

## Prodigies 2841

### Chapter 2841 Shaman World

“You..”

The thought of Yun Muzhe struck Yun Tianming like a blade to the heart, his expression twisting violently. After all, Yun Muzhe was his great-nephew, and he had been defeated by Lin Xun hand during the Origin Sect’s successor assessment!

Lin Xun smiled faintly. “I know you still hold a grudge over Yun Muzhe’s incident. But don’t worry, Peak Master Yun, I won’t take it personally during this mission. Wouldn’t want to bring shame to our sect in front of outsiders.”

Yun Tianming's face darkened instantly.

Watching from the side, Yuan Changtian let out a hearty laughter, “Brother Lin is right. Grievances within the sect are internal matters. This time, in the Immortal Dao Battle, we must stand united to bring glory to the sect.”

“Of course.” Lin Xun nodded.

Yun Tianming only gave a cold snort and said nothing else.

Lin Xun turned, clasping his hands respectfully. “Elder Li.”

Li Zhen gave a nod. His bronze skin gleamed like cast metal, his towering figure imposing like a mountain, and his stern face calm as rock. Just then, the air shimmered. Two figures emerged from the void. Fang Daoping and Yuan Xiliu had arrived.

Fang Daoping smiled. “Everyone’s here. Let’s depart.”

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Swoosh!

Outside the Origin World, over the vast expanse of the Thousand Star Sea, a treasure ship carrying Lin Xun and the others pierced through the heavens, vanishing into the distance. Aboard the ship, Lin Xun, Yuan Changtian, and the others each received a jade slip from Fang Daoping.

The jade slip contained the list of experts from the other three great ancestral courts who would be participating in the upcoming Immortal Dao Battle.

Lin Xun scanned it briefly then his heart gave a sudden jolt. Among the names, one instantly caught his eye: Well Moon, his twentieth senior brother, was listed among the participants from the Spirit Sect Ancestral Court! It even noted that Well Moon had reached the pinnacle of the Nirvana Spirit Stage, and that his mastery of the bow was said to be divine.

Last time, at the Nine Peaks Dao Contest, I encountered Senior Sister Cheng Yu, and now, I'll be seeing Senior Brother Well Moon. What an unexpected delight.

Lin Xun felt a surge of excitement. Well Moon was known as the number one archer of Fangchun Mountain. His arrows were said to pierce the heavens and startle the gods. His mastery was truly wondrous and unmatched. These were the feats Lin Xun had often heard his senior brothers and sisters speak of in awe.

"As expected, the Ji, Cang, and Wen Clans have each sent their divine sons and divine maidens." Not far away, Yuan Changtian was also studying the jade slip.

"Oh? Elder Yuan seems to have discovered something?" Cao Beidou asked softly.

Although they were both elders of the Origin Emptiness Pavilion, Cao Beidou's tone and bearing toward Yuan Changtian carried a faint hint of respect.

"It's no secret." Yuan Changtian said casually. "Look here. Cang Fufeng of the Shaman Sect Ancestral Court, a divine son of the Divine Cang Clan in the Ninth Heaven Domain. His temperament is fiery as flame and his nature is domineering to the extreme. He's quite renowned throughout the Ninth Heaven Domain. It's said his talent defies the heavens. He can command the Nine Flames Divine Wind, and

cultivators of the same realm simply can't withstand the annihilating might of such an innate talent power."

He continued, "Then there's Wen Qiaoshui of the Zen Sect Ancestral Court, descended from the Divine Wen Clan of the Ninth Heaven Domain. Three hundred years ago, he already reached the pinnacle of the Nirvana Spirit Realm. The reason he has suppressed his breakthrough for so long is likely because he seeks to forge an extraordinary path before stepping into the Transcendence Stage. With a temperament as deep as a mountain, heart as steady as stone, he is an opponent not to be underestimated.

"And then there's Ji Shanhai of the Spirit Sect Ancestral Court. Her name may sound like a man's, but she is in fact the youngest daughter of the Divine Ji Clan's patriarch and the one most cherished by her clan. Outwardly serene and gentle, yet when she acts, she radiates a majesty that can shake the heavens and command the earth. Within the Ninth Heaven Domain, she is deeply revered among her peers."

At this, a faint glimmer flickered in Yuan Changtian's eyes. "There's even a saying in the Ninth Heaven Domain: whoever wins Ji Shanhai's heart shall gain the full backing of the entire Divine Ji Clan. Some even call her a celestial fairy 'peerless among all, pure and untouched in this world.'"

Even Cao Beidou and Yun Tianming, old monsters who had lived for countless years, exchanged looks of wonder. None of them could imagine what kind of woman could possess such brilliance.

"Ah, I didn't expect Ji Shanhai to come as well. Things just became far more troublesome." Yuan Changtian exhaled.

Cang Fufeng and Wen Qiaoshui, like him, were both divine sons, so he felt no fear toward them. However, he felt an indescribable sense of fear toward Ji Shanhai.

After all, her fame in the Ninth Heaven Domain was so great that even some mighty figures at the Eternal Stage had heard of the Divine Ji Clan's precious pearl: a woman peerless among all, pure and untouched in this world.

"Young...Elder Yuan, there's no need to underestimate yourself. Once the clashes begin in the Ten Directions Demon Realm, the truth will reveal itself," Yuan Xiliu said softly. He had almost addressed him as 'Young Master' just now.

“That’s right,” Cao Beidou chimed in with a laugh. “With Elder Yuan leading our Origin Sect, we have nothing to fear.”

Yun Tianming nodded repeatedly in agreement. All three were old monsters who had lived for countless years, but before Yuan Changtian who came from the Ninth Heaven Domain, they spoke with deference.

“Brother Lin, what are your thoughts?” Yuan Changtian turned his gaze over with a faint smile.

“I don’t know them well enough to have any.” Lin Xun replied casually.

Yuan Changtian chuckled, “If anyone else said that, I’d call it ignorance. But from you, Brother Lin, I take it as confidence.”

Cao Beidou and Yun Tianming exchanged startled looks, clearly not expecting Yuan Changtian to speak to Lin Xun with such respect.

Lin Xun smiled. “Elder Yuan, you flatter me. You’re the one most familiar with these divine sons and maidens. Whether our Origin Sect earns glory this time will depend on your abilities.”

Yuan Changtian shook his head with a wry smile. “We’re all in this together. If I had to face them alone, I’d hardly stand a chance.”

Lin Xun didn’t answer and only smiled.

“I think,” Cao Beidou interjected. “We should follow Elder Yuan’s command for this operation. After all, he knows the enemy’s strength better than anyone.”

“Agreed.” Yun Tianming said at once.

However, when Lin Xun and Li Zhen remained silent, Cao Beidou and Yun Tianming frowned, irritation flashing across their faces.

“What do you two think?” Cao Beidou asked.

Lin Xun replied, “If you and Peak Master Yun weren’t here, I might’ve considered acting under Elder Yuan. But as things stand...I’m afraid that won’t be possible.”

Cao Beidou and Yun Tianming’s faces instantly darkened. Lin Xun’s meaning couldn’t have been clearer: He had no intention of standing on the same side as them.

Cao Beidou snapped coldly, “Deacon Lin, even now you think only of your personal grudges and ignore the greater good. If our Origin Sect’s ranking suffers in this Immortal Dao Battle, you’ll be the one to blame!”

Lin Xun’s eyes narrowed slightly, but before he could speak, Fang Daoping, who had been meditating quietly not far away, opened his eyes and said. “Enough quarrelling. The sect’s ranking won’t be decided by words, but by how many Desolate Law Power Beasts each of you slay in the Ten Directions Demon Realm.”

He paused, then looked squarely at Cao Beidou. “If none of you are willing to yield, then when the Immortal Dao Battle begins...let your results decide.”

Cao Beidou’s expression stiffened. “Deputy Pavilion Master Fang is right.”

Fang Daoping ignored him, sweeping his gaze slowly across the group. A faint smile touched his lips. “There’s one thing you should all know. Whoever brings glory to the sect in this Immortal Dao Battle will receive a reward upon your return.”

Yuan Changtian’s eyes brightened. He stepped forward respectfully and said, “Deputy Pavilion Master Fang, may I ask...what kind of reward?”

Fang Daoping’s smile deepened. “You’ll find out soon enough. I’ll keep it a mystery for now, but rest assured, none of you will be disappointed.”

Yuan Changtian turned to look at Yuan Xiliu, who shook his head. "I've no idea either."

"All the better. If we assist Elder Yuan in hunting Desolate Law Power Beasts, I'm sure we'll share that reward." As Cao Beidou spoke, his gaze flicked toward Lin Xun, gleaming with open provocation.

Lin Xun couldn't possibly back down now. A faint smile tugged at his lips. "I'm eager to see just how many Desolate Law Power Beasts Elder Cao can help our sect slay, and whether he can truly elevate our ranking. If Elder Cao accomplishes that, the sect's rewards will naturally be his to claim."

Cao Beidou's face darkened, and just as he was about to retort, Yuan Changtian stopped him.

"Everyone," Yuan Changtian said with a strained smile. "We should be working together to bring glory to the sect in the Immortal Dao Battle. There's no need for pointless quarrels."

At the same time, Yuan Xiliu cast a cold glance at Cao Beidou and Yun Tianming. Both men felt their hearts tremble and dared not utter another word. Lin Xun, unwilling to waste another breath, fell silent. Fang Daoping merely watched, saying nothing.

Seven days later.

The Shaman World. The domain of the Shaman Sect Ancestral Court.

It was a world like that of the primeval age, steeped in an ancient and primordial aura. Across its boundless mountains and plains, herds of ferocious beasts thundered in unison, their roars rolling like thunder and shaking heaven and earth.

Shenhou Hall. The sacred heart of the Shaman World.

At this moment, countless figures of the Shaman Sect stood gathered before the hall. The Shaman Sect was divided into twelve branches and three divisions.

The twelve branches, Metal, Wood, Water, Fire, Soil, Wind, Thunder, Heaven and Earth, mirrored the Nine Peaks of the Origin Sect in their structure and hierarchy. Each branch housed its own Shaman Masters, elders, lineages, and successors.

The three divisions were known as the Ritual Division, the Martial Division, and the Disciplinary Division. Within them were ranks such as Heaven Shaman, Earth Shaman and Great Shaman.

The Heaven Shamans held status equivalent to the pavilion masters of the three pavilions of the Origin Sect, while the Earth Shamans stood on par with the sect's deputy pavilion masters.

At this moment, before the Shenhou Hall, the Earth Shamans of the Shaman Sect stood waiting in solemn silence, each radiating terrifying power equivalent to the pinnacle of the Transcendence Stage. Alongside them stood elders, Shaman Masters, Great Shamans and other figures from the three divisions.

"Report! The powerhouses of the Origin Sect Ancestral Court have arrived at the boundary gate!" A deep voice rolled in from the distance, and at once, commotion rippled through the square before the Shenhou Hall.

"I didn't expect the Origin Sect to arrive first," someone murmured, a cold gleam flashing in their eyes. "Good. I've long wanted to see this Fangchun Mountain successor, Lin Xun...the one who crushed Xing Jun at the Nine Peaks Dao Contest!"

Lin Xun! A flicker of killing intent swept through the eyes of the Shaman Sect figures present. They were no strangers to this name.

The Shaman Sect and Fangchun Mountain were sworn enemies, bound by a hatred that could never be undone!

#### Chapter 2842 Undisguised Provocation

All the Earth Shamans present were led by Zu Wenheng. He was the Earth Shaman of the Martial Division within the Shaman Sect, a figure who had long reached the pinnacle of the Transcendence Stage. He also hailed from the Zu Clan, one of the Ten Immortal Giants of the Eighth Heaven Domain.

When he saw the crowd's murderous intent surging at the mere mention of Lin Xun, he cleared his throat and said in a deep, commanding voice, "Don't concern yourselves. Once the Immortal Dao Battle begins, that boy Lin Xun will undoubtedly die."

Someone sneered from the crowd. "And if, by some miracle, he escapes the Ten Directions Demon Realm alive?"

Zu Wenheng's eyes turned frosty. "Given the circumstances, if that happens, it would only prove that our Shaman Sect has become utterly incompetent!"

His words made several expressions shift.

Someone else laughed coldly. "Impossible. Given the conditions, even a Nirvana Spirit cultivator at the pinnacle would perish without a doubt, let alone someone at the initial stage like him."

"That's right," someone added indifferently. "And this time, it isn't only our Shaman Sect who wants Lin Xun dead."

Suddenly, a thunderous voice boomed across the distance, "Report! The powerhouses from the Origin Sect are here!"

In an instant, all chatter ceased, and heads turned toward the sound. From afar, Fang Daoping and Yuan Xiliu could be seen leading the group, with Lin Xun and the other four Origin Sect participants following close behind.

Zu Wenheng stepped forward with a genial smile. "I am Zu Wenheng. Greetings to our friends from the Origin Sect!"

After brief formalities and polite exchanges, Lin Xun and the others were guided to the seats arranged on one side of the grand hall. The moment they sat down, they became the center of attention.

When the Shaman Sect members looked at Yuan Changtian, their eyes held a trace of restraint. They were clearly aware that he hailed from the Ninth Heaven Domain and possessed a special status.

However, when their gazes shifted toward Lin Xun, Li Zhen, Cao Beidou, and Yun Tianming, that restraint vanished, replaced by open hostility and thinly veiled scrutiny.

This was especially obvious when they looked toward Lin Xun. Many of their stares brimmed with naked killing intent, cold and unrestrained.

