dharma Form is this overwhelming, then just how terrifying must Taixuan’s true body be?

Chapter 2798 Reunited with Family

Seeing Lin Xun so utterly stunned, Taixuan smiled faintly and spoke in a gentle, patient voice, “The moment an Eternal expert makes a move, the laws of heaven and earth are shaken. And often...they strike back.

“Just now, if my true self had been here, the laws of this starry sky would have sensed the threat and tried to suppress me.

“Within the Eternal True Realm, only the Ninth Heaven Domain can withstand battles of this level. It is a world of eternity itself, where those at the Eternal Stage may cultivate freely without fear of heaven and earth’s backlash.

“This means that outside of it, you will almost never encounter a true Eternal. At most, what you’ll meet is a Will Dharma Form like mine.”

Enlightenment dawned on Lin Xun: the laws of heaven and earth could be commanded by those at the Eternal Stage, but they could also turn against them!

Taixuan's gaze shifted toward the distance. "This place is no longer safe. We must head to the Flowing Light Forbidden Realm at once."

Primal chaos flooded the void ahead. Blades of narrow, dazzling light flickered in and out, their chilling brilliance tearing through the darkness. That was the power of the spacetime barrier!

Furthermore, within that barrier lay the Flowing Light Forbidden Realm, the place where Lin Xun's parents remained trapped.

Lin Xun drew a steady breath and stepped forward.

"Remember, don't waste a single moment," Taixuan reminded him.

Lin Xun nodded, summoning the Limitless Abyss Sword Cauldron to shield his body. However, the moment he stepped into the chaos and glimpsed what lay within, his steps came to a sudden halt.

Rumble!

Countless vast, dazzling rifts of time and space raged like furious hurricanes, intermingling and colliding, painting a scene of utter ruin. A single glance was enough to chill Lin Xun to the bone.

Too terrifying!

No wonder for countless years, even though everyone knew his parents were trapped inside, no one had ever broken into this forbidden realm. Even mighty Transcendence experts dared not cross its threshold. The spacetime barrier here was beyond terrifying!

Just from its pressure alone, Lin Xun realized that even with the protection of the Limitless Abyss Sword Cauldron, it would be difficult to withstand the bombardment of such power. Then, a thought stirred. He brought out the Eternity Coffin.

At once, Lin Xun keenly sensed that as the aura of the Eternity Coffin spread outward, the raging currents of time and space closest to him gradually stilled.

“Elder Taixuan was right. The Eternity Coffin is most likely the key to breaking this spacetime barrier.”

Yet a new doubt gnawed at him. “If that’s the case, then how did my parents enter this forbidden realm back then when they didn’t have the Eternity Coffin?”

At that thought, his heart stirred. With a resonant clang, the Fortune Sword appeared in his grip.

Buzz!

At this moment, the Fortune Sword let out a strange buzzing hum, like a cry of joy. Rings of time rippled outward from its trembling blade. In an instant, the raging currents of spacetime underwent a miraculous change. Like wild beasts suddenly tamed, they stilled and froze in place, no longer surging in chaos.

“The Fortune Sword and the Eternity Coffin...these two treasures must be deeply tied to the Flowing Light Forbidden Realm. Back then, my great-grandfather and my parents must have relied on the Fortune Sword to enter this place...”

Realization lit up Lin Xun’s face. Without hesitation, he stowed away the Eternity Coffin. Holding only the Fortune Sword, he stepped into the depths of the spacetime barrier that was now lulled into silence.

Boom!

The instant his figure vanished, the still spacetime barrier erupted again, boiling and surging like an endless tide. Far off in the starry expanse, Taixuan sat cross-legged. Nearby, hundreds of Qin Clan cultivators cowered within the grand halls, trembling in dread. However, Taixuan could not even be bothered to spare them a glance.

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Within the spacetime barrier lay a hidden realm of breathtaking beauty. At its heart towered a black mountain, rising into the clouds like a pillar propping up the heavens, majestic and solemn.

At its summit, veiled in drifting mist, stood an ancient hall, bathed in the darkness of eternal night, its presence mysterious and solemn. Beside it stood a humble thatched cottage. Before it grew wildflowers, herbs, fruits, and vegetables, untamed yet full of rustic charm.

