Prodigies 2801

Chapter 2801 One Alone Shakes All

Near the South Heaven Gate of Fortune Divine City, a suffocating silence blanketed the air. In the distant starry void, the dozen or so Eternal beings still lingered, refusing to leave, their presence bewildering the cultivators at the gate.

Lin Xun knew those old guys had no intention of giving up! He drew a slow breath, feeling the change within his body. As soon as he stepped into Fortune Divine City, his cultivation was forced down to the Emperor level, just managing to remain at the threshold of the Emperor Ancestor Stage.

He glanced around. The auras of the nearby cultivators were all the same. They were at the Emperor Stage or below. Not a single Immortal-level figure could be found. Clearly, the rumors were true: whoever entered this city would be forcibly suppressed, no matter their power.

Suddenly, a thunderous voice boomed from the void. “Attention, experts of the Royal Dao Epoch! Whoever slays that boy will be welcomed into our Liangqiu Clan to cultivate!”

A golden-armored figure, majestic as a god, leveled his spear toward Lin Xun. An uproar shook the crowd at the city gate, countless disbelieving gazes snapping toward Lin Xun.

Who is this man, to have drawn the Liangqiu Clan’s killing intent?

Greed flickered in many eyes. Everyone knew that across the hundreds of epochal worlds in the Fortune Dominion, the Liangqiu Clan stood firmly among the top five divine clans.

Then another voice resounded from the depths of the starry sky, “Experts of the Shangqing Epoch! Whoever captures that boy alive will be rewarded by my Yan Clan with a chance to step into the immortal path!”

That one sentence was enough to leave countless cultivators parched and trembling, their hearts pounding. An opportunity to become Immortal! This was a peerless fortune, one that could not be sought but only encountered by chance!

It was utterly inconceivable. What could Lin Xun have possibly done to make such mighty divine clans throw out such offers?

“Experts of the Cloud Shadow Epoch, heed my words! Kill that boy, and you’ll be granted either the chance to attain immortality or the right to cultivate within my Ying Clan!”

South Heaven Gate boiled over. Countless eyes blazed, fixed on Lin Xun as if he were the most coveted prey in existence.

Still, it was not over.

One after another, Eternal figures issued their decrees:

“Experts of the Qinglong Epoch...”

“Experts of the Great Chu Epoch...”

“Experts of the Scarlet Radiance Epoch...”

Majestic voices thundered one after another, until South Heaven Gate was in complete uproar, shaken to its core.

“The divine clans of nine epochal civilizations have joined forces to kill this man! Who is he?” someone cried in disbelief.

“No matter who he is, with nine great divine clans against him, how could he possibly survive?”

Some rubbed their hands and paced forward, eager to act. Their looks grew fierce and feverish, as if they were eyeing a delicious prey.

“Wretch, surrender, or die! Today will be your end!”

A tall figure in green lunged forward, brandishing an ancient sword. His eyes sparked like lightning and his murderous intent was blatant. He was an Emperor Ancestor. In Fortune Divine City, that level was already the absolute pinnacle. It was why he dared to act with such arrogance.

Lin Xun didn't even acknowledge him. From start to finish, he never spared the man a single glance. With a casual sweep of his sleeve, a boundless force exploded outward, bearing down on the green-robed man like a collapsing sky.

Bang!

Without the chance to struggle, the greed-robed man exploded into a storm of blood and bone that rained across the sky. The cultivators nearest him screamed in terror, stumbling back in panic.

"So powerful!"

Faces blanched all around, eyes wide with horror. With nothing more than a casual flick of his sleeve, Lin Xun had slain an Emperor Ancestor on the spot! Even here, within Fortune Divine City where all power was suppressed, such dominance was enough to leave countless cultivators trembling in awe.

Those who had been ready to pounce froze in place, as though doused in ice water. The rewards were enticing, but only the living could enjoy them.

"One day, you will pay for this." Lin Xun cast a cold glance toward the distant starry void, where more than a dozen Eternal figures loomed, then turned and strode into South Heaven Gate.

The nearby cultivators instinctively stepped aside, opening a path for him. Someone, unwilling to give up, shouted to the crowd, "Everyone, if we strike together, we can surely take him down..."

Pu!

He hadn't even finished speaking when a sword qi tore through him, killing him instantly, his blood pooling across the ground. The gruesome sight made every scalp tingle. Too domineering!

Even though nine great divine clans had decreed his death, he showed not a flicker of fear. His strikes were swift, ruthless, iron-blooded and cold as steel, making many tremble.

Seeing Lin Xun walk calmly through the South Heaven Gate, many cultivators hesitated, heaving silent sighs as they gave up their unrealistic thoughts. Still, many others grit their teeth and trailed behind Lin Xun, unwilling to let go of the chance.

“Quick, send the message! Tell them great fortune has landed at our doorstep.” More cultivators chose to relay the news across the city, hoping to borrow the strength of their backers to capture Lin Xun.

However, Lin Xun paid none of it any mind. His chest seethed with fury and hatred, and in truth he wished for trouble to come to him so that he could vent it all in blood. Soon, his figure vanished into the city.

Far in the starry void, an old monster snorted coldly, “Hmph! This is only the beginning. Let’s see how long the boy can survive in Fortune Divine City.”

The orders had been given. It would not be long before the city’s great forces were stirred, and Lin Xun would find himself besieged on all sides.

“Everyone! News has come from the Great Qin Divine Domain. This boy carries the Fortune Sword. He is most likely a descendant of Luo Tongtian!”

Suddenly, an old monster spoke, his words jolting everyone present.

Luo Tongtian! At once, that name made them think of the Eternity Coffin!

“Then, if we kill him, we’ll also learn the whereabouts of the Eternity Coffin, won’t we?”

“No wonder he forced his way into the Flowing Light Forbidden Realm. So that’s the truth...”

The faces of the Eternal figures shifted, eyes glimmering with calculation.

“No matter what, this opportunity must not be missed!”

After a pause, the golden-armored man from the Liangqiu Clan said heavily, “Such a great upheaval cannot be hidden. In my opinion, it won’t be long before every great divine clan in the Fortune Dominion learns of this.”

At these words, the eyes of the others narrowed sharply.

Then, with calm authority, he continued, “I swear upon the name of the Liangqiu Clan: if your forces join hands with mine, then once we seize this fortune, it shall be shared among us all.”

After a brief moment of thought, the others nodded in agreement. The Liangqiu Clan’s foundation was strong enough to place it among the top five divine clans. Joining forces with them could only be advantageous.

“It’s settled. We’ll station here and unleash the clan’s full might to hunt that boy down in Fortune Divine City,” declared the man in golden armor. “Any setbacks will be crushed, one by one, by our strength.”

There were no objections; everyone nodded in agreement.

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Fortune Divine City.

The size and vastness of this city were utterly beyond Lin Xun’s imagination. The moment he stepped inside, he was swallowed by a maze of crisscrossing streets and endless rows of buildings. Mountains and rivers threaded through them, with peaks rising like islands, stretching on without end. It was as if the city itself was a grand world. Mountains, rivers, heaven and earth were all woven into its fabric, forming a magnificent world-city!

Every street and every hall was shrouded in an obscure, inscrutable power. Lin Xun realized immediately that even if a battle broke out, not a single blade of grass or tile would be destroyed. The city's forbidden force would dissolve all violence.

The city was already in uproar with factions launching into action. What had erupted in the starry void before was far too terrifying. Dozens of Eternal figures had descended together, provoking the Fortune Divine City's law power to lash out at them. Though the clash had ended, everyone knew a far greater storm was coming.

"What happened?"

"The divine clans of nine epochal worlds have issued a joint order: Hunt down a man surnamed Lin!"

"What?!"

"Who is he?"

"A fortune like that! Where is he now?"

As the news spread, waves of exclamations and uproar swept through the city. Since ancient times, Fortune Divine City had stood as a land 'beyond the divine's reach,' becoming a hub of exchange for cultivators of hundreds of epochs.

The might of the divine clans was rooted deep within this city, while endless tides of cultivators poured in daily from across the realms. Even now, some proclaimed Fortune Divine City to be the first and greatest of all divine cities across the countless epochs in the Fortune Dominion!

Today, with Lin Xun's arrival, the Fortune Divine City was thrown into an unprecedented uproar. In addition, the uproar only continued to spread without end.

For instance, the entrenched powers within the city, including the Liangqiu, Ying, and Yan Clans, acted without hesitation the moment the news reached them. Indeed, since ancient times, no force had been

able to claim Fortune Divine City as its own, but in this city, the great divine clans remained its undisputed overlords.

They were spread across different districts, each ruling their own territory. Even though all cultivators here were suppressed to the Emperor Stage, it did not diminish the fear and reverence the divine clans commanded.

“Quick! He’s coming in through South Heaven Gate.”

“Our people have him in sight. He won’t get away!”

“Move!”

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From above, one would see figures pouring out from every district of the city, surging like tides toward South Heaven Gate. Along the way, the divine clan experts, wreathed in murderous intent, drew countless stunned gazes. By now, even the most clueless idiot knew a great upheaval was about to shake the city!

Lin Xun stepped through South Heaven Gate and continued down the street, oblivious to the storm his arrival had unleashed across the city. Even if he knew, he wouldn’t have cared. Even now, countless cultivators trailed behind him, and more gathered with each step. Wherever he went, he inevitably drew the attention of all along the road.

He stood out far too much! However, he couldn’t care less. At this moment, all he wanted was to vent the fury and hatred pent up inside him. He even wished his enemies would hurry and strike, just so he could unleash it all!

Chapter 2802 Blood-Soaked Street

On the long street, Lin Xun walked leisurely, yet within his chest murderous intent churned and fermented, on the verge of erupting. He could hardly restrain it any longer.

Behind him, the crowd of cultivators grew larger and larger. Some wore expressions twisted with killing intent, clearly ready to strike at any moment. The once bustling street had fallen into a suffocating silence. Pedestrians vanished, shops closed one after another, shutters slamming shut as though the city itself sensed the storm about to break.

Boom!

A towering figure split the air and crashed down like a streak of golden light, blocking Lin Xun's path. The man wore purple robes, his body wreathed in the terrifying majesty of a supreme Emperor Ancestor.

"Are you the one surnamed Lin?" His eyes gleamed with undisguised murderous intent. "Remember this...I am from the Great Martial Epoch..."

Before he could finish his words, a palm descended. Simple. Direct. Overwhelming.

The very next moment, the thrill in the purple-robed man's expressions stiffened into shock as his nose bridge and lips caved in, bearing the unmistakable mark of a palm. Then, his body was blasted backwards. Before he even struck the ground, he burst into a rain of blood, scattering like scarlet mist across the street.

Lin Xun lowered his hand and walked on, calm and composed, as though swatting aside an insect. The fury churning in his heart left him no mind to care who the enemy was or what clan he came from. The cultivators trailing behind all paled in shock.

With just one slap, a supreme Emperor Ancestor was smashed apart!

The sheer power left them reeling. How could a supreme Emperor Ancestor, standing at the utmost pinnacle of the Emperor Stage, crumble so easily? It must be remembered that within Fortune Divine City, no Immortal-level power could ever manifest. Not even external treasures or borrowed strength could break this law!

The street grew emptier. Shops bolted their doors, fearful of being swept into the slaughter. Further along, cultivators scrambled to hide, scattering in panic as though some ancient vicious beast had descended into the city

“There!” A cry rang out, sharp as a blade.

Rumble!

Moments later, radiant streaks of light descended, exploding into dozens of figures, men and women, young and old, each radiating an astonishing aura.

“Its forces of the Divine Yan Clan!”

From the crowd trailing Lin Xun in the distance came a cry of astonishment. At once, the crowd stirred, their eyes alight with anticipation.

The Yan Clan had rallied over a dozen supreme Emperor Ancestors. This could only mean that the divine clans entrenched in the city had also received the news and begun to move.

For now it was the Yan Clan. However, before long, the forces of other divine clans would also descend with killing intent. In such a situation, how could that Lin fellow possibly endure?

“Strike! Seize him!”

At the command of their leader, the Yan Clan group surged forward, murderous auras erupting like a tide.

Boom!

Dozens of supreme Emperor Ancestors struck together, unleashing treasures and divine powers that shook the heavens. Terrifying fluctuations tore through the street, rattling the void itself.

Despite that, the city did not crumble. The surrounding buildings flared with forbidden, mysterious power that dissolved the destructive force. Without it, this street would have been reduced to rubble in an instant.