That was the nature of Shaman Sect: they revered no heaven, feared no gods, and cared nothing for rules and decorum. Thus, when facing an enemy, they never bothered to hide their killing intent.

Lin Xun, however, remained unruffled. Though this was the Shaman Sect's territory, he was here as one of the Origin Sect's representatives. No matter how arrogant these Shaman Sect experts were, they wouldn't dare cross the line.

Suddenly, Yuan Changtian's voice reached Lin Xun through a voice transmission, "Brother Lin, look...that's Cang Fufeng."

Following his gaze, Lin Xun saw five figures seated on the opposite side of the hall. They were five representatives of the Shaman Sect for the Immortal Dao Battle. There were four men and one woman, and each radiated a powerful aura that distorted the air around them.

Cang Fufeng sat in the first seat on the left, clad in a black robe. His long gray hair cascaded down to his waist, his skin was pale as jade, and his handsome features carried a chill as sharp as a blade.

When he sensed Lin Xun's gaze, he lifted his head slightly and his eyes blazed like flames, as though they could burn through the heavens. Had it been anyone else, their spirit would have faltered beneath that gaze. However, Lin Xun remained calm as ever.

A faint, unreadable smile tugged at the corner of Cang Fufeng's lips before he finally withdrew his gaze.

Watching this, Yuan Changtian sent another voice transmission, "What do you think, Brother Lin? Are you confident in facing this divine son of the Cang Clan?"

Unmoved, Lin Xun replied evenly, "A formidable figure like him...only someone like Brother Yuan could possibly suppress him."

Yuan Changtian was taken aback by his response, then chuckled softly and said no more.

Suddenly, the man seated beside Cang Fufeng rose from his chair and strode straight toward Lin Xun. He was dark-skinned and broad-shouldered, his frame thick and solid. Each step he took made the floor tremble, like a mountain shifting sideways. His presence alone exuded a fierce, oppressive aura.

Huo Xiao!

He was one of the five experts chosen to represent the Shaman Sect in this Immortal Dao Battle. He was a perfect Nirvana Spirit Immortal and an elder of the Martial Division. As he approached, countless gazes were drawn toward him.

"You're the one who defeated Xing Jun?" The man stopped before Lin Xun, looking down at him from above as he spoke.

"That's correct." Lin Xun lifted his wine gourd and took an unhurried sip.

Huo Xiao grinned, baring a row of gleaming white teeth. "The Immortal Dao Battle hasn't even begun yet. How about a spar between us first? Don't worry, I promise not to kill you."

A low stir rippled through the hall. Cao Beidou and Yun Tianming exchanged glances, smug smiles flickering at the corners of their mouths. Before the battle had even begun, someone was already coming for Lin Xun. This was proof of how much hatred he had drawn.

In the distance, the higher-ranking figures of the Shaman Sect looked on with interest, amusement glinting in their eyes. None made the slightest move to intervene.

Yuan Changtian sat in silence, his gaze flickering thoughtfully. Yuan Xiliu merely lowered his eyes, indifferent. Fang Daoping, however, frowned slightly.

Lin Xun put aside the wine gourd, rose to his feet, and swept his gaze calmly around the hall. Finally, his lips curved in a faint smile as he looked at Huo Xiao. "Alright then, pick a place. I'll make sure not to let you lose too badly. After all, this is your territory."

A collective gasp rippled through the crowd. No one had expected Lin Xun to agree so readily! Even Yuan Changtian, Cao Beidou, and Yun Tianming were momentarily stunned, unable to believe Lin Xun had accepted the challenge without hesitation.

Fang Daoping opened his mouth to speak, but seeing this, he could only smile wryly. Lin Xun had already agreed. If he tried to stop him now, it would only make the Origin Sect look cowardly.

Even Huo Xiao seemed taken aback for a moment before his grin returned. "Since you're so eager, we can settle it right here, outside this hall."

"Wait!" A cold voice rang out from afar. It was Zu Wenheng.

"Huo Xiao, no matter how eager you are to fight, at least give our guests from the Origin Sect some face. The Immortal Dao Battle is about to begin. If you wish to test his strength, then do it at the Ten Directions Demon Realm."

Huo Xiao's expression soured. "Lord, it won't take long to deal with this guy..."

"Withdraw!" Zu Wenheng interrupted. "That's an order."

Huo Xiao's jaw tightened. He jabbed a finger at Lin Xun and growled, "Just you wait!"

With that, he turned and stormed away.

"I agreed to fight, and you're the one who backed down, then you tell me to wait?" Lin Xun sneered, shaking his head as he sat back down. The mockery in his tone and expression only darkened Huo Xiao's face further. Murderous intent surged violently in his eyes.

Around them, several Shaman Sect members frowned as well, unable to understand why Zu Wenheng stopped Huo Xiao from giving Lin Xun the beating he deserved. Seeing this, Cao Beidou and Yun Tianming exchanged looks of disappointment. The Shaman Sect was infamous for its arrogance and recklessness, why would they back down now?

“Report! Experts from the Zen Sect have arrived!” A deep voice boomed from outside the hall like rolling thunder.

“Quick, go and receive them.” Zu Wenheng ordered.

Before long, in the distant heavens, auspicious clouds surged and Buddha’s light illuminated the sky. Sanskrit chants rolled through the air as solemn figures appeared amidst the radiance.

These were the experts from the Zen Sect Ancestral Court! At their head was Buddha Venerable Jiaye. Jiaye had appeared at the Origin Sect’s Nine Peaks Dao Contest, so Lin Xun was naturally familiar with him.

Behind Jiaye stood five figures: four monks and a man clad in blue. The four monks were Buddha Masters Ku Xuan, Ku Ji, Jue Wen, and Jue Zhen. The title of Buddha Master in the Zen Sect was equivalent to that of an elder in the three pavilions of the Origin Sect, or an elder in the three divisions of the Shaman Sect.

The man in blue was tall and slender, his long black hair tied up in a simple bun. His bearing was calm and elegant, his features handsome as jade. At his appearance, a ripple of commotion swept through the hall.

Wen Qiushui! He was the divine son of the Divine Wen Clan, his temperament as deep as a mountain and his heart as steady as stone.

Yuan Changtian and Cang Fufeng both took note of him. Wen Qiaoshui’s expression was calm, unruffled, without the faintest ripple of emotion. Neither could tell what thoughts lay behind that stillness.

After the Zen Sect experts arrived, they were seated beside the Origin Sect’s representatives. Whether by coincidence or deliberately, no one could say.

"Fellow Daoist Fang, it's good to see you again." Buddha Venerable Jiaye spoke with a serene smile.

Fang Daoping nodded in response, offering no further words.

"Little Friend Lin Xun, it's good to see you too. Your bearing seems even finer than before." Jiaye's gaze shifted toward Lin Xun.

"You flatter me, Elder." Lin Xun cupped his fists in greeting.

Jiaye smiled faintly and said to those around him, "Everyone, this is Lin Xun, successor of the Origin Sect. Back at the Nine Peaks Dao Contest, Yu Fengzi was defeated at his hands." His tone was so casual that it revealed no trace of emotion.

"Greetings, Fellow Daoist." Ku Xuan and the others saluted Lin Xun one after another.

There was a saying: one does not strike a smiling face, so Lin Xun naturally returned the gesture in kind. Only Wen Qiaoshui merely inclined his head in a slight nod.

The atmosphere subtly shifted. Anyone could tell that the Zen Sect experts were deliberately targeting Lin Xun, yet their composure remained serene and unshaken, and not a trace of emotion showed on their faces. Of course, no one was foolish enough to expose it.

Cao Beidou and Yun Tianming, who had been watching from the side, were certain of one thing: Once inside the Ten Directions Demon Realm, those serene monks of the Zen Sect would shed their calm smiles and reveal their true faces, striking like wrathful Bodhisattvas.

After all, Yu Fengzi, a disciple of the Zen Sect was killed by Lin Xun! That blood feud could never be undone!

Before long, another thunderous voice rang across heaven and earth, "Report! Experts from the Spirit Sect have arrived!"

In an instant, the gathered figures of the three ancestral courts fell silent, their conversations cut short as every gaze turned toward the distant horizon.

It wasn't that the Spirit Sect Ancestral Court inspired fear. Instead, it was because among the five participants they had sent this time was a divine maiden from the Ninth Heaven Domain!

Lin Xun keenly noticed that even the ever-composed Yuan Changtian seemed stirred. In his eyes flickered both anticipation and a trace of unease.

A moment later, a dazzling divine rainbow split the sky. At its head was a familiar face, Spirit Venerable Qing Yun!

In the Spirit Sect, the title of Spirit Venerable was equal in rank to the deputy pavilion masters of the Origin Sect, the Buddha Venerables of the Zen Sect, and the Earth Shamans of the Shaman Sect.

Following behind Spirit Venerable Qing Yun were five figures: four men and one woman. However, as they drew near, every gaze in the hall converged upon the woman alone.

She was tall and slender, her figure graceful and perfectly proportioned. A loose, simple black gown draped elegantly over her frame. Her long, ink-black hair was gathered to the side and pinned with a turquoise hairpin, revealing a face of ethereal beauty.

Her beauty was like a solitary orchid blooming in a secluded valley, tranquil, transcendent, and beyond the world.

Ji Shanhai! She was renowned as peerless among all, pure and untouched in this world, and she was cherished as the precious pearl of the Divine Ji Clan. Even in the Ninth Heaven Domain, countless Eternal figures had heard her name!

#### Chapter 2843 Unexpected Participants

Ji Shanhai! The moment this woman appeared, Yuan Changtian, Cang Fufeng, and Wen Qiaoshui all rose to their feet and stepped forward to greet her.

“Miss Shanhai, it’s an honor.”

“I didn’t expect you would truly come in person.”

“Miss Shanhai, it’s been too long.”

Three divine sons from three divine clans of the Ninth Heaven Domain came forward together to greet her. This scene instantly set the hall ablaze with murmurs.

Lin Xun couldn’t help but be taken aback. From this scene alone, one could see how transcendent Ji Shanhai’s status was. Her ethereal grace and unearthly beauty only added to the sense of awe surrounding her. It was no wonder she commanded such reverence wherever she went.

Despite that, Lin Xun’s surprise faded almost as quickly as it came. His gaze quickly shifted. When it fell upon Senior Brother Well Moon, a warm smile surfaced on his lips.

He had only met Well Moon once long ago. It was during the earth-shattering chess match in the Ancient Wasteland Domain, when his senior brothers and sisters fought side by side to resist the forces of Nameless Esteemed Emperor.

Now, seeing him again, Well Moon had already attained the perfect Nirvana Spirit Realm! He had warm, wheat-colored skin, and a lean, powerful frame. His eyes were deep and steady, and his long black hair was tied neatly behind his head, revealing a defined and resolute face.

When their gazes met, Well Moon’s lips curved faintly. His voice sounded in Lin Xun’s mind, “Junior Brother, in this Immortal Dao Battle, how about we compete and see who can slay more beasts?”

“Why not?” Lin Xun raised a brow and replied through voice transmission, “I’ve long heard that my senior brother’s archery shakes the heavens. I’ve always wanted to witness it myself.”

Well Moon chuckled softly. While the two exchanged words, he and the others from the Spirit Sect Ancestral Court had already taken their seats.

Of note, even amid so many extraordinary figures, Ji Shanhai remained the most dazzling presence in the hall. However, she seemed long accustomed to such gazes. After taking her seat, she quietly took out a scroll and began to read, serene and detached. Her transcendent grace felt utterly apart from the world, as though she existed in a different world, untouched by mortal dust.

At that moment, Fang Daoping spoke aloud, "Brother Zu, now that all the participants from the Four Great Ancestral Courts have arrived. Should we depart for the Ten Directions Demon Realm?"

Zu Wenheng smiled faintly, "Brother Fang, there's no need to rush. This Immortal Dao Battle will not be like the previous ones. This time, there are others joining us."

His words rippled through the hall like a sudden wave. Fang Daoping and others of the Origin Sect, Jiaye and others of the Zen Sect, and Qing Yun and others of the Spirit Sect all exchanged surprised looks, clearly unaware of this arrangement.

Zu Wenheng raised his head slightly. "Judging by the time...they should be arriving any moment now."

Just as his words fell, a deep voice rang out, "Report! Experts from the Ten Immortal Giants of the Eight Heaven Domain have arrived!"

The announcement rolled through heaven and heaven like thunder. Fang Daoping's brows knit tightly. He had never imagined that the Shaman Sect Ancestral Court would actually draw in the power of the Ten Immortal Giants!

Cao Beidou and Yun Tianming, on the other hand, exchanged glances, unable to conceal the gleam of delight flickering in their eyes. The Ten Immortal Giants! Which of them didn't hate Lin Xun to the bone? Who among them didn't dream of erasing every successor of Fangchun Mountain from existence? If the Ten Immortal Giants truly took part in this Immortal Dao Battle, how could Lin Xun possibly hope to leave it alive?

At that moment, even the usually reserved Li Zhen could no longer stand by and watch. His voice sounded in Lin Xun's mind, "The Shaman Sect's arrangement is no coincidence. They've gathered all forces with one goal: to bring you down."

“No, they’re not just targeting me, but they’re after my senior brother Well Moon, as well.” Lin Xun’s expression remained calm. “The more desperate they become, the more it proves they’re running out of patience. If they fail to kill me this time, they may never have another chance.”