A bluestone wall enclosed the cottage, forming a quiet courtyard. In the courtyard's center stood a table with several meditation cushions neatly arranged.

On the cushions sat a man and a woman. The man meditated in silence, his expression calm and composed. The woman wove beside him, her slender, fair fingers deftly twisting the fine threads of translucent cloud essence she had gathered, spinning them swiftly between her fingertips.

Before long, a simply yet immaculate robe took form. The woman rose, lifted the robe for inspection, her face alight with joy. "Wenjing, what do you think of this robe?"

The meditating man opened his eyes, a warm smile on his lips. "Good, very good. Excellent. Is it for me?"

The woman hugged the robe to her chest as if it was a precious treasure. Shaking her head with a playful smile, she said, "No, it's for Xun'er. You'll just have to stop wishing for it."

The man gave a helpless, bitter smile. "I knew it. But we don't even know how long we'll be trapped here. Even if you made him a hundred robes, he may never get the chance to wear them."

The woman's eyes glistened with unwavering faith. "He will. Someday, he will wear them."

The man gave a low murmur, then spoke softly, "Qingxun, I know you've been worrying about our child all these years. But we parted with him when he was still in swaddling clothes. Even if fate allows us to meet again, it will not be easy for him to accept us as his parents without any distance between us. You know as well as I...we know nothing about him now...what he looks like, what kind of person he has become..."

As he spoke, his voice sank and his eyes clouded with sorrow. This was his deepest wound. As a father, he felt weak, worthless, and utterly powerless.

The woman came behind him and embraced him, whispering, "No matter what he looks like now, no matter what kind of person he has become, in my heart he will always be the best. Don't blame yourself anymore. If not for me, your Lin Clan would never have suffered such a calamity."

He drew a deep breath, gently clasped her hand, and a faint smile touched his lips. "This is fate, that we are still alive, still together."

The woman laughed softly. "I don't believe in fate. But isn't it strange? Back in the Ziyao Empire, I just happened to choose you. And even after my memories returned, I never once thought of leaving you."

The man felt a surge of pride and said warmly, "For someone as gifted as you, a woman blessed by heaven, to choose me, it can only mean that I, Lin Wenjing, am not so worthless after all."

The woman pursed her lips in a teasing smile. "Of course. You may be an ugly man, but since I've chosen you, you're the finest ugly man in the world."

The man pretended to be angry. "Hmph! How dare you call me ugly?"

He leapt to his feet, ready to lunge forward and sweep her into his embrace. At that moment, he sensed something was wrong. The woman's gaze was fixed on the courtyard, her eyes vacant, as if entranced, and as though her soul had drifted away.

That...?

The man slowly followed her gaze. Outside the wooden gate stood a tall figure, silently watching. That figure was clad in moon-white robes, with long black hair spilled loosely down his shoulders, framing a face both handsome and resolute.

The man's heart jolted, as if struck by lightning. For an instant, the courtyard fell into a silence, emotions swelling in the air like a storm waiting to break.

After a while, the woman trembled. Her lips moved, her voice breaking with sobs, "Xun'er, is that you?"

Tears welled in her eyes and streamed down her soft and pale cheeks. Her slender frame quivered, her gaze dazed, filled with joy, fear, and disbelief. It was as if she was terrified that the figure before her was only a dream.

Even though Lin Xun had prepared himself, and even though he had once seen his mother Luo Qingxun's willpower manifestation in the Eternal True Realm, when he stood before her, his heart still surged out of control, like a sea overturned by storms.

"Mother...it's me." His voice was dry and hoarse, every word heavy with years of longing. Memories of the past roared through his mind, leaving him dazed and his vision blurred.

Luo Qingxun could no longer restrain herself. She rushed forward and embraced him fiercely. "Xun'er, I...I finally see you..."

Her tears fell like rain, soaking through his robes. Lin Xun held her tightly, unspeakable joy and sorrow surging in his chest. He wanted to speak, but every word felt pale and powerless before this moment.

At last, Luo Qingxun lifted her delicate face, stepped back and wiped her reddened eyes. She studied Lin Xun carefully and a look of indescribable joy spread across her features. "Xun'er, all these years we've wondered what you would look like and what kind of person you had become. But the instant I saw you, I forgot everything. The only thought in my heart was...you are my child. That can be no mistake."

