

Prodigies 2881

Chapter 2881 One-Sided Beating

Seven and a half minutes! That was how long the battle lasted, from the beginning to the end. The power of the Gate of Exile still lingered on the Limitless Abyss Sword Cauldron. If not withdrawn, it could continue to persist for some time.

In this battle, he had singlehandedly slain eight Transcendence experts, and together with Fang Daoping, annihilated Wang Zhongyuan. He had used nearly forty percent of his cultivation in the process. As for injuries, he had none at all. This feat was nothing short of brilliant.

If Ji Shanhai, Well Moon and others of the same cultivation stage who had fought Lin Xun before witnessed this, they would see him in an entirely new light. Back in the Heaven Demon Realm, even when they joined forces against him, they had never been able to force him to reveal his true strength.

Back then, he hadn't even summoned his five dao bodies nor had he unleashed the Gate of Exile.

"I didn't expect this...truly didn't expect this..." Fang Daoping murmured, unable to calm his turbulent emotions.

To an old monster like him, ten years was hardly enough time for even one proper closed-door cultivation.

Yet in just ten years, Lin Xun had undergone an earth-shaking transformation on his immortal path. Now, he could face a siege of Transcendence old monsters and emerge utterly invincible, unstoppable!

It was truly beyond astonishing!

Fang Daoping was certain that in all the countless ages since ancient times, never once had the world seen another like Lin Xun. Calling him a miracle was no exaggeration. He was a miracle that stood peerless through the ages!

"Elder, let's leave now." As Lin Xun spoke, he took out a handful of Sun Moon Immortal Pills and swallowed them without hesitation.

It was obvious that more enemies would soon arrive. Their priority now was to retreat as far as possible. Fortunately, among the Ten Immortal Giants, none had yet stepped into the Eternal Realm. Otherwise, they could have summoned Eternal Will Dharma Forms, and this battle would not have ended so easily.

Only now did Lin Xun truly understand why the Ten Immortal Giants dared to challenge the authority of the Origin Sect.

Partly, it was because the three pavilion masters of the Origin Sect were each entangled in their own issues. More importantly, the Ten Immortal Giants had the backing of Eternal Divine Clans of the Ninth Heaven Domain.

Without that support, with their foundation alone, they would never have the audacity to wage war against the Origin Sect.

“Huh?” Just as Fang Daoping was about to leave with Lin Xun.

Boom!

A vast golden radiance suddenly erupted in the starry void above. A colossal Buddha seal manifested out of thin air. It blotted out the sky, shining like molten immortal gold as it came crashing down toward Fang Daoping with earth-shattering might.

“Hmph! Jiaye, you bald monk, I knew you wouldn’t give up!” Fang Daoping snorted coldly, brandishing his blade.

Shua!

With one single swing, a ten-thousand-foot arc of blade qi swept forth, fierce and domineering.

Boom!

The radiant golden Buddha seal exploded in midair, splitting cleanly in two before fading into a rain of dimming light. Far away in the starry expanse, a majestic figure appeared. He was thin yet imposing as he stood upon a golden lotus platform. He held a verdant ruler in one hand, and his presence radiated sacred authority.

Buddha Venerable Jiaye!

"A fierce battle took place here...could it be that Wang Zhongyuan and the others have fallen?" His brows furrowed deeply, his expression turning grave.

He had clearly just arrived. Although he could still sense the residual traces of battle, he was uncertain of what had happened. Perhaps that was why he hadn't struck immediately.

"Correct, they've been dealt with," Fang Daoping said flatly. "And if you, Jiaye, wish to share their fate, then come."

Jiaye's brows furrowed slightly. "You wiped out ten Transcendence cultivators in such a short time... Fang Daoping, you still have another trump card up your sleeve? Let me guess, does it have something to do with an Eternal-level Will Dharma Form?"

Fang Daoping gave a low, disdainful laugh. How could he possibly not see the suspicion flickering in Jiaye's heart?

"If I told you you were wrong, you wouldn't believe me anyway," Fang Daoping said evenly, "But enough talk. I'll only say this...if you don't wish to spark a war between the Origin Sect and the Zen Sect, you'd best withdraw now!"

His voice was calm, yet it carried unmistakable authority.

Jiaye was silent for a moment before saying, "My Zen Sect can give up that Divine Rank law power. Hand over that boy Lin Xun, and I will leave immediately."

Fang Daoping's eyes narrowed slightly in surprise. This confirmed that in Jiaye's eyes, Lin Xun was more important than the Divine Rank law power!

He replied coldly, "Wishful thinking!"

At that moment, Lin Xun suddenly spoke, "If you can defeat me with your own cultivation, I'll go with you. But if you lose, you leave immediately. What do you say?"

He had already discerned that Fang Daoping's hesitation did not come from fear of Jiaye himself, but from the possibility that the monk possessed a terrifying trump card, an Eternal-level Will Dharma Form!

If Fang Daoping was confident of victory, then he would never have wasted time talking. He would have struck long ago. Jiaye froze for a moment, as if doubting his own ears.

He wants to fight me? With the cultivation of just the initial Transcendence Stage? In this world, who else would dare to be so arrogant?

Jiaye clearly didn't believe that such good fortune could exist. He turned to Fang Daoping and asked, "Brother Fang, is what this boy said true?"

Fang Daoping's expression grew faintly strange. "If you agree to fight using only your own cultivation, then I have no objection to Lin Xun's proposal."

Jiaye frowned, sensing something was off, but unable to discern what Fang Daoping was scheming, he fell silent.

Then, a deep, thunderous voice rolled through the distant starry void, "Fang Daoping, if you're willing to wager that Divine Rank law power, I wouldn't mind playing a little game with this Lin Xun. If I win, the Divine Rank law is mine. If I lose, I'll leave at once."

Before the voice faded, Zu Wenheng's figure emerged.

Fang Daoping's eyes narrowed slightly. "Then we should ask Jiaye first. After all, he was here before you."

Zu Wenheng laughed, his voice booming. "There's no conflict. If I win, the Divine Rank law power belongs to me. Then Lin Xun can fight Jiaye next."

Fang Daoping sneered, "As an Earth Shaman, you've already disgraced yourself by stooping to deal with a junior, and now you even boast about it. Zu Wenheng, you're truly shameless."

Zu Wenheng's face remained expressionless. "Then how about you fight me yourself?"

Before Fang Daoping could respond, Lin Xun stepped forward. "I was the one who made the proposal. Since this Earth Shaman is so eager to play, how could I refuse?"

He met Zu Wenheng's gaze squarely. "The Divine Rank law power is in my hands. Defeat me, and it's yours."

Zu Wenheng's eyes gleamed with divine light, a smiling tugging at his lips. "Fang Daoping, did you see that? This successor of Fangchun Mountain has more spine than you! But rest assured, I only want the Divine Rank law power. I won't take his life."

Jiaye watched coldly from the side. "Fellow Daoist, you'd best be careful."

Zu Wenheng gave a cold snort. "Monk, do you really think I could lose to a junior who just stepped into Transcendence?"

Jiaye said no more. His earlier suspicions had kept him from acting rashly, and now that Zu Wenheng intended to strike, he could simply watch and see what Fang Daoping and Lin Xun were scheming.

"Zu Wenheng, remember you can't use any power beyond your own cultivation," Fang Daoping said coldly.

Zu Wenheng threw his head back in laughter. “Rest easy! I wouldn’t stoop to using other means against a mere junior.”

“Does your word count?” Fang Daoping asked evenly.

Zu Wenheng’s face darkened. “I swear on my dao heart. Is that enough for you?”

Fang Daoping said nothing more.

“Even a lion uses its full strength to hunt a rabbit,” Zu Wenheng said, his gaze fixed on Lin Xun. “Young man, if you know you’re no match for your opponent, admit it now. There’s no shame in losing to me.”

Lin Xun smiled faintly. “Huo Xiao once swore he wouldn’t kill, and yet he’s the one who ended up dead. I hope you, an Earth Shaman of the Shaman Sect, won’t force yourself too far. After all, defeat is better than death.”

Zu Wenheng nearly couldn’t believe his ears. After a brief pause, he burst into thunderous laughter. “I’d like to see where you find that courage to speak so arrogantly before me!”

Boom!

He struck. His five fingers clenched into a fist, and he drove it forward with earth-shattering force. The punch blazed with the brilliance of laws, like a bolt of thunder splitting the heavens. The shockwave made even the starry sky shudder.

Jiaye’s pupils contracted. He could tell that Zu Wenheng hadn’t held back in the slightest. That strike could threaten even those at the same cultivation stage.

At that very instant, Lin Xun moved. He lunged forward and threw a punch. It was simple and direct, meeting the incoming blow head-on.

Bang!

The two fists collided, unleashing a torrent of power that tore the nearby void apart. A deafening explosion followed, shaking heaven and earth. When the blinding light finally faded, Lin Xun stood unmoving, steady as a mountain.

Zu Wenheng, on the other hand, staggered back, his body trembling from the recoil.

Jiaye's solemn expression faltered, a flicker of disbelief crossing his face. Zu Wenheng's face darkened. Shock twisted into fury, and with a snarl he threw another punch.

Boom!

His qi roared like thunder, and the power he had honed through countless years erupted in full force. In that instant, his entire cultivation boiled over, condensing into an unstoppable punch that carried all his essence, qi and spirit. However, Lin Xun met it head-on once more, and the outcome was exactly the same.

"Impossible..."

Zu Wenheng's pupils constricted violently, the corners of his eyes twitching as if they might split apart. A sudden chill crawled up his spine. Something was terribly wrong.

Before he could recover from the shock, Lin Xun was already upon him. His figure blurred, and in the blink of an eye, all five of his dao bodies appeared at once, converging like a storm.

They closed in from every direction, unleashing a torrent of divine arts and dao power that crashed down like a raging tsunami.

In an instant, Zu Wenheng was swallowed by the onslaught. Assaults rained down on him from all directions, until his figure vanished beneath a flood of dao light. Watching from afar, Jiaye couldn't help but draw a sharp breath, his face paling. He finally understood why Lin Xun had been so confident.

This young man's strength was utterly beyond comprehension, far surpassing the average cultivator who had just stepped into the Transcendence Stage! However, Jiaye still couldn't fathom how Lin Xun, having only just broken through, could wield such heaven-defying power. This scene shattered everything he thought he knew!

It had to be said that Zu Wenheng was no ordinary opponent. He was an Earth Shaman of the Shaman Sect and his cultivation was so profound that few in the same realm could compare. Despite that, now, even he was being utterly suppressed by Lin Xun!

Rumble!

The battlefield quaked again and again. Zu Wenheng's furious roars echoed from within, only to be drowned out each time by the deafening clash of dao light and killing intent. From beginning to end, he never once broke through Lin Xun's encirclement!

Watching this, Jiaye couldn't help but glance toward Fang Daoping in the distance, only to find him utterly calm, as though he had foreseen this outcome from the very start.

A thought suddenly surfaced in Jiaye's mind.

Could it be that those old monsters from the Ten Immortal Giants had been slain by Lin Xun and Fang Daoping together?

Just as it crossed his mind, a deafening rumble shook the battlefield.

"Zu Wenheng, do you admit defeat?" Lin Xun's calm voice sounded as his five dao bodies dissolved into light.

At that moment, Jiaye finally saw Zu Wenheng's condition clearly. The Earth Shaman of the Shaman Sect was a pitiful sight. His body was broken and blood-soaked, and his qi was flickering weakly like a dying flame.

He looked as though he were about to collapse at any moment! The sight sent a chill down Jiaye's spine.

Chapter 2882 Starry Sky Collapses

First came a few exchanged blows, then Zu Wenheng was beaten senseless! The entire battle was over in mere dozens of breaths. In that brief span, the spectacle was nothing short of domineering, brutal, and awe-inspiring.

Zu Wenheng, an Earth Shaman of the Shaman Sect, was a figure whose status rivaled that of a deputy pavilion master of the Origin Sect, and he stood among the strongest of pinnacle Transcendence experts. His cultivation was far superior to most of his peers.

After all, the Shaman Sect was one of the Four Great Ancestral Courts, and anyone who could become its Earth Shaman had to be a leader among leaders. Now, before a mere junior like Lin Xun, he had been utterly crushed!

The result was so shocking, so beyond belief, that even if word spread across the heavens, few would dare believe it. Even Jiaye, who had witnessed everything with his own eyes, felt a chill creep through his heart. The scene before him seemed unreal, like a nightmare he could not wake from.

Strictly speaking, he and Zu Wenheng were equals in strength, and that realization sent a tremor through his soul. If he had accepted Lin Xun's challenge instead, the one lying defeated now...would have been him!

Zu Wenheng gasped for breath, his eyes bloodshot, the corners splitting.

I was actually...beaten by a junior?!

The thought alone made his mind reel. Just moments ago, he had spoken to Lin Xun with utter disdain, treating him as nothing more than an insignificant insect, like a god looking down on an ant. Only a madman would believe an ant could slay a dragon!

However, that impossible scene had just played out before his eyes... The blow to his pride was so crushing that even a seasoned old monster like Zu Wenheng could only stand there in mute disbelief.

Jiaye, watching his expression twist between shame and rage, felt a surge of unease ripple through his heart. How could he not see it? Zu Wenheng couldn't accept what had just happened.

“Do you admit defeat?” Lin Xun’s voice rang out. The killing intent that locked onto Zu Wenheng made his entire body tremble as he snapped back to his senses.

His expression clouded over, his eyes red as blood. Shame and fury surged within him like a tide.

“Admit defeat...?” Zu Wenheng ground the words out from between his teeth. “Fine, I, Zu Wenheng, admit defeat!”

Fang Daoping, who had been ready to intervene at any moment, finally let out a slow breath of relief.

Then, Zu Wenheng suddenly let out a cold, sinister laugh. “Admitting defeat doesn’t mean the Shaman Sect will let this go!”