Lin Xun's expression remained calm, his eyes unfathomable and cold. Without slowing, he stepped forward, streams of sword qi erupting from his body, spreading like a storm of blades. Each strand of sword qi was an indestructible divine weapon, tearing through the void, smashing treasures and shattering dao weapons. With unstoppable force, they swept into the Yan Clan's formation.

Pu! Pu! Pu!

With a thunderous barrage of explosions, like a thousand firecrackers igniting at once, the dozens of supreme Emperor Ancestors were cut down like weeds beneath the sword qi! Blood sprayed, dyeing the sky scarlet.

The street turned into a canvas of blood, tragic, beautiful and utterly chilling. The cultivators following from afar froze, their faces ashen, their scalps prickling in horror. One man, killed with a single strike. A group, killed the same way. Who in the world could believe it?

Lin Xun walked on as if nothing had happened. Some pursuers faltered, their courage crumbling. They finally withdrew, unwilling to follow him any further. But others, unafraid of death, continued their pursuit.

"There! Quickly!"

Before long, another troop of supreme Emperor Ancestors came storming in, their murderous aura blotting out the heavens. At almost the same time, groups of figures poured in from every direction, clearly from different factions, converging on the street like a gathering tide. Now, at least a hundred experts filled the street!

"The Divine Ying Clan, the Divine Weng Clan, the Divine Nong Clan, the Divine..."

When they recognized the incoming factions, the crowd erupted in uproar, shaken to the core. Throughout the ages, Fortune Divine City had witnessed countless slaughters and endless bloodshed.

However, never before had there been a day like this, when all the divine clans of the city were mobilized just to slay a single man. This in itself was unbelievable. Even more unbelievable was that, until now, their target was still alive, and utterly unscathed!

“Haha, it seems everyone is here to snatch this prize.”

A man in white robes, feather fan in hand, stepped out, smiling as his voice boomed across the street. “But I advise you to withdraw. With me here, this beast belongs to my Ying Clan.”

“Not so fast.” A woman in scarlet robes laughed, her voice playful. “With so many factions gathered, if we all strike together, who can say who will take the prize in the end?”

The experts of countless divine clans encircled Lin Xun like an overwhelming army. Their murderous intent rolled forth, making the distant onlookers tremble in terror. Under such a siege, no matter how strong Lin Xun was, could he possibly escape alive this time?

“Enough with the nonsense.”

Lin Xun’s gaze was ice-cold. He hadn’t slowed a single step for anyone, and this moment was no exception.

With enemies closing in from every side, he no longer restrained the fury and killing intent surging in his chest. His tall figure roared with dao light, as if becoming a boundless abyss to devour heaven and earth.

Boom!

He stepped into the air, striking without hesitation. Though surrounded on all sides, he looked nothing like prey. He was the hunter, ready to reap them all!

“Attack!”

“Kill him. Don’t let him fall into anyone else’s hands.”

“Kill!”

Roars erupted like thunder, shaking the heavens. Then, a tide of figures surged forth, treasures blazing, dao arts unfurling, all aiming to bring Lin Xun down in a single strike.

Lin Xun’s sleeves snapped in the wind. Killing intent roared in his chest like fire, and he poured it all into a single punch.

Boom!

Heaven and earth seemed to split apart, unleashing a tide of apocalyptic visions. That one punch was like a god raising a sacred mountain and smashing it down. Several supreme Emperor Ancestors exploded on the spot, their blood cascading like a waterfall.

As the shockwaves of the punch rippled outward, the encirclement was shaken, throwing the battlefield into disorder. The sheer dominance of the scene made many turn pale. They dared not be careless again and charged forward with all their might.

They were all supreme Emperor Ancestors. With their crushing advantage in numbers, they refused to believe they could not bring down Lin Xun.

However, this was exactly what Lin Xun wanted. He needed to vent! He could not yet fight the old monsters of the Eternal Stage, but could he not slaughter those at the same realm as him?

No matter how many there were...they were doomed!

Boom!

Lin Xun erupted like a demon god, sweeping the battlefield. Weapons and dao arts thundered toward him, only to be crushed and dissolved the instant they touched the abyss swirling around him. He was untouchable, impervious to all attacks. No one could believe their eyes.

Each strike he unleashed led to annihilation. Sometimes one foe, sometimes several at once. Wherever he passed, bodies burst like fireworks and blood splattered like a crimson rainstorm. Such domineering might left everyone at the scene utterly shaken!

If those Emperor figures from the Eternal True Realm were present, they would have fled at once. None would dare face Lin Xun head-on. Who didn't know that Lin Xun, back then, with only Emperor cultivation, transcended realms and killed Immortals? Who didn't know that in those years, countless supreme Emperor Ancestors had been slain by Lin Xun?

Now, with Emperor power being the highest limit in Fortune Divine City, who among his peers could possibly stand against him?

Rumble!

The battle was tragic, blood spilling everywhere. Screams, roars, and shouts blended with the thunder of dao sounds and the flare of divine radiance, fusing into a purgatory-like scene of blood and slaughter.

His foes fought like crazed beasts, but to Lin Xun, they were nothing more than moths hurling themselves into a flame. No matter their numbers, in the end they were only stupid bugs burning themselves to ashes.

Boom!

His black hair whipped about, his dark eyes deep as an abyss. Fist force, palm power, finger strength, sword qi...each burst forth with every casual motion. Every strike carried the momentum of an invincible force, indestructible and unstoppable, shattering all before it like bamboo swept aside by a storm.

The number of enemies shrank with terrifying speed. The world seemed drenched in crimson. Amid the turbulent currents of destruction, scenes of death played out again and again...

Those watching from afar trembled, a bone-deep chill crawling through their bodies. No one could have imagined Lin Xun would be this terrifying, reaping supreme Emperor Ancestors like weeds, slaughtering

them like chickens! Just watching from a distance was enough to drive one into despair, ruin, and helplessness.

In less than the time it took to burn half an incense stick, more than half of the hundreds of supreme Emperor Ancestors had been slain or crippled! Blood streamed through the stone-paved streets like rivers, while the buildings on either side pulsed with forbidden power to ward off the destruction. Even so, the sight was unspeakably shocking.

Finally, the remaining enemies collapsed, their will to fight shattered as they scattered in panic in all directions. Terror-stricken, none dared to fight again.

Unfortunately, Lin Xun had no intention of letting them escape. In that instant, with a sharp breath, sword qi burst from every acupoint in his body, dazzling and deafening as they surged forth. They flooded the void in every direction as they shot toward the fleeing enemies.

Slash!

Slash!

Slash!

Across every direction, figures were cut down one after another, dropping like dumplings into a boiling pot, falling like rain from the sky. When it ended, all had been mercilessly slaughtered. Not a single enemy remained alive.

The spectators stood stupefied, their souls quaking, their minds echoing with only a single thought.

Could this really be the power of a mere supreme Emperor Ancestor?!

Chapter 2803 The Demon God's Splendor Remains as Before

On the long street, blood ran like a river. All enemies were gone, reduced to mist and fragments, leaving only Lin Xun's tall figure standing amidst the carnage. He, on the other hand, was spotless and unscathed.

Those watching from afar were overwhelmed with emotion, countless hearts quaking in fear.

Too strong!

In less than half the time it took for a stick of incense to burn, a single man had slaughtered hundreds of supreme Emperor Ancestors in a storm of blood. Never in the long history of Fortune Divine City had such a massacre taken place.

Who was he? How could he wield such terrifying might?

The cultivators who had trailed Lin Xun from behind felt their legs turn to water and their minds blur. They had followed him all the way from South Heaven Gate, witnessing every step, every kill. Again and again they had wanted to turn and flee. Again and again they forced themselves to stay, convinced that once the divine clans fully mobilized, Lin Xun would drown beneath their endless armies.

Now, that belief had shattered. What filled them instead was panic and suffocating fear. The silence of the street pressed down like a mountain. Even breathing felt difficult.

Lin Xun, however, seemed perfectly fine. He brushed the dust from his sleeve, calm as ever, and was about to move on when he suddenly paused. “Does anyone know where the territories of the Liangqiu Clan, the Ying Clan, the Yan Clan...those nine so-called great divine clans lie within this city?”

His voice echoed. Countless hearts trembled. Is he planning to storm the lairs of the nine great clans?!

Shocked faces turned to one another, but none dared answer.

Lin Xun had slain so many divine clan experts that there was no doubt that these clans would never let the matter rest. In such a situation, who would dare reveal anything to him?

Lin Xun showed no surprise. He simply stretched out a hand and clenched his fingers.

Bang!

A black-robed man who had been lurking among the crowd was dragged screaming through the air, crashing down before him.

“Speak,” Lin Xun said casually.

The man’s face twisted with panic. “If I tell you...I’ll die!”

“If you don’t...you’ll die now.”

“You...”

“You think I’m slaughtering the innocent? Wrong, you’re not innocent. Outside the city gate, you were the first to spread word to the clans. Did you really think I didn’t see?”

The black-robed man’s expression flickered, and through gritted teeth, he rasped, “I am from the Divine Bao Clan...”

Bang!

Before he could finish, Lin Xun’s palm struck, shattering his body. A wisp of primordial spirit was yanked screaming into Lin Xun’s grasp. Lin Xun sighed. “Even now, you are brandishing your clan as a threat? How foolish.”

As he spoke, his spirit sense stabbed the man’s primordial spirit like a blade. It didn’t take long for Lin Xun to extract the answer he wanted.

“You’ve angered great divine clans! You won’t live long!” the man’s primordial spirit howled.

With a sharp crack, Lin Xun crushed the spirit between his fingers, shattering it into a rain of light. The onlookers shuddered to their cores. At last, they understood that this fellow surnamed Lin didn’t care in the slightest about the threats of the divine clans!

A man without fear was a man without restraint.

“What...what happened here?”

Just then, another wave of cultivators swept in from afar, their momentum fierce and imposing.

However, when their eyes fell upon the blood-soaked street, their faces drained of color, and their eyes on Lin Xun were now filled with unease and doubt.

“Run! This man is unstoppable! He’s already slaughtered over a hundred supreme Emperor Ancestors!” One of the spectators in the distance shouted anxiously, trying to warn them.

At that moment, Lin Xun flicked his sleeve, and countless streams of sword qi roared forth, intertwining in the void until they became a raging torrent that swept across the heavens toward the incoming cultivators.

“Run!”

“Retreat!”

They had already sensed something was wrong. With the frantic warnings ringing in their ears, how could they fail to understand the peril? The instant Lin Xun moved, they chose to flee. Unfortunately, it was already too late.

Rumble!

As earth-shaking roars of swords filled the air, one figure after another was engulfed by the storm of sword qi, shredded into tatters as blood cascaded down like scarlet waterfalls. In the blink of an eye, all of them were slaughtered!

The spectacle of death sent the distant onlookers into panic. Their faces twisted into horror as they scrambled to send desperate messages:

“Tell the clansmen not to come!”

“That Lin fellow has already slaughtered more than a hundred supreme Emperor Ancestors. Warn the clan members or they’ll be walking to their deaths!”

“Hurry, stop them!”

Countless warnings spread like wildfire.

The irony was bitter. Only a short while ago, outside the city gate, these same people were the first to send word, hoping their clans would move at once to seize Lin Xun... Now they begged for them to stay away.

Lin Xun ignored them all, striding into the distance. Fortune Divine City stretched vast and boundless like a world of its own. Millions of cultivators resided in the city, and among them, supreme Emperor Ancestors stood at the very pinnacle.

Though such figures were not unheard of, they made up only the tiniest fraction of the city’s millions of cultivators. The vast majority of cultivators in the city were beneath the Supreme Emperor Ancestor Stage, and many were even below the Emperor Realm.

Every debt had its debtor, every grievance its source. Lin Xun had no intention of slaughtering indiscriminately. He would not kill the innocent. In the end, at this moment, the only way to vent the hatred burning in his chest was through slaughter.

As Lin Xun’s figure faded into the distance, someone suddenly cried out, “He...could he be heading toward the Yan Clan’s territory?!”

The Divine Yan Clan was ranked among the top ten clans of the Fortune Dominion.

“It must be. Though many divine clans are entrenched within thirty thousand miles of South Heaven Gate, since ancient times the territory has always belonged to the Yan Clan.”

“Don’t tell me...this Lin fellow means to go on a killing spree and wipe out the strongholds of the nine great divine clans?”

