Prodigies 2911

Chapter 2911 Don't Say We Didn't Warn You

Xuan Feiling said, “They’re also testing our sect’s attitude through this, as in, if we are willing to be at war with the Ten Immortal Giants for the sake of protecting Lin Xun.”

“Heh, old schemer Wang Zhongtian knows his stuff.” Dugu Yong sneered.

Fang Daoping stressed, “There is absolutely nothing to negotiate in this matter, and on top of that, we must announce our stand to the world. If we allow the Ten Immortal Giants to keep being this aggressive, it will make it seem as if the Origin Sect is afraid of them.”

“That’s right, that’s how it should be.”

“I agree with Brother Fang.”

Yu Xing, Tong Chaoyun, and the other deputy pavilion masters also supported Fang Daoping’s suggestion.

Seeing this, Xuan Feiling nodded. On the same day, breaking news spread from the Origin Sect: “Anyone who sees Origin Sect Deputy Pavilion Master Lin Xun as an enemy is an enemy of Origin Sect! Anyone who assists the devil and harms those related to Lin Xun, prepare for a future where the Origin Sect will end their entire family!”

The announcement was deliberately topped off with a sentence: “Don’t say we didn't warn you!”

When the news came out, the world was astounded. It sent chills running through the forces who were originally eager to search the heavens to find people with relations to Lin Xun, leading them to draw in their horns.

In the eyes of the public, the Origin Sect was much more transcendent in status and unfathomably powerful than the Eighth Heaven Domain’s Ten Immortal Giants.

Now that it had made its attitude clear and even worded the message so sternly, who wouldn't be apprehensive?

“Want to be a lap dog of the Ten Clans Alliance? Well, you have to be prepared to be slaughtered first, otherwise you won’t even know how you die!” someone lamented.

“This is a real fight between giants, there's no good ending for ordinary people who get involved. A fire at the city gate brings disasters upon the fish in the moat. Once you stick your nose in this, best watch out!”

“So it seems the Origin Sect is determined to protect Lin Xun.”

“This Lin Xun fellow...he is simply a mystery of a character. Who ever dared to imagine he'd come into the influence he has today?”

As the news spread, everything about Lin Xun was put to discussions, making him the hottest topic in all the major heaven domains.

Many people then realized that long before he had first arrived at the Eternal True Realm, his name had already preceded him and reached the ears of many great powers. Then, after his arrival, every single thing he had done was attention-grabbing.

He had killed his way from the First Heaven Domain to the Sixth Heaven Domain, entered the Origin Sect after ranking first in the selection, slaughtered a bunch of participants in the Immortal Dao Battle, and many more. Each of those bloody achievements was more than enough to shake the world, and when piled up on one individual, they were particularly appalling.

In the face of the stand expressed by the Origin Sect, the Ten Clans Alliance showed no weakness. It quickly responded and conveyed its attitude to the public.

“One day, we will stomp the Origin Sect to the dirt!”

One short sentence, but it was effectively a direct declaration of war, showing how resolute the Ten Clans Alliance was about this matter.

All heavens were shaken.

After Xuan Feiling's group heard the news, they calmly commented, "All bark and no bite."

They couldn't be more aware of the Ten Immortal Giants' depths. Without the support of the Eternal Divine Clans in the Ninth Heaven Domain, and without the help of the Shaman Sect and the Zen Sect, they would never dare go to full-scale war with the Origin Sect even if they stole courage from heaven.

Sure enough, in the several years that followed, under the watchful of countless cultivators, the Ten Clans Alliance took zero action. It was as though it had vanished. This naturally made people wonder: You made all that commotion only to lie still now?

Only Xuan Feiling's party knew that the Ten Clans Alliance was waiting. Waiting for Origin Clarity Pavilion Master You Beihai to certify his Eternal dao!

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The volatile situation in the outside world did not affect Lin Xun, who was in the forty-fifth year of his closed-door meditation. During this period, the law powers and various divine elixirs on him had nearly been depleted. Despite this, he had barely reached the advanced Transcendence Stage.

Of course, this speed was miraculous enough, but for him, the real gain in these forty-five years actually concerned the Nirvana law power. Presently, he had already refined sixty percent of it! His Immortal law was now on par with Divine Rank law Absolute Beginning!

Lin Xun had a strong hunch that once he had completely refined the Nirvana law power, he would be able to explore the rules of Nirvana!

At the Transcendence Stage, cultivators could study and comprehend law powers, thus becoming free from the restraints of the rules of heaven and earth. At the Eternal Stage, cultivators could control and utilize the law powers!

Lin Xun's Immortal law was derived from the Nirvana law power, so now that he was continuously refining it into his own, the rules he had fathomed were naturally connected to Nirvana, also known as the Nirvana law.

Nirvana had a lot of incredible abilities. It was capable of allowing other laws to be reshaped and reborn, while it could also restrict and wear down law power.

Even though Lin Xun had only refined about sixty percent of it, he noticed that when he stored the purple and green gourds inside him, this pair of precious ninth grade Heaven Rank law powers also got nurtured in a process similar to nirvana!

In short, his own Immortal law had replaced the many wonderful uses of the Nirvana law power. It was like a mother nest where he could place law powers into so as to nourish and help them develop!

According to Wushuang, the Immortal law that Lin Xun had mastered could already measure up to a Divine Rank law, which made him a sole, unique case in the Transcendence Stage. However, this was not enough for Lin Xun. In his mindset, only by completely refining the Nirvana law power could he be called unique in the true sense of the word!