Then, as if remembering, she turned her head and called softly, "Wenjing, Xun'er is here. Why don't you come?"

"I..." Lin Wenjing stood frozen, overwhelmed with emotions, his hands hanging awkwardly as though he no longer knew how to face the child he had lost for so many years.

"Father." Lin Xun drew in a deep breath, stepped forward and spread his arms wide, pulling Lin Wenjing into a firm embrace. "I've come to take you and Mother away. From this day on, our family will be whole again."

Lin Wenjing's composure shattered. His hand trembled as he patted his son's back. "My son, all these years, you've suffered so much."

As he spoke, his nose stung and tears spilled. Guilt, relief, joy, and sorrow surged together, overwhelming him, until even this grown man lost all composure.

"What does it matter? As long as our family is reunited, nothing is more important than that." Lin Xun grinned.

Not far away, Luo Qingxun watched the father and son embrace. Her smile shone radiantly, even as tears streamed down her cheeks. These were tears of joy. After so many years apart, their family was finally whole again. There was nothing in the world more joyous than this.

After a long time, Luo Qingxun wiped her eyes, took a deep breath and hurried into the thatched cottage. When she returned, she was carrying a thick stack of neatly folded clothes, piled so high they looked like a small hill in her arms.

"Xun'er, I've made you clothes and shoes over the years. Come, try them on and see if they fit." Luo Qingxun said with hopeful anticipation.

Looking at those clothes and at the joy and anticipation shining on his mother's face, the softest string in Lin Xun's heart was plucked. His eyes welled faintly.

Chapter 2799 This Body Has Wandered For So Long

Lin Xun accepted the thick bundle of clothes and said solemnly, "Mother, we can't linger here. If we delay, something unforeseen may happen. Once we leave this place, we can talk all we want."

His words steadied Luo Qingxun and Lin Wenjing, cooling the rush of joy that had overwhelmed them.

"I'll go pack." Luo Qingxun turned back toward the thatched cottage.

Lin Wenjing, however, pointed toward the distant hall, its silhouette bathed in eternal night. "Xun'er, your great-grandfather took the Eternity Coffin from that hall. But it is veiled by temporal restrictions so

profound that even the Fortune Sword cannot force its door. That is why your mother and I have never been able to set foot inside.”

Lin Xun looked up. The hall was ancient beyond reckoning, steeped in the heavy breath of time itself. Strands of shadow and light interwove across its surface, cloaking it in mystery.

“I’ll take a look.”

At that moment, Lin Xun thought of Xia Zhi’s slumbering true body sealed within the Eternity Coffin. His heart gave a tremor. Still, he pressed forward. Nine flights of stone steps led up to the darkened hall. At the end, the great doors remained tightly sealed, a curtain of obscure temporal power draping across them.

As Lin Xun climbed, his mind churned with doubts. Even the Fortune Sword cannot unravel this restriction. Then how did my great-grandfather force his way inside to seize the coffin?

It was a riddle without an answer. Unless he met Luo Tongtian himself, no one could ever know.

Lin Xun took a deep breath, about to summon the Eternity Coffin. Suddenly, a searing heat surged through his heart meridian. A torrent of temporal power gushed forth, rushing straight toward the sealed hall.

Boom!

His vision blurred, the world twisted, and in the blink of an eye, he was no longer in the present. What filled his sight was a scene from countless years ago.

Before the pitch-black hall, nine tiers of stone steps were drenched in blood. Atop the highest step sat a slender figure. A black crown rested upon her head, and in her hand she held a divine staff carved from black jade. Her ancient black robes were soaked through with blood.

Her face was flawless, porcelain-pale, her beauty so radiant it could topple all beings and eclipse heaven and earth. Even drenched in blood and wrapped in ruin, she remained breathtaking beyond belief.

Xia Zhi!

Lin Xun's heart convulsed violently. This had to be Xia Zhi's true form! The vision shifted abruptly.

Now a thin man knelt at the base of the ninth step. His armor was shattered, his body broken, and his cold yet handsome face was etched with unbearable grief. He cried hoarsely, "My Lord, you must act at once! Leave this Fortune Dominion!"

"It is useless." The woman's expression remained calm, her voice as clear and tranquil as a mountain spring. "They wish to exploit my wounds to seize my fortune. But that is nothing more than a delusion."