Not good!

Fang Daoping’s heart sank. However, before he could move, Lin Xun already reacted. The moment Zu Wenheng’s words left his lips, the murderous intent locked upon him flared like an erupting volcano.

Boom!

The Limitless Abyss Sword Cauldron descended with overwhelming might.

Bang!

At the same time, Zu Wenheng crushed a strange jade talisman in his palm.

Then, an unbelievable scene unfolded.

In that instant, the Limitless Abyss Sword Cauldron came crashing down, shattering Zu Wenheng's body into pieces. At the same moment, a terrifying Eternal aura erupted. It was so vast and oppressive that even the starry sky trembled under its weight.

However, before that Eternal might could take form, the Gate of Exile opened, and in a single breath, darkness devoured both Zu Wenheng and the Eternal aura together, erasing them from existence.

Every instant was timed with flawless precision. In the blink of an eye, the entire sequence of movements and events had unfolded and ended. By the time Fang Daoping and Jiaye reacted, Zu Wenheng and the jade talisman engraved with the Eternal Will Dharma Form had already vanished without a trace.

The scene was so bizarre, so unreal, that both men stood frozen in disbelief. Lin Xun, meanwhile secretly let out a sigh of relief. Had he even been half a breath slower, the consequences would have been unthinkable!

Back in the Fortune Dominion, he had already witnessed the terror of an Eternal Will Dharma Form. He knew all too well that if Zu Wenheng had succeeded in summoning that power, it would have posed a fatal threat to him.

Fortunately, that moment never came. For the first time, the Gate of Exile had swallowed the Will Dharma Form of an Eternal being!

As for Zu Wenheng...he must have died choking on regret. He had held a trump card powerful enough to reverse the battle, yet because he was a second slower, all his hopes had been destroyed!

After a pause, Jiaye finally spoke, "If I'm not mistaken, the Will Dharma Form Zu Wenheng tried to summon just now belonged to Tu Ming, the Heaven Shaman of the Shaman Sect."

"Correct." Fang Daoping nodded. "Tu Ming is an old monster who's walked the eternal path for nineteen thousand years. They say the earth cannot bear him, and the heavens cannot contain him. Even within the Shaman Sect, his name inspires dread."

A rare glimmer of unease flickered in his eyes.

If Tu Ming's Will Dharma Form had descended, they would have paid a terrible price just to escape alive. What was strange was that Tu Ming's Will Dharma Form had been erased before it could even reveal its power.

"What will you do now?" Fang Daoping asked, his gaze turning to Jiaye.

Lin Xun's calm voice followed. "My earlier offer still stands."

The corners of Jiaye's lips twitched faintly. "There's still half a month before your return to the Origin Sect. I hope...the two of you make it back alive."

With that, he stepped onto the golden lotus platform and turned, drifting away into the vast starry void. He too possessed a trump card, but he knew all too well that Fang Daoping held one as well. Now, with Lin Xun in the mix, the balance had completely changed.

Zu Wenheng was dead, and the old monsters of the Ten Immortal Giants, including Wang Zhongyuan had all perished. Jiaye had no desire to share their fate.

"Don't chase him," Fang Daoping said quietly, his gaze following Jiaye's retreating figure. He sensed the restless surge of killing intent within Lin Xun.

"What a shame," Lin Xun sighed softly.

Fang Daoping shook his head. "Now isn't the time for recklessness. Besides, that bald monk won't stop here. Didn't you hear him hear his parting words? There'll be dangers waiting for us on the road back."

A chill rippled through Lin Xun's heart. The two turned and departed from this starry sky. As they traveled, Lin Xun continued refining Sun Moon Immortal Pills, replenishing the vast reserves of power he had spent.

Fang Daoping, however, could not calm the waves in his heart. After everything that had happened, one truth became painfully clear: Lin Xun no longer needed his protection! On the contrary, it was Lin Xun who had turned the tide this time.

He had brought about the downfall of Wang Zhongyuan and the others, shattering the siege with his own strength. He even annihilated Zu Wenheng and Heaven Shaman Tu Ming's Will Dharma Form.

Through it all, Fang Daoping had done almost nothing. The realization left him both shocked and deeply moved. He felt pride, relief, and even an inexplicable melancholy.

It was a strange feeling. The little one who once needed his shelter had now grown strong enough to carve his own path through the thorns...

Two days later, Fang Daoping and Lin Xun, who had been traveling at full speed through the void, stopped abruptly in unison. Far ahead, amidst the boundless starry sky, a lone figure sat cross-legged.

He appeared young with black robes draped loosely over his frame, long hair framing a fair and handsome face. A sheathed sword rested casually in his hand, and he sipped from a cup of wine. Every movement was unhurried and calm, like a traveler enjoying the scenery of the cosmos.

However, the sight of him made Fang Daoping's pupils constrict violently. His heart clenched. This was the Will Dharma Form of an Eternal Stage powerhouse! Even from this vast distance, an unshakable majesty radiated from that figure.

Lin Xun, however, remained perfectly calm. Back in the Fortune Dominion, he had faced the Will Dharma Forms of countless Eternal beings, so knew all too well the terror such existences could unleash.

Just like Taixuan...even as just a Will Dharma Form form, he had slaughtered Transcendence experts as easily as chickens!

In addition, Chen Linkong...whose power was even more terrifying, was able to obliterate the Will Dharma Forms of Eternal beings with ease. Compared to those experiences, the Eternal Will Dharma Form before him was nothing. It could not be compared to the dangers he had once faced before the Fortune Divine City.

Of course, this was not arrogance, but understanding. It was precisely because of that past experience that he could remain so composed now.

“Yuan Xukun of the Yuan Clan,” the black-robed man finally spoke, raising his head with a faint smile, “I’ve been waiting here for you both for quite some time.”

In the distance, he drained his cup in one smooth motion, then rose to his feet. With a languid stretch of his arms, an indescribable pressure erupted from his body, sweeping through the heavens.

In an instant, the entire starry sky trembled and froze. Everything within it seemed imprisoned, sealed in place by an invisible force. Caught within that oppressive tide, Lin Xun and Fang Daoping, felt like fish trapped beneath a frozen sea, their bodies crushed under a terrifying weight.

If he was still at the Nirvana Spirit Realm, Lin Xun would have been completely helpless before such power. Now, having stepped into Transcendence and awakened the boundless potential of Eternal Supremacy, the instant that power tried to imprison him, his qi surged violently in defiance.

Bang!

In the next instant, the void around him ruptured with a thunderous boom as torrents of dao power erupted and rolled outward in waves. Moments later, Fang Daoping also broke free from the oppressive force and immediately brought forth a jade talisman.

Boom!

A downpour of dazzling radiance descended, and within it emerged a majestic, godlike figure. He wore a simple hemp robe, yet behind him stretched an ocean of sword light and qi that illuminated the cosmos itself.

Taixuan!

Lin Xun’s eyes brightened in sudden realization. So this was Fang Daoping’s hidden trump card!

"This situation is urgent. I must trouble Pavilion Master Taixuan to clear the way." Fang Daoping bowed with deep respect.

Taixuan nodded once. His gaze shifted toward Yuan Xukun, and in that moment, his aura surged like an awakened sword. The crushing might that blanketed the heavens receded like a vanishing tide.

"As expected." In the distance, Yuan Xukun seemed utterly unsurprised. His expression remained calm as he said, "Taixuan, I've heard that in the entire Origin Sect, aside from your Sect Master, your combat power stands supreme. It's a pity that this isn't the Ninth Heaven Domain. Otherwise, I would have liked to pit my true self against yours."

Taixuan's sleeves billowed in the wind, his posture straight as a divine sword. He said coldly, "Rest assured, from the moment you dared to intercept those of my Origin Sect, you became our enemy. One day, I will personally come to the Ninth Heaven Domain to see what qualifications your Yuan Clan believes it has to stand against us."

His words reverberated across the endless expanse.

Yuan Xukun chuckled, "That day may come. But as for today...even with you here, it will not be so easy to save them."

Confidence radiated from his every word.

Taixuan said nothing more. He simply lifted a sleeve. The starry sky convulsed. A pillar of sword qi burst forth like a beam of dao light sweeping out from the chaos of creation, radiating the boundless, primordial aura of the dawning world.

That power crushed constellations and ground countless stars into drifting dust. The heavens trembled and the cosmos itself seemed on the verge of collapse. One sword shattered the starry sky!

Chapter 2883 The Great Spiritfall Sword

Lin Xun and Fang Daoping retreated together. The might of that sword strike was so overwhelming that neither dared to meet it head-on. This was the gulf between the Transcendence Stage and the Eternal Stage.

The Transcendence Realm was to transcend the bindings of heaven and earth. The Eternal Stage was to rule them!

Clang!

In the distant void, the sword that Yuan Xukun had been cradling finally stirred. With a low hum, it slid from its scabbard. The sound was like the roar of ancient gods awakening, and a terrifying tide of sword power erupted forth, flooding heaven and earth.

Bang! Bang! Bang!

Taixuan's sword qi, which had cleaved through stars, shattered before it even touched Yuan Xukun, dissolving into a rain of fractured brilliance.

Then, the sword in Yuan Xukun's grasp was fully unsheathed. Its blade gleamed a cold, silver-white, like frost and snow under eternal starlight. Even from afar, its radiance pressed down like a mountain.

Lin Xun and Fang Daoping felt a sharp pain lance through their chests. Their breaths caught and their faces turned pale.

"The Great Spiritfall Sword!"

Taixuan's brows knitted. His expression darkened with rare solemnity. That sword was the sacred guardian blade of the Yuan Clan. It was a divine weapon born from Heaven Rank laws. Within its body, the power of law had already transformed into the profound essence of principles themselves.

If his true body were here, Taixuan would have nothing to fear. Unfortunately as a Will Dharma Form, even he could not afford to be careless.

At the same time, Fang Daoping quickly told Lin Xun about the sword's origin, his face equally grim. There was no doubt that Yuan Xukun had come prepared, determined to seize the Divine Rank law power. Otherwise, he would never have brought a treasure like the Great Spiritfall Sword.

Lin Xun, hearing this, suddenly recalled the Principle of Annihilation and Principle of Treasure Drop within the Gate of Exile. Their essence was strikingly similar to that of the Great Spiritfall Sword, both bearing the imprint of law and principle.

In the distance, Yuan Xukun stood calmly with his sword in hand. His voice was level, yet his presence grew increasingly oppressive. "I've come only for the Divine Rank law power. Hand it over, and I'll leave at once. After all, the ninth son of our clan's patriarch now cultivates within your Origin Sect. I've no desire to ruin our...harmony."

Taixuan's voice was calm as he spoke, "Rest assured. Even if you die here today, as long as Yuan Changtian does not break our sect's rules, we will not seek retribution. As for the Divine Rank law, as long as I am here, you will never take it."

Yuan Xukun's expression turned to ice. "If your Eternal Will Dharma Form is destroyed here, you won't be able to condense another in a short period of time and it will damage your foundation. Are you truly willing to risk that?"

Taixuan answered not with words, but with a sword. A beam of sword qi tore across the heavens, plain and unadorned, yet brimming with annihilating power. It pierced through the starry void in an instant, striking straight at Yuan Xukun.

Yuan Xukun snorted coldly and met the attack with a swing of the Great Spiritfall Sword.

Boom!

A blinding deluge of sword light erupted. The starry sky convulsed, stars shattered and the cosmos itself seemed to collapse into chaos.

"With the Great Spiritfall Sword in my hand, no matter how mighty your Will Dharma Form may be, you cannot overturn this battle."

Amidst the surging storm of light, Yuan Xukun's voice rolled like thunder. "Since you refuse to yield, then I shall show no mercy."

Shua!

He charged forth, his figure transforming into a streak of dazzling silver radiance that tore across the stars. In an instant, he was before Taixuan, his sword gleaming with obscure, rippling laws as it came slashing down.

Taixuan moved at the same instant. Billions of threads of sword qi erupted from him, weaving together into a vast sword array that collided head-on with Yuan Xukun.

Rumble!

The starry sky quaked. Heaven and earth shuddered. A power of utter destruction swept through all things. Fang Daoping's heart clenched. A suffocating sense of death loomed over him. Without a second's hesitation, he reached for Lin Xun, ready to flee as far as possible.

However, Lin Xun shook his head and sent a calm voice transmission. "I want to lend Elder Taixuan a hand. Perhaps...that can help us turn this crisis around." Fang Daoping was taken aback.

In that brief instant of hesitation, Lin Xun had already acted. The Blade of Time!

With Lin Xun's current cultivation, when he activated this forbidden divine power, its might far surpassing anything from before. An illusory flash of razor light tore across the void, cutting silently toward Yuan Xukun in the distant battlefield. It was so swift that even light seemed left behind.

However, Yuan Xukun, as if foreseeing the strike, swept his long sword across in a single motion, intercepting the Blade of Time at the very instant of collision.

Bang!

The Blade of Time exploded, shattering into countless splinters of light.

“If you had already stepped into the Eternal Realm and truly mastered Luo Tongtian’s Blade of Time, perhaps I would have shown some caution. But unfortunately, you are still far too weak.” Yuan Xukun said coldly.

With a single effortless strike, he obliterated the Blade of Time. That force was enough to drive one to despair.

Lin Xun’s brows furrowed tightly. He could sense that Taixuan’s Will Dharma Form was being restrained and wounded several times. If this continued, not only would Taixuan’s Will Dharma Form be destroyed, but neither he nor Fang Daoping would leave this battlefield alive.

It wasn’t that Yuan Xukun’s strength surpassed Taixuan’s. It was that the Great Spiritfall Sword in his hand was simply too terrifying.

Fang Daoping understood this as well. A grim determination flashed through his eyes as he sent a voice transmission, “Lin Xun, I’ll join Pavilion Master Taixuan in battle. You take this chance to escape as far as you can!”