He knew all too well that not to mention the Ten Immortal Giants, the Shaman Sect and the Zen Sect, even Yuan Changtian, Cao Beidou, and Yun Tianming had no desire to see him return alive to the Origin Sect! Lin Xun, however, paid it no mind.

In the distance, a piercing sound tore through the heavens. The Ten Immortal Giants had come. Each clan had sent forth a perfect Transcendence expert to lead five participants. There were sixty figures in total, and their presence alone made the heavens quake.

The Ten Immortal Giants were the Wang Clan, Donghuang Clan, Fu Clan, Zhongli Clan, Qi Clan, Mu Clan, Chi Clan, Zu Clan, Jing Clan, and the Zhong Clan. Among them, Lin Xun had already crossed blades with many. He had clashed with the Donghuang, Fu, Zhongli, Qi, and Mu Clans years ago.

The Wang Clan’s Sword of Dao Judgment had once grievously wounded Kong Jue outside the Ruins of the Gods, making Lin Xun hate them to the bone. As for the Chi, Zu, Jing, and Zhong Clans, he had already faced their experts during the last Nine Peaks Dao Contest. Among the Ten Immortal Giants, there was not one that wasn’t Lin Xun’s enemy!

When they arrived, Zu Wenheng smiled broadly and said, “Now that all the participants are gathered, please follow me. We shall proceed to the Ten Directions Demon Realm.”

With that, he took the lead, tearing through the void ahead. Behind him, the Origin Sect, Zen Sect, Shaman Sect, Spirit Sect, and the Ten Immortal Giants followed in succession.

As they traveled, Fang Daoping’s calm voice sounded in Lin Xun’s mind. “Once inside the Ten Directions Demon Realm, you must stay vigilant, especially against the Wang Clan. I suspect the Ten Immortal Giants will rally under their command. If they find you, they will never let you leave alive.”

Lin Xun listened quietly. Instead of dread, a faint, almost eager light flickered in his eyes. Nearly everyone entering the battlefield was his enemy! But to him...was that not perfect? He did not fear having too many enemies. He only feared having none to kill.

“Brother Lin, if you wish, I’d be honored to have you act alongside me. We can watch each other’s backs.” Yuan Changtian’s voice suddenly sounded in Lin Xun’s mind.

He clearly understood that once they entered the Ten Directions Demon Realm, Lin Xun’s situation would become perilous.

“No need. It’s better if we act separately, so I don’t drag you into trouble. If anything happens to you because of me, I’d be bringing shame upon our sect.” Lin Xun declined lightly.

Yuan Changtian smiled faintly. “Then so be it. But remember, should you ever need me in the Ten Directions Demon Realm, don’t hesitate to find me.”

Lin Xun glanced at him. “And if Elder Yuan ever needs my help, I won’t stand idly by.”

Yuan Changtian chuckled and said nothing more.

Lin Xun’s thoughts turned to his plans once inside. The Ten Directions Demon Realm was an immensely vast and extraordinary world, said to contain the buried law powers of countless epochal civilizations.

This world was divided into ten great regions. They were the eight demon realms: Northern, Eastern, Southern, Western, Northeastern, Southeastern, Southwestern, and Northwestern, along with the Earth Demon Realm and the Heaven Demon Realm at the center. Hence, it came to be known as the Ten Directions Demon Realm.

Participants who entered the Ten Directions Demon Realm would be randomly teleported into one of the eight directions demon realm. Only after nine full years of battle could one pass through the opened barriers and step into the Earth Demon Realm. There, another year of fierce trials awaited before one could finally ascend to the Heaven Demon Realm.

For example, if Lin Xun were sent to the Eastern Demon Realm, he would need to battle through nine years of endless struggle before reaching the Earth Demon Realm. After that, he would need to endure another year there before setting foot in the Heaven Demon Realm.

The reason was simple. Both the Earth Demon Realm and Heaven Demon Realm were extraordinary beyond comparison. The greatest fortunes of the Ten Directions Demon Realm were often hidden within these two realms.

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Half an incense stick's worth of time later...

Outside the Shaman World, in the depths of the boundless starry sky, Zu Wenheng, who had arrived first, produced a golden beast bone and slashed it across the air.

Boom!

A violent ripple surged through the void. Space twisted, and from the turbulence, a vortex portal slowly unfurled. This was the entrance to the Ten Directions Demon Realm! Ten years from now, this same vortex would reopen and only those who survived would emerge from it.

Zu Wenheng turned and said with a smile, "This time, our friends from the Origin Sect shall enter first. Brother Fang, please let your participants step forward."

Fang Daoping nodded, his gaze sweeping across Lin Xun and the others. "No matter what your final ranking may be," he said solemnly, "I only hope you all return alive. Go on."

The five bowed in unison, cupping their fists respectfully before flying toward the vortex. In an instant, their figures were swallowed by the swirling light and vanished.

"Next, the Shaman Sect's cultivators." Zu Wenheng announced.

Once after another, the various great factions entered the portal. Finally, the vortex pulsed and dissolved into the starry void. Only Fang Daoping, Zu Wenheng, Buddha Venerable Jiaye, Spirit Venerable Qing Yun and the leaders of the Ten Immortal Giants remained.

“Fellow Daoists, this Immortal Dao Battle will last for ten years. Why not come to my Shaman Sect as guests? We can drink and discuss the dao at our leisure.” Zu Wenheng suggested with a hearty smile.

“If it’s only drinks and discussion, why go to such trouble? The starry sky itself is vast enough for that.” Spirit Venerable Qing Yun replied with a smile.

“Agreed.” Fang Daoping nodded.

No one voiced any objection.

Moments later, these peerless figures sat cross-legged in the void, with the endless stars as their backdrop. Cups of immortal wine shimmered in their hands as they drank and conversed. On the surface, it seemed a peaceful, convivial gathering.

.....

The sky and the earth stretched vast and boundless.

Buzz!

Eastern Demon Realm.

Within a colossal ancient city that had stood for countless ages, the air suddenly rippled and five figures emerged from the void: Lin Xun, Yuan Changtian, Cao Beidou, Yun Tianming, and Li Zhen.

At once, a crushing wave of oppressive power swept toward them. The air seethed with chaos and the winds were laced with strands of law power that sliced across their skin like blades. Cultivators below the immortal path likely would have been torn apart instantly beneath such force!

“Just as the rumors say, the Ten Directions Demon Realm is steeped in too much law power. Even the breath of heaven and earth here has turned violent and chaotic. It’s a pity these law powers can’t be refined and have no value to us.” Yuan Changtian mused as he surveyed the surroundings.

It was their first time setting foot in this place. Although they had studied much about the Ten Directions Demon Realm beforehand, standing here in person in a world steeped in peril still made them feel a chill of awe and dread.

“This place, known as East City, is the heart of the Eastern Demon Realm. We’ll likely have to spend the next nine years here...” Cao Beidou said softly.

“Not necessarily. Setting aside the Heaven Demon Realm and the Earth Demon Realm, we can still move between the other seven regions during these nine years to hunt for Desolate Law Power Beasts. Naturally, participants from other factions might show up in this Eastern Demon Realm at any time.”

As Yuan Changtian said this, he turned to Lin Xun, “Brother Lin, have you decided whether to stay in the Eastern Demon Realm, or venture into other regions?” Chapter 2844 Desolate Law Power Beast

Lin Xun shook his head. “It’s hard to say.”

Yuan Changtian seemed to understand and smiled faintly, “That’s true. We’ve only just arrived in the Ten Directions Demon Realm and know nothing of its conditions. It doesn’t make sense to decide anything too soon.”

After a pause, he added, “However, I’ve decided to remain here in the Eastern Demon Realm. For the time being, this city will serve as my base.”

“We share the same thought, Elder Yuan,” Cao Beidou and Yun Tianming said in unison, their voices quick and eager to agree.

Cao Beidou then turned toward Lin Xun. “Didn’t Deacon Lin say earlier that he wouldn’t join us, fearing his troubles might drag us down? Well then...now’s your chance to leave.”

Lin Xun met his gaze, his expression calm, yet his eyes sharp as blades. “Then I wish Elder Cao a safe return from the Ten Directions Demon Realm.”

Without another word, he turned and left. Li Zhen, who had remained silent until now, followed close behind.

Watching the two figures disappear into the distance, Yuan Changtian let out a quiet sigh. "It seems...there isn't much chance for him and me to become friends."

From the very beginning of their journey, he had shown Lin Xun nothing but goodwill. However, clearly, Lin Xun had no intention of reciprocating. Between them, there was no friendship, only enmity!

Cao Beidou said coldly, "Elder Yuan, that man is doomed. We can't afford to get involved with him. We need to draw a clear line."

Yuan Changtian shook his head. "If I see him in peril, I'll still lend a hand."

Cao Beidou and Yun Tianming exchanged puzzled looks.

Yuan Changtian said calmly, "Let Lin Xun owe me a life-saving debt. In the future, what reason would he have not to repay it? Unless I've misjudged his character."

At that, realization dawned on the two men. In this world, nothing was harder to repay than a debt of life. Would Lin Xun dare leave such a debt unpaid?

Though Cao Beidou and the others hated Lin Xun to the bone, they had to admit that if Lin Xun owed anyone a favor, his nature would never allow him to leave it unpaid. That was Lin Xun's reputation: he had integrity and unshakable prestige. Even his enemies could not deny it!

"The two of you, the Immortal Dao Battle has already begun. Since you've chosen to follow me, you'll act according to my command from this moment on." Yuan Changtian's voice was calm, yet in that instant, his aura shifted, becoming commanding and radiating invisible authority.

Cao Beidou and Yun Tianming straightened, their expressions solemn. "We shall obey without question."

.....

Outside East City, the heaven stretched vast and boundless, the winds howling across the barren land as sand whipped through the air.

Lin Xun noticed Li Zhen catching up. He smiled wryly. "Elder, I'm sorry for dragging you into this."

A faint, rare smile touched Li Zhen's cold, resolute face. "I'd suffer more if I had to follow them. There's no need for apologies. What's our next move?"

Warmth stirred in Lin Xun's chest. "Elder, there will be countless dangers ahead, but I promise we'll walk out of the Ten Directions Demon Realm alive."

After a moment's thought, his eyes sharpened, gleaming like steel. "No...not just alive. We'll return with a full harvest!"

Li Zhen's lips curved slightly. "Survive first, then talk about the future."

Lin Xun laughed, "Elder is absolutely right."

Shua!

Suddenly, a streak of violet flame burst from the ground, streaking toward Lin Xun like a bolt of lightning, swift, silent and deadly.

"Be careful!"

Li Zhen's warning came as he was about to strike. However, Lin Xun merely flicked his sleeve.

Boom!

The violet blaze shattered and vanished. In the same motion, Lin Xun pressed his palm against the ground. A thunderous boom shook the air as the earth split apart, dirt and rocks exploding upward. From the depths below, a violet shadow erupted into view.

It was a ferocious beast shaped like a pangolin, its scales ablaze with ghostly purple fire. Its back was lined with dense, sword-like barbs that gleamed with murderous light.

Swoosh! Swoosh Swoosh!

Sensing danger, the creature tensed, and its spine arched. In the next instant, its barbs shot out like a rain of violet arrows.

As they tore through the air, each barb melted holes in the void. The piercing sound echoed across heaven and earth. The destructive force of this barrage was no weaker than the might of a Nirvana Spirit cultivator.

Despite that, Lin Xun simply reached out and grasped the air.

Rumble!

A vast abyss vortex erupted into being, swirling with radiant laws. It devoured the storm of violet barbs, grinding them to dust until nothing remained.

Shua!

The beast instantly tried to burrow back into the ground. Unfortunately, it was too late. A colossal hand seized it and hauled it from the depths. The entire exchange lasted less than a blink.

Watching Lin Xun effortlessly capture the beast, Li Zhen's eyes gleamed with admiration. "That creature carried the power of a sixth grade Earth Rank law. Not the strongest of Desolate Law Power Beasts, but still enough to overwhelm anyone below the Nirvana Spirit Stage."

In the Ten Directions Demon Realm, such creatures were known as Desolate Law Power Beasts and were divided into three kinds. The first were Earth Rank beasts, whose bodies contained law power of up to the ninth grade Earth Rank. They were the most common across the eight demon realms, and so numerous they could form beast tides that swept across heaven and earth. When that happened, even a perfect Nirvana Spirit expert would be forced to retreat.

The second type were Heaven Rank beasts, infused with law power in the range of the nine grades of the Heaven Rank. Such creatures were rare within the eight demon realms. The higher its grade, the greater its strength, and the fewer of its kind could be found across the eight demon realms.

Bang!

Lin Xun's fingers tightened. The captured beast's body burst apart, and what remained was a wisp of violet flame-like law power, swirling quietly in his palm. After a brief inspection, he said calmly, "A sixth grade Earth Rank law, but partially damaged and incomplete. No cultivator could ever comprehend a full immortal law from this."

This also meant that such a fragment of law power could never support the foundation of an Immortal Imperial Clan.

"Even so, for our generation, something like this is a priceless cultivation treasure." Li Zhen sighed softly.

He had reached the pinnacle of the Nirvana Spirit Stage, but he knew very well how rare such treasures were or how many years of toil and blood it would take to find even a single trace of law power that could be refined. Even within the Origin Sect, few could afford to use law power as a cultivation resource. Such treasures were far too rare and precious.

Lin Xun said, "Elder, from today onward, any law power we obtain shall be shared equally between us."

Li Zhen shook his head. "There's no need. I've already reached the limit of this cultivation stage. Ordinary law power has no use for me now. You, on the other hand, are the one who needs it most."