Clang!

With her fair, bloodstained left hand, she drew forth a divine sword. "Thirteen, take this sword and leave."

Lin Xun recognized it instantly. The Fortune Sword!

"My Lord, you..." The thin man's face contorted, grief carving into his handsome features. His voice cracked with despair.

The woman said softly, her voice calm yet resolute. "Once you are gone, I will seal this world with the sum of my cultivation, making it my resting place. If fate allows it, I will awaken one day from silence. If not...then let all this fortune be buried here with me."

"My Lord!" Thirteen's anguished cry tore through the air. "I will fight with my life to protect you and carve a path for your escape!"

The woman sighed softly, her eyes softening. "Thirteen, I will not truly perish. If fate allows, we will meet again."

As she spoke, the divine sword in her hand gleamed. "Take it and go to Fortune Divine City."

The vision shifted again. The woman rose and slowly walked into the depths of the dark hall. A faint sigh drifted in the air, "In this darkness...no one remains to walk beside me..."

The great doors slowly rumbled to a close. Boom!

All scenes vanished. Lin Xun's expression shifted endlessly. The visions he had witnessed were steeped in blood, tragedy, and suffocating despair. If that was Xia Zhi's true form, what kind of desperate plight had she faced to force her to sit alone atop those blood-soaked stone steps and calmly prepare for her own death?

One thing was certain: Xia Zhi's true form had been gravely wounded. In that weakened state, countless enemies closed in to steal her fortune. However, in the face of such calamity, she chose to imprison herself within this place!

Lin Xun drew a deep breath, forcibly calming his emotions. Only then did he notice the temporal restrictions shrouding the hall's door had quietly opened. He pushed the doors open and strode inside.

Inside lay a darkness like eternal night, devouring all light, so thick that nothing could be seen. Only endless, suffocating shadows.

"It was here that my great-grandfather took away the Eternity Coffin. And it was here that Xia Zhi's true form entered this hall...and sealed herself within it."

A flicker of distraction crossed Lin Xun's eyes. Then, a wisp of luminous flame bloomed at his fingertip, and the suffocating gloom was swept away.

In the center of the hall stood a lone jade platform, shaped like a daoist altar. Apart from it, the hall was utterly empty. Lin Xun stepped forward. The platform was made from an unusual black jade stone, its surface stained with words written in blood: "This body has wandered for so long, with no one to lean on. If fate allows, I will sever this body's past, and never again endure the pain of darkness and loneliness."

This body has wandered for so long...this body has wandered for so long...

Lin Xun's mind went blank. A memory surged into his mind. Years ago, when he first met Xia Zhi in Feiyun Village, she had said, "Lin Xun, before meeting you, my world was nothing but darkness. Only after meeting you did I finally see light."

She had also said, "My world is so small, it can only hold you. As long as you are by my side, I care for nothing else."

Never again endure the pain of darkness and loneliness...Was it because she had once lived in this very darkness...

Lin Xun's chest ached. He reached out and brushed the blood-carved words. Just how lonely and helpless must she have been to leave behind such words in this endless darkness?

At that moment, Lin Xun felt a powerful urge within him. He wanted to summon Xia Zhi to let her see this place with her own eyes. In the end, he held back.

He was afraid. Afraid that if something went wrong, Xia Zhi might become someone else, and then...would she still stay by his side, clinging to him as she once had and never leave?

It was a selfish fear. However, Lin Xun could not deny that he was truly terrified of losing her from his life.

His fingertip lingered on the words 'sever this body's past.' His gaze grew distant, his heart surging with an indescribable storm of emotions. Only then did he truly grasp their meaning. Xia Zhi's true body had chosen to cut off all ties to her past, rather than suffer again the agony of endless darkness and loneliness!

In other words, before stepping into the coffin, she had already made her choice. She would rather remain here forever, never to awaken again, than endure that torment once more! After a long silence, Lin Xun exhaled slowly, pressing down the tide of emotions in his chest.

“Xia Zhi, once I uncover your past, your life, your origins, and everything you endured...I will make my decision!” Lin Xun turned, leaving behind the hall of eternal darkness.

Outside, Luo Qingxun and Lin Wenjing were already waiting.