He was clearly prepared to fight to the death, gambling his life for Lin Xun’s survival.

Lin Xun’s heart trembled. He immediately replied, “Elder, it’s not over yet!”

Taking a deep breath, he stepped forward. At that moment, Yuan Xukun, who was locked in combat with Taixuan, suddenly sensed the flow of time between heaven and earth had begun to twist, as though drawn by some invisible force.

Then, Lin Xun’s hands formed a seal. Threads of time converged like rivers, weaving together into a vast, mysterious array that blanketed the battlefield, enveloping even Yuan Xukun. The Seal of Temporal Restriction!

Yuan Xukun’s expression shifted. Feeling the threat, he swung the Great Spiritfall Sword down in a blinding arc. The sword’s destructive force smashed against the seal, making it ripple violently. In the end, the formation endured, dissolving the sword’s might like waves against a shore.

Even Taixuan's Will Dharma Form revealed a rare flicker of astonishment. "What a formidable divine art of time..."

"Elder, go!" Lin Xun shouted.

"Go!"

Taixuan immediately understood. This was their only chance. With a sweep of his sleeve, he seized Lin Xun and Fang Daoping, his Will Dharma Form surging as he tore through time and space itself. In an instant, the three vanished into the boundless starry sky.

Within the temporal array, Yuan Xukun's face darkened like storm clouds. He struck with all his might, but the power of the Seal of Temporal Restriction was woven from the very principles of time that governed heaven and earth, making it impossible to break in mere moments. Even the Great Spiritfall Sword failed to pierce it!

"Damn it!" Yuan Xukun roared, utterly enraged.

He had come fully prepared, having already calculated that in seizing the Divine Rank law, a clash with the Will Dharma Forms of the Eternal Realm was inevitable. That was why he carried the Great Spiritfall Sword at his side.

Unfortunately, never in his calculations had he foreseen that the true variable would be Lin Xun! Not only had he failed to seize the Divine Rank law, but if Lin Xun and the others returned to the Origin Sect alive, the Yuan Clan would undoubtedly be branded as mortal enemies!

Although the Yuan Clan, entrenched in the Ninth Heaven Domain, had little to fear from the Origin Sect, the terrifying foundation of the sect was not something they could afford to ignore.

Taking several long, steadying breaths, Yuan Xukun forced himself to calm down. He then turned his gaze toward the Seal of Temporal Restriction, studying it intently.

“Could this too be one of the forbidden divine arts born from the Grand Abyss Heaven Devourer innate talent? Truly mysterious and unfathomable. If my true body was here, I could break this seal with all my strength, but now...”

After a moment of silent calculation, an answer surfaced in Yuan Xukun’s mind and made his heart sink. Even if he unleashed the full power of his Will Dharma Form and the might of the Great Spiritfall Sword, it would still take at least four hours to break the seal!

Moreover, once the seal was finally shattered, half of his Will Dharma Form’s power would be consumed in the process.

“With Taixuan’s ability, he’ll be back at the Origin Sect in less than three days. If I set out four hours later, it would probably take me an entire day just to catch up...”

After a long moment of pondering, Yuan Xukun ground his teeth and unleashed his full strength against the Seal of Temporal Restriction.

After all, this was only a Will Dharma Form. Even if it was completely destroyed, he wouldn’t lose any sleep over it. He had made up his mind. He would give chase! Otherwise, he would never be able to swallow this bitterness for the rest of his life!

After all, it was a complete Divine Rank law power. If he could seize it, it might even alter the Yuan Clan’s standing among the twelve Eternal Divine Clans!

.....

Lin Xun’s face was deathly pale. All of his focus was devoted to refining the power of the Sun Moon Immortal Pills. The back-to-back use of two forbidden divine powers, the Blade of Time and the Seal of Temporal Restriction, had drained nearly eighty percent of his cultivation.

Although Taixuan’s Will Dharma Form was heavily damaged, the speed at which he traversed time and space was terrifying beyond measure. Carrying Lin Xun and Fang Daoping, he tore through the boundless starry sea at full speed.

“How long can your divine ability withstand?” Fang Daoping asked.

Even as he spoke, shock still lingered in his heart. He had personally witnessed the power of the Seal of Temporal Restriction, and even now he found it hard to believe that such power could imprison an Eternal Will Dharma Form!

“I’m not sure.” Lin Xun replied, shaking his head.

If the seal had been used against an Immortal, it could have lasted half a month. But against a Will Dharma Form of the Eternal Realm...even he couldn’t predict how long it would endure.

“It’s of no concern. Even if this Will Dharma Form burns out completely, I will see you safely back to the Origin Sect.”

Taixuan’s expression remained calm. Although he was riddled with wounds, he appeared utterly unfazed. After all, this was only a manifestation of his will and not his true body.

“I’ve already contacted the sect through a secret art,” Fang Daoping said gravely. “There should be high-ranking figures from the sect rushing to meet us along the way.”

“Within the Origin Sect, Old Monster Yan Ji’s state of mind has become unstable, You Beihai has yet to attain the Eternal Dao, and my true body still sits motionless in the Wuxuan Forbidden Land, wrestling endlessly with myself...” Taixuan sighed softly, “It was my own arrogance back then. I sought only to surpass the Sect Master in the path of the great dao, and in doing so, wove a cocoon of seclusion for myself. Otherwise, through all these countless years, so many things would not have gone awry within the sect.”

Fang Daoping fell silent. Given his position, there was little he could say in response.

Lin Xun frowned deeply. From Taixuan’s words, he realized that even if reinforcements from the Origin Sect did arrive, the ones to come would most likely be the Deputy Pavilion Masters, Xuan Feiling, Dugu Yong...

After all, within the vast Origin Sect, each of the three pavilion masters was entangled in their own troubles. The only thing to be thankful for was that Yuan Xukun was trapped, unable to catch up anytime soon.

As long as no further misfortune struck along the way, they would be able to return safely to the Origin Sect.

However, what Lin Xun never expected was that only half a day later, as they raced ahead at full speed, a heaven-shaking calamity of slaughter descended!

Chapter 2884 Send You to the Western Paradise

In the depths of the starry expanse, an aged monk stood quietly. His face was kind and serene, framed by a long white beard that hung down to his chest. Though his frame was frail and stooped, there was an unshakable stillness about him.

He held a snow-white jade ruyi in one hand while the other lazily twirled his beard between thin fingers. He looked more like a country elder than a figure who could shake the heavens. The moment Taixuan saw him, his brow tightened sharply.

“Jianan, are you representing the Zen Sect to declare war upon my Origin Sect?” Taixuan’s voice turned cold.

The Zen Sect possessed the Three Ages Buddha positions: Past Age Buddha, Present Age Buddha and Future Age Buddha, each equal in status to the pavilion masters of the Origin Sect, the Heaven Shamans of the Shaman Sect or the Sector Heads of the Spirit Sect

Jianan was the Present Age Buddha of the Zen Sect. In terms of cultivation alone, even Yuan Xukun was a step below him. After all, he had entered Eternity over three hundred thousand years ago. He was literally a living fossil.

Fang Daoping’s expression hardened, and through secret voice transmission, he quickly informed Lin Xun of Jianan’s terrifying identity. There was no doubt that the reason Jianan had appeared here was because he had received a message from Jiaye!

A gentle laugh rippled through the void. "Taixuan," said Jianan, his tone warm and unhurried. "You and I are but Will Dharma Forms. There's no need to take things to extremes. Our appearance here will not ignite a war between the two ancestral courts. And rest assured, I have no intention of taking any lives today."

"So, what is it you want?" Taixuan's tone remained cold. If his Will Dharma Form was not damaged, he would have faced Jianan without fear. Unfortunately, in his current state, he was forced to tread carefully.

"I wish for Lin Xun to come with me to the Zen Sect." Though Jianan's voice was courteous and his face serene, both Taixuan's and Fang Daoping's expressions darkened. Whether he sought the Divine Rank law or Lin Xun, neither could be allowed.

"What if I refuse?" Taixuan asked flatly.

Jianan smiled faintly and lifted the snow-white ruyi in his hand. "Fellow Daoist, do you recognize this treasure?" The object gleamed like polished crystal jade, smooth, translucent and radiant.

Its surface was suffused with a mist of sacred Buddha light that exuded an aura of unfathomable mystery. From afar, it seemed not a ruyi at all, but a Western Pure Land of Ultimate Bliss.

Within it surged countless wondrous visions. Heavenly dragons coiled through the clouds, phoenixes sang in the heavens, and Buddhas discoursed on the dao as Sanskrit hymns and Dharma drums resounded. Auspicious light filled the skies, and celestial petals drifted down like rain...

One glance was enough to make the heart fall still and the soul sink into its brilliance!

"Seven Treasures Ruyi!" Taixuan's expression darkened.

This was the supreme treasure of the Zen Sect, refined from seven kinds of primordial divine materials born from Divine Rank laws. Its might was beyond imagination. Even Yuan Xukun's Great Spiritfall Sword could not compare!

Fury ignited in Taixuan's chest. There was no doubt that Jianan, like Yuan Xukun, had come fully prepared! The only difference was that Yuan Xukun sought the Divine Rank law, while Jianan sought Lin Xun.

Fang Daoping's heart sank. It was said that the Seven Treasures Ruyi was a sacred weapon forged by the founder of the Zen Sect after achieving eternity. Its power was so great that even Eternal beings would feel dread before it. Now, that very relic had been brought here...to forcefully take Lin Xun away!

"Fellow Daoist, please step aside." Jianan's smile faded as he placed his palms together and bowed solemnly. The jade ruyi floated before him, radiating endless divine splendor and filling the void with solemn majesty.

Taixuan's gaze sharpened like a sword. "I, Taixuan, have never once yielded on my cultivation path. Jianan, since you've chosen to act like this today, then don't blame me when I repay you in kind!" His voice rang through the heavens, firm, resonant and unyielding like his sword dao.

Jianan sighed faintly, pity flickering in his eyes. "To make one such as you lay down the blade...it is far too difficult. In that case, I can only offend you."

Buzz!

Before Jianan's voice had even faded, the Seven Treasures Ruyi rose with a thunderous roar. In an instant, the starry sky seemed to transform into a Pure Land of Ultimate Bliss, and boundless Buddha light cascaded through the void, zen chants rolled like waves, and infinite truths shimmered in radiant harmony!

Such a scene should have inspired awe, but Lin Xun only felt terror. A chill gripped his heart as though he had fallen into a bottomless frozen abyss.

Boom!

Taixuan's entire body burned like living fire, yet his expression remained calm. His sword intent seethed like an erupting volcano, and his robes whipped violently.

“I’ll carve open a path. Go, flee as far as you can.”

Taixuan’s eyes blazed like twin suns. From that look alone, Lin Xun and Fang Daoping knew Taixuan intended to sacrifice his Will Dharma Form to buy them time to escape.

Unspeakable grief welled within them. Even though they knew that this was only Taixuan’s Will Dharma Form, the sight of such unyielding resolve, a man ready to burn himself away for others, filled their hearts with sorrow and fury.

Jianan let out a long sigh, “Why bring such suffering upon yourself?”

Boom!

The Pure Land of Ultimate Bliss that blossomed in the starry sky twisted into a vision of hell. Countless Buddhas glared with blazing eyes as waves of divine might descended, seeking to entomb Taixuan in that hell for all eternity and never allowing him to be freed.

A single thought brings bliss; a single thought brings hell! The sight was terrifying beyond words!

Clang!

Then, Taixuan moved. His sleeves flared, and his burning essence condensed into a single stroke of sword qi, majestic and unstoppable, cleaving across the starry firmament.

Boom!

This hellish Pure Land quaked, Buddha figures burst like bubbles, and heaven and earth seemed to split apart beneath the brilliance of that sword.

“This sword dao is peerless across the ages, unrivaled among all your peers. Unfortunately, a Will Dharma Form’s strength is ultimately limited...” Jianan sighed.

Amidst that sorrowful sigh, the hellish world reformed, becoming darker, bloodier, and more dreadful than before. Mountains of corpses rose and seas of blood churned. Buddhas strode across those scarlet seas, their bodies wreathed in boundless light as they unleashed wondrous dharma arts. The sweeping sword qi dimmed then shattered with a thunderous bang.

Taixuan's Will Dharma Form flickered weakly, reduced to a fading silhouette of light and shadow. Lin Xun and Fang Daoping felt their hearts sink like stones. The power of the Seven Treasures Ruyi was enough to drive one to despair!

"Elder, allow me!" Lin Xun drew a deep breath, his eyes firm with unshakable resolve.

At this point, nothing else mattered.

In an instant, the Violet and Green Gourds transformed into a pair of violet and green swords that appeared in his hands. Above him, the Limitless Abyss Sword Cauldron rose with a thunderous roar, hanging suspended in the air.

Jianan's eyes flickered, a glint of intrigue flashing deep within. "A treasure among treasures, one of the rarest under heaven. But little friend, your cultivation is still far too shallow to wield it properly."

"Allow me." Fang Daoping stepped forward, his expression calm and resolute. "I've ascended the path of Transcendence for thirty-nine thousand years. It may not be long by eternal measure, but I have long cast away all fear of death."

Radiant light burst from his body as his qi roared like thunder.

Jianan sighed, shaking his head. "Like moths rushing into the flame. I did not come here to kill. Please, do not make this harder for me."

He swept his sleeve.

Boom!

From within that hellish world, a ray of Buddha light burst forth, effortlessly striking Fang Daoping back and sending him reeling, blood spilling from his lips. The gap in power was too vast! Even if one fought with their life on the line, it would still be hopeless.

“Jianan, I swear that if Lin Xun or Fang Daoping suffer the slightest harm today, then one day I, Taixuan, will wipe the Zen Sect from existence! I will not rest until every last one of your disciples is erased from this world!” Taixuan’s blurred, illusory figure spoke with a voice that shook the heavens.