“He’s insane...”

The crowd boiled over like a pot of oil, and at once scrambled to spread word of Lin Xun’s movements.

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Clearwind Ridge.

This was the Yan Clan’s seat of power within Fortune Divine City. By the time Lin Xun arrived, every restriction on Clearwind Ridge had already been activated, and the Yan Clan’s supreme Emperor Ancestors stood assembled, grim-faced and waiting.

They had heard the news sweeping the city. They knew full well how Lin Xun had single-handedly slaughtered his way here from South Heaven Gate to here.

“If this were the outside world, I’d have crushed that madman with a single slap!” An old antique of the Nirvana Spirit Stage snarled. He had only come to Fortune Divine City recently to take care of some business, never expecting to stumble into such a calamity.

Unfortunately, here in Fortune Divine City, even his mighty cultivation had been suppressed to the Supreme Emperor Ancestor Realm. No wonder his heart seethed with resentment.

“Old Ancestor, it’s useless to say such things now,” murmured a golden-robed man. “I’ve already sent orders. Other divine clans are coming to support us. Under such circumstances, if that Lin fellow dares to come, he’ll never leave alive!”

At those words, the others immediately straightened, their spirits lifting. Within the hundreds of epochal worlds of the Fortune Dominion, the Yan Clan stood as one of the top ten colossal powers. Under their command were countless vassal divine clans.

Of the nine great divine clans that declared the hunt for Lin Xun, two were in fact vassals of the Yan Clan.

The old antique sighed, “We’re only dealing with one man, yet we’re mobilizing so many forces. If word gets out...it’ll be humiliating...”

“Old Ancestor, our reinforcements are here!” The golden-robed man’s eyes lit up as he saw two forces descending in overwhelming might. They were none other than the experts of the Chu and Bao Clans, vassals under the Yan Clan’s command.

Relief washed over the Yan Clan’s experts. Around Clearwind Ridge, hundreds of supreme Emperor Ancestors now stood guard, their defenses reinforced by layer upon layer of restriction arrays.

“Look! There! That...that figure, could it be the madman Lin?” A sharp cry suddenly rang out, sending ripples of shock through the crowd.

All eyes turned upward. From the distant void, a tall figure stepped forth as if walking out of nothingness, clad in moon-white robes that billowed like clouds, his bearing ethereal and transcendent.

“It’s him!”

“He actually dared to provoke our Yan Clan?”

“He’s mad!”

The Divine Yan Clan experts erupted in shouts, their faces a mix of astonishment, rage and disbelief.

“Chu and Bao Clan experts, kill him at once!” bellowed the golden-robed man. His voice thundered beyond the restriction array, shaking the heavens. The Chu and Bao Clans responded instantly, assembling their forces. Like a torrential flood, they charged straight at Lin Xun.

Boom!

The battle exploded. Dao light roared and swept across heaven and earth. Moments later, the Yan Clan experts watching from within the array turned pale, their eyes wide in shock.

“How can this be?!”

“How can such a monstrous supreme Emperor Ancestor exist in this world?!”

“His power...he even rivals the divine maiden of our clan...”

“No...even our divine maiden isn’t as ruthless as that Lin fellow.”

In their eyes, Lin Xun was like an indestructible divine sword. In the blink of an eye, he had slaughtered dozens, his mighty utterly unstoppable. The siege of the Bao and Chu Clans collapsed into utter ruin.

The Yan Clan experts watching trembled with fury and fear.

“Should we reinforce them?”

“Reinforce? You’d just be throwing your lives away! Hold the ridge! Don’t act rashly!” barked the golden-robed man, his face ashen. The others’ expressions were equally grim, their moods heavy and hearts weighed down.

The experts of the Chu and Bao Clans were by no means weaker than them, yet now they had been thrown into chaos by a single man, suffering heavy losses. The sight left them feeling gravely threatened.

What shocked and enraged them even more was that, not long after the battle began, the Chu and Bao experts actually turned and fled! As if their courage had been crushed, they bolted in terror, fleeing faster than anyone else.

“Damn you all!” The Nirvana Spirit old antique was so enraged he bellowed a curse. However, the very next instant, his fury gave way to shock. Countless dazzling streams of sword qi erupted from Lin Xun, sweeping across the heavens in every direction.

Bang! Bang! Bang!

A storm of muffled detonations rang out. The fleeing Chu and Bao experts were torn apart mid-fight, their bodies bursting into fountains of blood that rained across the sky.

“Th—that...”

On Clearwind Ridge, the Yan Clan’s experts stood frozen, eyes wide, faces twisted with horror. In the blink of an eye, dozens of supreme Emperor Ancestors from two great divine clans had been utterly annihilated!

The carnage unfolding right before their eyes made them want to abandon their posts and bolt in terror. At that moment, Lin Xun had already strode over to the front of Clearwind Ridge. Bathed in the cold light of the heavens, his tall figure exuded a radiance that made hearts tremble.

Like a demon god descended!

Chapter 2804 Beneath the Night, Dark Currents Surge

Misty Moon Lake.

This was the territory of the Divine Liangqiu Clan within Fortune Divine City.

Inside a vast, resplendent hall, all of the Liangqiu Clan’s supreme Emperor Ancestors were assembled. Every brow was furrowed, and the air was thick with tension, heavy enough to suffocate.

The news spreading through the city had already reached them, along with word from beyond the Fortune Dominion: the man was called Lin Xun and he not only came from outside Fortune Dominion, but he was also the great-grandson of Luo Tongtian!

That alone explained why dozens of Eternal powerhouses had joined forces to act against him.

“I have already sent word. If nothing unexpected happens, the clan will dispatch three divine sons here,” said Liangqiu Jing in a deep voice.

He oversaw the Liangqiu Clan forces in Fortune Divine City and was himself an extraordinary supreme Emperor Ancestor of the younger generation.

Three divine sons! The announcement made everyone stir. Those legendary figures almost never came to Fortune Divine City.

It was said that when the three divine sons were at the Supreme Emperor Ancestor Stage, each was unmatched in combat strength and their powers were terrifying. Long ago, they had all ranked among the top thirty of their peers in the Hundred Clan Assembly! Among them, Divine Son Liangqiu Hu had even claimed ninth place!

Now, although the three had already broken through beyond the Emperor Realm, even when suppressed here in Fortune Divine City to the level of Supreme Emperor Ancestor Stage, their foundations still eclipsed those of ordinary cultivators at the same realm.

“Distant water cannot put out a nearby fire. What we must do now is defend Misty Moon Lake and protect the territory of our Liangqiu Clan!” Liangqiu Jing declared.

A chill settled over everyone present. Earlier, they had already received word that Lin Xun had scouted the strongholds of the nine great divine clans and had even struck at Clearwind Ridge, the territory of the Divine Yan Clan.

“Brother, aren’t you giving him too much credit? I refuse to believe one man alone can topple the strongholds of the nine great divine clans.” Someone said, unconvinced.

Just then, a hurried report rang from outside the hall:

“Lord! Urgent news...the Yan Clan’s Clearwind Ridge has fallen! All thirty-nine of their supreme Emperor Ancestors, along with hundreds of other experts, have been slaughtered! They say even the dozens of supreme Emperor Ancestors sent by the Bao and Chu Clans to reinforce them have also been annihilated...”

The hall fell deathly still. Faces drained of color, and the air seemed to freeze solid. It was like a thunderbolt splitting the heavens. The Yan Clan’s stronghold had been overturned!

“Mobilize all forces at once! Fortify Misty Moon Lake with everything we have. We must not share the fate of the Yan Clan!” Liangqiu Jing commanded in a steely voice.

.....

The stronghold of the Divine Yan Clan had been torn up by the roots! When this news swept through Fortune Divine City, it struck like thunder from the ninth heaven, shaking the land. The entire city erupted in an uproar, exclamations echoing in every corner.

Everyone was stunned. What was happening to Fortune Divine City today? First, a group of Eternal-level figures had descended together. Then, the nine great divine clans issued a joint decree to hunt down a single man.

Now...that very target had slaughtered his way from South Heaven Gate to Clearwind Ridge, and even destroyed the Divine Yan Clan’s lair!

Too terrifying!

However, before the cultivators of Fortune Divine City could even recover from the earlier shock, another earth-shattering piece of news swept through the streets.

“The madman Lin has broken into Purple Star Mountain and annihilated the Divine Bao Clan!”

In an instant, the entire city seemed to go mad. It had barely been any time at all, yet the Bao Clan's stronghold had also been razed to the ground?! One piece of news after another spread, plunging Fortune Divine City into complete chaos, panic sweeping through it like a storm.

"Cloud Bridge Valley, the stronghold of the Divine Chu Clan, has fallen!"

"The Jade Song Creek, the stronghold of the Divine Ying Clan, has been destroyed!"

"Divine Clan..."

Every so often, new reports came, each like a crashing wave battering the minds of cultivators across the city. By the time dusk fell, Lin Xun appeared on the shores of Misty Moon Lake, only to find it utterly deserted, not a soul in sight.

The Divine Liangqiu Clan who had ruled this land for countless years had actually abandoned their stronghold and fled! Even Lin Xun was caught off guard. Among the nine great divine clans, the Liangqiu Clan was without question the strongest.

Lin Xun had deliberately left them for last, intending to crush them as the crowning blow. Who would have thought that this colossus that was ranked among the top five of all divine clans would abandon their lair and flee?

"It's only the first day. If they want to run, let them. I have plenty of time to play with them." Lin Xun's black eyes gleamed with unfathomable light as his steps carried him to Misty Moon Lake.

The lake was serene and ethereal, its water a clear, crystalline blue. Rows of elegant, ancient pavilions and halls stood upon the water, veiled in tranquil stillness.

Golden sacred lotuses bloomed upon the waters, while schools of spirit fish glided through the depths. At twilight, veils of mist curled above the rippling surface, transforming the lake into a scene straight from a celestial paradise. Without hesitation, Lin Xun decided to seize the lake and make it his shelter for the time being.

……

Meanwhile, outside East Heaven Gate.

Liangqiu Jing and other Liangqiu Clan experts stood grim-faced, their hearts smouldering with shame and fury.

At first, by Liangqiu Jing's decision, they were prepared to defend Misty Moon Lake to the death. However as one report after another came of clans being uprooted, their resolve wavered. In the end, they chose to retreat early.

It was without question a disgrace.

Unfortunately, they had no choice.

Of the nine divine clans, eight had already been wiped out. How could the Liangqiu Clan possibly escape the same calamity?

"Old Ancestor, this decision was mine alone. I am willing to bear all the punishment!" Liangqiu Jing bowed toward the distant stars, his voice heavy with bitterness.

"The territories of the nine great divine clans...have all been destroyed?"

From the depths of the starry sky, oppressive figures emerged one after another. They were the Eternal powerhouses of the nine great divine clans. Earlier, they were the ones who chased Taixuan and Lin Xun to the gates of the city, and shattered Taixuan's Will Dharma Form before all.

"Yes." Liangqiu Jing's expression grew grim.

"That boy deserves to be ground to dust!"

“How outrageous!”

“This is revenge against our nine great divine clans!”

One by one, the Eternal figures’ faces darkened.

“On the very first day he entered the city, he unleashed a bloody storm, slaughtering without pause, undefeated from beginning to end. Could it be that this youth already wielded invincible power at the Supreme Emperor Ancestor Realm?”

“If that’s the case, he’ll be difficult to deal with...”

Once their rage cooled, the ancient monsters began to grasp the true gravity of the situation. If Lin Xun truly possessed such power, then as long as he remained in Fortune Divine City and refused to leave, who in this world could touch him?

An old antique’s voice rumbled, “I have a proposal. We must summon the divine sons and divine maidens of our clans. Only with their strength can this boy be suppressed and destroyed within the city.”

Each divine clan nurtured heirs known as divine sons and divine maidens, raised as the future inheritors of their clan. Every one of them was a heaven-defying prodigy with a foundation terrifying beyond measure. Ordinary supreme Emperor Ancestors could not stand against them at all.

“That...” someone hesitated. “If they suffer casualties, the losses would be catastrophic...”

One voice declared solemnly, “Unpolished jade cannot become a weapon. Without undergoing such trials of life and death, how can they temper an invincible spirit? And how could they ever bear the weight of the clan’s future? I agree.”

“I agree as well.”

Soon after, the rest voiced their agreement. That very day, those old antiques sent word back to their clans in their own names, summoning the divine sons and divine maidens to set out at once for Fortune Divine City.