“Xun’er, what did you see there?” Lin Wenjing asked cautiously.

“It was empty. Nothing inside.” Lin Xun shook his head.

Lin Wenjing was taken back and about to press further, but Luo Qingxun pinched him sharply at the waist. His mouth twitched in pain.

“Why ask so many questions? Can’t you see he’s unsettled? If he wants to tell us, he will. If not, don’t force him.” Luo Qingxun sent a voice transmission. She had already sensed her son’s heavy mood.

“Mother, why treat Father like that?” Lin Xun chuckled. How could he not notice Luo Qingxun pinching Lin Wenjing?

“Your father likes it. He’s long used to it. If you don’t believe me, ask him,” Luo Qingxun said with a smile.

Lin Wenjing laughed heartily. “Yes, I like it this way. After all these years, if she doesn’t pinch me now and then, I feel something’s missing.”

Luo Qingxun arched a brow. “Why do I feel like you’re complaining to Xun’er?”

Lin Wenjing waved his hands frantically. “I wouldn’t dare.”

The gloom lingering in Lin Xun’s chest eased, warmth quietly replacing it “Father, Mother, let’s leave. Elder Taixuan is waiting.”

“Then let’s not delay.” Lin Wenjing nodded quickly, looking like a weight had been lifted from his shoulders, almost as if he feared Luo Qingxun would ‘discipline’ him again.

Lin Xun couldn’t help but secretly admire his mother. She truly has a way with things...She managed to tame Father into such obedient submission...

As they made their way out of the hidden realm, Luo Qingxun whispered to him, “Xun’er, don’t follow your father’s example. It’s fine that he listens to me, but when you marry in the future, don’t give in to everything your wife says.”

Lin Xun frowned. Why should that be any different?

“You clearly don’t understand the ways between a mother-in-law and daughter-in-law. Forget it, I’ll explain it to you later. It’s more profound than the dao of cultivation itself. You must learn it well, or else you’ll stumble before women one day...” Luo Qingxun sighed.

Lin Xun had wanted to tell them about Zhao Jingxuan and their son, Lin Fan, but seeing the situation, he forced himself to hold back. Now was not the right time. Better to wait than make them needlessly worry.

Outside the Flowing Light Forbidden Realm, Taixuan rose the moment he saw Lin Xun emerge with the couple. Smiling, he said, “Only half an hour has passed, it seems everything went smoothly.”

“Elder, I owe you my deepest thanks.” Lin Xun bowed, then introduced his parents.

Luo Qingxun and Lin Wenjing immediately stepped forward, offering their respects, their words brimming with gratitude.

Taixuan waved it off with a smile. “We’re no strangers. There’s no need for such formality. For now, the most urgent matter is leaving this place.”

“Yes, once we reach Fortune Divine City, we’ll be safe.” Lin Xun wasted no time. He placed his parents into the protection of the Limitless Abyss Sword Cauldron.

“Let’s go.”

Taixuan flicked his sleeve, and together they vanished into the void.

Not long after they left...Boom!

Beyond the Flowing Light Forbidden Realm, a deafening roar erupted. The stars shuddered as the void split open, and a figure tore their way through the heavens.

Chapter 2800 Triumph and Fall

Boom!

Outside the Flowing Light Forbidden Realm, torrents of dao light swept across the heavens as the star quaked. A figure descended like a god, clad in resplendent golden armor, long black hair billowing. His peerless handsome face was wreathed in chilling murderous intent.

“Everyone, a short while ago, the target departed from the Flowing Light Forbidden Realm. He is without doubt heading for Fortune Divine City!”

The golden-armored figure swept his gaze across the void, then released a terrifying thought that surged outward, spreading across the vast starry sky. Then, with a single step, his body vanished without a trace.

“After him!”

“We must not let him escape.”

“Go!”

From the depths of the cosmos, one dreadful thought after another surged forth. The naked killing intent churned the void as if to overturn the starry sky.

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On the road. Taixuan arched a brow. "They arrived faster than expected."

His figure blurred, surging forward like a streak of light cleaving through time and space toward Fortune Divine City.

But in the next instant—Clang!

A golden halberd suddenly materialized, crushing a stretch of the heavens. It radiated eternal power that could shake all ages, striking straight down at Taixuan's path. That starry void was cleaved clean in two, a colossal rift tens of thousands of feet long gaping open, as countless stars along its edge shattered into fragments.