Jianan narrowed his eyes, his tone still calm. “Fellow Daoist, I already told you I did not come to kill. Of course, if you wish for vengeance, I’ll be waiting for you in the Zen Sect.”

His words dripped with unshakable confidence. As his voice fell, the Seven Treasures Ruyi before him began to hum and radiate blinding light. A terrifying suppressive force burst forth, blanketing the hellish world in suffocating pressure.

In that instant, Lin Xun, Fang Daoping, and Taixuan, whose figure had already grown faint and illusory, were frozen where they stood, unable to move.

Lin Xun’s eyes blazed with determination. Just as he was about to act...Boom!

This entire hellish world suddenly convulsed as if struck by a divine hammer. A massive rift tore open in the void, and the raging power of laws howled in chaos, sending the world into violent upheaval.

Huh?

Jianan’s snow-white brows furrowed. He sensed danger. He gripped the Seven Treasures Ruyi tightly, and from his seemingly frail, aged body burst forth a terrifying radiance of Eternal dao.

“Monk, are you enjoying yourself?”

A wild, unrestrained laughter echoed across the collapsing world. Then, from the gaping rift strode a solitary figure. He was slender, tall and straight as a spear...Crack! Crack!

As his figure emerged, the hellish world quaked on the verge of disintegrating. The fabric of the great dao crumbled and collapsed into chaos, unable to withstand his presence. It was as though a god from beyond time and space had descended. The aura emanating from him alone shattered the world.

A rain of endless Buddha light scattered like ashes, and the hellish scene melted away. Then the figure approached. With every step he took, the surrounding void caved in and the laws of heaven and earth shattered into nothingness.

His slender and straight figure was wreathed in dazzling dao light that turned into rings of brilliance that illuminated the heavens themselves. Upon a closer look, his face was that of a young man, with refined features and clear brows. He wore flowing black robes, and his long hair cascaded freely over his shoulders. At his waist hung a wine gourd bound by a red cord, swaying gently with each step.

Only his eyes shimmered with the weight of countless years.

“Martial Uncle!”

Lin Xun’s breath caught. For a moment, he could hardly believe his eyes.

“With the Devouring Wilderness Gourd hanging by my side, I walk the path of the great dao. In life, I endured eighteen lifetimes of tribulation, and in death, I claim the immortal legacy. It’s him...” Fang Daoping’s gaze wavered, his voice trembling in disbelief.

“Peerless and unparalleled, the one and only.” A faint smile touched Taixuan’s blurred features.
“Congratulations, Fellow Daoist, on restoring the flaw within your mind and attaining the Eternal Dao!”

The man was none other than Kong Jue! He was the first person to make it to the other side of the cosmos in the beginning of the primeval era, and the sworn brother of the Lord of Fangchun Mountain. He was the martial uncle of all successors of Fangchun Mountain!

“To have attained Eternity is true, but the mind still needs tempering.” A radiant smile lit Kong Jue’s youthful face. “Of course, for that, I must thank Lin Xun.”

As he spoke, his gaze turned toward Lin Xun, his eyes sparkling with joy. "Wait just a moment. I'll take you away in a moment."

Emotions welled in Lin Xun's chest. He bowed deeply. "Thank you, Martial Uncle!"

Kong Jue threw his head back and laughed to the heavens. "I've wandered in a daze for countless ages. When I awoke, all the dust and dreams of the past came flooding back. How could I not remember how well you've treated me, boy? There's no need for such formality between us!"

Then he suddenly turned, his gaze locking on Jianan as his smile brightened. "Monk, shall I personally send you to the Western Paradise?"

His voice shook the starry sky, bold, unrestrained and domineering!

Chapter 2885 No Way Out Beneath a Heaven of Slaughter and Calamity

The starry sky churned, and the void trembled violently. The hellish world that had once loomed over everything collapsed the moment Kong Jue appeared.

Jianan's white beard swayed gently, divine light rippling in his eyes. Gripping the Seven Treasures Ruyi, he stood firm like a mountain awaiting the coming storm. Just moments ago, he was still calm and compassionate, like an unshakable sovereign who held the heavens in his palm and with everything under his control.

Now, before Kong Jue, even he grew solemn.

"Fellow Daoist," Jianan said, his palms pressed together as endless Buddha light poured from his body, illuminating the void. "Your name has long shaken the heavens. To cross paths today is my honor."

Kong Jue's smile vanished. His gaze turned cold and detached, his presence as sharp and terrifying as an unsheathed celestial sword. "For me, crossing blades with you, monk, is nothing but shameful."

"What do you mean by that, Fellow Daoist?" Jianan asked, not angered but faintly curious.

“Don’t take it personally, I just can’t stand anyone from your Zen Sect,” Kong Jue said lightly.

Jianan’s tone remained calm. “There are many in this world who despise the Zen Sect. One more makes little difference.”

Kong Jue stretched lazily, exhaling a long breath. “Enough talk. Let’s begin. My nephew has waited long enough.”

He stepped forward. With every stride, the starry sky caved in beneath his feet, thunder echoing through the void. His aura surged higher and sharper, like a rising tide of blades. From afar, he seemed like a peerless divine sword being unsheathed, its gleam suppressing all beneath the heavens!

As Kong Jue advanced, Jianan’s brows twitched slightly. He drew a sharp breath and swept the Seven Treasures Ruyi through the air.

Buzz!

A magnificent Buddha seal took form, glowing with boundless radiance. Its surface bore the marks of endless sutras, and the chanting of Buddhas thundered through the heavens like eternal light flooding the starry sky.

Seal of the Infinite Past! Such power could shake the heavens and resound through eternity! Facing this strike, Kong Jue simply raised his fist and struck.

Boom!

Heaven and earth overturned; even the sun and moon lost their light. The Seal of the Infinite Past, suffused with Eternal power, shattered beneath his fist, bursting into a rain of radiant fragments that streaked through time and space like falling stars.

That one punch was simple, domineering and absolute. Kong Jue kept advancing, his slender, upright figure growing more majestic and imposing.

Jianan did not relent. The Seven Treasures Ruyi resonated with a clear hum, manifesting one divine seal after another: the Amitabha Seal, the Mahasthamaprapta Seal, the Vaidurya Radiant King Seal, the Lotus of Sublime Truth Seal, the Buddha Brahma Seal, the Great Immeasurable Mercy Seal...

Each seal exuded a distinct Eternal aura, imbued with supreme might. Within them, the power of laws stirred and rose, so vast and terrifying it defied imagination. Lin Xun and Fang Daoping watched in awe, shaken to their core by the might of the Eternal Stage.

Those were only Will Dharma Forms yet they already wielded such unimaginable might. If their true bodies had descended, how terrifying would that power have been?

Boom! Boom! Boom!

Facing such an assault, Kong Jue's response was brutally simple. He punched out. Once. Twice. Again and again. Each time his fist fell, a seal shattered! For a time, the starry sky thundered with deafening explosions. Blinding waves of light surged outward like rivers, giving birth to countless unbelievable visions.

Step by step, Kong Jue advanced, drawing closer and closer to Jianan. His aura was overwhelming, like a peerless divine blade buried for endless ages that had been unsheathed at last, blazing with boundless radiance, unstoppable, and cleaving through everything in its path!

However, Jianan did not retreat. Kong Jue's aura had locked onto him completely. He knew that even the slightest hint of hesitation would plunge him into mortal peril. Watching Kong Jue's murderous aura surge closer, Jianan's expression grew even more solemn.

He pressed his palms together, as though entering deep meditation. Wisps of translucent Buddha flame rose from his aged body, clear as crystal, suffused with the aura of boundless wisdom, enlightenment and unwavering resolve.

It was as though he had cast aside life and death to offer his dharma body as sacrifice to the dao!

Boom!

Before him, the Seven Treasures Ruyi roared to life, as if it had absorbed every ounce of Jianan's Will Dharma Form, blazing and erupting with seven kinds of divine radiance.

In the Zen Sect, the seven treasures, gold, silver, coral, crystal, conch, red pearl, and agate, symbolized seven supreme truths of the Buddhist Dao such as wisdom, courage, resolve, protection against evil, and auspicious fortune.

The Seven Treasures Ruyi was forged from seven primordial divine materials born of Divine Rank law and thus brimmed with the very power of laws.

Now, burning the power of his Will Dharma Form as fuel, Jianan unleashed the Seven Treasures Ruyi in full, and the seven divine lights that burst forth flared with the power of law itself! Clearly, Kong Jue had driven Jianan to stake everything on one desperate strike!

Boom!

Seven divine lights unfurled like the feathers of a celestial peacock, each ringing with the sound of divine weapons as they slashed toward Kong Jue.

Even from afar, Lin Xun and Fang Daoping were wracked by a tearing agony through their mind, body, and spirit. Both had turned deathly pale. There was no doubt that if that strike was aimed at them, they would be utterly powerless and annihilated in an instant!

At that moment, Kong Jue stopped. From his first strike until now, he had advanced exactly forty-nine steps, and his power surged higher with each one like a rising tide. Now, he blazed with radiance, his might eclipsing the stars above!

Pausing, he lifted a sleeve and brushed it lightly through the air, like a celestial being sweeping aside the clouds, effortless and transcendent. In that instant, a streak of sword qi shot forth, carrying an indescribable brilliance that stunned the starry sky.

Time itself seemed to freeze, and only that streak of sword qi gleamed, its brilliance cutting across eternity. He had gathered his strength through forty nine steps, all to unleash this sword strike!

Bang!

The seven beams of divine light that were as terrifying as the feathers of a celestial peacock, now seemed as fragile as bubbles. With a single sweep of the sword, they burst into a magnificent rain of color and light.

With a single sword, the starry heavens split open, and the very laws of heaven and earth tore apart, unable to withstand its might! Lin Xun and Fang Daoping stood frozen, their eyes vacant, their minds blank with shock.

What kind of sword strike was that? Its power overturned everything they knew. It was beyond comprehension, and beyond the limits of the mortal world!

Rumble!

The starry sky had turned upside down, and the vast void had long since collapsed into ruin. Only the raging power of destruction continued to echo through the darkness. It was a long while before silence returned.

When the dust finally settled, the heavens lay desolate. It had become a broken, barren expanse of collapsed stars. Kong Jue stood tall and straight like a sword piercing the void. The wine gourd at his waist was gone. He now held it in his hand, drinking deeply with his head thrown back, utterly unrestrained.

After a pause, he smacked his lips and let out a chuckle, "So that final strike of yours wasn't a fight to the death, but to send the Seven Treasures Ruyi away. Monk, did you really think I'd covet it?"

His voice dripped with disdain.

Not far away, Jianan's Will Dharma Form still maintained the posture of clasped palms, but his body was riddled with countless hairline cracks, spreading like a spider's web.

"Fellow Daoist may not desire it, but my Zen Sect cannot afford to lose this treasure. Otherwise, I would be branded a sinner to the sect." Jianan's voice remained calm. As he spoke, his fading gaze lifted slightly, sweeping past Kong Jue to fall on Lin Xun in the far distance. "That boy...truly resembles the Lord of Fangchun Mountain."

His voice brimmed with emotion, and the meaning of his words were deep.

Kong Jue shook his head, "His achievements are destined to surpass his master's. My elder brother once said that a disciple need not live forever in his teacher's shadow. He waited eternity, waiting for the one who could outshine his master, the one capable of shattering the true ultimate path."

A strange light flickered in Jianan's eyes. "That path is filled with slaughter and calamity...there is no way out."

Crack!

His words faded with his Will Dharma Form. His body cracked apart, fragment by fragment, until it dissolved into drifting ash.

"No way out? That's just an excuse for the weak." Kong Jue laughed, shaking his head. He turned toward Lin Xun, Fang Daoping and Taixuan, smiling brilliantly. "Apologies for keeping you waiting. Let's go."

Taixuan's blurry figure gave a faint smile. "With you here, I can rest easy."

His voice faded into silence as his Will Dharma Form vanished completely.

"Thank you, Elder." Lin Xun bowed deeply toward the place where Taixuan had disappeared.

He would not forget back in the Fortune Dominion, it was Taixuan's Will Dharma Form that had shielded him all the way to Fortune Divine City. And now, once again, Taixuan's Will Dharma Form had stepped forward to stand against Present Age Buddha Jianan.

In just a few decades, two Will Dharma Forms had been consumed. The toll on Taixuan's cultivation would be beyond measure. His sacrifice was nothing short of monumental!

"That old brother Taixuan...his growth is truly astounding." Kong Jue smiled in quiet admiration. He had led the first group of cultivators to cross the cosmos in the primeval era, and he and Taixuan had known each other for a long time.

"Martial Uncle, has your state of mind been fully restored?" Lin Xun asked.

Kong Jue shook his head. "One moment I'm fine, the next I'm half-mad. This state of mind...really isn't easy to repair."

Lin Xun froze in astonishment. "But Martial Uncle, you've already attained the eternal dao. How could your state of mind still be flawed?"

Kong Jue pursed his lips helplessly. "My ambitions were too vast, my desires too fierce. To strive for supremacy in this realm...how could one's state of mind not waver? But even knowing this, I refuse to yield. Look at Taixuan, he's trapped himself in seclusion all these years, wrestling against himself, still unable to break free. My state of mind is much the same."

Lin Xun nodded. He didn't fully understand, and he knew there was no point in asking further. Matters of the heart and mind were something that could not be helped by another. However, he was deeply relieved that Kong Jue now stood clear-minded before him.

He thought back to the first time he met Kong Jue. He was more pitiful than a beggar on the streets, lost, delirious and broken beyond recognition. The memory still ached in his heart.

"Hm?"

Kong Jue was about to depart with Lin Xun and Fang Daoping when he suddenly sensed something. He halted mid-step and turned to gaze into the distant void.

Boom!