At this, Liangqiu Jing's and the others' spirits lifted, as though a great weight had been lifted off their shoulders. To deal with a monster, they needed to unleash monsters of their own. Once those divine sons and divine maidens arrived, they would surely turn the tide!

In the depths of night, Divine Fortune City still roiled in chaos. In this world-sized city, every district, every street, and every corner where cultivators dwelled buzzed with talk of today's events.

"So Lin Xun is actually Luo Tongtian's great-grandson! No wonder the nine great divine clans have joined forces to hunt him down. It must be for the Eternity Coffin!"

By now, with news spreading, everyone in the city had one to know Lin Xun's name and origin.

"After endless years, the legend of the Eternity Coffin resurfaces. This Fortune Dominion...a storm is about to sweep it once more!"

The city was in turmoil, unable to return to calmness. They had all heard the legend: within the Eternity Coffin lay a world-shaking secret. Whoever claimed it would become the ruler of fortune itself, making the hundreds of epochs bow in submission! Such a treasure was enough to drive every divine clan into a frenzied struggle!

"Lin Xun hiding in the Fortune Divine City is a clever move. At the level of the supreme Emperor Ancestor, with the power he showed today, almost no one can touch him. As long as he stays here, even if hundreds of divine clan powerhouses arrive, they'll be powerless and could only watch helplessly."

At the thought of the bloody storm Lin Xun had unleashed in the city, chills ran through countless spines. Of the nine great divine clans, eight had been wiped out, their strongholds obliterated, and hundreds of supreme Emperor Ancestors had been slain or crippled!

That number alone was terrifying.

One must remember that in Fortune Divine City, supreme Emperor Ancestors were already akin to the ultimate existence. Despite that, hundreds of such figures had been slaughtered in a single day. How could this not strike terror into every heart?

“Although the Liangqiu Clan’s retreat from Misty Moon Lake was disgraceful, it was also understandable. If they stayed, they too would have been wiped out.”

“Still, that Lin Xun...his audacity is staggering. He seized Misty Moon Lake and now resides there openly, as if not the least bit concerned about being found.

Under the veil of night, countless voices rose across the city in heated discussion. Many divine clans that had not originally been involved began to stir, drawn in by Lin Xun’s identity. So much so that throughout the night, countless news poured out of Fortune Divine City without end.

“The Eternity Coffin...Luo Tongtian, why haven’t you come in person?”

In a deserted, dark, and ancient hall deep within the city, a gaunt figure sat in the darkness. All of a sudden, his eyes snapped open. At that instant, it was as if twin bolts of peerless lightning ripping through the dark night!

The gaunt figure rose and stepped out of the dark hall. In the dim light he was faintly visible. He was clad in battered armor, his hair and beard unkempt, his body filthy and his whole bearing steeped in desolation. However, when his gaze lifted to the distant starry sky, his eyes blazed sharp as blades, cold as snow.

Chapter 2805 Silent Night Range

Misty Moon Lake.

The night wind stirred gently, and in the middle of the tranquil waters a grand pavilion shone with warm light. Inside, a table laden with fine dishes had been carefully prepared by Lin Xun. He sat drinking with his parents, laughter and joy filling the air.

As the wine flowed, Lin Xun spoke about the past years, and both Lin Wenjing and Luo Qingxun grew emotional. To the world, those years were a tapestry of legends, great feats and unmatched achievements.

However, to his parents, he was simply their son, who had suffered far too many hardships and had faced too many perils.

“Sigh...it’s my fault,” Lin Wenjing said heavily, guilt weighing on his features. “I’ve been an incompetent father.”

He was just an ordinary man of the Lin Clan of the Ziyao Empire, with no dazzling talent and no heaven-shaking power. Not to mention in the Eternal True Realm, even in the Ancient Nebula Road, he was nothing more than an ordinary cultivator.

Even though he had cultivated diligently during the years trapped in the Flowing Light Forbidden Realm, he had only barely managed to set foot on the Emperor path.

If this was in the Ziyao Empire, it would undoubtedly have been hailed as a remarkable achievement. Unfortunately, here, in this vast world, the Emperor Realm was hardly worth mentioning at all!

Over the years, the guilt of failing to fulfil his duties as a father had weighed heavily on Lin Wenjing. Now, he was still powerless to aid his own child. How could he possibly feel at ease?

Luo Qingxun said softly, “If you were incompetent, would I, Luo Qingxun, have chosen you? Now our child has become extraordinary beyond comparison. As his father, you should feel pride, not guilt.”

“Mother is right.” Lin Xun added firmly. “As long as I am here, you should simply enjoy life.”

Luo Qingxun laughed, her voice teasing, “Yes, and in the future, when our son’s name shakes the heavens, who would dare look down on Lin Wenjing?”

Lin Wenjing gave a wry smile. “It isn’t about others. I just feel I owe Xun’er too much.”

“Stop being like that!” Luo Qingxun shot him a glare. “If you really feel you owe him, then quit whining. Show some backbone, like a father should! Eat when it’s time to eat, drink when it’s time to drink. Don’t keep spilling your self-pity all over the table!”

Lin Wenjing gave a sheepish groan. “Alright, alright, enough talk. Come on, son, let’s drink!”

He raised his glass, and Lin Xun naturally met it with a smile.

Luo Qingxun chuckled. “Your father is always like this. He only feels comfortable after being scolded.”

Lin Wenjing nodded with a smile. “And strange as it is, that’s exactly why I fell in love with your mother.”

Lin Xun couldn’t help but chuckle. Originally, he had worried that his father, with his humble background, might be dominated or ordered around by his mother, but now, it was clear his fears had been needless. The bond between his parents was closer and more harmonious than he had imagined.

After the banquet, Luo Qingxun asked Lin Xun about his current situation and the challenges he was facing. Lin Xun had meant to brush it off vaguely, but Luo Qingxun clearly had no intention of letting him go so easily. Under her persistent questioning, Lin Xun finally gave a concise account of his circumstances.

Luo Qingxun fell silent for a moment, then smiled softly. “Do not carry all the weight alone. It’s not like your father and I have never faced death before. Whatever comes, we will meet it together, as a family.”

Her words carried a serene calm and a broad-minded optimism.

“Your mother is right.” Lin Wenjing nodded.

Lin Xun felt a surge of warmth in his chest. “Don’t worry, I promise I will take you away from this Fortune Dominion, and one day, I’ll bring you back to the Ziyao Empire!” His voice was firm with resolve.

Luo Qingxun listened with a smile, then suddenly asked, “And what about my daughter-in-law?”

Lin Xun was about to answer when he suddenly realized that this was his mother testing him. He hesitated, debating whether to mention Zhao Jingxuan and Lin Fan.

However, Luo Qingxun cut straight through his silence. “So you do have a wife. If you dare hide it from me, I’ll be furious. I might even divorce this daughter-in-law on the spot!”

The words were sharp, ruthless and domineering. Lin Xun could only smile bitterly and glance at his father. Lin Wenjing, however, was wearing a faint gloating expression, as if saying, This is your problem, not mine.

“Speak!” Luo Qingxun pressed, her curiosity burning. She was dying to know what kind of woman her son had chosen.

Helpless, Lin Xun finally recounted everything about Zhao Jingxuan and Lin Fan.

“So she’s the daughter of the Ziyao Emperor, Zhao Yuanji. Excellent! Truly excellent.” Lin Wenjing burst into hearty laughter. “Hahaha! Then doesn’t this mean I’m already a grandfather?”

Luo Qingxun frowned, clearly dissatisfied. “Only one wife? That’s it? I was expecting many grandchildren.”

Lin Xun was speechless. She’s dissatisfied that I don’t surround myself with wives and concubines?

Lin Xun suddenly felt his mother’s train of thought was something he could never follow.

“Qingxun, haven’t I always loved only you? In this, Xun’er takes after me!” Lin Wenjing declared proudly.

Luo Qingxun snorted coldly. “How could my son be like you?”

As she spoke, she turned her gaze to Lin Xun, her eyes filled with expectation. “Child, be honest, haven’t you met many exceptional women over these years?”

Lin Xun’s scalp prickled. “...Of course.”

Her eyes lit up like stars. “Good! Is there anyone else you like? Tell me, and I’ll give you advice. You’re the sole heir of the Lin Clan. To continue our line, you must take more wives and concubines...”

Lin Wenjing looked utterly dumbfounded, as if he couldn’t believe the words were coming from his own wife.

He couldn’t help but ask, “Why...why is it like this? Back when we married, you never said such things!”

Her eyes turned to blades, glaring at him. “What’s this? Lin Wenjing, are you thinking of taking more wives yourself? Of giving Xun’er younger brothers and sisters?”

Lin Wenjing instantly sealed his lips, lowered his head and dared not make another sound.

Just as Lin Xun was about to flee the banquet, Luo Qingxun turned to him with a dazzling smile. “Xun’er, tonight you and I will have a proper talk.”

Lin Xun’s face stiffened. He tried to resist. “Mother, it’s already so late. What is there to talk about?”

“Your future marriages!” she said sweetly.

Lin Xun became speechless once again.

The next morning, Lin Xun finally escaped Misty Moon Lake, choosing to wander the city instead. His mother’s interrogation the night before had dragged on endlessly, to the point he almost caved under her persistence.

“That Lin Xun is out!”

“Quick, be on guard!”

The moment he left the Misty Moon Lake area, countless distant stalkers who had been watching him immediately stirred, their vigilance rising to the peak. The man who slaughtered hundreds yesterday...what is he planning today?

Lin Xun naturally noticed them, but he didn't care. He walked on calmly. Before leaving, he had already placed his parents within the Limitless Abyss Sword Cauldron. With that, there was nothing left for him to worry about.

For a full day, he strolled through the streets of Fortune Divine City. Wherever he went, countless eyes followed him, whispers spread and a ripple of unrest stirred. Despite that, from beginning to end, not a single person dared step forward to strike.

This left him faintly disappointed. Of course, he wouldn't be so foolish as to believe the enemy had given up on him. It was clear that when they attacked again, they would come fully prepared.

Even so, Lin Xun was not worried. At least within Fortune Divine City, he was unafraid of fighting!

What troubled him more was the reaction of ordinary folk. Whenever he entered a shop, the owners trembled as though the plague god himself had walked through their doors. Even when he only came to purchase supplies, they served him with pale faces and shaking hands.

In the end, Lin Xun lost all interest in strolling the city. He returned to Misty Moon Lake carrying a stack of books and jade slips he had purchased. Only then did the many eyes secretly watching him finally exhale in relief.

The notorious killer had shed no blood today! For them, this was undoubtedly good news. Otherwise, the entire city might once again be plunged into bloodshed and chaos.

Night deepened. Within the quiet pavilion on Misty Moon Lake, Lin Xun sat reading. The books he had bought were all related to Fortune Divine City, recording in detail the various events that had taken place there throughout the ages. Among them, the subject that appeared most often was the Fortune Starry Firmament!

Before coming to Fortune Divine City, Taixuan had told Lin Xun that since ancient times, this city had contained a mysterious, unfathomable starry firmament, known as the Fortune Starry Firmament. Every glittering star upon it was said to be the embodiment of a complete cultivation system. It was wondrous beyond imagination.

According to these records, the Fortune Starry Firmament was said to have been forged by a supreme existence. Long ago, this supreme figure traversed hundreds of epochal worlds. In each one, he completely mastered that world's cultivation system.

In the end, carrying with him the cultivation systems of hundreds of epochs, he arrived at Fortune Divine City and forged what could be called a miracle: the Fortune Starry Firmament. As to who this supreme being was, there was no mention in those records. His identity remained cloaked in mystery.

Reading this, Lin Xun's heart stirred violently. Roamed hundreds of epochs...mastered hundreds of complete cultivation systems...

The very word 'complete' made Lin Xun realize that the supreme being must have stepped into the Eternal Stage. Otherwise, the cultivation system he grasped could never be called 'complete.'

"He gathered the cultivation systems of hundreds of epochs and forged the Fortune Starry Firmament within Fortune Divine City. He hid nothing, withheld nothing, leaving it for future generations to observe and comprehend. Such breadth of vision and boundless courage were unmatched through the ages!"

Lin Xun could not help but wonder who was this 'supreme existence'?

Swoosh!

Suddenly, from the depths of night, a streak of light shot toward him, swift as lightning. A cold gleam flashed in Lin Xun's eyes. He flicked his fingers.