"Open!"

A dao sword roared forth from behind Taixuan.

Clang!

Halberd and sword collided with a sound like the breaking of the cosmos. The impact shattered void after void, tearing apart nearby star paths.

Boom!

In the end, the golden halberd could not withstand the force. It was blasted away into the depths of the universe. Taixuan drifted past, standing tall upon his dao sword, sleeves fluttering like a celestial immortal. However, this was only the beginning.

Along the starry road, calamity after calamity erupted to block his way: flaming furnaces that burned red as blood, jade rulers gleaming like frozen snow, scrolls inscribed with countless twisted dao runes, bronze bells, ancient swords, battle spears...

Each strike carried the might of the Eternal Stage. Each one was capable of crushing the heavens and scattering the stars. Now, all of them had converged, crashing down upon Taixuan!

Lin Xun saw none of it. His mind was shielded by Taixuan's power, cut off from the sight of those earth-shaking clashes along their path. Even so, he could still sense the deadly peril sweeping toward him!

These were Eternal powerhouses, and not one, but many striking in unison! Such murderous might was enough to plunge the world into despair. Although Taixuan carved a bloody path forward, escaping peril again and again, Lin Xun could feel the light of his Will Dharma Form flickering, growing dimmer with each clash.

Lin Xun's heart clenched, tight with fear and worry.

"Little Friend, do not worry. Even if this Will Dharma Form is destroyed, I am confident I can see you safely to the Fortune Divine City." Taixuan's clear, tranquil voice rang in Lin Xun's mind.

Boom!

A deafening roar split the heavens, and Taixuan's figure shuddered violently. His Will Dharma Form flickered, its light thinning, growing vague and illusory.

Despite that, he smiled. "See? Those old fellows may be powerful, but none dare reveal their true bodies. They all fear backlash from the laws of heaven and earth."

Lin Xun drew a deep breath and said, "Elder, if I ever set foot upon the Eternal Stage, I will return to the Fortune Dominion and avenge you!"

Taixuan laughed, carefree and hearty. "Hahaha, your ambition is admirable, but needless. Battles between Eternals aren't decided overnight."

Lin Xun's gaze turned icy but calm. "If it can't be done overnight, I'll take longer. No matter how long it takes, I will avenge this."

In that instant, memories came rushing back. The day in the Ruins of the Gods when his Fourth Senior Brother Ling Xuanzi and his Martial Uncle Kong Jue had fled with him. Fury and grief surged within him like a tide.

"You have cultivated for less than two hundred years. As long as you survive, with your Eternal Supremacy foundation, one day you will stand above all."

Then as if recalling something, Taixuan added, "Outside the Fortune Divine City lies the Fortune Starry Firmament. Since ancient times, it has hung there, vast and unfathomable. Each star that shines within it is the crystallization of a complete cultivation system. When you arrive, you should take a look. Who knows, you may gain unexpected fortune."

Fortune Starry Firmament?

Lin Xun was stunned, then smiled bitterly. "Elder, at such a time, why are you still worrying about me?"

Taixuan chuckled. "These attacks are nothing. At worst, I lose a Will Dharma Form. Within a hundred years, I'll forge another. It has no impact on my cultivation."

He paused, then warned, "But once you reach Fortune Divine City, you must not be careless. Eternal powerhouses themselves cannot enter, but many formidable figures tied to their forces dwell within the city. If they target you, it will inevitably bring endless trouble."

Lin Xun's eyes flared with murderous light. "I welcome such trouble."

Fortune Divine City was veiled in strange, mysterious law power. Any cultivator who stepped inside, no matter how powerful, would be suppressed to the Emperor Stage. As for those at the Eternal Stage, if they so much as approached, the city itself would reject and bombard them!

As for the Emperor Stage.... How could Lin Xun, who had the foundation of the Ancestor of All Paths, possibly fear the provocations or assaults of others?

Taixuan's words reminded him that he might not yet be able to contend with true Eternal beings, but within Fortune Divine City, he could freely crush their descendants and disciples!

Rumble!