As he spoke, Li Zhen bent down, picked up a shard of bone left behind by the slain beast and stowed it away. "This will serve as proof of our hunt. At the end of this trial, the ranking of the Four Great Ancestral Courts will be determined by how many of these tokens we've collected."

Lin Xun said nothing more. With a wave of his hand, the sixth grade Earth Rank law power was drawn into the Limitless Abyss Sword Cauldron.

Boom!

At once, the Nirvana law stirred within, refining that fragment of law power into the purest origin law power.

"Wushuang, keep it safe and don't eat it in secret." Lin Xun instructed.

From within the cauldron came a playful voice, sweet as spring water. "Master, don't worry! Shuang'er wouldn't dare disrupt your grand cultivation plan."

Lin Xun smiled faintly, then said to Li Zhen, "Elder, I plan to find a place to settle first to make a base before we hunt further."

Li Zhen nodded. "I told you before, decide as you see fit."

Lin Xun nodded, and the two continued on their way. Lin Xun had long studied the records of the Ten Directions Demon Realm. Apart from the Earth Demon Realm and Heaven Demon Realm, the remaining eight regions were each vast enough to stand as worlds of their own, yet they were all linked and interwoven.

Only the Earth Demon Realm and the Heaven Demon Realm were truly exceptional. After nine years, the world barrier separating the eight outer demon realms from the Earth Demon Realm would finally open, allowing all participants to enter.

A year later, the barrier leading from the Earth Demon Realm to the Heaven Demon Realm would also open, but only for three brief months before closing once more. Thus, the Immortal Dao Battle would last for just over ten years.

For now, Lin Xun and his companions had only just entered the Ten Directions Demon Realm. This meant that for the next nine years, the great factions taking part in the Immortal Dao Battle could only temper themselves and vie for supremacy within the eight outer demon realms.

Naturally, no one could remain confined to a single realm. It was clear that the greatest danger did not come from the Desolate Law Power Beasts, but instead from the rival cultivators of the other factions.

Lin Xun, however, remained untroubled. His immediate priority was to establish a base, hunt as many Desolate Law Power Beasts as possible, and harvest every shred of law power he could find. Unlike others, the law power he gathered would be instantly refined by the nirvana law into the purest origin law power.

This meant he no longer needed to waste time refining the law power he collected. He could simply treat them as divine elixirs to nourish his cultivation! Other cultivators, however, first had to subdue the law power, then laboriously refine it through time and effort. Naturally, none could hope to compare with Lin Xun.

Shua! Shua!

Beneath the boundless sky, Lin Xun and Li Zhen moved unhurriedly across mountains and plains, the vast land below flashing past like flickering shadows. Along the way, they encountered numerous Desolate Law Power Beasts, some roaming alone, others in small packs of three or five. None were particularly strong, and all fell swiftly beneath their combined might.

Most of the law power they harvested was of the Earth Rank, and the highest was no greater than the seventh grade. However, these law powers were almost always marred by flaws and incompleteness.

If a Heaven Longevity cultivator attempted to comprehend and refine immortal laws from such flawed powers, it would be a doomed path to ruin. Not only would the strength they could command remain limited forever, but in this lifetime, breaking through to the Nirvana Spirit Realm would also be nothing more than a dream.

In short, only complete and flawless law power could uphold the foundation of an Immortal Imperial Clan and serve as the proper path of cultivation for those of the Heavenly Longevity Realm. However, to those at the Nirvana Spirit Stage, even these damaged laws were invaluable treasures that had amazing benefits for improving cultivation.

The law power they collected along the way were all stored by Lin Xun within the Limitless Abyss Sword Cauldron, where it was refined by the Nirvana law before being entrusted to Wushuang for safekeeping.

Two hours later, a vast black mountain range stretched endlessly before Lin Xun's eyes.

"Elder, this should be the Myriad Ravines Mountain Range in the Eastern Demon Realm. It's said to be one of the three most perilous places in this realm." Lin Xun said, his eyes gleaming. "And rumor has it that many Heaven Rank beasts dwell here!"

Chapter 2845 Might of the Sword Cauldron

Myriad Ravines Mountain Range.

It was said this boundless range stretched for millions of miles, and its depths were riddled with countless ravines and abysses. It was one of the birthplaces of Desolate Law Power Beasts in the Ten Directions Demon Realm.

In every past Immortal Dao Battle, participants would only dare venture deep into this perilous land in groups. The reason was simple: this was a place Heaven Rank Desolate Law Power Beasts roamed freely!

To those at the pinnacle of the Nirvana Spirit Realm, Earth Rank beasts posed little threat. However, Heaven Rank beasts were another matter entirely. They possessed Heaven Rank law power and their ferocity was unmatched. Even a single encounter could end the life of a Nirvana Spirit cultivator.

However, for Lin Xun, this mountain range was the perfect training ground! The principles of heaven and earth within the Ten Directions Demon Realm were unlike those of any other world.

The reason this realm could bury and preserve the laws of countless epochal civilizations was because its very fabric possessed an astonishing capacity to both endure destruction and renew itself. A mountain might be leveled in an instant, yet reformed within a few days.

Otherwise, even a fearsome place like the Myriad Ravines Mountain Range, spanning millions of miles, could never have survived through the countless Immortal Dao Battles that had ravaged it across the ages.

In fact, the same was true for the Desolate Law Power Beasts roaming the Ten Directions Demon Realm. Every three thousand years, the mountains and rivers of this vast world would shift and reform, birthing new lands and new Desolate Law Power Beasts. Like the turning of the four seasons, the cycle of creation and renewal never ceased.

For example, the Myriad Ravines Mountain Range before Lin Xun was completely different from what it had once been. It was as if the entire Ten Directions Demon Realm was alive, evolving with every era. That fact alone was astonishing.

However, Lin Xun had not come here to ponder the mysteries of heaven and earth in this Ten Directions Demon Realm. His goal was simple: hunt Desolate Law Power Beasts, harvest law power, and temper his own cultivation.

Mountains piled upon mountains, stretching endlessly beneath a shroud of gray mist. From deep within, roars of beasts rolled out like thunder, each imbued with savage power that chilled the blood.

Clang!

Li Zhen's hand tightened around a dull, unadorned black sword. His aura shifted sharply, and a murderous intent surged from his tall, mountain-like frame. Even a Nirvana Spirit old monster like him dared not let his vigilance waver as they approached the Myriad Ravines Mountain Range.

Lin Xun hovered in the air, gazing down at the rolling mountains and winding rivers. To a dao rune master like him, the world unfolded in layers unseen by ordinary eyes. The coursing of mountain veins, the shifting of air currents, and the faint reflections within the peaks all whispered hidden mysteries and secrets.

After a moment, he spoke softly, "Elder, this way."

Li Zhen's expression stiffened in surprise. "That direction is thick with fiendish qi. The law power there churns violently, far worse than any other direction. It's clearly a land of treacherous mountains and cursed waters, filled with killing intent and unpredictable danger..."

Lin Xun replied evenly, "The more perilous the place, the greater the chance of finding Heaven Rank Desolate Law Power Beasts. Don't worry, Elder. I know what I'm doing."

Li Zhen said nothing more. Back in the Origin Sect, Lin Xun had always been known for his unyielding will and fearless spirit. He walked paths others dared not tread.

Perhaps it was for this reason that he had become who he was today.

Boom! Boom! Boom!

Not long after Lin Xun and Li Zhen stepped into the Myriad Ravines Mountain Range, they reached a shadowed valley deep within the mountains. Murderous mist rolled like storm clouds, and earth-shaking roars echoed from all directions. Even the mountains and rivers seemed to quiver in fear.

In the swirling fog, pairs of eyes suddenly flared open, some scarlet, some emerald, some blazing gold, others cold and silvery-white. There were hundreds of them! A terrifying tide of chaotic law power swept across the land like a tidal wave, carrying suffocating killing intent that made the heavens tremble.

"Beast tide! Retreat!" Li Zhen's expression shifted, and he immediately prepared to pull back.

To his astonishment, Lin Xun didn't retreat. Instead, a battle-hungry light burned in his eyes. "Elder," he said with a faint smile, "Just watch."

Behind Lin Xun's tall, commanding figure, an Immortal Halo bloomed. Within it sat his will dharma, as majestic as a demon god descending upon the mortal world.

Li Zhen froze for a moment, then the corner of his mouth twitched. "This kid..."

Boom!

In the distance, the roiling fiendish mist shattered with a thunderous boom. One after another, Desolate Law Power Beasts burst forth. Some were towering like mountains with their bodies sheathed in crimson, frost-scales. Some bore skeletal wings that crackled with lightning. Some took the forms of tigers and lions, commanding wind and fire.

Hundreds of beasts charged in unison, their combined momentum blotting out the heavens. The power radiating from each one was so terrifying and fierce that even Nirvana Spirit experts would have shuddered before them. However, Lin Xun did not flinch. He advanced, summoning the Limitless Abyss Sword Cauldron.

Buzz!

A wisp of crystalline time aura, interwoven with billions of radiant strands of divine light, flowed out from the Limitless Abyss Sword Cauldron. In that instant, the entire mountain range blazed as though bathed in the first light of dawn!

Li Zhen's eyes widened in disbelief.

Clang!

Then, a clear, resounding sword cry split the heavens. From within the cauldron, a dao sword shot forth, sweeping across the void in a dazzling arc. Heaven and earth fell utterly silent, as though the flow of time had come to a halt.

The figures of hundreds of beasts that had filled the skies froze mid-charge like images painted on a still canvas. Then the sword fell.

Boom!

The still, frozen world shattered like glass. The raging beasts that filled heaven and earth were like wild grass beneath an iron plow, crushed mercilessly one after another. Their bodies burst apart, limbs were

sent flying, and torrents of blood rained down. The scarlet spray spread like spilled ink, staining the world red.

Bang! Bang! Bang!

A deafening barrage of sound erupted like a thousand firecrackers exploding at once, shaking the heavens and seizing the heart. In a flash, the beast tide was annihilated!

The sight of carnage bloomed before Li Zhen's eyes like a sudden, blinding fireworks. His pupils constricted violently, and his usually calm, iron-willed face twisted in disbelief.

Is this power that someone only at the initial Nirvana Spirit Stage can possess?!

That sword strike had nearly overturned everything he thought he knew. Nine years ago, Li Zhen had witnessed Lin Xun's duel with Zhongli Zhe, the then number one deacon of the Origin Sky Pavilion. Even then, Lin Xun's strength already defied the heavens.

However, compared to now, Lin Xun's strength was completely beyond his imagination.

"What in the heavens happened to this kid during those nine years of confinement?" Li Zhen muttered, dazed.

Meanwhile, Lin Xun's heart surged with excitement! For nine long years, he had poured all his effort and energy into refining Divine Magnetic Iron with the Seal of Temporal Restriction, tempering the power of time into the Limitless Abyss Sword Cauldron.

This was the first time he had unleashed the Limitless Abyss Sword Cauldron since its transformation. It could only be described by one word: invincible!

The power of time it contained surged in full. When unleashed alongside the forbidden art Time Stopping, the might it unleashed was so terrifying that it far surpassed even Lin Xun's own expectations.

Time Stopping merged perfectly with his dao sword, and with every swing, time itself froze and his enemies were executed in that still instant. In short, it seized the instant and killed without mercy!

If this had been before, Lin Xun would have been forced into a brutal, drawn-out struggle against the horde of hundreds of beasts. Now, it was completely different. With a single sword, at least thirty beasts were slain on the spot. The rest howled in agony, grievously wounded.

Roar!

A thunderous roar tore through the heavens. Driven mad with fury, the surviving beasts charged at Lin Xun. Their numbers were still tremendous and their power terrifying.

Of course, Lin Xun had no intention of clashing head-on. He repeated the same trick, channeling the Limitless Abyss Sword Cauldron once more and merging it with forbidden Time Stopping to unleash another devastating sword strike.

With his current cultivation, he could activate the Time Stopping art up to ten times. This was only the second use, and those two uses had consumed no more than twenty percent of his strength.

Boom!

A familiar carnage unfolded. When the stillness broke, another fifty beasts lay dead, torn apart where they stood. Those who had survived the first strike could not withstand the second. Blood rained down, beastly roars split the heavens, and the mountains and rivers lay in ruins.

The remaining twenty-something beasts, broken and terrified, scattered like panicked prey. This time, Lin Xun didn't use Time Stopping. Instead, he soared forward to kill.

Those beasts were already wounded and terror-stricken. To Lin Xun, they were nothing more than lambs waiting to be slaughtered. How could he possibly let them flee? He summoned his five dao bodies to hunt down the fleeing beasts.

Li Zhen, though still shaken, quickly came to his senses and joined the slaughter.

Moments later... Aside from five Desolate Law Power Beasts that managed to escape, the other ninety-nine were slain on the spot. The mountains and rivers ran red with blood, collapsing and withering beneath the slaughter.

Li Zhen stood frozen, disbelief clouding his face. He was a pinnacle Nirvana Spirit expert who had lived for countless years. If he were to face an army of beasts like this, he knew he would have retreated at once rather than meet them head-on.

However, Lin Xun had done the opposite. In less than half an hour, he had annihilated hundreds of beasts, leaving corpses piled like mountains and blood flowing like rivers! Had Li Zhen not witnessed it with his own eyes, he would never have believed such a thing was possible.

Across the battlefield, Lin Xun was calmly gathering the remnants of law power, his face alight with quiet satisfaction, like a hunter returning with a bountiful harvest.