Bang!

The streak of light shattered with a bang. A cold, hoarse voice followed, “Silent Night Range, west of the city, I’ll wait only a quarter of an hour.”

Lin Xun raised his brow and drew out a jade slip he had purchased earlier. It contained a complete map of Fortune Divine City’s mountains, rivers and terrain.

“Silent Night Range...west of the city...This place lies not far from the Fortune Starry Firmament...”

He put away the jade slip, a glint flickering in his eyes. Who is this person? And why summon me in such a way in the dead of night?

“Let’s see what secret this meeting holds!”

After a moment’s thought, Lin Xun made his decision. Rising to his feet, he stepped into the air and vanished into the boundless night.

Chapter 2806 Eternal Night Divine Emperor

West of the city, Silent Night Range. Under the inky night, this mountain range wound across the landscape like a snake. Below it were rows of houses, sparsely lit with lights, creating a dappled effect of light and shadow.

This area was close to the Fortune Starry Firmament, but due to the thin aeth qi and barren landscape, the cultivators who lived here were mostly below the Emperor stage.

Lin Xun had arrived less than half an hour earlier. To avoid attracting attention, he had concealed his aura, and not a single person had followed him along the way. However, he couldn't help but wonder who had called him here.

He followed the winding path at the foot of a mountain, seemingly moving slowly but actually quickly. Soon, he had reached the midpoint of Silent Night Range. Beyond that, the darkness of the night descended.

A cold voice suddenly called out, "No one is following you?"

Lin Xun immediately looked up, gazing into the darkness high up the mountain. He could faintly make out the outline of an ancient temple.

His spiritual sense spread, but it was soon blocked by a mysterious force within the darkness, preventing Lin Xun from seeing the owner of the voice. However, he was certain they must be hidden within the ancient temple.

"No," said Lin Xun. "Why did you send a message to me so late at night?"

"Come in and talk." The voice then fell silent.

Lin Xun pondered for a moment, then continued forward. When he reached the dark and murky area, he felt an invisible, mysterious force sweep over him, but he didn't feel any discomfort. He stepped into the darkness without hesitation.

Stars twinkled in the sky, casting a clear glow, but the area seemed swallowed by darkness with no light or shadow visible. Thankfully, his spiritual sense remained, allowing him to clearly sense the ancient temple, which looked dilapidated and desolate.

Then, Lin Xun ‘saw’ a figure. He stood before the palace gate, a gaunt figure clad in tattered armor. His hair and beard were dishevelled, his face was a shadow of desolation, and his eyes were as cold and sharp as a blade.

Lin Xun's eyes instantly narrowed. "Thirteen?"

Earlier, when he had been in front of that dark hall in the Flowing Light Forbidden Realm, Lin Xun had witnessed scenes from long ago. He had seen the wounded Thirteen address Xia Zhi as ‘Lord’!

"Why isn’t your great-grandfather, Luo Tongtian, here?" The figure's voice was stern, but he didn't deny that he was the person called Thirteen.

Lin Xun frowned and asked, "Could it be that my great-grandfather had promised you that he would come back?"

"Didn't he tell you?" Thirteen's eyes grew colder as he glared at Lin Xun, resembling a terrifying sword on the verge of being unsheathed.

Lin Xun was silent for a moment, then said, "He can't come."

Thirteen asked, "Why?"

Lin Xun realized that if he didn't tell the truth, it would be difficult to earn this person’s trust. After a brief pause, he explained candidly, "Long ago, while on his way to the Eternity Door, he was ambushed by his enemies who were taking advantage of the situation. His whereabouts remain unknown."

Thirteen fell silent for a long time, then he turned and walked into the hall. "Come in."

At that moment, Lin Xun felt a rare surge of nervousness. Thirteen had followed Xia Zhi's true form in the past, so surely he could learn about her true identity and past from him!

The truth would have faced us sooner or later...

Lin Xun took a deep breath and walked into the ancient, dark hall.

"Sit." Thirteen was already sitting cross-legged on a cushion.

Lin Xun sat down on the mat across from him and asked, "Senior, why did you want to meet me this time?"

"The Eternity Coffin." Thirteen, no longer trying to hide anything like he was before, stated frankly, "That is my master's hidden treasure. When Luo Tongtian left the Fortune Dominion, he had promised that if he could find a way to revive my master, he would bring this coffin back to the Fortune Dominion."

Lin Xun's heart trembled, and a complex expression surfaced in his eyes. He realized that Taixuan was right. Xia Zhi...was most likely the life soul of the person in the coffin!

"Senior, can you tell me how you met my great-grandfather?" Lin Xun asked.

Thirteen was silent for a moment, then he said, "It all happened a very long time ago. I was being hunted down by my enemies. Shortly after escaping to Fortune Divine City, I fell into a coma. At that time, the situation was critical. If the enemy had discovered me, I would have been dead meat.

"It was also around that time that Luo Tongtian, who had just arrived at the Fortune Dominion, rescued me. Later, he was being hunted by those enemies, causing chaos in Fortune Divine City.

"I thought that since we had only just met, and in such a dangerous situation, he would have handed me, a mere stranger, over in order to avoid implicating himself. After all, those enemies were really powerful...

"I really didn't expect that Luo Tongtian would refuse to give up. He continued to fight and run from those enemies, defending me with all his strength. When I regained consciousness, he was seriously injured and on the verge of death..."

At this point, Thirteen's cold eyes flickered with a hint of reminiscence and regret. "At the time, I was completely shocked. I couldn't imagine how such a person could exist in this world. He didn't even know me, yet he stood up for me, even at the cost of his own life.

"Later, I took the severely injured and on the verge of dying him away, escaping that calamity. I asked him why he did it, and even suspected he was a spy sent by the enemy to gain my trust and steal the Fortune Sword from me.

"But your great-grandfather simply said, 'Do I really need a reason to save someone?'" Thirteen then revealed a dazed expression, and the hard, cold lines between his brows softened. "It was a very simple explanation, yet it's something I can never forget.

"When his injuries healed, I planned to give him the Fortune Sword and take him out of the Fortune Dominion. To my utter surprise, he refused. He said he didn't save me for the sake of getting anything in return.

"In the past, I would have scoffed at him, but then I believed it. Even though I considered him to be of lowly cultivation and unsightly at the time, his character was truly one of unwavering courage and generosity. He had a magnanimous spirit and a noble character that was incomparable to those of the vulgar creatures of this world."

Thirteen's tone was filled with pure admiration now. It was clear how magnificent Luo Tongtian was back then. He had a magnificent breadth of spirit and generosity! That description alone made Lin Xun realize just how remarkable his great-grandfather had been in his youth.

"Later, after arriving at the Flowing Light Forbidden Realm, Luo Tongtian sensed the mark left by my master on the Eternity Coffin, and thus gained the taboo innate talent, Grand Abyss Heaven Devourer."

Thirteen continued, "Afterwards, I asked him to help me take both the Fortune Sword and the Eternity Coffin out of here. He promised me that he would return to the Fortune Dominion once he found a way to revive my master. I never imagined that, countless years later, it would be you who would return."

He then fell silent.

Lin Xun was also feeling restless after hearing all that. He now had a vague idea of what his great-grandfather had experienced upon arriving at the Fortune Dominion. He also finally understood why his great-grandfather had told Mister Lu that he had been tainted by karma when he obtained the Eternity Coffin.

His innate talent, Grand Abyss Heaven Devourer, had come from the Eternity Coffin, which was a fortune that had originally belonged to Xia Zhi herself! Thinking of this, Lin Xun finally asked, "Excuse me, Senior, what is your lord’s identity?"

Thirteen said, "Don't know."

Lin Xun was stunned, almost thinking he had misheard. "You don't know?"

Thirteen responded, "Only she knows who she actually is. As a subordinate, I've never asked."

Lin Xun was speechless for a moment. Despite feeling disappointed, he couldn't help but feel an inexplicable sense of relief, as if...at least he no longer had to face a difficult decision.

"So, what do you know about your lord, Senior?" Lin Xun asked.

"Long ago, the lord traveled through the World of the Divine. When I met her, she was already the legendary Eternal Night Divine Emperor of that era..."

Reminiscence flickered in Thirteen's eyes. "During those years, the lord seemed to be constantly avoiding something, yet also searching for something, always alone in silent contemplation.

"Eons later, the lord brought me out from the World of the Divine and was on her way to take me to this Fortune Divine City. She said she wanted to discover who had created this Fortune Starry Firmament and perhaps find the answers to the questions she had."

At this point, Thirteen's eyes shone with undisguised hatred and a hint of unconcealable fear. "However, on the way to Fortune Divine City, the master suffered from a great calamity! That calamity came silently, before I even noticed. All I remember is a mysterious dao bell tearing through space and time, hurtling towards the master..."

Hearing this, Lin Xun's heart trembled, and a memory struck him.

Long ago, his great-grandfather Luo Tongtian, while on his way to the Eternity Door, had been blocked by a golden figure. After he finally slew the golden figure at a terrible cost, a mysterious dao bell, shrouded in the aura of chaos, appeared within the Eternity Door.

A single ring from the bell had repelled Luo Tongtian! Now, according to Thirteen, the terrifying catastrophe Xia Zhi herself had endured was also linked to a dao bell. Could it be the same dao bell?

Seeing Thirteen lapse into silence, Lin Xun couldn't help but ask, "And then?"

"Although the lord survived, she was severely injured. Even her supreme power, which was enough to rival the gods, couldn't repair her injuries... Then, a terrifying group of beings from the World of the Divine appeared, demanding that the master leave behind her good fortune..."

As Thirteen spoke, his eyes filled with deep hatred and anger.

"Another act of taking advantage of the situation!" Lin Xun frowned.

Thirteen said, "In the past, the lord's strength alone was enough to easily suppress those terrifying beings, but the damage she sustained during that calamity was too severe, giving them an opportunity to exploit. Thus, the lord led me on a journey to the Flowing Light Forbidden Realm.

"She sacrificed her own dao, harnessing the power of spacetime to seal the Flowing Light Forbidden Realm, thus stopping the enemy. However, this also worsened her injuries, reaching a point of no return.

"Later, the master ordered me to depart with the Fortune Sword, while she placed herself in the Eternity Coffin..."

Hearing this, Lin Xun understood completely, recalling the scenes he had witnessed before the dark hall in the Flowing Light Forbidden Realm.

Chapter 2807 Fortune Starry Firmament

Among the hundreds of epochal worlds within the Fortune Dominion, the World of the Divine was the strongest. It was also considered the oldest, and the three major divine clans that inhabited it dominated the top three among the divine clans in the Fortune Dominion.

These three clans were the Jiang, Gaoyang, and Ji Clans. In addition, the World of the Divine also contained many other divine clans, but they were all vassals of these three. Compared to other epochal worlds, the World of the Divine was undoubtedly the most supreme and powerful, and could be considered the number one domain of the Fortune Dominion.

Lin Xun now understood this, but he had never come into contact with anyone or anything related to the World of the Divine. However, he had never imagined that long ago, Xia Zhi's true form had walked through there and was even revered as the Eternal Night Divine Emperor!

In addition, the terrifying beings who had taken advantage of her calamity and attempted to steal her fortune all came from that very same epoch. Undoubtedly, these perpetrators were closely tied to the Jiang, Gaoyang, and Ji clans!

Furthermore, according to Thirteen, before that calamity hit her, Xia Zhi's true power was more than enough to easily slay the terrifying beings that pursued her. From this, it can be inferred that her cultivation at that time must have been incredibly powerful, which was why she was called the Eternal Night Divine Emperor.

However, despite knowing all of this now, Lin Xun felt increasingly confused. All of these were merely fragments of Xia Zhi's past; her true origins and name remained a mystery.

Unfortunately, Thirteen didn't know any of this either. This left Lin Xun stunned. He suddenly remembered something and asked, "By the way, Senior, you said before that your master came to the Fortune Divine City to find out who created this Fortune Starry Firmament, is that right?"

Thirteen said, "That's right."

Lin Xun fell into thought. Thirteen had previously mentioned that during the years that Xia Zhi’s true form had traveled through the World of the Divine, she had been avoiding or perhaps searching for something. In addition, whatever she was seeking was most likely related to the supreme being who had created the Fortune Starry Firmament!

Back when he was at Misty Moon Lake, Lin Xun had read through various ancient texts, learning a lot about the Fortune Starry Firmament. Unfortunately, without exception, none of them mentioned the identity of that supreme being who created it, making them seem like a vague legend.