At that same moment, a vast and terrifying Eternal aura surged from afar, like a blazing sun sweeping its brilliance across the heavens.

“Hahaha, I finally caught up!”

The figure was none other than Yuan Xukun. He arrived roaring with laughter, but when his gaze swept across the devastated landscape, his smile froze and a deep frown creased his brow. It was clear that this place had just endured a terrifying battle.

Then, his gaze turned toward the far distance. Kong Jue, Lin Xun, and Fang Daoping stood in the distance, watching him quietly, expressionless and without fear.

A flicker of suspicion crossed Yuan Xukun’s eyes. His gaze snapped toward Kong Jue. “Whose Will Dharma Form are you? Where’s Taixuan?”

“Taixuan has vanished.” Kong Jue smiled brilliantly. “As for me...my name is Kong Jue, peerless and unparalleled, the one and only.”

Yuan Changtian frowned slightly. “The name sounds familiar...yet I don’t recall the Eternal True Realm producing another Eternal figure like you.”

“Oh, I only ascended to eternity a few years back. It’s no wonder you haven’t heard of me.”

Kong Jue’s eyes swept up and down Yuan Xukun. “You’ve arrived at just the right time. Shall I send you on your way?”

Chapter 2886 Name Echoes Through the Heavens

Yuan Xukun raised a brow and said coldly, “Even with only half of my Will Dharma Form’s power remaining, I am not someone just anyone can provoke.”

He stood tall and proud, youthful in appearance yet radiating an oppressive majesty. The Great Spiritfall Sword rested in his grasp, its edge gleaming as his aura swept outward, blanketing the ruined starry expanse in suffocating pressure.

Lin Xun and Fang Daoping exchanged strange looks.

Yuan Xukun clearly had no idea. He didn't know that moments ago, the Will Dharma Form of the Present Age Buddha, Jianan, whose cultivation and treasure both far surpassed his, had already been slain by Kong Jue's sword. Ignorance, indeed, made one fearless!

Kong Jue's eyes curved in amusement. "So, the one who wounded Taixuan's Will Dharma Form was this fellow?"

Lin Xun and Fang Daoping both nodded.

"He wields the Great Spiritfall Sword," Fang Daoping added gravely. "The Yuan Clan's supreme treasure...its destructive power is beyond measure."

Kong Jue smiled faintly. "So that's how it is."

Yuan Xukun's expression hardened. "Then you also plan to follow in Taixuan's footsteps?"

Kong Jue suddenly let out a low chuckle, then threw his head back in wild laughter. His laughter shook the heavens, unrestrained and arrogant, as though he had just heard the greatest joke in the world.

Yuan Xukun's expression darkened. Moments ago, he still had some hesitation, intending to find out what had happened here first. However, that brazen, unbridled laughter ignited his fury in an instant. It was an unmistakable act of mockery and provocation!

Clang!

With a flick of his wrist, Yuan Xukun unsheathed the Great Spiritfall Sword. A blinding tide of snow-white sword qi surged forth, brimming with the power of law, its radiant edge lighting up the starry sky like day.

“Let’s see how long you can keep laughing!” Yuan Xukun roared, swinging his sword down. His aura surged like that of a god. Eternal radiance boiled from his body, vast and blinding.

The sword qi that followed was earth-shattering, domineering and ferocious, like a blazing sun crashing down from the heavens. Despite that, Kong Jue only chuckled, patting the wine gourd hanging at his waist.

Buzz!

With a deep hum, the gourd leapt into the air. From its spout poured a vortex of gray divine light. The incoming sword qi dissolved the instant it touched the light, like a million invisible ants gnawing it to dust.

Yuan Xukun’s pupils constricted sharply. At that moment, Kong Jue already struck, his movements vast and unrestrained, his punch simple, direct, and absolute.

Boom!

Yuan Xukun swung the Great Spiritfall Sword in a furious arc, but the sheer force of the punch shattered his sword qi, sending his body reeling violently through the void.

Then came a storm of fists. Countless blows crashed down and blotted out the heavens. Each strike carried unimaginable might, sealing off all eight directions and locking down the ten realms, leaving Yuan Xukun no space to flee and no path to escape.

In the blink of an eye, Yuan Xukun was engulfed, buried beneath wave upon wave of fists that surged like a boundless river.

Bang! Bang! Bang!

Deafening explosions rolled like thunder, and even the starry sky quaked and rumbled without end. Even after unleashing his full power, Yuan Xukun could not turn the tide. Instead, he was beaten down

so hard that he could barely lift his head. From afar, he looked like a battered ball, pummelled endlessly by a storm of fists...

Lin Xun drew in a sharp breath. Martial Uncle...he's way too fierce!

Fang Daoping slowly steadied his breath. "That guy's Will Dharma Form has nearly burned itself out. If not for the Great Spiritfall Sword in his hand, he would've been crushed long ago."

As his voice fell—Boom!

Yuan Xukun's Will Dharma Form burst apart like a balloon, erupting into a torrent of blinding light that scattered across the heavens. Before vanishing completely, his voice echoed through the starry void, thick with hatred and unwillingness. "One day...I swear I'll hunt you down and settle this grudge!"

His dying roar rippled across the stars.

Kong Jue spat out. "Trash." His tone dripped with disdain.

Compared to Jianan, Yuan Xukun posed no real threat, but his arrogance far exceeded his ability. So it was no wonder that Kong Jue found him contemptible.

Clang!

The Great Spiritfall Sword, now without its master's control, let out a clear hum and streaked into the distance like a shooting star.

Kong Jue reached out and his hand caught nothing but empty air. He frowned slightly. "As expected of a divine weapon born from Divine Rank laws. So long as that law remains bound to the Yuan Clan, no one else can claim it..."

Then, his gaze turned back to Lin Xun and Fang Daoping. "Are there any others chasing you?"

The two exchanged a glance and shook their heads. "We're not sure."

Originally, Zu Wenheng of the Shaman Sect had brought along the Will Dharma Form of Eternal powerhouse Tu Ming, but before he could even summon it, it was swallowed by the Gate of Exile. As for whether more enemies lurked ahead, that remained a mystery.

"Never mind, let's return to the Origin Sect." Kong Jue shook his head, a trace of disappointment flashing in his eyes, before crossing the boundless stars with Lin Xun and Fang Daoping.

The journey back was calm, without the slightest ripple of danger. In truth, calamities of slaughter like these were almost unheard of throughout history.

From the moment they departed the starry domain of the Ten Directions Demon Realm, they were besieged by old monsters from the Ten Immortal Giants. Soon after came Jiaye of the Zen Sect and Zu Wenheng of the Shaman Sect, both determined to end their lives.

Any one of those calamities alone would have been enough to wipe out most Transcendence Stage cultivators in the world! However, for Lin Xun and the others, these so-called murderous calamities turned out to be the easiest to overcome.

What followed were even greater perils: Yuan Xukun and Jianan. The power of their Will Dharma Form alone could annihilate every Transcendence cultivator beneath the heavens! Worse still, they came armed with supreme treasures and divine weapons. Because of that, Taixuan's Will Dharma Form, after suffering wound upon wound, finally collapsed and could withstand no more.

It was no exaggeration to say that if Kong Jue had not arrived in time, Lin Xun and Fang Daoping would never have made it back to the Origin Sect alive. On the way back, Lin Xun learned that upon receiving Fang Daoping's call for aid, the sect had planned to dispatch two deputy pavilion masters, Xuan Feiling and Dugu Yong.

However, before they could depart, Kong Jue appeared out of nowhere and stopped them. Then came the extraordinary sight of his martial uncle descending alone to their rescue. Of course, even he had only sent forth a Will Dharma Form.

“With my intervention, even if I annihilate the enemy, none will dare lay blame on the Origin Sect. It will buy the sect a little time to purge its internal troubles.” Kong Jue said calmly. “Otherwise, once word of this battle spreads, the Origin Sect will have to face the combined wrath of the Shaman Sect, the Zen Sect, the Yuan Clan, and the Ten Immortal Giants of the Eighth Heaven Domain. With the sect’s current state...it could never withstand such a storm.”

At those words, Lin Xun and Fang Daoping fell silent. That was the cruel reality. The Origin Sect was riddled with troubles and problems, but they stemmed mainly from two sources: First, the three pavilion masters each faced their own difficulties, and second, within the sect lurked hidden threats left by the powers of the Ten Immortal Giants.

In comparison, both the Zen Sect and the Shaman Sect were in far better shape than the Origin Sect. In such a state, the Origin Sect truly could not endure any further turmoil. They had no choice but to wait.

Wait for Taixuan to emerge from closed-door cultivation, for You Beihai to attain the Eternal Dao, and for Yan Ji to mend his body...

“When I return this time, I shall first cleanse the sect of its internal troubles and purge every cancer and hidden disease that plagues it!” A cold, murderous light flickered in Lin Xun’s eyes.

With his current cultivation, he no longer feared those at the pinnacle of Transcendence. The time had come to settle accounts with Fu Wenli, Qi Xiaoyun, Chi Wen, and the other enemies from the Ten Immortal Giants. This was not only to cleanse the Origin Sect, but also to avenge himself!

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The Shaman Sect.

Not long after the Will Dharma Form of Heaven Shaman Tu Ming was swept into the Gate of Exile, the higher-ups of the Shaman Sect learned about what happened.

“We actually failed!”

“Impossible... That Divine Rank law was taken by that Fangchun Mountain successor?”

“Send more men after them!”

Their roars echoed through the ancestral halls. Faces twisted with fury, every elder of the Shaman Sect was livid.

“It’s already too late. Don’t forget we’re not the only ones coveting that Divine Rank law. There’s also the Zen Sect, the Ten Immortal Giants of the Eighth Heaven Domain, and the Divine Yuan Clan...” someone sighed.

In the end, the Shaman Sect could only accept it. They had lost their chance to seize the Divine Rank law!

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The Zen Sect.

When Jiaye saw the Seven Treasures Ruyi return alone, his heart sank. He immediately understood that Jianan’s Will Dharma Form had also failed!

“How could this be...” His brows furrowed deeply.

Even with his mind as still as stone, a trace of bitterness flickered across his calm face. That very day, when word of Jianan’s fall spread, the entire Zen Sect erupted in uproar.

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The same shocking news soon spread to the Ten Immortal Giants of the Eighth Heaven Domain, such as the Wang, Zhongli, Fu, and Qi Clans, and all were thrown into fury and turmoil. Not only had every participant they sent into the Immortal Dao Battle been annihilated, but also even the old monsters who led them had fallen!

For the Immortal Giants, the blow was nothing short of devastating.

It must be known that although the Ten Immortal Giants had ruled the Eighth Heaven Domain for countless ages and wielded vast power and with terrifying foundations, the strongest among them were those who had reached the pinnacle of the Transcendence Stage.

However, just a single Immortal Dao Battle had cost each clan a vital pillar and five perfect Nirvana Spirit powerhouses. Those losses were as though their very bones had been shattered.

“Lin Xun!!”

“That damned wretch!”

“We will not forget this!”

“Perhaps he’s already been killed by the Shaman Sect, or the Zen Sect, or even the Divine Yuan Clan...”

Outrage and speculation swept through the Ten Immortal Giants like wildfire.

Many days later...

Whether it was the Shaman Sect, the Zen Sect, the Divine Yuan Clan, or the Ten Immortal Giants, they all received the same unmistakable news: Lin Xun and Fang Daoping had returned alive to the Origin Sect!

For a moment, those mighty forces were struck speechless. None of them could believe it. How could Lin Xun possibly have survived such heaven-shaking murderous calamities? The news struck like thunder across the heavens, sending shockwaves through every major power. None could remain calm for a long time.

At the Spirit Sect.

Upon hearing that Lin Xun had returned alive to the Origin Sect, Ruo Su, Cheng Yu, Well Moon and other successors of Fangchun Mountain all let out the breath they had been holding. Relief flooded their hearts and none could hide their smiles.

That same day, upon hearing the news, Ji Shanhai left the Spirit Sect without hesitation and began her journey back to the Ninth Heaven Domain.

Lin Xun had now become a name known throughout all the great powers! As the news spread, countless factions from the Seventh to the Eighth, and even Ninth Heaven Domain, began to take notice of him.

Chapter 2887 To Denounce Him!

The Origin Sect.

After stepping out of the teleportation array, Kong Jue quietly departed on his own. The Origin Sect disciple guarding the teleportation array didn't even notice his presence. Moments later, the return of Lin Xun, Fang Daoping and Li Zhen ignited a storm in the Origin Sect.

Before the Central Dao Palace, the great figures of the sect had already gathered: Deputy Pavilion Masters Xuan Feiling, Dugu Yong, and Yu Xing, the masters of the nine peaks, such as Qin Wuyu, Yue Wuchou, and Cang Zhongxue, and even familiar faces such as Tao Leng, Feng Qixi, and Liu Yunfeng.

When they saw Lin Xun and the others appear, heartfelt smiles broke across their faces.

"Everyone, you must be tired!" Xuan Feiling greeted them warmly, his tone both proud and affectionate. He personally led them into the Central Dao Palace.

Once everyone was seated, the table was already laden with fragrant dishes and fine wine. It was a welcoming feast prepared for them. As for Yuan Changtian, Yun Tianming, and Cao Beidou who had also participated in the Immortal Dao Battle, they were simply forgotten.

"Come, let's have a drink!" Xuan Feiling raised his cup high, laughter rumbling in his chest.

Everyone responded with a thunderous cheer, raising their cups and drinking heartily. After three rounds of wine, Xuan Feiling finally asked the question everyone had been waiting for: the truth behind the Immortal Dao Battle.

Only Lin Xun and Li Zhen knew what had taken place within the Ten Directions Demon Realm. Since Li Zhen was habitually silent, it naturally fell to Lin Xun to tell the tale.