Li Zhen drew a deep breath, suppressing the tremor in his chest, and began collecting the scattered beast bones amid the ruins. These served as proof of their kills.

At this rate...this kid's achievements alone might surpass the combined results of every other participant in this Immortal Dao Battle.

This thought sent a chill coursing through Li Zhen's heart.

"What a pity! These are all Earth Rank law powers. The strongest is only sixth grade, and the rest are mostly around third grade." Not far away, Lin Xun finished gathering all the law power and walked over, a faint smile on his face, though a trace of regret lingered in his eyes.

The harvest was abundant, but all of it was low grade law power. It left him feeling a little disappointed.

Li Zhen could only twitch his lips, caught between laughter and disbelief. If anyone else had claimed such spoils, they would have gone mad with joy.

Chapter 2846 Stronghold

In this battle, Lin Xun had harvested ninety-nine strands of law power. Just like before, each one was damaged and incomplete. It almost felt as though no complete law existed within the Ten Directions Demon Realm.

Even so, he was more than satisfied. After storing the spoils within the Limitless Abyss Sword Cauldron, he straightened his back, eyes bright with resolve. "Elder, let's keep going."

"You don't plan to rest first?" Li Zhen asked.

"Once we find a suitable base, it won't be too late to rest then," Lin Xun replied casually.

Li Zhen could tell that Lin Xun was exhilarated, like a seasoned hunter entering the mountains, filled with anticipation for the next prey.

"Still, it's best to stay cautious," Li Zhen reminded.

Lin Xun nodded. Without another word, the two pressed on.

The Myriad Ravines Mountain Range stretched vast and boundless, shrouded in drifting mist. The void was saturated with chaotic strands of law. As they moved forward, neither Lin Xun nor Li Zhen dared to relax their vigilance.

However, along the way, they encountered only small packs of three to five Desolate Law Power Beasts, and none were as terrifying or vast as the horde they faced before.

After traveling tens of thousands of miles, Lin Xun suddenly halted. His gaze locked onto a gray mountain ahead.

"The aura of Heaven Rank Desolate Law Power Beasts!" Li Zhen's eyes gleamed.

"Yes, and there's more than one." Lin Xun's lips curved faintly, excitement flickering in his gaze.

"Besides, that mountain's terrain is remarkable, easy to defend and difficult to attack. If we establish a

stronghold here and lay down a grand restriction array, we'll have a true foothold in this Eastern Demon Realm."

Nine years!

Whether hunting beasts or dealing with enemies, a secure stronghold was essential.

"If we fight here, I'm worried the battle will destroy this place." Li Zhen cautioned after a moment's thought.

"Don't worry, I'll lure them out," Lin Xun replied lightly.

With a flash, the Green Wood Dao Body materialized, turning into a streak of verdant light that shot toward the gray mountain in the distance.

"Elder, let's withdraw for now."

At that, Lin Xun and Li Zhen quietly retreated into the distance.

Roar!

Before long, a roar like the fury of heaven erupted from the depths of the gray mountain, shaking heaven and earth. The Green Wood Dao Body burst from the fog, and three monstrous figures were chasing close behind.

The first was a colossal bird, its wings spanning a hundred feet. Its body gleamed as though forged from molten silver, its three heads snarled in unison as an icy, violent aura swept forth, freezing even the air around it.

Behind it was a massive ox-shaped creature with pitch-black hide, and arcs of eerie blue lightning danced across its body. At the rear was a humanoid monster, its body covered in bronze scales and its hideous face twisted with malice.

The combined aura of the three beasts swept through the mountains, and wherever they passed, heaven and earth quaked, clouds were torn apart, and the world itself seemed to bow beneath their ferocity.

As the Green Wood Dao Body was about to be caught, a sky-splitting surge of black dao light cleaved across the heavens. It was a domineering blade qi interwoven with radiant law power.

Clang!

The ferocious bird beat its massive wings, stirring a storm as it managed to block the strike. With a cold snort, Li Zhen swung his weapon.

Boom!

In an instant, countless dark blade shadows filled the sky, cascading like the fall of night. The chilling, domineering blade qi spread for miles as he clashed fiercely with the ferocious bird.

At the same time, Lin Xun's Green Wood Dao Body spun around and charged upward, striking toward the beast wreathed in arcs of eerie blue lightning. Lin Xun's true body fixed his gaze on the humanoid beast and launched his assault.

Battle erupted. This time, Lin Xun did not rely on his innate divine talent. He fought with nothing but his own cultivation.

Only then did he truly realize how terrifying the Heaven Rank Desolate Law Power Beasts were. Each of them possessed the might of Heaven Rank laws, and they were ferocious, cunning, and capable of unleashing the profound secrets of law power at will. Their power was even greater than that of most perfect Nirvana Spirit experts.

The pressure on Lin Xun was immense, but it was far from enough to truly threaten him. Moments later, the battle on Li Zhen's side came to an end first. The ferocious bird's silver wings were severed cleanly, and its colossal body was torn apart by raging blade qi.

Li Zhen stood there, calm and unmoved, not a scratch upon him. As an elder of the Origin Clarity Pavilion and a cultivator who had reached the pinnacle of the Nirvana Spirit Stage, his strength was far beyond that of his peers. His combat power was fierce, overbearing, and beyond comparison.

His gaze shifted to Lin Xun, but he made no move to interfere. How could he not see that Lin Xun was deliberately using this battle to test the limits of his own strength?

“To fight a fourth grade Heaven Rank beast head-on with only the cultivation of the initial Nirvana Spirit Stage and without even using his innate powers or weapons...this boy truly defies the heavens.” Li Zhen couldn’t help but sigh.

He knew Lin Xun possessed the potential of Eternal Supremacy, and his path was unlike any other under heaven. He was the lotus awaited by the Lord of Fangchun Mountain for countless ages, and he possessed the innate talent Grand Abyss Heaven Devourer.

Even so, seeing Lin Xun fight with strength that surpassed a perfect Nirvana Spirit cultivator, Li Zhen was left shaken to the core.

Boom!

Soon, the humanoid beast that Lin Xun faced erupted with a deafening bang, its body blasted apart by a single punch. Almost at the same time, Lin Xun’s Green Wood Dao Body struck down the lightning beast it had been battling.

Retracting his dao body, Lin Xun exhaled deeply before counting his spoils. The two Heaven Rank beasts he had slain each carried a strand of Heaven Rank law power, one of the fourth grade and the other of the third.

These were priceless treasures for cultivation, yet to his dismay, even these Heaven Rank law powers were damaged and incomplete.

“Here.”

Li Zhen walked over, handing him a fifth grade Heaven Rank law power he had obtained.

Lin Xun accepted it without hesitation. He already knew that for a being like Li Zhen, who had reached the pinnacle of the Nirvana Spirit Stage, ordinary laws no longer held much meaning. He had secretly decided that if he ever acquired a ninth grade Heaven Rank law power in the Ten Directions Demon Realm, he would offer it to Li Zhen without hesitation.

Without delay, the two retraced their path and soon returned to the gray mountain.

“Elder, from today onward, this will be our stronghold,” Lin Xun said, a surge of pride welling in his chest.

Li Zhen nodded.

The Myriad Ravines Mountain Range was one of the three most perilous lands in the Eastern Demon Realm. Establishing a stronghold here meant that there would be no shortage of beasts to hunt. Without wasting a moment, Lin Xun set to work.

A few days later, the entire gray mountain was shrouded in a web of dao restrictions. Though its defensive power was only average, the array could instantly sense any disturbance within a radius of thousands of miles. This was far more valuable to Lin Xun than mere protection.

Inside a stone cave, Lin Xun sat cross-legged in silence. The Limitless Abyss Sword Cauldron floated before him, its surface pulsing with light. From within, Wushuang’s clear, sweet voice rang out, “Master, the origin law powers of one hundred and twenty-nine Earth Rank laws have been fully integrated. However, three Heaven Rank laws cannot be merged. They must be refined by you personally.”

“Alright, give me the Earth Rank origin law powers first.” Lin Xun replied calmly.

Buzz!

A fist-sized orb emerged from the Limitless Abyss Sword Cauldron, blazing like a miniature sun. Brilliant light flooded the cave, and within the orb surged vast tides of origin law powers! Lin Xun drew in a deep breath and swallowed it whole.

At once, he trembled violently. The torrent of origin law power rampaged within him like a wild stallion that had broken free of its reins, violent and unrestrained. Without hesitation, Lin Xun activated his full cultivation, circulating qi through his body as he began to refine it.

Ever since stepping into the Nirvana Spirit Realm, his progress had stagnated at the initial stage and his advancement had been so faint it was almost imperceptible. The reason was simple: he had lacked law power to refine.

Now everything had changed. The Ten Directions Demon Realm teemed with Desolate Law Power Beasts, and from them, he could draw law power without end! At this moment, he was refining hundreds of fused strands of origin law power.

Boom!

His body rumbled like thunder, dao light blazing from every pore. Behind him, an Immortal Halo slowly revolved, bathing him in a sacred, awe-inspiring radiance. As moments passed, his stagnant cultivation began to rise little by little, yet at a pace so swift it could be seen by the naked eye...

His progress was astonishing!

.....

Black Stone Desert.

This was one of the three most perilous places in the Eastern Demon Realm. Three figures, Yuan Changtian, Cao Beidou and Yun Tianming, descended into the desolate landscape.

“Although the beasts we’ve encountered so far were only Earth Rank, and their law power may not benefit us much, they’ll be invaluable to our clans and juniors back home,” Cao Beidou said with a smile.

He was in high spirits. The Ten Directions Demon Realm, to him, was like a natural treasure trove. It had endless Desolate Law Power Beasts and thus endless law power. Even if they were incomplete, each law was a priceless resource for Nirvana Spirit cultivators.

“Elder Cao is right,” Yun Tianming agreed, smiling.

“According to the rules of this Immortal Dao Battle, hunting ten first grade Earth Rank beasts equals the merit of slaying one of the second grade. And for each higher grade, the merit increases tenfold. So tell me, how great would the reward be for slaying a ninth grade Heaven Rank beast?”

Cao Beidou was taken aback for a moment, then chuckled, “Elder Yuan, you’re right, but that’s not how merit is measured. Ten years from now, when the final rankings are decided, the one who slays the most ninth grade Heaven Rank beasts will take first place.”

Yuan Changtian said calmly, “Of course I know that. But what if two people kill the same number of ninth grade Heaven Rank beasts?”

“Then they’ll see who killed more eighth grade Heaven Rank beasts.” Cao Beidou replied without hesitation.

Yuan Changtian smiled. “Then, by that logic, it’s exactly as I said. Of course, you’re right as well. When the rankings are decided ten years from now, it’ll simply come down to who killed the most ninth grade Heaven Rank beasts.”

At that, he suddenly turned his head, his gaze locking onto Cao Beidou. “Half an hour ago, after you went off to hunt that Earth Rank beast, what else did you do?”

Cao Beidou's pupils contracted sharply.

Yuan Changtian’s expression remained calm, but his tone carried unmistakable weight. “I don’t tolerate scheming under my command, and I have no patience for those who bully others at my side.”

Cao Beidou stiffened, and after a long pause, he spoke in a low voice, "To be frank, Elder Yuan, I merely passed along Lin Xun's whereabouts to a few who were interested. I didn't intentionally keep it from you. I just thought it was too trivial to trouble you with."

Chapter 2847 Wang Juehuan

Yuan Changtian fixed his gaze on Cao Beidou for a long moment before speaking slowly, "Elder Cao, this is only the first day since we entered the Ten Directions Demon Realm, and you're already so eager to make a move?"

Cao Beidou's expression froze. "When it comes to dealing with an enemy, it's best to strike early. Otherwise, with Lin Xun's foundation and strength, once he gathers enough law power, his cultivation will surely soar. When that happens, killing him will be far harder than it is now."

Yuan Changtian asked, "With your cultivation, how long would it take you to refine a first grade Earth Rank law power?"

"Three days."

"And a second grade?"

"Seven days."

"And a ninth grade?"

"Around....two months." Cao Beidou said after a brief hesitation.

Yuan Changtian's gaze sharpened. "Then tell me...how long do you think it would take Lin Xun to gather enough law power and refine them all?"

Cao Beidou fell silent.

Yuan Changtian sighed softly, "He's a member of our Origin Sect. So long as he lives, he can hunt and kill for us, earning merit for our sect. That benefits us all. If we let him die now...wouldn't that be a waste?"

Cao Beidou lowered his head. He disagreed but dared not argue.

“Forget it,” Yuan Changtian said at last. “Since you’ve already acted, what’s done is done. Tell me, who did you leak the information to?”

Cao Beidou replied at once, “Experts from the Ten Immortal Giants.”

“So, you’re placing your hopes on them?” Yuan Changtian mused for a moment then said calmly, “Very well, we’ll pay a visit to the Myriad Ravines Mountain Range as well.”

Yun Tianming, who had been silent all along, suddenly brightened. “Elder Yuan, are you planning to take action yourself?”

“No, I intend to save Lin Xun when the time comes.” As Yuan Changtian spoke, his demeanor shifted, and in the next instant, he soared away into the distance.

Cao Beidou and Yun Tianming exchanged a glance and followed in silence.

.....

Two days later, Wang Juehuan’s gaze was locked on the distant Myriad Ravines Mountain Range. He wore a jade-green robe that accentuated his tall, spear-straight frame. A pine-grained ancient sword hung across his back, and his long black hair was tied with a green cord, lending him a heroic and charming air.