However, what was certain was that Xia Zhi herself had also been searching for this supreme being! Alas, on her way to Fortune Divine City, she had encountered a great disaster and ultimately failed to achieve her wish.

At this moment, Thirteen suddenly asked, "Have you...found a way to revive my master?"

Lin Xun fell silent under his gaze that was as cold as ice.

Seeing this, Thirteen's expression suddenly shifted to one of indescribable loneliness and melancholy. He said, "I have waited here for countless years in hiding, hoping for the day the lord would awaken. I wanted to tell her that the answer she so desperately sought must be hidden within this Fortune Starry Firmament. But I also have a feeling that she... may never wake up again..."

Lin Xun couldn't help but ask, "Why do you think so?"

Thirteen responded, "The lines she left in the Eternal Night Divine Hall in the Flowing Light Forbidden Realm says it all."

Lin Xun couldn't help but recall those words again.

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...

If fate allows, I will sever this body’s past! This was the decision that Xia Zhi’s true form had come to back then.

Lin Xun asked, "Senior, since you know the answer your master seeks is hidden within the Fortune Starry Firmament, why don't you seek it out?"

Thirteen shook his head. "I have spent countless years contemplating it, yet I cannot decipher the ultimate secret."

"I see..." Lin Xun pondered. After a long pause, he said, "I have brought the Fortune Sword and the Eternity Coffin with me, but I cannot return them to you yet. However, I can promise that before I leave the Fortune Dominion, I will not only leave the treasures behind, but I will also provide you with a clear answer."

Without fully understanding Xia Zhi's true self’s background and origins, Lin Xun was unable to reveal the truth, nor could he share it with her.

Thirteen stared at Lin Xun and said, "I don't care about those two treasures at all. They were originally left by the lord for someone who could 'free her from the suffering of darkness and loneliness.' What I care about is whether she has a chance of waking up. Until I get that answer, I will wait here."

Lin Xun took a deep breath and said, "It's possible!"

Thirteen was stunned for a moment, then he suddenly lost control of himself and excitedly asked, "What did you just say?"

"I said, your lord does have a chance of waking up." Lin Xun continued, "Before we leave the Fortune Dominion, I will give you a clear answer."

Thirteen abruptly grabbed Lin Xun's collar and angrily said, "What are you still waiting for? Why don't you tell me now? I..."

He was out of control, like a deranged madman.

Lin Xun looked at him quietly and said, "Senior, you've waited so long. Are you...truly ready to face the answer? If she truly has severed her past and can never awaken again, how will you cope?"

Thirteen panted rapidly for a long time before slowly loosening his grip on Lin Xun's collar. He slowly sat back down on the cushion. His anger and frenzy had subsided.

However, his expression was complex, filled with anticipation, trepidation, and an indescribable hint of frustration. Yes, after waiting for countless years, if the answer he awaited wasn't what he wanted, how could he face it?

"It seems there's no chance you'll ever leave the Fortune Dominion." Thirteen said in a deep voice, "I know everything that's happened since you entered the city. Those divine clans won't give you a chance to leave.

"Furthermore, as rumors spread, when those old bastards from the World of the Divine learn that the Eternity Coffin left by the master is in your possession, they'll surely come after you in the same way they acted towards the lord.

"With their methods, even if you stay in Fortune Divine City, you're doomed to be in danger. You could be killed at any moment." After saying this, Thirteen couldn't help but sigh. "How could you possibly leave under these circumstances?"

Lin Xun said calmly, "Everything depends on one’s effort. Perhaps a chance will appear. At least in Fortune Divine City, even if I encounter danger, I have a way to deal with it."

Thirteen was silent for a moment and then said, "I'll await your answer."

...

Late at night, Lin Xun returned to Misty Moon Lake and was unable to calm down for a long time. The information he gained from this meeting with Thirteen made him increasingly aware of Xia Zhi's true form’s origins and background. This, in turn, caused him to struggle and hesitate.

No matter what, I must give Xia Zhi an answer before I leave!

After a long moment, Lin Xun suppressed his chaotic thoughts, his mind gradually calming down. That night, he told his parents to cultivate peacefully within the Limitless Abyss Sword Cauldron while they were still in the Fortune Dominion. This would also prevent the enemy from taking advantage of a weak point and harming them.

The next day, Lin Xun rose from his meditation and headed towards the Fortune Starry Firmament. The cultivators who had been stalking the area near Misty Moon Lake immediately noticed his movements.

"What's that Lin Xun guy up to today?"

"It seems he's heading to the Fortune Starry Firmament."

"He's so laid back. Doesn't he know that many of the divine clans have already sent their divine sons and daughters to deal with him?"

"He possesses the Fortune Sword. Rumors claim that capturing him will yield the Eternity Coffin. The Fortune Dominion is now in turmoil across all epochal worlds."

"It's foreseeable that before long, Fortune Divine City will become a gathering place for all people of note. By then, this Lin Xun guy will be doomed to be in grave danger."

Whispers rang out all around him, but Lin Xun ignored them. Soon, he arrived at the location of the Fortune Starry Firmament. It was an extremely vast plain, barren of any vegetation. The ground was hard, paved with a layer of solid black divine stone.

The sky was dotted with dense, brilliant stars, each imbued with a distinct aura of the great dao. They quietly hovered there like celestial lanterns, shedding a completely different divine radiance of the dao that permeated this vast expanse of heaven and earth.

This was the Fortune Starry Firmament! Each star bore the imprint of a complete cultivation system, so this place encompassed hundreds of epochal civilizations across the ages!

When Lin Xun arrived, numerous figures were already meditating on the ground paved with black divine stone. Some frowned in deep thought, while others were transcribing something. Some remained motionless, while others scratched their heads... Their expressions varied.

The atmosphere was solemn and hushed. Gazing at this magnificent scene, Lin Xun, for some reason, felt a surge of admiration for the supreme being who had personally created the Fortune Starry Firmament

That person had recorded cultivation systems that spanned hundreds of epochs, and unreservedly offered this place to future generations to allow them to observe them and reflect upon them. What vision and courage they must have had!

However, when Lin Xun arrived, he caused a commotion.

"It's that thug surnamed Lin!"

"Oh my god, why is he..."

"What kind of dao can we comprehend now? Let’s get out of here, or else we’ll find ourselves mired with trouble!"

Many cultivators froze, rising from their meditation sessions. Some even left, seemingly fearing any trouble. This showed that although Lin Xun had only been in Fortune Divine City for two days, his reputation as a formidable figure had already spread deeply. This left him speechless.

"I'm really here to comprehend the great dao here. There's no need to panic."

After saying that, Lin Xun found a random spot and sat down cross-legged, ignoring the reactions of those around him. His mind remained calm, his consciousness reaching out to the heavens. Suddenly, he sensed hundreds of distinct auras of the great dao, each with its own mysteries.

Among them, there was also a familiar aura of the great dao. With a brief intuition, he understood that the cultivation system imprinted on one of the stars belonged to the epoch civilization of the Great Qin Divine Domain.

"Senior Thirteen said that the answer that Xia Zhi’s true form had so desperately sought must be within this Fortune Starry Firmament. I want to see if it's true..." Lin Xun muttered to himself.

Chapter 2808 Divine Son Ying Yue

Before coming here, Lin Xun had learned of a related matter. After creating the Fortune Starry Firmament, that peerless figure had declared that he had left a precious treasure for whoever first unraveled the ultimate mystery it held!

To this day, no one had ever known what this treasure was because for countless ages now, and no one had ever unraveled this ‘ultimate mystery.’

Rumors had it that long ago, numerous Immortals had flocked here, risking getting their cultivation level suppressed as they researched this place, all to penetrate the ultimate mystery and claim the supreme treasure left by that peerless being.

Unfortunately, all had failed. Even after they had found and mastered the hundreds of cultivation systems within this Fortune Starry Firmament, none of them could uncover what exactly the so-called ultimate mystery was.

Lin Xun paid no heed to this matter, though. What mattered to him was finding out the answer Xia Zhi had once painstakingly sought!

His mind was crystal clear as he immersed his spirit sense in the star dome that was home to over a hundred of complete cultivation systems, each of which unique, profound, and miraculous.

These systems had been gradually comprehended and compiled only after an era of hard work of many practitioners. Afterward, they branched out, giving birth to various flourishing and diverse schools and lineages.

For Lin Xun, who had conducted a similar study process during his time in the Great Qin Divine Domain, exploring the cultivation systems of other unfamiliar eras posed no significant challenge.

He encountered no obstacles whatsoever. On the contrary, the deeper he delved, the more tranquil and focused he grew. It was as if his mind, like a landscape of mist and clouds, was clearing up. The previously blank spaces in it that he had never even noticed continuously got filled, and thus the landscape became gradually complete.

Though the cultivation systems differed, he could draw analogies and apply insights across them. As his comprehension deepened, he found himself engrossed in the process.

Nearby, many cultivators breathed quiet sighs of relief. That Lin Xun had not used violence and was instead immersed in contemplation eased their tensions considerably.

However, as time passed, more cultivators arrived, gathering in ever-growing numbers around the Fortune Starry Firmament...

The reason was simple: news of Lin Xun's presence had spread, capturing the attention of all the Divine Clans in the city. Uncertain of his purpose, they had dispatched forces to investigate. Thus, this area was unusually bustling today.

“Is that Lin Xun? The one who slaughtered his way from South Heaven Gate to Misty Moon Lake?”

Some cultivators were seeing Lin Xun in the flesh for the first time, unable to suppress their curiosity as they discussed among themselves.

“After offending so many big divine clans, how does he actually have the nerve to meditate here?”

Many were speechless, finding Lin Xun's audacity staggering. After all, countless divine factions within Fortune Divine City currently wanted nothing less than to grind his bones to dust. Yet here he was, acting as if nothing had happened, even finding leisure to cultivate!

In fact, many were secretly in awe. They'd seen bold individuals before, but never one this brazen!

“I wonder if he can still so calmly sit here when the divine sons and divine maidens of those divine clans arrive.”

Most cultivators in the city had heard that several divine clans had dispatched their divine sons and maidens to kill Lin Xun.

This news had sent shockwaves through the entire city. After all, divine clans were the supreme rulers of a whole era, possessing ancient and terrifying heritages. Only a handful within each clan could ever become divine sons or divine maidens. Their aptitude far surpassed their peers and stood out even in the long river of history. On the path of cultivation, they walked as leaders, ceaselessly forging their own legends.

In the Fortune Dominion, there had been an unwritten saying: “At the same realm, only two types of cultivators exist.”

The first type represented the pinnacle achievable by all beings in this world. Normal geniuses, prodigies, and extraordinary talents all fall within this category.

The second type were the divine sons and divine maidens of divine clans. They towered above the first type with foundations beyond ordinary comprehension, each one being a monstrously gifted freak. They represented the pinnacle that only those invincible in their stage could achieve!

Two types of cultivators, a world apart!

In the eyes of others, Lin Xun, who had forced the hands of divine sons and maidens of the big divine clans, undoubtedly belonged to the second category. He embodied the highest height attainable by the peerless in their own realm.

“But isn't combat prohibited in the vicinity of the Fortune Starry Firmament?” someone voiced their confusion.

“You're unaware then, young man. That rule was jointly established by all the major divine clans in the city. Given the situation at hand, do you truly believe they would adhere to it?” said an elder as he stroked his beard.

“If Lin Xun remains here indefinitely, won't that mean the vicinity will soon turn into a place of turmoil?” Those meditating beneath the Fortune Starry Firmament instantly grew restless, their expressions shifting.

In truth, their meditation sessions had been repeatedly disrupted as more cultivators and more gathered in the vicinity. Unable to concentrate anymore, these cultivators departed the area one after another.

Before long, Lin Xun was the only one left. He sat there alone, his legs crossed and his eyes closed. His aura was drawn inward like an old monk in deep meditation, seemingly oblivious to the events unfolding around him.

Such composure caused many cultivators to lament their inferiority. They would likely be squirming like they were on pins and needles, consumed by dread had it been them in his shoes.

“He looks deeply immersed in his insights. If we all strike at him now, do you think we could deal a crushing blow?” a voice rang in the crowd, tinged with temptation and encouragement.

In response, many eyes flickered with calculation, but in the end, no one dared to take the initiative. Lin Xun had established a fearsome reputation by slaughtering his way from South Heaven Gate to Misty Moon Lake. Who would be so emboldened as to risk their own life provoking him?