Lin Xun took a moment to gather his thoughts, then began to recount the events of the ten long years that had passed since he entered the Ten Directions Demon Realm.

When they learned that it was Yun Tianming and Cao Beidou who betrayed Lin Xun's whereabouts and led to the siege of Wang Juehuan and the other Ten Immortal Giants, everyone's expressions darkened, fury blazing in their eyes.

When Lin Xun spoke of how he had personally slain the two traitors, Yun Tianming and Cao Beidou, the hall erupted in approval.

"Serves them right!"

"Traitors deserve no mercy!"

When they heard of Lin Xun's astonishing feats in the years that followed, such as how he hunted down and killed, one after another, the participants from the Ten Immortal Giants, the Shaman Sect, and the Zen Sect, the entire hall fell utterly silent. All were struck dumb, inwardly shaken, and their gazes when they looked at Lin Xun were tinged with awe and something indescribably complex.

By the time Lin Xun finished recounting the events that had taken place in the Heaven Demon Realm, a mix of laughter and disbelief rippled through the hall. No one could have imagined that a divine maiden as aloof and transcendent as Ji Shanhai would willingly relinquish a Divine Rank law!

Even more astonishing was that Yuan Changtian, after enduring such humiliation, could still hold himself back at that time! By the time Lin Xun's account came to an end, the great hall had already erupted in excitement.

“In this Immortal Dao Battle, our Origin Sect has achieved a resounding victory!”

“After so many years, it’s finally our sect’s turn to hold our heads high!”

“Hahaha...Shaman Sect, Zen Sect, the Ten Immortal Giants...they’ve all suffered heavy losses this time!”

The old monsters like Xuan Feiling and Dugu Yong burst into hearty laughter, and the others joined in, their voices brimming with joy. In this Immortal Dao Battle, Lin Xun’s performance had brought unparalleled honor to the Origin Sect! It was a long while before the hall’s lively atmosphere finally began to settle.

“What happened on the way back?” Xuan Feiling turned his gaze toward Fang Daoping.

Before this, they had only received Fang Daoping’s call for aid, and none of them knew what he and the others had gone through on the journey back. The rest also turned their eyes to Fang Daoping, waiting for his reply.

After downing a cup of wine, Fang Daoping began recounting everything that had happened along the way. From being hunted by the old monsters of the Ten Immortal Giants, to clashing with Jiaye and Zu Wenheng, and finally to the obstructions they faced from Yuan Xukun and Jianan. He spoke of it all one by one.

As he spoke, the atmosphere in the hall grew heavy and still. The tension deepened with every word, and the expressions around the room shifted...anger, indignation, solemnity, disbelief, and countless emotions flickered across every face.

Occasionally, subtle changes flickered in the way they looked at Lin Xun. Only now did they truly realize that this young cultivator who had just broken through to the Transcendence Realm already possessed heaven-defying might, capable of single-handedly slaying old monsters at the pinnacle of Transcendence.

He had even unleashed the forbidden art Time Stopping to imprison Yuan Xukun’s Will Dharma Form! To everyone present, it was earthshaking, utterly beyond imagination. Had these words not come directly from Fang Daoping’s mouth, not one of them would have dared to believe it.

However, when Fang Daoping told them that Taixuan's Will Dharma Form had perished, a suffocating silence descended over the hall. The expressions of those present darkened and murderous intent seeped into the air like frost.

Even though they later learned that Lin Xun's martial uncle had intervened in time to reverse the crisis, none could conceal the gloom on their faces.

"They're bullying our Origin Sect!" Dugu Yong slammed his palm against the table, his voice booming like thunder.

Fury rippled through the hall. This wasn't just about the safety of Lin Xun and the others, but about the honor of the Origin Sect!

"For the sake of a Divine Rank law, people would stop at nothing to seize it." Xuan Feiling drew a deep breath, his eyes flashing coldly. "Whether it's the Shaman Sect, the Zen Sect, the Divine Yuan Clan, or the Ten Immortal Giants...this debt will be settled one day!"

"We should first settle matters within the sect. We can't act hastily. At least for now, we can only endure," Dugu Yong cautioned from the side.

At that, the atmosphere grew even heavier. If the Origin Sect still possessed the splendor it once had, would they have been treated like this? How could they endure such humiliation?

"We can endure for now, but we must take action on certain matters. Otherwise, before we even think of revenge, the sect will tear itself apart from within." Xuan Feiling's gaze gleamed as he turned toward Lin Xun. "Lin Xun, you've brought immense honor to the sect this time, and you've already stepped into the Transcendence Realm. You are more than worthy to serve as an elder in one of the three pavilions. Tomorrow, I shall personally convene with those present to see your promotion made official."

He paused, his tone turning sharp as a blade. "Even if Fu Wenli and the others dare to object, they won't stop this!"

Everyone nodded in agreement. Given Lin Xun's achievements in the Immortal Dao Battle, even appointing him as a deputy pavilion master would not have been excessive. Just as he said this, the restriction outside the Central Dao Palace rippled violently.

Xuan Feiling flicked his sleeve, dispelling the barrier. Outside the great hall stood Fu Wenli, Qi Xiaoyun, Chi Wen, Tang Qiu, and several other high-ranking figures.

"We heard that Brother Fang has returned with Li Zhen and Lin Xun, so we came to offer our congratulations." Fu Wenli stepped forward as he spoke. Although he spoke of celebration, his tone was icy and his face was utterly devoid of warmth. The others wore the same detached, expressionless looks.

At once, a heavy silence fell over the hall. Fang Daoping rose to his feet and said evenly, "There's no need for congratulations. We're in the middle of a banquet. If you have nothing else, please take your leave."

He refused outright, without a shred of courtesy.

Fu Wenli's face darkened. "As it happens, besides offering congratulations, I do have one matter to discuss...with Lin Xun."

With that, he led Qi Xiaoyun and the others straight into the hall, causing Xuan Feiling, Dugu Yong and the others to grow visibly grim.

Fu Wenli ignored them entirely. He strode up to Lin Xun's table, towering above him, frost glinting in his gaze. "Lin Xun, do you admit your guilt?"

His words carried the weight of judgement itself.

Lin Xun quietly finished the wine in his cup, set it down, and slowly rose to his feet. His voice was calm, almost indifferent. "What crime have I committed?"

Fu Wenli replied coldly, "Do you really think no one would find out? Peak Master Yun Tianming and Elder Cao Beidou, were they not ruthlessly slain by your hand?"

It became clear to Xuan Feiling, Fang Daoping and the others that Fu Wenli and his group had come not to celebrate, but to denounce him!

Lin Xun smiled faintly. "That's right."

Fu Wenli's tone turned sharp as a blade. "You still dare to laugh? As a deacon of the Origin Sky Pavilion, you defied your superiors and murdered two elders of the sect with despicable means! Your crime is worthy of death! I've come here today to seize this murderer and deliver judgment by the laws of the sect, to bring comfort to the souls of my fallen brothers, Yun Tianming and Cao Beidou!"

Xuan Feiling could no longer remain seated. He rose, his gaze ice-cold. "Fu Wenli, for someone of your rank, don't you find it shameful to spew such baseless slander?"

"Cao Beidou and Yun Tianming, those two traitors, colluded with outsiders and trapped Lin Xun in a desperate situation! And now you dare twist the truth, turning such vile scum into innocent victims?"

As Xuan Feiling stood, Dugu Yong and the others in the hall rose one after another, fury blazing in their eyes as they glared at Fu Wenli and the others. The atmosphere grew taut, as if swords had been drawn!

"Traitors? Xuan Feiling, were you present at the Immortal Dao Battle? Did you personally witness any of this?" Fu Wenli's tone remained calm. "Everyone here, aside from Lin Xun and Li Zhen, knows nothing of what truly happened. But what is certain is that Cao Beidou and Yun Tianming were slain by Lin Xun himself, and he has just admitted it. According to sect laws, slaughtering fellow disciples without trial from the Origin Sky Pavilion is an unforgivable crime!"

Lin Xun suddenly spoke, "Was this what Yuan Changtian told you?"

Fu Wenli's eyes narrowed. "Who told me is irrelevant. What matters is that you've broken sect law, and you must be punished for it."

Lin Xun chuckled, "I knew Deputy Pavilion Master Fu wouldn't miss a chance to strike at me. In that case, why don't you take a look for yourself, Deputy Pavilion Master Fu...tell me, who are these people?"

He flicked his sleeve.

One after another, imprisoned and unconscious primordial spirits appeared before everyone's eyes. Fu Wenli's expression darkened sharply. He thrust out his hand to seize the spirits, but Lin Xun was faster. His figure flickered, slipping easily out of reach.

At the same time, Fang Daoping stood beside Lin Xun and said coldly, "Fu Wenli, what do you think you're doing?"

"Those are members of my Fu Clan!" Fu Wenli roared, "Their bodies have been destroyed by Lin Xun, and their primordial spirits imprisoned. This is simply unforgivable!"

Lin Xun said evenly, "Deputy Pavilion Master Fu is correct. These are indeed your clan members. They took part in the Immortal Dao Battle and joined forces with the others to kill me. But unfortunately for them, things didn't go as planned. Did Yuan Changtian forget to mention that part?"

Fu Wenli's chest heaved as he fought to contain his rage. His eyes flickered coldly as he said, "Lin Xun, release my Fu Clan members, and I'll give you a chance to prove your innocence."

It was clearly an offer of trade.

However, Lin Xun only smiled and shook his head. "Deputy Pavilion Master Fu, you've misunderstood. I didn't bring out these Fu Clan primordial spirits to threaten you. As a deacon of the Origin Sky Pavilion, I wouldn't dare to threaten a deputy pavilion master."

He paused, sweeping his gaze across the hall. "I simply wish to tell everyone here that, whether Cao Beidou and Yun Tianming were traitors or not, searching these primordial spirits will reveal the truth!"

His clear voice echoed through the grand hall. In an instant, the faces of Fu Wenli, Qi Xiaoyun and Chi Wen turned ashen.

Chapter 2888 Promotion

Search the cultivators' memories from their primordial spirits. Memories didn't lie. If Yun Tianming and Cao Beidou had truly conspired with members of the Fu Clan, such traces would be etched into their souls and impossible to erase.

This was why Fu Wenli and the others had turned pale as death. Lin Xun's hidden move had struck precisely at their vital point! Fang Daoping and Li Zhen were both taken aback. They hadn't expected that when Lin Xun killed those experts from the Ten Immortal Giants, he'd had this hidden card prepared all along.

"Since that's the case," Xuan Feiling said aloud, "let's proceed with the soul search. The truth will show itself soon enough!"

He strode forward and was about to take action...

"Wait!" Fu Wenli's face darkened. "Xuan Feiling, how can the primordial spirits of my Fu Clan experts be subjected to such humiliation? I would rather destroy them myself than let them be defiled!"

"Fine," Xuan Feiling replied evenly. "Then do it."

Fu Wenli froze. His face contorted with rage, but not a word came out. How could he bring himself to kill his own clansmen, especially when these men were pinnacle Nirvana Spirit experts, the backbone of the Fu Clan?!

"Actually, there's no need to trouble yourselves." Lin Xun said with a smile, "I've already searched their souls and extracted some memories. You may see for yourselves."

He raised a hand, and a jade slip appeared between his fingers. With a light crush...Snap!

A shimmering screen of light unfolded before everyone's eyes. Within it, a Fu Clan cultivator stood amid a barren mountain range, his expression excited. "A message came from the Origin Sect. Lin Xun is in the Myriad Ravines Mountain Range in the Eastern Demon Realm!"

Another voice asked cautiously, "Can this be trusted?"

"It came from Cao Beidou himself. He's our clan's loyal hound. He wouldn't dare joke about this."

The image shattered into motes of light and vanished. A heavy silence fell. Every face in the hall darkened. The air itself seemed to thicken with fury.

Fu Wenli's beard bristled, and his eyes burned into Lin Xun as he barked, "Cao Beidou betrayed us...he deserved death. But what crime did Yun Tianming commit?"

He was still grasping for an excuse.

Lin Xun's smile didn't waver. "No need to be impatient, Deputy Pavilion Master Fu."

He brought out a second jade slip and crushed it between his fingers. Another image bloomed in the air. A cultivator from the Donghuang Clan spoke in a hushed tone, "The Fu Clan's report checks out. Yun Tianming just confirmed the same news."

"Good," another said coldly. "Let's join Wang Juehuan. No matter what, Lin Xun must die!"

The light flared and faded. Donghuang Qing, who had come with Fu Wenli's group, went stiff, his face twisting in shock and fury. Fu Wenli's expression turned as black as ink, his chest rising and falling violently as rage trembled through him. Faced with such undeniable proof, even he had no words left.

Qi Xiaoyun, Chi Wen, Tang Qiu and the others looked just as grim. They had marched in righteously to denounce Lin Xun, intending to seize this chance to strike him down. Even if they couldn't kill him, they had hoped to make him bleed for it. Who could have imagined that the tables would turn so completely?

"Now everything is clear," Xuan Feiling said coldly, his voice cutting through the hall like a blade. "Not only has it been proven that Lin Xun was framed by those two traitors, but the participants from the Ten Immortal Giants were also so crazed they dared to strike at a disciple of our Origin Sect. Such despicable intent deserves death!"

His gaze hardened. "Lin Xun, hand those Fu Clan spirits to Deputy Pavilion Master Fu. Let's see which weighs heavier in his heart, his clan's blood, or the sect's laws and disciples."

"Understood." Lin Xun flicked his wrist, and the imprisoned primordial spirits thudded onto the floor before Fu Wenli's feet.

At once, every gaze in the hall turned toward Fu Wenli. His face flickered between anger and gloom, his beard trembling. Everyone could see the fierce struggle raging inside him. Even Qi Xiaoyun, Chi Wen and the others dared not utter a word.