He was a descendant of the Immortal Giant Wang Clan, a peerless genius hailed as the clan’s chosen. From a young age, he had trained under one of the clan’s old antiques. Now, he stood at the pinnacle of the Nirvana Spirit Stage.

In the Eighth Heaven Domain, he was a peerless prodigy of his era, his name echoing across the world. Yet in his heart, the Eighth Heaven Domain was nothing worth his regard. From the moment he first set foot on the path of cultivation, his gaze had been fixed upon the Ninth Heaven Domain!

His ambition was to one day ascend to the Ninth Heaven Domain and contend with the divine sons and divine maidens of the Eternal Divine Clans!

“Bring me Lin Xun’s information again.” Wang Juehuan spoke.

Four old monsters of the Wang Clan, each long ascended to the Nirvana Spirit Realm, stood respectfully behind him. At his words, one immediately stepped forward, both hands raised to present a jade slip.

Wang Juehuan took it, his eyes flickering with faint light as he began to read. The jade slip contained a detailed record of everything concerning Lin Xun, from his conduct within the Origin Sect to his every feat in the Great Thousand Battle Domain.

Wang Juehuan had read this jade slip countless times, yet every time it left him unsettled. He simply couldn’t fathom how someone could become the successor the Lord of Fangchun Mountain had awaited for eternity, or how he could wield such heaven-defying power.

“He’s been gone from the Origin Sect for six years. Where did he go during that time?” Wang Juehuan murmured as his focus returned.

Someone bowed and reported. “Young Master, according to our investigation, it was Xuan Feiling, one of the deputy pavilion masters of the Origin Sect, who personally took him away. Since then, there has been no news of him. We conducted many investigations but still found nothing. However, based on the elders’ analysis, it’s most likely he went to the Fortune Dominion.”

“Fortune Dominion...” Wang Juehuan’s eyes narrowed slightly. He fell silent for a long while, then tucked the jade slip away. “Have we received word from the experts of the five clans, Fu, Qi, Mu, Zu, and Chi?”

At this moment, the battlefield was not only filled with the Wang Clan’s own participants, but also with the forces of four Immortal Giants: the Zhongli, Zhong, Donghuang, and Jing Clans.

“Young Master, they’re already on their way. We may need to wait a little longer, but no more than two days.” Someone reported in a low voice.

Wang Juehuan gave a faint nod, then turned and strode toward a nearby area. There, gathered together, were the participants of four immortal giants: the Zhongli, Zhong, Donghuang, and Jing Clans.

“Jing Ying, your clan is famed for its skill in tracking and assassination. Are you confident you can locate Lin Xun’s whereabouts within this mountain range?” Wang Juehuan turned his gaze toward a woman.

She was a beautiful woman with eyes cold and sharp as blades. Her aura was faint and ethereal like mist.

Jing Ying! She was a descendant of the Jing Clan. She had reached the pinnacle of the Nirvana Spirit Stage and led the Jing Clan’s participants in the battle. Hearing this, she replied coolly, “I’ll need a bit more time.”

Wang Juehuan asked lightly, “Can it be done within a day?”

Jing Ying’s brows furrowed slightly, but she still nodded and said, “I’ll do my best.”

Wang Juehuan’s gaze swept over the participants of the Zhongli, Donghuang, and Zhong Clans as he said coldly, “The Ten Immortal Giants have joined forces this time not to hunt Desolate Law Power Beasts, nor to vie with the Four Great Ancestral Courts, but for that Lin Xun.”

After a brief pause, he continued, “In the operation to come, I expect your cooperation, and that you follow my command. Is that clear?”

Each of these participants from the various Immortal Giants was a top existence of the Nirvana Spirit Stage, radiating immense might and distinct temperaments. Despite that, at this moment, all of them appeared utterly compliant. No one questioned him, and no one dared to refute a word.

For the one who spoke was none other than Wang Juehuan, the chosen of the number one Immortal Giant, the Wang Clan!

“Jing Ying, take your people and move out first. If there’s any news, report back at once.” Wang Juehuan ordered casually.

“Understood.” Without hesitation, Jing Ying led the four Jing Clan experts and swept away toward the distant Myriad Ravines Mountain Range.

“Everyone, from this moment on, prepare for battle. No one, regardless of rank, is permitted the slightest carelessness.” Wang Juehuan’s voice rolled through the air. “I’ll say only this: Lin Xun is no ordinary opponent. Don’t underestimate him just because he’s only at the initial Nirvana Spirit Stage! I expect every one of you to ready your strongest trump cards and killing techniques. When the time comes, fight as if your lives depend on it!”

Everyone’s heart sank, disbelief flickering in their eyes. At this moment, even with the experts from the five Immortal Giants yet to arrive, there were already twenty-five Nirvana Spirit powerhouses present. Every single one had reached the pinnacle of the Nirvana Spirit Stage! Each was a fierce figure selected from among thousands!

With such an overwhelming lineup, was it necessary to prepare to ‘fight as if your lives depend on it’?

“Perhaps you think I’m exaggerating, and I sincerely hope I am, but every record, every report, and every trace of evidence tells us that Lin Xun...is not someone easy to deal with.” With that, Wang Juehuan turned away. Hands clasped behind his back, he stood in silence, his gaze fixed upon the distant peaks of the Myriad Ravines Mountain Range. His tall, spear-straight figure stood solitary and striking against the horizon.

.....

“Young Lady, there are traces of battle ahead.”

In the depths of the Myriad Ravines Mountain Range, a gray-robed elder from the Jing Clan bowed slightly toward Jing Ying. Before them stretched a devastated landscape. Mountains were torn apart and the ground was soaked deep with blood.

“Uncle, can you tell anything from the traces?” Jing Ying asked.

“The air is thick with the remnants of law power. Even if we invoked the law of retracing, it would be impossible to recreate what happened here.” The gray-robed elder mused, his brows furrowed. “Still, judging from the aftermath, a fierce battle must have taken place. Countless Desolate Law Power Beasts have fallen here, yet their opponents escaped unscathed. They likely broke through the encirclement without injury.”

“According to Cao Beidou’s report, Lin Xun is accompanied by an Origin Sect elder. With their strength, it’s no surprise they managed such a feat.” Jing Ying said as she advanced, leading the gray-robed elder and the others forward.

Along the way, they often came across traces of battles, making their search far easier.

“Leaving behind so many traces only proves that Lin Xun has no idea that his whereabouts have already been betrayed...by his own Origin Sect.” The gray-robed elder chuckled as they moved along.

“Cao Beidou may be an elder of the Origin Sect,” he continued, “But he was cultivated by the Fu Clan. Naturally, his loyalties lie with the Ten Immortal Giants.”

Jing Ying spoke lightly, “Everyone, stay alert. Our task is to track the target’s movements, not to engage in battle.”

Clink!

A faint, eerie chime rippled through the air. A yellow-robed middle-aged man looked down. A string of small green bells were swaying violently in his grasp.

His expression changed. “Young Lady, restriction fluctuation detected! We’ve been exposed!”

“Retreat!” Jing Ying commanded immediately. As she turned, a jade pendant appeared in her hand. She crushed it at once.

PA!

A streak of scarlet light shot skyward, bursting into a flare. However, just as her group prepared to withdraw, a calm sigh echoed through the void. "I didn't expect you to react that fast. That talisman...was it a signal to summon your allies?"

Lin Xun and Li Zhen stepped out of the air.

"Young Lady, go!" The gray-robed elder's voice rang low and grave as he swept his sleeve. In an instant, the heavens dimmed and the air blazed with heat. Lightning laws erupted from the void like a storm of raging dragons, surging toward Lin Xun and Li Zhen.

Clang!

Li Zhen drew his blade and cleaved through the air. The torrent of lightning split cleanly in two beneath his strike, then scattered like falling rain. That single, domineering blow made the gray-robed elder's pupils contract sharply.

"The Jing Clan dares to take part in a plot against my Origin Sect? It seems you've grown tired of living." Li Zhen's voice was cold as frost.

"Young Lady, go! Now!" roared the gray-elder. Drawing a deep breath, he summoned a flying sword that gleamed like falling snow. At the same time, the other three beside him unleashed their full power. Murderous intent erupted across the battlefield as they charged forward to besiege Lin Xun and Li Zhen.

"Hold out for just a moment. Our reinforcements will arrive soon." Jing Ying's figure flashed, turning into a streak of misty gray light that tore toward the heavens to flee.

At that moment, Lin Xun's lips curled into a faint smile. "You came all the way...did you really think you could just leave?"

As his voice echoed through the air, his five dao bodies emerged one after another, forming an encirclement that sealed off heavens and earth. The Red Flame Dao Body stood directly in Jing Ying's escape path. It raised a hand and struck out casually.

Boom!

Flames devoured the void, their searing heat distorting heaven and earth. From within the inferno, Jing Ying staggered out, her cold, beautiful face now shadowed with a solemn look.

Chapter 2848 Ambush

“Kill!”

A pitch-black short blade appeared between Jing Ying’s slender fingers as her tall, graceful figure stepped into the air, surging toward the Red Flame Dao Body.

Her reaction was lightning-fast. A master of one-strike kills, she unleashed her full power the instant she moved. Her perfect Nirvana Spirit cultivation surged to its limit as she delivered her strongest blow.

Shua!

The short blade flashed like a streak of gray light, its power condensed to the extreme. It was so tightly contained that not a ripple of energy leaked out. However, wherever it passed, the void split apart in utter silence, leaving behind a straight, razor-thin crack spreading at incredible speed toward the Red Flame Dao Body.

The Thorn of Death! Even against those at the same cultivation stage, Jing Ying had the confidence to kill with a single strike! This was her ultimate trump card.

In the next instant, a clear, resonant sword hum tore through the heavens. The world suddenly froze. All sound vanished. Time itself seemed to halt. Only a single sword qi swept through that still world.

Jing Ying’s Thorn of Death froze midair. By the time she came to her senses, the surging sword qi was already upon her! Her face was drained of color. Time Stopping!

Clang!

At the critical moment, Jing Ying swung her short blade across her body, barely managing to block the lethal sword qi. The impact sent her hurtling backward as blood spilled from her lips. In the end, caught unprepared, she took the full brunt of the blow.

Thankfully, she was still alive... However, before she could regain her balance, a slender hand shot out from behind and clamped around her throat. A terrifying power surged through her body, making her limbs go numb. Her vision darkened, her breath seized and all strength was drained from her body.

It was the Red Flame Dao Body. At that moment, Lin Xun had together unleashed the Limitless Abyss Sword Cauldron and the divine art Time Stopping. His sword qi swept across the battlefield, freezing the flow of time.

Furthermore, in that instant, he captured Jing Ying while she was caught completely off guard! Still, Lin Xun had to admit that Jing Ying was a fierce and formidable foe. She had even blocked his sword strike earlier. If he had not summoned the Red Flame Dao Body, he might not have subdued her so quickly.

“Run! Now!”

Jing Ying, refusing to yield, screamed in defiance. However, the next instant, her cry was abruptly cut off. She had seen that all four of her comrades had been captured, their faces pale as death.

How could this be?

A wave of uncontrollable terror surged up from her chest. The battle had erupted too suddenly and ended even faster. It was like a nightmare she couldn't wake from, leaving her mind blank.

Even Li Zhen stood frozen in disbelief. It had only been five days since they entered the Ten Directions Demon Realm. In the past few days, Lin Xun had been in closed-door cultivation, refining the law power he had gathered.

However, today, Li Zhen suddenly realized Lin Xun's cultivation had soared and his aura was on the verge of breaking through to the intermediate Nirvana Spirit Stage! This speed was not merely rapid. It was terrifying!

Refining law power was a slow and arduous process. Despite that, in just five days, Lin Xun's cultivation had improved so drastically that there could be only one reason: he had refined a staggering number of law powers.

A chill crept through Li Zhen's heart. He suddenly understood that he had uncovered one of Lin Xun's greatest secrets, a secret tied to how he refined law power.

"The Immortal Dao Battle has only been underway for five days, yet you've already rushed here from other demon realms. It seems you came specifically for me. Tell me...how did you know where to find me?" Lin Xun asked calmly.

Jing Ying pursed her lips and said nothing. Her four comrades remained just as silent.

Bang!

The Black Water Dao Body acted, instantly killing the gray-robed elder, erasing both his body and soul. A perfect Nirvana Spirit powerhouse from the Jing Clan was slain in the blink of an eye!

The suddenness of his death hit Jing Ying and the others like a thunderclap. Their faces became drained of color and their eyes wide with disbelief.

"Time is precious. Don't waste it," Lin Xun said evenly.

Fury burned across Jing Ying's beautiful face. "Outside this Myriad Ravines Mountain Range, the forces of all the Immortal Giants have gathered. I've already sent word. It won't be long before you, Lin Xun, meet your end!"

Bang!

Another perfect Nirvana Spirit powerhouse of the Jing Clan was slain, his body burst apart, scattering into ash. Jing Ying's eyes burned red as she ground her teeth. "Lin Xun, you'll die a miserable death!!"

Bang! Bang!

The last two Jing Clan cultivators were cut down on the spot. Those scenes of blood and death left Jing Ying on the verge of collapse.

Lin Xun turned slightly. "Elder, shall we stay or go?"

Li Zhen met his gaze. "You decide."

A faint smile touched Lin Xun's lips. "Then let's play with them for a bit. If it gets troublesome, we'll leave."

With a flick of his sleeve, he sealed Jing Ying in the Limitless Abyss Sword Cauldron, then vanished with Li Zhen into the distance.