“Since you suggested, go ahead and try. If you succeed, I'll remember your credit. If you fail, well, we'll see if you're tough enough to come out of it alive,” a deep, detached voice suddenly echoed, followed by the appearance of a towering figure.

It was a man clad in a creamy-white robe, his physique exceptionally imposing with broad shoulders, a narrow waist, and a heroic bearing that commanded awe. His jet-black hair was tied up behind him, revealing a fair, handsome face. Most striking was the flame-shaped birthmark on his forehead.

“Hail the Divine Son!” A chorus of excited, reverent voices erupted in the crowd.

The other spectators looked over and found that those saluting to the handsome man were experts of the Ying Clan, one of the divine clans ruling the city.

“I know! He's Divine Son Ying Yue!” someone blurted out.

The scene immediately boiled. All eyes turned to the majestic, extraordinary man in the long robe with a mix of curiosity and reverence on their faces.

Divine Son Ying Yue was a legend in the Divine Ying Clan with his unfathomable bloodline talent. His fame had spread far and wide long ago. It was rumored that he had already embarked on the Immortal path after just six hundred years of cultivation, which was nothing short of an astonishing feat!

In the past, legendary figures like Ying Yue would never have set foot into Fortune Divine City. However, he had shown up here before everyone's eyes. It felt as though a legend had descended on the mortal world, stirring all the cultivators present.

Ying Yue paid no heed to the commotion. His eyes flashed like electricity as he gazed at a gray-robed man beside him, the very one who had just spoken up to incite the crowd.

“Sir... I... I was only...” stammered the gray-robed man whose face had been drained of color, but before he could finish, Ying Yue grabbed him by the collar and hurled him at the distant Lin Xun.

He threw him like throwing a spear with force and momentum so overwhelming it sent shivers running down the spines of many spectators.

Swish!

A figure suddenly flashed out from Lin Xun. Clad in a green robe, it was none other than the Green Wood Dao Body. The moment the dao body appeared, he casually extended his hand and firmly caught the gray-robed man. Then, with a flick of his wrist, the man was hurled back.

Bang!

Ying Yue swiped a finger in the air, and the gray-robed man exploded mid flight. A shower of blood rained down as his gory end made countless faces pale. This was perhaps what they called ‘disaster comes from one's own mouth.’

“Even at a time like this, you've only deployed a single clone. Don't you think that's a bit arrogant, my friend?” said Ying Yue, his voice as cold as his gaze.

Silence draped the field as tension in the air thickened. The surrounding cultivators instinctively backed away, well aware that a fierce battle was about to unfold!

“If you're here with a death wish, then wait there,” replied the Green Wood Dao Body casually, while his true form remained motionless throughout like a clay statue, deep in contemplation of the dao.

“Me? A death wish?” A cold glint flashed in Ying Yue's eyes, especially discomfited that Lin Xun's true form had completely ignored him, showing no reaction whatsoever.

“If you're so confident, why make me wait? Don't tell me you're just scared and trying to stall to plot an escape?” said Ying Yue spoke icily, already shrouded in tendrils of murderous intent. The aura emanating from him caused many nearby cultivators to tremble.

“No, you misunderstand me.” The Green Wood Dao Body shook his head. “I want to gather all of your kind first in order to send you on your way together. It saves me the trouble of killing you one by one.”

The entire crowd was flabbergasted, almost unable to believe their ears.

Ying Yue laughed out of utter fury, “What an arrogant fool! In all my life, you're the first to boast with such insolence!”

Boom!

His clothes fluttered wildly as a bizarre, mystical purple flame blazed from him, transforming his might into something boundlessly horrifying. This was the power of a supreme Emperor Ancestor turned Immortal and the aura of someone who was invincible within his realm!

Without a doubt, he was a genius beyond ordinary measure, an unparalleled expert at the pinnacle of the path he was on.

However, just as Ying Yue was about to attack, a faint, icy voice drifted through the area, “Didn’t he say to wait until everyone is here? Why can't you wait a little? Is your Ying Clan so impatient to seize the fortune on him?”

Chapter 2809 Slaying the Divine Son

Along with the voice, a slender woman materialized out of thin air. Her cascading black hair was tied into a ponytail with a golden ribbon while she was dressed in a fiery red gown. Holding a snow-white spear with one hand, her aura was sharp and icy.

“Greetings, Divine Maiden!” The experts of the Yan Clan in the crowd bowed respectfully.

The woman was Yan Qingli, a divine maiden of the Yan Clan, a legendary figure of peerless grace.

The crowd stirred, each face reflecting awe and fervor.

Compared to Ying Yue, Yan Qingli's name was even more resounding. Long ago, she had participated in the Hundred Clan Assembly and overshadowed many other divine peers in the competition.

Back then, her combat prowess could easily rank within the top fifty among all the supreme Emperor Ancestors from over a hundred divine clans!

Divine clans never lacked prodigious individuals. Among the one hundred plus of them in the Fortune Dominion, there were countless of such geniuses. The fact that Yan Qingli had ranked within the top fifty back then was clear testament to her strength!

“Hmph, and aren't you as well, Yan Qingli? Or else you wouldn't be here trying to obstruct me,” said Ying Yue coldly.

“No, I was just scared that you'd get killed,” Yan Qingli displayed no courtesy as she retorted, her eyes already fixed on Lin Xun's Green Wood Dao Body. “Friend, if you wish to wait, so be it. But let me be blunt, it won't take long before even more ruthless competitors arrive. By then, your predicament will only worsen.”

Lin Xun's Green Wood Dao Body replied indifferently, “Your concern is unnecessary.”

Yan Qingli was stunned. Then she glanced at Lin Xun's true form, who remained seated in deep meditation, and commented, “Ying Yue is right. You really are arrogant.”

“Therefore, when I deal with him, you'd best stay out of the way!” declared Ying Yue icily. He was deeply displeased that Yan Qingli had interrupted him earlier.

Yan Qingli sighed softly, “But haven't you noticed? Many formidable rivals have already gotten here, lurking in the shadows. Being the first to charge out, the cons far outweigh the pros, no matter how you look at it.”

Ying Yue's expression changed slightly. He scanned the surroundings, and as if sensing something, his face darkened.

Meanwhile, Yan Qingli raised her voice, “Since you guys are here already, why not reveal yourselves? Playing ‘the mantis stalks the cicada, unaware of the oriole behind’ in a place like this? That's beneath you.”

Responding to her echoing words was a thunderous laugh, “It was never our intention to steal your spotlight, Miss Yan. But since you've spoken, it would indeed be rather unbecoming if we keep hiding.”

Immediately following that, a blinding violet light flashed like lightning, transforming into a poised and strikingly handsome youth clad in violet clothes. His complexion was fair and his smile was quiet, but his aura was as bold and unrestrained as fire.

He was Liangqiu Hu, a divine son of the Liangqiu Clan! If Yan Qingli was in the top fifty in the Hundred Clan Assembly, then Liangqiu Hu had easily secured a spot in the top ten!

It must be understood that the higher one was ranked, the fiercer the competition they faced. To be listed among the top thirty prodigies in the same stage among all divine clans’ experts spoke volumes about Liangqiu Hu's combat prowess.

The field lurched into another silence. Many people inwardly trembled in fear. These legendary divine sons and maidens, when had they ever appeared in Fortune Divine City in times past?

However, here they were, emerging one after another!

Before the crowd could come back to their senses, two more figures materialized beside Liangqiu Hu. One was a man dressed in white clothes who carried a sword. The other was a tall, slim woman gripping a golden whip. The aura emanating from them was equally astonishing.

A hint of gravity surfaced on the expressions of Ying Yue and Yan Qingli.

Liangqiu Jian, Liangqiu Wen!

According to the Liangqiu Clan’s tradition, three divine characters were selected from every generation. Liangqiu Jian and Liangqiu Wen were the two others in Liangqiu Hu's generation. While their combat prowess might fall slightly short of Liangqiu Hu’s, their depths remained utterly terrifying.

The atmosphere grew oppressive. Everyone present felt their throats go dry, appalled by what they were witnessing. The divine sons and divine maidens from the three top-tier divine clans, namely the Ying, Yan, and Liangqiu, had come in succession. How could Lin Xun possibly stand against such odds?

Despite that, to everyone's disbelief, his true form remained still in meditation, while his dao body showed not a trace of apprehension, as composed as ever.

“Is this enough for you yet?” Liangqiu Hu smiled meaningfully as he stared at the Green Wood Dao Body.

“You all may wait a little longer,” replied the latter indifferently.

Liangqiu Hu was startled for a second before he burst out laughing. “Amusing! How amusing that a fellow from outside the Fortune Dominion is disregarding us. Is this sheer blissful arrogance, or does he really have the strength to back up his confidence?”

The others were equally confused, for Lin Xun gave off this vibe that he feared nothing and cared about nothing. Furthermore, beneath his seemingly casual and calm demeanor was an exceptionally unyielding attitude.

“If you want to know the answer, why don't you test it out in person?” proposed the Green Wood Dao Body nonchalantly.

“Alright, I will,” said Liangqiu Hu as his smile faded. He then turned to Ying Yue and Yan Qingli. “Do you two want to go first, or shall I?”

Ying Yue declared, “I was the first to come, so it's only right that I take him down!”

Yan Qingli countered, “I’ll assess the situation and act whenever I think is the right moment.”

Liangqiu Hu nodded. “Very well. We shall hold the rear here. Ying Yue, rest assured that I, Liangqiu Hu, will let no one interfere with your fight! Of course, should you need us, we shall not stand idly by.”

His words carried a brave and magnanimous air.

“If you insist on going alone, you'll have even less of a chance,” said the Green Wood Dao Body in his ever bland tone.

“Hmph!” Ying Yue snorted and strode forward. Beautiful strands of crystalline flames steamed from his imposing figure. With each step he took, his aura climbed higher and higher.

By the ninth step, he transformed into an ancient fire god, glowing radiantly in the shroud of dancing flames. The fiery birthmark between his brows also came to life.

Clang!

An azure fire lance appeared in Ying Yue's hand, and he fiercely slashed it out.

Kaboom!

The void seemed to be ignited, exploding with a deafening rumble. The blinding sharpness of the weapon drew up a hundred thousand feet of divine fire as it went for Lin Xun at an unimaginable speed.

In the eyes of the faraway spectators, it was as though a massive azure sun was dropping from the heavens toward Lin Xun's Green Wood Dao Body, threatening to engulf him.

Boom!

The next instant, shockingly, Ying Yue was sent flying. The azure lance in his hand buzzed so miserably its sound disturbed the clouds. The majority of the audience was frightened and bewildered because they had been unable to see the details.

Liangqiu Hu, Liangqiu Jian, Liangqiu Wen, and Yan Qingli on the other hand became serious because they had seen it clearly. Lin Xun's dao body had merely punched out casually and shattered Ying Yue's domineering strike into oblivion!

“As I have said, you are insufficient by yourself.” The green-clad dao body stood immovable with ridicule on his face.

Ying Yue's face clouded over, a fierce light surging in his eyes.

“Die!” He vanished into thin air.

The next second, a blinding streak of azure light tore through the void like the first ray of sunlight on a newly birthed world.

The normal cultivators present felt like their very souls were being cleaved, and the gap it created proceeded to be filled by terror. Even Liangqiu Hu’s group was visibly shaken.

A Ray of Eternal Spring and Autumn, Ying Yue's trump card!

No one had expected Ying Yue would throw all care to the wind at his second strike, seemingly intent on a swift victory.

Crack!

A shrill sound resounded, immediately after which the azure streak burst into a colorful torrent of sharp sparks that swept outward.

Then, Ying Yue staggered and fell from the air. His face was deathly pale, and blood was trickling from the corner of his mouth. The azure lance in his hand had broken, and all that remained was a segment.

Meanwhile, Lin Xun's Green Wood Dao Body remained standing in the same spot, as tranquil as ever. The world went quiet. Everyone was shaken.

What happened just now?!

Ying Yue, the divine son of the Ying Clan, a legendary figure from an epochal ruin, an unparalleled prodigy with an unmatched record of victories among his peers...had been gravely wounded! This outcome was so unexpected that the crowd struggled with disbelief and shock.

“Attack!” Liangqiu Hu exchanged a quick glance with his allies, and his group sprang into action without hesitation.