It was clear that Xuan Feiling intended to seize this chance to demand justice, and he already held the upper hand. In a situation like this, anyone who tried to step in would only bring disaster upon themselves.

In the stifling silence, everything now depended on Fu Wenli's decision. A long moment passed. Then, through clenched teeth and a voice thick with strain, Fu Wenli rasped, "These people conspired to harm a disciple of the sect. They are without conscience and deserve death. I...will kill them myself for the sake of justice!"

The final words seemed torn from his chest. With a sweep of his palm...Boom!

The five imprisoned primordial spirits of the Fu Clan shattered instantly, scattering into a rain of light before fading into nothingness. Gasps rippled through the hall. Many trembled inwardly. Fu Wenli was truly ruthless to kill his own blood!

Xuan Feiling nodded. "In the face of truth, Deputy Pavilion Master Fu was able to acknowledge his mistakes and pull back from the brink. Now, he's even shown righteousness by destroying his own kin. Today's matter ends here."

Inwardly, however, he felt a trace of regret. Had Fu Wenli dared to shield those Fu Clan members, Xuan Feiling would have seized the chance to strike him down in the name of the sect!

Fu Wenli's face was ashen, his eyes lifeless. He cast Lin Xun a cold glance and said stiffly, "Deacon Lin, take care of yourself."

He turned to leave. "Deputy Pavilion Master Fu, wait." Xuan Feiling's calm voice stopped him.

Fu Wenli frowned. "What is it now?"

"Cao Beidou betrayed the sect and has already been executed by Lin Xun." Xuan Feiling said calmly. "That leaves an elder's seat vacant in the Origin Sky Pavilion. After discussion, we've agreed that, since Lin Xun placed first in the Immortal Dao Battle and brought unparalleled merit to our sect, he shall assume that position and replace Cao Beidou."

Fu Wenli's eyes narrowed. "Are you seeking my approval?"

"No, I'm merely informing you." Xuan Feiling replied with a faint smile. "According to the sect law, one who achieves extraordinary merit may be promoted by exception."

Fu Wenli's fists tightened inside his sleeves. Fury churned beneath his calm exterior, but he forced a smile. "If I don't object, Brother Xuan, will you next propose that this boy replace me as deputy pavilion master?"

Xuan Feiling chuckled, "Deputy Pavilion Master Fu, don't take it so personally. But at the rate Lin Xun is rising, it might not be long before he replaces any one of us nine deputy pavilion masters."

"Hmph!" Fu Wenli couldn't be bothered to say another word and stormed off with a flick of his sleeve. He knew that if he lingered a moment longer, his fury alone might make him spit blood.

Qi Xiaoyun, Chi Wen, Tang Qiu and the rest quickly followed, too ashamed to remain a moment longer. Just as they reached the doorway, Lin Xun said with a smile, "Ah, I almost forgot to mention that every single participant from the Ten Immortal Giants was wiped out in the Immortal Dao Battle. Even the old monsters leading them perished. Truly...What a tragedy."

Outside the hall, Fu Wenli and the others froze mid-stride, as if struck by lightning. After a long, stiff silence, they turned and left in haste.

Inside the hall, laughter erupted. How could they not know that Fu Wenli and the others were probably fuming to the point of madness? As the banquet went on, the atmosphere grew ever livelier.

After everything that had happened, everyone finally breathed a little easier. However, for Lin Xun, he knew this was far from enough! His greatest purpose in returning was to root out every hidden enemy festering within the sect.

Of course, he also understood that such matters could not be rushed. He had just returned today. It was not the time to act hastily.

When the banquet finally drew to a close, Lin Xun was about to take his leave when Xuan Feiling stopped him.

“Didn’t Fang Daoping tell you,” Xuan Feiling asked with a smile, “that the one who renders the greatest service to the sect in this Immortal Dao Battle is to receive a special reward from the sect?”

Lin Xun blinked, then slapped his forehead. “I almost forgot about that.”

“Originally, we had prepared a bottle of Primordial Divine Dew, a treasure born of the sect’s Divine Rank law. But now, that reward alone seems...rather insufficient.” Xuan Feiling said with a smile, “So, we have unanimously decided that, in addition to the Primordial Divine Dew, when the time comes for you to compete for the position of pavilion master of the Origin Clarity Pavilion, we will all stand behind you. How does that sound?”

Seeing Lin Xun’s momentary surprise, he added with a faint smile, “You are a successor of Fangchun Mountain and a disciple of our Origin Sect. When you become the pavilion master of the Origin Clarity Pavilion, your enemies will also be the enemies of our sect. Do you understand?”

Lin Xun’s heart trembled. How could he possibly not understand? That promise meant that when he faced his enemies in the future, the Origin Sect would stand behind him as his greatest backing! Such a promise was worth far more than any divine treasure.

Taking a deep breath, Lin Xun bowed deeply. “Thank you, Elder!”

Xuan Feiling chuckled. "You know...long before you joined the Origin Sect, your Third Senior Sister Ruo Su had already spoken of you. She believed that though the Origin Sect now suffers from internal and external strife, once you take up the mantle of pavilion master of the Origin Clarity Pavilion, you will lead the sect to reclaim its former glory, and perhaps even rise above the other ancestral courts.

"At that time, we old fellows were skeptical. After all, you were only a supreme Emperor Ancestor back then, a youngster who hadn't even set foot upon the immortal path. How could your Third Senior Sister's words have convinced us?

"But in the end, we chose to give you a chance to prove yourself. And in truth, to give the Origin Sect a chance as well. Now that you've done so, we old fellows will, of course, do everything we can to support your rise!"

Lin Xun's emotions surged violently at those words. He never would have thought that before he even set foot in the Origin Sect, his Third Senior Sister had already spoken with those old monsters on his behalf!

Xuan Feiling drew out a jade bottle. "This is the Primordial Divine Dew. Once every ten thousand years, the Divine Rank law condenses only ten drops of it. This bottle holds all ten that were gathered over the last ten thousand years.

"Its effects on Transcendence cultivation are immeasurable. Even in battle, when your strength runs dry, just one drop will restore you to your peak in an instant. You must cherish it."

Lin Xun accepted it with both hands, bowing once more as a gentle warmth filled his heart.

"Go on. Now that you've returned to the sect, there's nothing else to worry about. Even if the sky collapses, we old bones will hold it up," Xuan Feiling said with a smile.

"Uh." Lin Xun turned to leave, then suddenly paused, as if recalling something. After a brief hesitation, he said, "Elder, there's one more matter I seek your guidance on."

"What is it?"

Lin Xun lowered his voice. "In the Ten Directions Demon Realm, I seized the primordial spirits of two divine sons. One from the Divine Wen Clan and the other from Divine Cang Clan. They're still sealed within my treasure. Elder, what do you think I should do with them?"

For a moment, Xuan Feiling was stunned, then a strange look crossed his face. "Kid...you really are fearless..."

His voice carried a mix of disbelief and admiration.

Chapter 2889 Counting Spoils

After a moment's thought, Xuan Feiling asked, "What did you originally plan to do with them?"

Lin Xun answered without hesitation, "Kill them, of course. But now that I think about it, keeping them alive might be far more useful."

"Oh? Why is that?" Xuan Feiling raised a brow.

"They escaped alive." Lin Xun said calmly. "The divine clans behind them hate me to the bone, but they dare not come to our sect and cause trouble. After all, our foundation still stands."

He continued, "Besides, I intend to let them know that during the journey back, the Shaman Sect and the Zen Sect, in their greed for the Divine Rank law, cared nothing for their lives. They saw them as pawns to be sacrificed."

Xuan Feiling's lips curved faintly. "You plan to sow discord? That sort of trick is easy to see through."

Lin Xun's smile deepened. "They can see through it if they wish. I just want to disgust the Shaman and Zen Sects a little. At the very least, once the two divine sons, Wen Qiaoshui and Cang Fufeng, return to their clans, they'll never speak kindly of those two sects."

"Very well, do as you see fit," Xuan Feiling said without hesitation.

Lin Xun blinked in surprise. "Elder, you really think this plan will work?"

"If I'm not mistaken," Xuan Feiling replied, "it won't be long before the Wen and Cang Clan send their cultivators here, demanding an explanation. When that happens, we'll make sure they pay the proper price for their people. After all, we can't just hand over hostages for free."

Lin Xun laughed softly and produced the two trapped primordial spirits of Wen Qiaoshui and Cang Fufeng, offering them to Xuan Feiling. "Then I'll have to trouble Elder to handle this matter."

Xuan Feiling chuckled, shaking his head. "I knew it. You were planning to toss this hot potato into my lap from the start."

Lin Xun grinned. "I simply believe Elder is the only one who can resolve it perfectly."

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That night, after returning to his abode, Lin Xun felt a rare sense of ease wash over him. The Immortal Dao Battle had lasted more than ten years. He had been through ten years of endless bloodshed and peril, but the rewards were beyond imagination.

He had once tallied his spoils: over eight thousand Earth Rank laws, and more than three hundred Heaven Rank laws! Such an achievement would shake the world and make even the greatest factions turn green with envy.

After all, under normal circumstances, even a Nirvana Spirit Immortal would struggle to obtain a single Earth Rank law in their lifetime.

In addition, Lin Xun possessed nine ninth grade Heaven Rank laws that manifested as nine flying swords. As for the other ninth grade Heaven Rank laws and fragments of Divine Rank law, he had already refined them all when he broke through to the Transcendence Realm in the Heaven Demon Realm.

Of course, the greatest prize of all was the complete Divine Rank law that he had personally named Absolute Beginning.

During his time in the Ten Directions Demon Realm, after slaying the participants from the Shaman Sect, Zen Sect, and the Ten Immortal Giants, he had also acquired a staggering trove of treasures, including divine weapons, rare materials and elixirs of immeasurable worth.

After all, each participant was a perfect Nirvana Spirit expert, the core elites of their respective factions, and the treasures they carried were anything but ordinary. Even on his way back to the sect, the treasures he acquired were equally staggering in variety and value.

After slaying ten Transcendence experts such as Wang Zhongyuan and Earth Shaman Zu Wenheng, the spoils he obtained from those old monsters alone were enough to leave him dazzled and awestruck.

In short, though the journey had been perilous beyond words, the rewards were beyond measure. In terms of sheer wealth, there was likely no one in the entire Origin Sect who could hold a candle to Lin Xun.

“I’ll keep a portion of this law power for Jingxuan, Fan’er, and the others to use in the future,” Lin Xun murmured thoughtfully, “and give the rest to a few trusted friends in the sect.”

He thought of Feng Qixi, Liu Yunfeng, Tao Leng, Ye Chunjun, Qin Ruoling, and Huang Muji. They were friends he could rely on without doubt.

“As for the other treasures...I’ll pass them on to my fellow disciples who have always supported me when the chance arises.”

Lin Xun knew well that the higher one rose, the more vital it became to build authority and prestige. To achieve that, one had to balance both favor and might! Favor could take many forms: reward, friendship, or a debt of gratitude. However, the most straightforward way to win favor was through the exchange of cultivation resources for support.

As for might? That was even simpler. As long as one’s strength stood above all, no one would dare to defy you.

Soon, Lin Xun took out a jade bottle. Inside it rested ten drops of Primordial Divine Dew, born from the Divine Rank law of the Origin Sect itself. It was a treasure of immeasurable benefit to Transcendence cultivators.

When Lin Xun uncorked the bottle, golden radiance burst forth, flooding the room in shimmering light. A rich, fragrant mist spread through the air, rippling with faint waves of law power that glimmered with a mysterious, sacred glow.

Tilting the bottle, he let a single drop of divine dew roll free. It was perfectly round, translucent, and wreathed in a soft golden glow. Upon closer look, countless threads of law intertwined and pulsed within, like arcs of living lightning. Lin Xun drew a deep breath, sat cross-legged, and swallowed the drop.

Boom!

In that instant, even with his current cultivation, his entire body trembled violently. A deafening roar of dao power erupted within like a volcano, surging through every inch of him until he felt as if he might explode.

“What terrifying law power...” Lin Xun immediately mobilized his cultivation, guiding his strength to dissolve and refine the essence of law within the divine dew.

The Transcendence Realm was to transcend the very laws of heaven and earth. Beyond refining law power, it demanded enlightenment, comprehending the laws that governed creation itself! Only by grasping those mysteries could one truly wield and command the powers of heaven and earth after stepping into the Eternal Stage!

Lin Xun now understood that every complete strand of law power was born from the principles of heaven and earth, and each was a manifestation of the rules that shaped creation. Since every cultivator refined countless laws, each distinct from the next, advancing further on the Transcendence path required integrating and harmonizing all the powers one had cultivated.

This fusion gave rise to what was known as immortal laws. The immortal laws wielded at the Transcendence Realm were also known as Transcendence Laws, condensed from the countless strands

of refined law power. The purer and more refined one's immortal law, the faster their cultivation progressed and the greater the power they could unleash.

For Lin Xun, this process posed no difficulty. As early as the Heavenly Longevity Stage, he had already grasped the mysteries of the Nirvana law and used it to condense his own immortal laws.

Over the years, from the Heavenly Longevity Stage, to the Nirvana Spirit Stage, and now to the Transcendence Stage, every law he refined had first been tempered through the Nirvana law. As a result, every refinement allowed Lin Xun to absorb only the purest essence of law!

Thus, the Transcendence Laws he now commanded had not only fused into one, but were also pure, flawless, and incomparably powerful. They were utterly without impurity, surpassing even the might of those at the pinnacle of the Transcendence Realm!

This was why, even upon just breaking through to the Transcendence Realm, he had been able to suppress and slay old monsters like Wang Zhongyuan who stood at its pinnacle. In short, cultivation at this stage had become straightforward for Lin Xun. He needed only to keep refining law power and tempering his immortal laws.

When his cultivation reached the perfect Transcendence Stage, the stronger his immortal laws became, the deeper his understanding of heaven and earth would grow. Furthermore, when he one day stepped into the Eternal Realm, commanding and wielding the principles of heaven and earth would come as naturally as breathing!