Not long after they left... With a roar of wind, Wang Juehuan descended with a group of powerful figures, tearing through the sky.

When they arrived, the battlefield was soaked in blood, littered with shattered bones and scorched dust. Everyone froze, faces paling in shock. Barely half an incense stick of time had passed, yet Jing Ying and her entire group were already annihilated?!

A cold light flickered in Wang Juehuan's eyes. "Now, do you all understand just what kind of opponent we're facing?"

A heavy silence fell.

"Young Master, Lin Xun must have just left not long ago," an expert from the Wang Clan reported grimly.

"Do we pursue him?"

All eyes turned to Wang Juehuan. There were fifty participants from the Ten Immortal Giants in this battle, each clan dispatching only five Nirvana Spirit Realm experts. Now, before the hunt had truly begun, the Jing Clan's entire squad had already been wiped out. This realization sent a shiver through the crowd.

"Chase!" Wang Juehuan uttered a single word.

Once the arrow was loose, there was no turning back. If they failed to kill Lin Xun now, who knew when such a chance would come again?

Without hesitation, Wang Juehuan took the lead, his robes billowing as he surged into the distance. The others followed swiftly behind.

"All of you," Wang Juehuan's cold voice echoed through the wind, "should have come prepared with secret treasures capable of resisting the power of time. I advise you to stop hiding them and equip them now."

He paused, his expression hardening. "If my guess is correct, Jing Ying's team was wiped out because Lin Xun caught them off guard with his forbidden divine art, Time Stopping. And don't forget, he once severed Yu Fengzi's cultivation with the Blade of Time. If he ambushes us..."

He didn't need to finish. The cultivators behind him had already acted. Bells chimed faintly, lanterns flickered, and ancient seals shimmered in the air, each treasure radiating a mysterious and obscure aura.

Long before this operation began, the Ten Immortal Giants had already gathered intelligence on Lin Xun. They knew all too well that as the successor of the Grand Abyss Heaven Devourer, his greatest trump card was his divine mastery over time.

To counter him, each clan had prepared artifacts specifically crafted to resist the power of time and entrusted them to their chosen participants. At the sight of those treasures, a hint of calm returned to Wang Juehuan's heart.

Long ago, the Ten Immortal Giants of the Eighth Heaven Domain had witnessed the terror of the Grand Abyss Heaven Devourer and paid a heavy price to suppress Luo Tongtian. That hard-won lesson became the Ten Immortal Giants' greatest advantage when facing the Grand Heaven Abyss Devourer once again.

For instance, the secret treasures each participant carried were forged from that very knowledge. They were crafted specifically to withstand the power of time. Jing Ying and her team had carried similar relics, but Lin Xun's attack came so suddenly that they never even had the time to summon them before they were captured and slain.

That was precisely why Wang Juehuan had ordered everyone to make their preparations in advance.

"Notify the other five other clans on their way here...tell them to make the same preparations." Wang Juehuan's voice was calm but commanding.

"Yes." An old man stepped forward, flicking a jade talisman into the air. It burst into flame and shot toward the sky.

Wang Juehuan then reached behind his back and drew the pine-grained ancient sword he had carried since his youth. It gleamed faintly in his left hand, which he had always wielded a blade with.

Of note, in his right hand rested a tranquil blue dao pearl, the Time-Space Lightning Pearl! Crystal-clear like a river stone, the pearl pulsed with mysterious arcs of lightning born from the clash of time and space. Those were Divine Lightning of Time and Space.

Long ago, an old antique of the Wang Clan used this very treasure to block Luo Tongtian's Blade of Time and engaged him in a battle that shook the ages. Although he failed to win, he held off Luo Tongtian long enough for the other old monsters to close in, creating the perfect chance to defeat the legendary being!

It was no exaggeration to say that the Time-Space Lightning Pearl was among the Wang Clan's most precious relics. Now, this treasure was in Wang Juehuan's hands. This was a clear sign of how greatly the clan valued their chosen one.

As Wang Juehan held the pearl, calm settled over his heart, and confidence radiated from him. He regarded Lin Xun as his greatest enemy and dared not show the slightest negligence. However, he was equally confident that this time, he would successfully capture Lin Xun and recreate that ancient feat, just like when the Ten Immortal Giants united to besiege and suppress Luo Tongtian!

The mountains stretched endlessly, peaks rising and falling like waves. The Myriad Ravines Mountain Range was boundless, mist veiling the land as deep ravines crisscrossed the ancient terrain.

A bolt of black lightning burst from the depths of a ravine, twisting through the void before unfurling into a massive net woven from strands of law power. It descended upon Wang Juehuan's group like the heavens collapsing.

Shua!

Prepared for such an attack, Wang Juehuan reacted in an instant. The pine-grained sword unleashed a terrifying cry that made the mountains quake while verdant sword qi cleaved through the heavens like a tidal wave. The lightning net exploded with a thunderous roar, its immense power collapsing like rotten wood before scattering in a tide of sparks.

"Slash!"

"Kill!"

"Don't hold back!"

Shouts rang out as the cultivators behind Wang Juehuan unleashed their full might. Treasures flared, dao lights erupted, and divine radiance surged forth like the Milky Way crashing down upon the earth.

From the depths of the ravine came a beast roar, filled with terror and despair. It echoed between heaven and earth, lingering for a long time before fading into silence. Seeing this, the bloodthirsty crowd froze for a moment, then gradually relaxed.

“So it was only a Desolate Law Power Beast. I thought Lin Xun had ambushed us,” someone said with a chuckle.

Laughter rippled through the group. Some even wondered if their earlier reaction had been a bit too extreme.

“The beast we saw earlier possessed at least a fourth grade Heaven Rank Law Power. It’s a rare treasure! Wait here a moment while I go claim it.”

A cultivator from the Zhongli Clan stepped forward without hesitation, rushing straight into the depths of the ravine.

Wang Juehuan felt a strange sense of unease in his chest. Something felt off.

At that moment, from the darkness deep within the ravine came a sudden, panicked scream,

“Ambush!”

Chapter 2849 Wolves in Front, Tigers behind

“Ambush!”

Just one word, yet it thundered across the heavens. A heartbeat later, the world fell silent. Even the void seemed to freeze, leaving only that word reverberating endlessly through the air. Wang Juehuan and the others’ pupils shrank, their expressions tightening.

“Kill!”

Before Wang Juehuan could even give an order, the Zhongli Clan experts had already sprung into action. Treasures flared, dao arts blazed, and torrents of divine power surged toward the depths of the ravine.

In an instant, the mountains convulsed and the ravines collapsed with a deafening roar. Smoke and dust blanketed the land as a crater ten thousand feet wide was blasted into existence. The heaven shuddered and the earth split apart.

Unfortunately, when the dust cleared, not a trace of the enemy remained. Then, in the far distance, a lone figure appeared. It was Li Zhen.

In one hand, he held a severed head dripping with blood. In the other, a black blade shimmered coldly in the light. His towering figure stood like a war god beneath the heavens, silent and unstoppable.

The sight of the head made the Zhongli Clan cultivators' faces twist in fury. The slain man was one of their clan, and a pinnacle Nirvana Spirit expert who had charged into the ravine moments ago.

Li Zhen's cold voice rolled across the land. "So, the Ten Immortal Giants wish to stand against my Origin Sect? Very well, I'll remember this and I'll settle accounts with each of your clans, one by one." He turned and strode away.

"After him!" The Zhongli Clan cultivators rushed forward.

"Chase!" Wang Juehuan roared, his killing intent erupting like a storm. He had watched a comrade die before his very eyes.

Then, a deep rumble tore through the sky. Above them, the heavens seemed to split apart. A colossal rift of time and space opened, spanning ten thousand feet, its depths swirling with terrifying power of time. It was as if the gate of hell had opened above the mountains. The vast portal hung in the sky, covering the land beneath it for thousands of miles.

Wang Juehuan and the others' expressions changed drastically. They could not discern what divine art this was, but there was no doubt that it was the power of the Grand Abyss Heaven Devourer.

"Activate your treasure! Escape this area now!" Wang Juehuan's voice was sharp but steady. He swiftly retreated as the portal began to descend.

Rumble!

The ten-thousand-foot wide portal crashed downward like a collapsing firmament, releasing an unimaginable devouring force. Mountains and rivers were torn from the earth, drawn upward like drifting leaves. The land cracked and massive slabs of stone and soil were pulled into the roaring vortex.

Wang Juehuan and others, caught in the heart of the storm, felt the terrifying devouring force wrenching their bodies out of control.

“Open!”

“Rise!”

“Press forward!”

They roared in unison, unleashing the full might of their cultivation. Divine brilliance surged from their bodies as they summoned their secret treasures in a desperate struggle to resist. The secret treasures blazed with lights of every hue, dazzling and resplendent, and actually resisted the devouring force of the portal!

Meanwhile, Wang Juehuan and several top experts seized the moment and rapidly retreated into the distance.

Rumble!

Heaven and earth quaked in upheaval, wind howled, clouds roiled and sand and stone tore through the air. From afar, the ten-thousand-foot spacetime portal resembled a vast, blood-red maw devouring the land below. Although it sounded slow, in truth it all unfolded in the blink of an eye.

Boom!

The moment the spacetime portal descended, the earth buckled and caved in like fragile paper...hundreds of feet, then thousands...

Gripping the Time Space Lightning Pearl, Wang Juehuan stood tall and spear-straight, bathed in its ghostly blue light. He stood with an expression that was as dark as storm clouds.

Only eleven others had escaped this disaster like him. The remaining seven, too slow to flee, were swallowed whole by the space-time portal! Even after activating their secret treasures meant to resist the power of time, they were swallowed without a trace.

The spacetime portal had erupted too suddenly, spanning thousands of feet in every direction. Within that range, their bodies were restrained and bound by invisible temporal power. Every movement felt like struggling through quicksand. Before they could even move, they were consumed... Then, as abruptly as it had appeared, the portal vanished.

Wang Juehuan and the other survivors stood pale and livid. In just a few blinks of an eye, disaster had struck. How could they not tremble with rage and disbelief?

“Come out!” Wang Juehuan roared, his pine-grained ancient sword sweeping upward in a diagonal arc.

The distant void split apart. From within it, a figure emerged like lightning. It was none other than Lin Xun.

“What a pity,” Lin Xun sighed. “I couldn’t send you off together.”

“Lin Xun!”

Wang Juehuan and the others erupted in fury. Their eyes burned crimson, murderous intent boiling over as they tore through the void to strike.

Lin Xun and Li Zhen exchanged a glance, then turned and fled. This was not the moment to act tough. From the previous battle, Lin Xun had already realized that his enemies had come fully prepared, armed with secret treasures capable of resisting the power of time.

In this situation, even the power of Time Stopping, the Blade of Time, or the Gate of Exile would be of little use. It would be unwise to stay and fight head-on now.

Earlier, when he fought Jing Ying and her group, he had already activated Time Stopping, and moments ago, he had poured all his strength into summoning the Gate of Exile, unleashing it across ten thousand feet of sky and earth. Now, half his cultivation had been drained.

Even with Li Zhen's support, if they were locked in a fierce battle, anything could happen. Furthermore, Lin Xun had no doubt that the participants from the Ten Immortal Giants would be armed with lethal trump cards and hidden killing moves. Given the circumstances, retreat was clearly the wisest choice.

The Immortal Dao Battle would last for ten years. There would be plenty of opportunities to hunt them down and eliminate them one by one. There was no need to gamble his life in a head-on clash now.

Shua! Shua!

In the void, Lin Xun and Li Zhen moved like twin streaks of lightning, each leap spanning thousands of feet, their figures flickering in and out of sight. Unfortunately, the pursuers behind them were relentless. The distance never widened.

"That boy has burned through his strength by using his innate powers too often. He's on the verge of collapse. Whatever it takes, we must bring him down this time." Wang Juehuan's expression was ice-cold.

The disaster that befell Jing Ying's group wasn't his fault. However, the earlier setback was a responsibility he could not escape. He had come fully prepared and thought through every possibility, but Lin Xun had still caught him off guard. It wasn't the Time Stopping or the Blade of Time, but a terrifying divine power utterly beyond his knowledge or expectation.

It was this divine power that struck him unprepared. Even now, the memory of that scene left Wang Juehuan's heart shadowed with unease. A spacetime portal capable of swallowing mountains and rivers within a radius of thousands of feet...that terrifying power far surpassed even the Omega Lord's Blade of Time!

However, Wang Juehuan had also noticed that the power came at a cost. Lin Xun had clearly burned through an immense amount of energy to unleash it.

“Go!”

While giving chase, Wang Juehuan spat out a cold beam of light. A flying blade instantly vanished into the void. This was the Fate Slaying Flying Blade! In the blink of an eye, it reappeared thousands of miles ahead, screaming toward Lin Xun’s head.

Far ahead, Lin Xun’s heart jolted and his eyelids twitched. Without hesitation, he summoned the Limitless Abyss Sword Cauldron, blocking the attack just as the blade arrived.

Clang!

The Fate Slaying Flying Blade slammed into the cauldron and sparks cascaded like a storm of divine light. Lin Xun’s blood and qi churned violently. The sheer force behind that strike sent tremors through him.

“Slash!”

“Slash!”

“Slash!”

Missing once didn’t faze Wang Juehuan. He continued to unleash the Fate Slaying Flying Blade in a relentless barrage. He cared little for precision, his aim was to restrain Lin Xun’s movements.

Clang! Clang! Clang!!

Each clash boomed like the heavens shattering. Every strike carried terrifying power, yet the sword cauldron absorbed them all. Unfortunately, the bombardment still slowed Lin Xun’s movements.