A battle spear tore across the void, trailing a torrent of green light that split the starry sky apart. Taixuan immediately fell silent. Along the way, murderous attacks erupted one after another. Lin Xun could not see the battles, but the suffocating resentment and hatred in his chest only grew heavier with each step.

At that moment, Taixuan spoke, "Little Friend, Fortune Divine City lies ahead. Be ready."

Lin Xun lifted his head. In the distant starry sky, a vast and ancient city towered into view. Shrouding its heights was a dense veil of obscure clouds, within which billions of stars flickered faintly.

The city was majestic beyond comparison. Before it, even the greatest stars seemed no larger than grains of dust! That was Fortune Divine City.

It was a place 'beyond the divine's reach,' a city that no divine clan could ever hope to claim as their own. For countless ages, it had become the meeting ground of hundreds of epochal civilizations, drawing endless cultivators from every world every day!

Lin Xun couldn't help but recall the vision he had witnessed before the pitch-black hall in the Flowing Light Forbidden Realm. Long ago, Xia Zhi's true body entrusted the Fortune Sword to a man named Thirteen, asking him to carry it to Fortune Divine City.

Could Thirteen still be in this city?

"Little Friend, this is as far as I can take you." Taixuan's voice echoed calmly in Lin Xun's mind.

Then, Lin Xun's body shuddered, seized by an irresistible force. Light and shadow whirled past his vision, and when he finally steadied himself, he was already standing before a towering, majestic city gate.

Startled cries broke out, throwing the area into chaos. Cultivators streamed in and out of the city gate, and Lin Xun's sudden appearance left them all shaken. Lin Xun swept his gaze around, ignoring the bewildered stares. His eyes lifted, fixing on the distant starry sky.

"Hey, that's...!"

"What terrifying auras!"

At the same moment, all the cultivators near the South Heaven Gate sensed something amiss, and one by one, their gazes turned skyward.

From the depths of the void, torrents of boundless, terrifying auras erupted, shattering the heavens and sending countless stars tumbling down. One after another, colossal figures appeared from nothingness, some wielding golden halberds, some brandishing bronze spears, some raising blazing furnaces, others gripping ancient swords...

There were dozens of them!

"Dao King Stage!"

"Divine Wandering Stage!"

"Divine King Stage!"

Exclamations broke out, shock rippling through South Heaven Gate. The gathered cultivators were clearly from different epochal civilizations, and even had different names for the Eternal Stage.

However, at this moment, all were shaken by the earth-shattering sight before them. With more than a dozen Eternal powerhouses descending, how could anyone not tremble in fear? Then, everyone realized that every one of those Eternal figures had come for Taixuan!

“Little Friend, earlier you asked me what the hope of Fortune Divine City was. I can only tell you this: the hope lies within this city. All you need to do is wait.” At this moment, Taixuan’s voice reverberated within Lin Xun.

As his words faded—Boom!

His towering figure suddenly burst into endless sword auras that blanketed the heavens and swept across all directions. A stabbing pain shot through Lin Xun’s eyes, and after that he saw nothing.

The cultivators at the city gate cried out in terror, their minds shaken and their vision reduced to a blinding white haze. At that moment, every cultivator in the city trembled in fear. The aura was so terrifying it shook the entire city to its core.

Rumble! Rumble! Rumble!

Then, from the thick clouds shrouding the heavens, obscure and mysterious forbidden law power surged forth, coalescing into a colossal divine chain of law that lashed toward the distant void. Clearly, the might of the Eternal Stage had provoked Fortune Divine City and its defenses were now striking back.

“Heavens!”

“How long has it been since something like this happened?”

“What’s going on?”

Every district of the city was in uproar, shaken to the core. It all happened so suddenly that no one could guard against it. Shock rippled across the city. However, before long, that forbidden, mysterious law power faded away, and Fortune Divine City returned to its former calm.

Only then did the cultivators' shaken minds steady and their blurred visions finally cleared. However, when they looked back to the distant starry sky, Taixuan's figure had vanished. Only the dozen Eternal beings remained, standing tall in the void, their auras restrained, like gods overlooking the cosmos.

Lin Xun's hands clenched silently, his black eyes gleaming with a terrifying, cold murderous intent. Even though he knew it was only Taixuan's Will Dharma Form that had been destroyed, the sight still sent an indescribable fury surging through his chest.

This hatred...how could it not be avenged?!