Six hours later, following a series of muffled roars, the torrents of qi within Lin Xun's body finally settled and grew still. At that moment, he fully refined the power contained in that single drop of Primordial Divine Dew. A surge of energy coursed through him, so vast that even he couldn't help but be astonished.

A single drop of Primordial Divine Dew had elevated his newly advanced Transcendence cultivation by nearly twenty percent!

"If all ten drops were refined..." Lin Xun's eyes flickered with a faint gleam. "Wouldn't that push me straight into the intermediate Transcendence Stage?"

However, he quickly dismissed the thought. The first refinement always yielded the greatest effect; the second would never match the first.

“A treasure like this can’t be squandered just to hasten cultivation,” Lin Xun murmured, carefully sealing the jade bottle away.

He recalled Xuan Feiling’s words. If one’s strength was ever exhausted in battle, a single drop of the Primordial Divine Dew could restore them instantly to their peak. Having fought through countless battles, he naturally understood how extraordinary the Primordial Divine Dew’s restorative power truly was.

If he unleashed the Blade of Time, the Gate of Exile, and the Seal of Temporal Restriction until his strength was drained to the last trace, he could recover in an instant with one drop of divine dew. This was nothing short of miraculous.

Lin Xun still possessed an abundance of law power, so there was no need to squander the Primordial Divine Dew merely for cultivation.

At that moment, he drew out the ninth grade Heaven Rank laws that had taken the form of nine flying swords.

He had originally planned to keep this treasure, to one day give it to his family or trusted friends, or perhaps even to the Luo Clan, where his mother Luo Qingxun resided. Its value was beyond measure. Now, he was not too bothered about it.

After all, he possessed the Nirvana law, the Absolute Beginning law, Wushuang, Little Immortal, Little Nether, and the Violet Green Gourds!

With a calm motion, he placed the nine flying swords into the Limitless Abyss Sword Cauldron for the Nirvana law to refine them. As the cauldron hummed, his gaze deepened, his mind drifting into thought.

“When my Transcendence Laws are refined to a certain level, perhaps I can begin refining the Nirvana law itself. If I can fully refine it...every mystery within will become part of my own cultivation!

“By then, whether it’s the rebirth and reshaping of laws, or the annihilation and refining of laws, all of it will be under my command. Even Wushuang, Little Immortal, Little Nether, and Absolute Beginning could all be reborn through me.”

“If that day truly comes, then the immortal laws I command will stand peerless beneath the heavens!”

Lin Xun knew well, however, that refining the Nirvana law was no simple feat. It would take time and patience. Even so, he was certain that as his cultivation advanced, the pace of refining the Nirvana law would only grow faster. Perhaps he wouldn’t even need to reach the Eternal Stage before achieving that goal!

Buzz!

After the time it took for a full stick of incense to burn, a dim ripple of light stirred within the Limitless Abyss Sword Cauldron. At that moment, Wushuang’s clear and melodious voice rang out from within, “Master, the nine strands of ninth grade Heaven Rank laws have been fully refined.”

Lin Xun opened his eyes, awakening from his deep meditation.

Chapter 2890 Repaying Kindness

The next morning.

The Ninth Peak.

“That’s...the essence of a ninth grade Heaven Rank law. It’s priceless. You should keep it for yourself.”

Peak Master Qin Wuyu could not believe his eyes. Lin Xun had appeared early in the morning, presenting him with a ninth grade Heaven Rank law as though it was nothing more than a casual gift.

“Peak Master, I gained plenty during my time in the Ten Directions Demon Realm,” Lin Xun said with a faint smile. “I’m not short of treasures like this. Please accept it.”

Before Qin Wuyu could even respond, Lin Xun pressed a bronze box into his arms and turned to leave. "Peak Master, I still need to visit Elder Xiao Wenyuan. I'll take my leave."

By the time Qin Wuyu collected himself, Lin Xun had already disappeared. He looked down at the bronze box in his hands, emotions surging in his chest, a warmth spreading quietly through his heart. This kid...Lin Xun is truly a man of loyalty.

The Origin Clarity Pavilion.

Xiao Wenyuan stared at the treasure before him, speechless for a long moment before he could even believe what he was seeing. He's...giving me a ninth grade Heaven Rank law?

After a brief silence, he sighed softly, "Lin Xun, you're now an elder of the Origin Sky Pavilion, and your achievements in the Immortal Dao Battle have earned you great honor and the sect's highest regard. I'll be frank...even if you hadn't brought me this treasure, when the day comes that you vie for the seat of pavilion master of the Origin Clarity Pavilion, I would still give you my full support."

Lin Xun smiled. "Elder, this is just a token of gratitude. Whether or not you choose to support me in the future, today I just wish to repay a debt of kindness."

"Repay me?"

"Yes." Lin Xun nodded firmly.

He would never forget how Xiao Wenyuan and Li Zhen had stood by him when he first joined the Origin Sect. He would never forget how, in the years that followed, they never once wavered in their support, no matter the storm. That was true kindness!

"Very well, then I'll accept it." Xiao Wenyuan said softly, receiving the bronze box with both hands. As he gazed at the young man before him, a deep emotion welled in his heart.

By now, Lin Xun stood as his equal, and in terms of influence and prestige within the sect, Xiao Wenyuan could no longer compare. Despite that, Lin Xun still remembered the kindness of the past, and now repaid it with sincerity. That, more than any priceless treasure, moved Xiao Wenyuan beyond words.

After taking his leave from Xiao Wenyuan, Lin Xun went on to visit the other peak masters: Yu Xiangting of the Fifth Peak, Wen Dongmian of the Sixth Peak, Tian Wucuo of the Seventh Peak, and Cang Chongxue of the Eighth.

To each, he gifted the essence of a ninth grade Heaven Rank law.

The four peak masters were caught between astonishment and disbelief. To them, this gesture felt almost overwhelming. When Lin Xun had first joined the Origin Sect, they had maintained a strictly neutral stance. It was only in recent years that their view of him had changed, and they had begun to quietly support some of his actions.

Never in their wildest thoughts had they imagined that Lin Xun would personally come bearing such priceless treasures. They were taken completely by surprise. Gratitude and quiet emotion welled within their chest.

At the very least, this proved that they had not misjudged him. The young man from Fangchun Mountain truly embodied qualities that commanded respect. One day, when he became the pavilion master of the Origin Clarity Pavilion, none would doubt his right to that seat!

Lin Xun then went to find Tao Leng.

“Deacon Tao Leng pays his respect to Elder Lin.” Tao Leng bowed deeply, his expression solemn.

Lin Xun frowned. “Come now, Old Tao, do we really need to be so formal?”

Tao Leng’s lips curled into a grin. “According to the sect’s rules, Elder Lin’s rank stands above mine, and even above the nine peak masters. How could I not show respect?”

Lin Xun chuckled. “I never thought a cold and rigid man like you could actually joke around.”

As he spoke, he took out a bronze box he had long prepared and pressed it into Tao Leng's hands. "Old Tao, please accept this. If you dare refuse, that would truly be disrespecting me, Lin Xun."

Of everyone in the sect, Tao Leng was the one Lin Xun shared the deepest bond with. Over the years, Tao Leng had helped him a lot and stood by him in many crucial moments.

Tao Leng chuckled as he accepted the bronze box. "Let me see what you've brought this time. I'll tell you first...ordinary gifts can't buy my loyalty...Huh? This is..."

He froze mid-sentence. As the bronze lid lifted, the treasure's radiance spilled out, reflecting in his widened eyes. For a long moment, he simply stood there, utterly dumbfounded.

"Well?" Lin Xun teased. "Have I managed to buy you off yet?"

Tao Leng muttered in disbelief, "Is my loyalty really worth a ninth grade Heaven Rank law?"

He was shaken to his core.

A treasure like this could establish a top-tier Immortal Imperial Clan, and with enough years, it could even rival the Ten Immortal Giants of the Eighth Heaven Domain. Its worth was so staggering that even those immortal giants would lose their minds over it.

Despite all that, Lin Xun was giving it to him!

Tao Leng drew a deep breath, trying to steady the storm of disbelief surging inside him.

Lin Xun laughed, clapped him on the shoulder and said with a grin, "Remember, I've already bought you."

With that, he turned and left without another word.

It took a long while before Tao Leng came back to his senses. He murmured, "Forget buying me. Even if I sold my life for him, it still wouldn't be worth a ninth grade Heaven Rank law..."

When Lin Xun returned to his abode, only two strands of ninth grade Heaven Rank laws remained among his spoils. After some thought, he handed both to Wushuang.

Wushuang was overjoyed, her big eyes sparkling with excitement. She thumped her chest proudly and said, "Master, Shuang'er can now recover at least eighty percent of my peak strength!"

"Eighty percent?" Lin Xun raised a brow in surprise

Over the years, Wushuang had refined countless Earth and Heaven Rank laws, and in the Ten Directions Demon Realm, she had even refined a ninth grade Heaven Rank law.

Even with two more ninth grade Heaven Rank laws, she could only regain eighty percent of her power? Just what kind of terrifying law was she at her full strength?

Wushuang blinked her wide, glimmering eyes and said carefully, "Master, if Shuang'er is allowed to refine the Violet Green Gourds as well, I promise I can return to my peak."

"Keep dreaming." Lin Xun gave her an exasperated look.

Wushuang giggled, clearly expecting that response. To her, gaining two more ninth grade Heaven Rank laws was already a gift beyond dreams.

Next, Lin Xun began to consider his next move and how to eradicate his enemies within the Origin Sect in a single, decisive strike!

If he followed the rules, progress would be painfully slow and it would be a waste of precious time. Also, he would never be able to strike down all his enemies at once. Besides, although his current status was lofty, he was still below the nine deputy pavilion masters.

Given such circumstances, following the rules would make it almost impossible to remove deputy pavilion masters like Fu Wenli, Qi Xiaoyun, Chi Wen, and Tang Qiu. However, if he dared to break the rules, he would stir outrage and opposition throughout the Origin Sect.

After all, to every cultivator in the Origin Sect, the rules stood above everything. Years ago, even though Fu Wenli and his allies had wanted him dead, they had been constrained by the sect's rules and dared not act.

Now, Lin Xun was bound by the same restraint. So, he had to find another way!

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Yuan Changtian sat in silence within his abode, his expression dark and unreadable. Lin Xun's safe return was, without doubt, a blow he hadn't anticipated. Worse still, everyone in the Origin Sect had begun to reject and resent him.

Everywhere he went, he was met with looks of discontent and hatred, and the whispers that followed were dripping with scorn. It was as if he had become a rat crossing the street, reviled and hunted by all!

"Young Master." Yuan Xiliu entered quietly, his expression grim.

"Did you find out how Lin Xun came back alive?" Yuan Changtian asked.

Yuan Xiliu's eyes flickered darkly. "According to the message from the clan, Old Ancestor Xukun's Will Dharma Form was destroyed by a being of equal rank. The one who did it wasn't an elder of the Origin Sect, but instead Kong Jue, the close friend of the Lord of Fangchun Mountain and martial uncle to the successors of Fangchun Mountain."

Although Kong Jue destroyed Yuan Xukun's Will Dharma Form, he failed to stop the Great Spiritfall Sword from escaping. It was through that sword that the Yuan Clan discovered what truly happened in that battle.

“Kong Jue?” Yuan Changtian’s eyes narrowed. “He’s also stepped into the Eternal Stage?”

“Correct.” Yuan Xiliu replied, and began to recount what he knew. “Before attaining the eternal dao, Kong Jue’s mastery of the immortal path was already unparalleled. His strength was so overwhelming that even the giants of the Eighth Heaven Domain feared him. But later, his state of mind collapsed, and he fell into madness. Even his cultivation dissipated. For many years since, he was forgotten by all.”

Yuan Xiliu’s tone then grew solemn. “Who could have imagined that he has now stepped into eternity?!”

Yuan Changtian fell silent, his face turning ashen. So that was the variable...If not for Kong Jue’s interference, Lin Xun would never have made it back alive.

“Where is Kong Jue now?” he asked after a moment.

“No one knows.” Yuan Xiliu said, shaking his head. “Once one steps into eternity, one stands above all heavens. How could such beings’ whereabouts be traced by ordinary means?”

“What now...” Yuan Changtian frowned deeply. “The situation couldn’t be worse. Those old dogs in the Origin Sect can’t wait to see me dead. How am I supposed to contend for the pavilion master’s seat of the Origin Clarity Pavilion now?”

Yuan Xiliu lowered his voice. “Young Master, the clan has sent word. You must remain here for now...no matter what happens.”

Yuan Changtian’s brow furrowed. “Why?”

Yuan Xiliu spoke gravely, “The clan wants us to secure the Divine Rank law at any cost. You are to seize it and if you succeed, it will count as a supreme merit and the mantle of young patriarch will pass to you immediately!”

Yuan Changtian’s lips curved into a cold sneer. “A Divine Rank law is worth far more than the title of young patriarch. Besides, Lin Xun is now hiding within the Origin Sect, under the protection of those old monsters. Who would dare lay a hand on him?”

Yuan Xiliu said solemnly, "Young Master, this is a death order from the clan. It cannot be defied."

Yuan Changtian's eyes narrowed, and he said nothing.

Yuan Xiliu continued, "Rest assured, Young Master. The clan will mobilize all its power to assist you. For instance, here in the Origin Sect, old fellows like Fu Wenli and Qi Xiaoyun will heed your every command. In other words, there's no need for you to act in person. You simply give the order, and they'll take care of it for you."

A sharp gleam flashed through Yuan Changtian's eyes. "Fine, but tell the clan that once the matter is done, I want to return at once to claim the authority that rightfully belongs to the young patriarch!"

Yuan Xiliu's lips curved faintly. "Understood."