Earlier, they had keenly seen how Ying Yue got defeated. Lin Xun had deployed yet another seemingly simple punch, but it had crushed Ying Yue's most powerful strike like splitting bamboos. Moreover, the force of that punch had severely injured him!

This was undeniably terrifying!

Equal opponents usually required a long and fierce fight to determine a winner, but Ying Yue had been at a disadvantage right off the bat. This only meant one thing: even as a dao body, Lin Xun’s attainment in the Supreme Emperor Ancestor Stage still towered over his opponent!

Otherwise, Ying Yue would never have ended up in this miserable state.

Boom!

Liangqiu Hu summoned a golden sword. The weapon's petrifying might swept across the sky, its aura projected a resplendent, sacred world.

Swish!

Liangqiu Jian and Liangqiu Wen moved simultaneously. The former wielded his dao sword, while the latter lashed her long whip, each displaying power far surpassing their peers at this realm.

In truth, like Liangqiu Hu, they had long since embarked upon the path of immortality, so their cultivation had also been limited after entering Fortune Divine City. Even so, their mastery in the Supreme Emperor Ancestor Stage was far beyond ordinary.

The whole region quaked. As the Liangqiu trio attacked simultaneously, the sheer amount of energy being released took away color from heaven and earth. Countless spectators were shaken to their core and instinctively retreated to a safe distance.

At this moment, the Green Wood Dao Body responded. His fingers became a sword, drawing a slash in the void. The wounded Ying Yue, in the middle of an attempt to leave the battlefield, instantly paled...because that sword strike was aimed directly at him.

“Break!” he roared.

In the face of the deadly peril, he dared not hesitate one bit. Channeling every ounce of his strength and setting it ablaze, he pushed his aura to a terrifying extreme.

KABOOM!

An earth-shattering explosion stirred the skies. Under the sword strike, Ying Yue's protective treasures and dao light burst apart like paper. His body was chopped cleanly in two and exploded into blood mist.

The vast sword qi went on to grind the scarlet mist into nothingness. Ying Yue was thus dead without leaving behind a single trace!

Chapter 2810 Who Else Wishes to Die?

The death of Ying Yue set off a great shock among the distant spectators, especially the experts of the Divine Ying Clan whose eyes almost burst out of their sockets! Meanwhile in the battlefield, Lin Xun's Green Wood Dao Body had already engaged with the three divine juniors of the Liangqiu Clan.

Boom!

Dao light rumbled. Dao arts whistled. Terrifying energy fluctuations drowned the area around the Fortune Starry Firmament.

At least in the scope of Fortune Divine City, this battle could be considered of the highest caliber as one between unrivaled experts in the Supreme Emperor Ancestor Stage. Ying Yue's death had deeply affected the Liangqiu trio. None of them dared to hold back, each unleashing everything in their arsenal on Lin Xun.

However, the longer they fought, the more astounded they became. The Green Wood Dao Body was far more powerful than they could imagine. They had him surrounded, but instead of being suppressed, he deeply impacted and threatened them with every strike he deployed!

Rumble!

In a blazing radiance, Lin Xun's punch shook Liangqiu Wen's whip to the point it almost flew out of her hand. Not waiting for her to react, he leapt forth, and his bulging sleeves fired out a torrent of qi swords.

It was just like ten thousand swords shooting out in unison! Liangqiu Wen shrieked, wanting to dodge, but she was already a step too late. Several qi swords landed on her and drew splashes of blood. She had almost gotten cut up into pieces.

“Kill him!”

Liangqiu Hu and Liangqiu Jian came to her rescue in time and blasted at Lin Xun with all their might. Facing this, the latter neither evaded nor retreated. Letting his flesh resist their assault, he raised his fist and punched.

Bang!

Liangqiu Wen, who had already sustained heavy injuries just now, directly died under the force of the punch. Her blood splattered high into the sky.

“What on earth...”

“Heavens!”

“How could he be so strong?”

Shocked cries rang in the far distance. The spectators were so overwhelmed by the bloody scene that their wits left home, leaving them frozen there. To imagine that a clone could be this domineering, killing Ying Yue and executing Liangqiu Wen. It was as if he was unbeatable!

“Damn it!”

Liangqiu Hu’s and Liangqiu Jian's faces almost went black with fury. The auras around them grew increasingly horrifying, and the force in their every attack became capable of destroying worlds.

“It is futile,” Lin Xun's Green Wood Dao Body sneered as he swung his fist like a god. Each punch had the power to raze mountains and crush the nine heavens.

As a matter of fact, he had held nothing back from the start of the battle, knowing it was most taboo to be besieged in close quarters in this kind of situation. Therefore, whether it was Ying Yue or Liangqiu Wen, he had killed them using his full power. Any hesitation would have made it impossible to take them down so quickly.

To outsiders, Ying Yue and Liangqiu Wen had appeared unimpressive, but in reality, it was only because Lin Xun's attainments at the Supreme Emperor Ancestor Stage far exceeded theirs.

After all, as early as when he had certified as a supreme Emperor Ancestor at the Ruins of the Gods, he had been able to dominate many seasoned counterparts who had been in this stage for many years, such as Qi Lingyun, Zhongli Xiao, Mu Yi, and Chi Pojun, all on his own.

Later on, when he had gotten to the Eternal True Realm and made continuous breakthroughs in the Supreme Emperor Ancestor Stage, he had even ignored the big cultivation gap to confront Heavenly Longevity Immortals in the Sixth Heaven Domain.

How was that kind of power anything ordinary supreme Emperor Ancestors could reach? Even though Lin Xun was using his Green Wood Dao Body, he still shared the same combat prowess as the true form!

In short, this was the might of a supreme All Daos Ancestor! Back in the Eternal True Realm, he had been invincible and unstoppable. In today's Fortune Dominion, he was by no means someone a divine son or divine maiden could contend with.

So what if they were legends? So what if they were demonically genius? On the Emperor path, Lin Xun had long since had nothing to fear.

Bang!

Lin Xun swatted his sleeve at Liangqiu Jian, and it almost felt like being lashed by a heavenly whip for the latter. His skin cracked, his bones broke, and his whole person went flying. A grunt escaped his lips as his face scrunched up in pain.

Liangqiu Hu wanted to go to his aid, but it was too late.

Boom!

Liangqiu Jian exploded the next second under an airborne slap from Lin Xun.

“Master!” the Liangqiu Clan experts in the audience called out mournfully. Liangqiu Wen had died, and now Liangqiu Jian had followed her. This blow was too heavy.

Meanwhile, the other onlookers had been scared witless. They could wrack their brains and would still be unable to picture this outcome. Several divine-level figures had acted together, but instead of suppressing Lin Xun, they had been slaughtered one by one.

This was simply as unreal as a dream!

“Now, do you think your number is enough?” the Green Wood Dao Body asked Liangqiu Hu, the only one left before him.

Liangqiu Hu’s face was utterly unsightly. Blue veins were popping on his forehead, his eyes red with burning hatred. He hissed, “Be as arrogant as you want, it doesn’t matter because you won't be able to walk out of Fortune Divine City!”

Lin Xun calmly remarked, “As long as one lives, there is always a chance to turn a bad situation around. Die, and whatever you spew will be nothing but pointless.”

Swish!

Liangqiu Hu's figure suddenly flashed, turning into countless doppelgangers that teleported in all directions. He was actually fleeing!

However, Lin Xun unhurriedly drew a finger stroke in the air.

A sword qi condensed with a clear, resounding chant. Then it split into two, two into four, and in the blink of an eye transformed into a dense ocean of sword qi in the sky before shooting out.

No matter real or fake, it didn't matter if they all got squashed at once! Such a method was incomparably overbearing!

Bang bang bang!

The countless figures of Liangqiu Hu burst like bubbles, and soon, a grunt resounded as a small waterfall of blood spurted out from one of them. That was none other than Liangqiu Hu's true dao body, who had nearly been severed at the waist by a qi sword.

“Lin Xun, you...” He wanted to say something, but the rain of swords submerged him before he could finish. He was chopped into countless pieces and dissipated in the void.

“What's the point of spouting nonsense when you're at death's door, really?” The Green Wood Dao Body shook his head.

The audience was so stupefied that their faces lost the ability to express anything. Words could no longer describe the shock in their hearts. Between the start of the battle and now, only less than ten minutes had passed, but the four divine juniors of the Liangqiu Clan and the Ying Clan had been put to death on the spot!

Meanwhile, Lin Xun was unscathed and unperturbed. Comparing the two parties, the difference was crystal clear! What shook people to their very souls was that from start to end, Lin Xun's true form had remained in meditation, not paying attention to everything that was happening around him...

“Lin Xun, your death will be very ugly!”

“Just you wait! Unless you hide in the city for the rest of your life, you will be executed by a thousand cuts!”

Many angry and resentful voices rang out from the crowd. They belonged to the members of the Liangqiu and the Ying Clans, each and every one of them besides themselves with rage and grief.

What answered them was a series of fierce qi swords, who seemed to have a mind of their own. They precisely locked on the hostile targets in the crowd, either stabbing, chopping, slashing, or twisting inside the wound...

For a while, bloody fireworks bloomed endlessly in the crowd. Amid the chaos, the frightened spectators screamed and dodged. When they looked back to check, those Liangqiu Clan’s and Ying Clan's experts had been massacred!

The overbearing and gory scene made many legs go weak. Everyone couldn't help but recall the way Lin Xun had killed his way from South Heaven Gate to Misty Moon Lake after he had just set foot in Fortune Divine City.

“Are you going to claim your death now, or are you waiting to gather enough again to die together?” Lin Xun ignored the crowd as his gaze landed on Yan Qingli who had been slow to make a move.

Her pretty face was pale, and her slender frame was taut. An indescribable chill filled her whole being, making her feel as if she had fallen into an ice cave. Under Lin Xun's stare, she never had a stronger urge to turn and run than this moment.

“I...”

Yan Qingli barely said a word when Lin Xun pointed at the distance and interrupted her, “Of course, you can also leave now, which is your only chance to live.”

The sentence was said casually without humiliation or denigration, but to Yan Qingli, this was already the greatest contempt against her!

After a long time, she turned around with difficulty and walked away from the scene. As she did, the countless eyes on her back were like cold, sharp knives thrust into her heart, and they also shattered her self-esteem.

Retreating without a fight was destined to be a lifelong shame for a goddess like her. It would most likely even cast a shadow over her dao heart, affecting her future path. However, she wanted to live, so this was her only option.

Watching her walk away, all the people in the field revealed complicated looks. There was shock, there were sighs, and there was also deep apprehension and awe. Lin Xun had only used his clone to quench a group of divine sons and maidens, which completely went beyond their predictions.

Originally, they had only thought that he could at most be considered equal to those divine juniors. Only now did they deeply realize how abnormal he was. Those genius freaks far surpassed the masses, while he could kill them left and right in their own siege!

“Who else wishes to die?”

Lin Xun’s voice drifted in the silent and depressing atmosphere as his eyes swept around. Whenever they reached, the people subconsciously looked away, not daring to meet his gaze.

“Is he there?”

Suddenly, a lofty, icy voice resounded in the horizon, and immediately after, a bright streak of light approached the field at full speed. Looking closely, it was a black-clad man with an extremely powerful aura.

However, he was still halfway there when a terrified and anxious voice stopped him, “Young Master! You can’t!"

The anxious voice proceeded to quickly relate to him everything that had just happened.

Whoosh!

Under the astonished gaze of the crowd, the black-robed man straight up turned around and vanished from sight in the blink of an eye.

“That guy...”

The audience was speechless, feeling very strange.

“That looked like the divine son of the Great Chu Divine Clan.”

“How cowardly!”

"Cowardly? If I were him, I would have fled at the first opportunity as well!"

Meanwhile, the Green Wood Dao Body ignored the chatter and returned to the true form, marking the end of this storm.

However, the cultivators present knew that after today's events spread, those divine sons and maidens who were on their way here would have to weigh the consequences of dealing with Lin Xun. Furthermore, if another fatal ordeal against him occurred again, one could bet that his opponents would have come fully prepared!

Gradually, the crowd dispersed and spread the word of what had happened. It was foreseeable that Fortune Divine City would once again be plunged into sensation.

Soon, the vicinity returned to quiet. Only a few scattered cultivators stood around, debating whether or not to enter the Fortune Starry Firmament to explore the hundreds of complete cultivation systems therein.

Lin Xun was oblivious to it all, sitting there dryly like a sculpture that had not moved for ages.