Seeing this, Wang Juehuan and the others brightened, their spirits lifted.

Shua!

As the Fate Slaying Flying Blade came slashing once again, a dao sword suddenly shot forth from the Limitless Abyss Sword Cauldron, slashing through the void with peerless might.

Crack!

A sharp crack rang out. The Fate Slaying Flying Blade splintered and was blasted backward through the void. The recoil struck Wang Juehuan hard. A line of blood traced down his lips, and disbelief flashed in his eyes.

The Fate Slaying Flying Blade was one of the Wang Clan's ancestral treasures, forged from tens of thousands of supreme divine materials. It was regarded as one of the finest immortal dao weapons in existence. Its fearsome reputation echoed throughout the Eighth Heaven Domain.

Now, in a direct clash, even this treasure had cracked!

"The sword cauldron in that guy's hand is too powerful..." Wang Juehuan's face turned ashen. He didn't dare to unleash the blade again, fearing that one more clash might destroy it completely. However, watching Lin Xun and Li Zhen widen the distance, his heart twisted with frustration.

At this moment, in the distant heavens, a blinding brilliance erupted. Boundless Buddha light spilled across heaven and earth, illuminating the mountains and rivers.

"Zen Sect participants!" someone exclaimed.

"They must have come to kill Lin Xun!"

"Hah! That boy's doomed now!" The crowd stirred with anticipation.

Only Wang Juehuan frowned, bitterness and unwillingness flickering in his eyes. This hunt for Lin Xun should have been his glory to claim. Now, the participants from the Zen Sect Ancestral Court had stepped in to snatch the kill. How could the proud Wang Juehuan not feel a surge of bitter resentment?

At the same time, Lin Xun and Li Zhen came to an abrupt halt, their brows knitting tightly. In the distance, amidst the boundless flood of Buddha light, four radiant figures stood tall. Each one like a living Buddha, their bodies blazing with sacred brilliance that blanketed heaven and earth, and their might immeasurable.

Looking closer, they were none other than the Zen Sect participants: Buddha Master Ku Xuan, Buddha Master Ku Ji, Buddha Master Jue Wen, and Buddha Master Jue Zhen.

“Since when did the Zen Sect stoop to preying on the wounded?” Li Zhen’s expression turned grim.

“The Immortal Dao Battle is a contest between the Four Great Ancestral Courts. Why such agitation, Fellow Daoist Li Zhen? Could it be that you lack confidence in your own strength?”

The leading figure, Buddha Master Ku Xuan, stood serene and unshakable. As his words faded, the other Buddha Masters advanced step by step from the far horizon, their auras vast enough to blanket heaven and earth. They seemed like four divine mountains wreathed in Buddha light, moving across the sky to seal Lin Xun’s path.

Behind them, Wang Juehuan and the others were rapidly closing in. At that moment, Lin Xun’s gaze turned cold. He and Li Zhen descended onto a towering peak.

“Elder,” he said calmly, “leave the rest to me.”

#### Chapter 2850 Stalemate

On the mountain summit, Lin Xun and Li Zhen stood side by side.

Before them, four Zen Buddha masters of the Zen Sect hovered a thousand feet away, their radiance blazing through heaven and earth and flooding the world with sacred brilliance. Behind, Wang Juehuan raised a hand, halting his group in midair a thousand feet from the mountain.

“Fellow Zen Sect cultivators,” he said calmly, “to avoid unnecessary conflict, I suggest you step aside and hand over this man, Lin Xun, for us to capture and execute.”

As the chosen of the Wang Clan, Wang Juehuan radiated calm arrogance even in the face of the Zen Sect masters.

“This person is an enemy of our Zen Sect,” replied the leading Buddha Master, Ku Xuan. His palms pressed together as he spoke in a serene, tranquil tone, “We will take him back to the sect and pass judgment ourselves. I ask that you do not make this difficult for us.”

Neither side made the first move, wary of one another. They both knew one misstep could turn the hunt for Lin Xun into open war.

A storm of fury and killing intent surged within Li Zhen’s chest. They dare to treat us like prey to be slaughtered at their leisure!

Lin Xun, however, remained calm, his eyes fathomless and still.

Wang Juehuan’s brow creased. “This stalemate only buys Lin Xun more time to recover. If you insist on standing in our way...then we’ll have to take matters into our own hands.”

“So be it.” Ku Xuan inclined his head, calm and unmoved as still water.

Boom!

With a lift of his left hand, Wang Juehuan’s pine-grained sword gave a clear, piercing cry and slashed toward Lin Xun. That sword strike ripped through the skies, its power earth-shattering!

At nearly the same instant, Ku Xuan made his move. A golden alms bowl rose into the air, tilting slightly as a flood of dazzling Buddha light poured out, sweeping toward the mountain peak where Lin Xun and Li Zhen stood.

Clang!

Li Zhen swung his black blade to block the attack, but at that very moment the flow of time between heaven and earth twisted and warped. Countless streams of light danced as threads of temporal power intertwined and wove together, forming a vast, translucent seal that shrouded the mountain like a celestial veil.

The fourth stage of his innate talent, the Seal of Temporal Restriction! Wang Juehuan's sword qi disintegrated the instant it struck the seal. The torrent of Buddha light pouring from the golden alms bowl also dissolved into nothingness.

There was no sound. Not even a ripple. The attacks melted away, like snow dissolving into water, like a clay ox sinking into the sea! The impossible scene made Wang Juehuan, Ku Xuan and everyone else's eyes contract in disbelief.

"A seal woven from the power of time!" Wang Juehuan gasped.

Time was one of the most supreme of daos. Even Emperors could only faintly sense it, but could never truly comprehend it. Immortals could grasp its traces, yet never master its true essence.

In this world, only beings of the Eternal Realm could truly grasp and wield the mysteries of time! Despite that, before their eyes, Lin Xun had drawn upon the power of time to forge a grand restriction array that sealed heaven and earth!

Had Wang Juehuan not known beforehand that Lin Xun's innate talent was tied to time, this moment would have upended his very understanding of reality. He was not the only one. Every cultivator present was shaken to their core.

Li Zhen's gaze flickered. For a moment, he seemed dazed, then, without a word, he sheathed his blade. When he turned to Lin Xun, his expression changed. Lin Xun's face was pale as paper, and his aura was weak and unstable. The toll of maintaining the seal was written all over him. His energy was nearly spent and he was on the verge of collapse!

From suppressing Jing Ying's group to now, Lin Xun had unleashed Time Stopping, the Gate of Exile, and now the Seal of Temporal Restriction. These three forbidden arts had nearly drained his cultivation dry.

"Elder, pay them no mind. We'll meditate right here." Lin Xun sat cross-legged as he spoke, scooping up a handful of Sun Moon Immortal Pills and swallowing them without hesitation. His gaze turned inward, completely indifferent to the enemies surrounding him, as if they simply did not exist.

Li Zhen blinked in surprise, then couldn't help but grin. Without a word, he sat down cross-legged beside Lin Xun and began to meditate.

Watching this, Wang Juehuan's face darkened, and the expressions of the surrounding cultivators soured. Even Buddha Master Ku Xuan and the other Buddha Masters furrowed their brows.

"I'll test it!" Ku Ji's voice was low and steady as he stepped forward, drawing a green lantern from his sleeve. Its flame flickered, spilling waves of soft, jade-hued light imbued with the power of time. They spread like ripples across the void toward the mountain peak.

Bang! Bang! Bang!

A string of clear detonations echoed through the air. The ripples met the Seal of Temporal Restriction, only to be absorbed and swallowed whole, like streams sinking silently into the sea. Ku Ji's expression darkened. He hastily withdrew the lantern, a flicker of doubt and unease crossing his brow.

"Slash!" A Nirvana Spirit expert beside Wang Juehuan roared, swinging his halberd down in a savage arc. Faint threads of temporal power flowed along its gleaming edge as it tore through the air.

Shua!

The halberd's edge slammed into the seal with a deafening crash, yet all it produced was a faint ripple, like a stone tossed into still water, before the seal returned to perfect calm. The faces of all present turned grim.

Is this barrier unbreakable?

They couldn't accept it! They had gone through great effort to corner Lin Xun, yet still couldn't capture him. That failure filled them with fury and frustration.

One after another, Wang Juehuan's group and the four Buddha Masters unleashed every means at their disposal, such as divine arts and secret treasures, in a desperate attempt to shatter the seal.

In the end, every attempt ended in failure. The power of the Seal of Temporal Restriction was too unfathomable. Before it, every attack and every ounce of power seemed to turn pale and powerless.

Meanwhile, Lin Xun and Li Zhen sat quietly, their breathing calm and their minds still, as if in another world entirely. This only deepened the gloom and fury on Wang Juehuan and the others' faces.

From the very start of this battle, Jing Ying and other Jing Clan members had been wiped out. Soon after, a Zhongli Clan cultivator met a tragic end in the depths of a ravine. Later, beneath the might of Lin Xun's Gate of Exile, seven more fell!

Of the twenty-five who had originally surrounded Lin Xun, only twelve remained. Such a heavy loss, how could anyone not erupt in fury?

Most infuriating of all, Lin Xun sat right before their eyes, calm and unshaken as a mountain, but they could do nothing. The helplessness made their blood boil.

The four Buddha Masters, Ku Xuan, Ku Ji, Jue Wen and Jue Zhen, frowned even more deeply.

"This restriction is formed from the power of time. It's impossible for it to last forever. Perhaps before long, it will unravel on its own." someone murmured thoughtfully.

Someone muttered sourly, "Even if this one collapses, Lin Xun can just form another."

"That kind of forbidden power drains him immensely. I don't believe he can keep it up for ten years!" Wang Juehuan ground his teeth. "Spread the word. Have the other five clans rush here at once and seal this place off completely. Let's see who can endure longer, him or us!"

It was a passive strategy, but at this moment, they had no other choice.

“That’s right, if he wants to drag this out, then we’ll drag it with him!” Someone said viciously, “It’s just ten years, isn’t it? If Lin Xun can hold on until then, I’ll cut my own throat!”

Ku Xuan, Ku Ji, and the others exchanged helpless looks.

They were not like Wang Juehuan and the others. Their goals in the Immortal Dao Battle was not only to deal with Lin Xun, but also to hunt Desolate Law Power Beasts to accumulate merits. Their Zen Sect’s ranking in the Immortal Dao Battle depended on it.

“We’ll wait a month,” Ku Xuan decided at last. “If nothing changes by then, we withdraw.”

In the time that followed, the mountains and rivers returned to their former calm yet it remained strangely eerie. On the peak, Lin Xun and Li Zhen sat cross-legged in meditation.

Around them, the four Buddha Masters of the Zen Sect, and Wang Juehuan’s group also sat cross-legged in silent meditation. Far away, above a canyon, Yuan Changtian froze for a moment as he took in the scene.

What’s going on?

Cloaked in a black feathered robe that radiated a hazy, obscure power, Yuan Changtian hid himself, Cao Beidou, and Yun Tianming from view. This was the Heaven-Veiling Feather Robe, a treasure capable of concealing all auras. Its power was so profound that none beneath the Eternal Stage could see through it. Its only flaw was that it could not be used in battle.

“Lin Xun’s surrounded. He’s holding out behind a restriction array, but he won’t last long!” Cao Beidou said with a grin.

“A temporal restriction array. That guy really has many tricks up his sleeve. What a pity...he’s nothing but a trapped beast now,” Yun Tianming said coldly.

"Indeed...what a pity." Yuan Changtian sighed. "I had intended to lend him a hand, but if we intervene now, we'll be branded as enemies of Wang Juehuan and the Zen Sect. I don't fear them, but I have no wish of bringing unnecessary trouble on ourselves."

Cao Beidou chuckled. "Elder Yuan is absolutely right. To save Lin Xun now would be inviting disaster upon ourselves."

"Elder Yuan, what should we do next?" Yun Tianming asked.

Yuan Changtian fell silent for a moment, then said, "Say, if we spread word of this place, do you think it would draw the attention of the Shaman Sect's participants?"

Cao Beidou's eyes gleamed. "Of course it would!"

"Leave this matter to me." Yun Tianming said with a faint smile.

Lin Xun was trapped here. How could the forces that despised him possibly remain indifferent once they learned of it?

"In truth, breaking this array would be quite simple," Yuan Changtian said lightly. "If we capture Well Moon, the successor of Fangchun Mountain from the Spirit Sect, and use him as leverage, Lin Xun will have no choice but to abandon that restriction array."

He paused, then sighed softly, "Unfortunately, Ji Shanhai is leading the Spirit Sect's participants this time. With her temperament, she would never allow such a thing to happen."

Cao Beidou's eyes gleamed. "But if Well Moon were to learn of this, he would surely come to rescue Lin Xun, and then, perhaps, some unforeseen accidents might occur."

Yuan Changtian shot him a cold look. "Foolish! If Ji Shanhai came as well, do you really think she'd stand and watch Well Moon throw his life away?"

Cao Beidou's face stiffened and he muttered, "Elder Yuan is right."

"Just send word to the Shaman Sect." Yuan Changtian said decisively after a moment's thought. "With the combined power of the Shaman Sect, the Zen Sect, and the Ten Immortal Giants, Lin Xun should have no chance of surviving this time..."

He was careful with his words, saying only 'should' and not 'would.'

This was because he knew that until the very end, there were always variables that could change the outcome.

However, he had already concluded that the variables that might let Lin Xun survive...were growing vanishingly small!