"Xia Zhi should be waking soon..."

On this day, Lin Xun awakened from his meditation and calculated quickly. It had been twenty-nine years since Xia Zhi entered the slumber, which she had said would take at least thirty years.

After thinking about it, he decided to go out for a walk. Forty-five years had passed, so there were only more than thirty left until Origin Clarity Pavilion Master You Beihai realized eternity. Lin Xun wondered what had been going on outside during this.

The sky was bright, the air was fresh, and the clouds were steaming. After Lin Xun left his cave, he went on a stroll. He passed quite a number of Origin Sky Pavilion disciples along the way, but none of them noticed his presence.

This was naturally a deliberate measure on his part. He didn't want his current action to be perceived as his seclusion had concluded, because it wasn't quite there yet. He just wanted to take a breather and find out about what had happened recently.

Half an hour later, when he approached Origin Emptiness Pavilion, a surprised voice rang out, "Lin Xun? How come you've come out?"

Lin Xun looked over and saw that it was Dugu Yong. He immediately revealed a smile. "After sitting dryly for so long, I suddenly had the whim to go out for a walk."

Dugu Yong looked him up and down, and was visibly taken aback. "Your cultivation..."

At his level, he was actually unable to see through Lin Xun's current cultivation!

"Advanced Transcendence," Lin Xun said frankly.

"Haa..." Dugu Yong gasped, unable to help the shock on his face. "You broke through two lesser realms in just forty-five years?"

At this moment, Lin Xun's aura was tame and ordinary like the idle clouds in the sky. There was no special might about him, making it hard to believe that he was already an advanced Transcendence existence.

"Forty five years...isn't a short time..." sighed Lin Xun. It was actually the longest closed-door session he had done since he had started cultivation.

Dugu Yong was dumbfounded for what seemed like half a day, until he suddenly proposed, "If you have nothing to do, want to spar? Let me experience first-hand the battle power at your current disposal."

Lin Xun laughed, “If it's what you want, Senior, I'm naturally happy to oblige.”

“Let’s get going, then. To the central training platform.” Dugu Yong swung his arm with great vigor.

In the Origin Sect, only the power covering the central training platform could withstand the impact of a battle belonging to the Transcendence Stage.

“Alright.” Lin Xun followed Dugu Yong and teleported toward the destination.

“Huh, when did Lin Xun come out of seclusion?”

When they were halfway there, Fang Daoping’s voice suddenly rang out, followed by his figure appearing out of thin air.

“Just a while ago,” Lin Xun answered him with a smile.

“Then, what are you guys planning to do here?” Fang Daoping looked at Dugu Yong.

“We’re heading to the central training platform for a spar,” Dugu Yong laughed. “Old Fang, now that Lin Xun has entered the advanced Transcendence Stage, me sparring him can't be considered bullying the small.”

Fang Daoping’s eyes blazed with interest. “Let’s go, I’m coming with you guys.”

“Hahahaha, I knew you would never miss a good show.” Dugu Yong burst out laughing.

Fang Daoping smiled, then suddenly remembered something and said, “It would indeed be a shame to miss such a duel. Why don’t we call Old Xuan, Yu Xing, and the others as well?”

Not waiting for a reply, he sent out the message.

“Old Fang, how come I get the feeling that you are itching to see me make a fool of myself?” Dugu Yong acted angry.

Fang Daoping smiled cutely. “Don’t worry, no one will find it strange if you lose to Lin Xun. We'll be shocked if you actually win.”

Dugu Yong laughed and booed, “Old thing, your mouth runs a mean streak!”

While bantering, they arrived at the central training platform. The platform was extremely big and paved entirely from a kind of mysterious black stone. From a bird's eye view, it looked like a huge Taiji circle.

Whoosh, whoosh, whoosh, whoosh, whoosh!

Not long after Lin Xun’s group got here, a series of air-ripping sounds echoed. The five deputy pavilion masters of Xuan Feiling, Yu Xing, Yuan Wutian, Tong Chaoyun, and Zhang Qianxi were seen arriving one after another from different directions.

These old monsters were all astonished at the fact that Lin Xun had broken through to the advanced stage of Transcendence. When they looked at Dugu Yong, their expressions couldn't help but take on a dash of derision.

“Old Dugu, you are looking for a beating here. Lin Xun utterly destroyed the likes of Fu Wenli and Chi Wen when he was only at the initial level, not to mention that he has reached the advanced level now. Where did you get the fat gut to challenge him?” Xuan Feiling teased with glee.

“Maybe Old Dugu is a secret masochist, he doesn't feel right unless he gets beaten once in a while?”

“Eh, hey, stop beating Old Dugu down like that. What if, one in a million chance, he wins?”

"Win? Heh..."

The flurry of teasing remarks put a dark cloud over Dugu Yong's expression. In fact, he himself was chickening out a little inside.

His intention was to test Lin Xun’s cultivation depths through this duel, not to decide the winner and loser. However, Xuan Feiling and the others were squeezing him between a rock and a hard place.

These old scoundrels! Dugu Yong silently cursed. After this is over with, I'll make sure that you lot experience the same fate!

Chapter 2912 Too Crazy

In the central training platform, Lin Xun and Dugu Yong stood on opposite ends, facing each other. The old monsters who had previously teased and mocked Dugu Yong now looked serious. Jokes aside, they shared his curiosity about Lin Xun’s current strength.

As he took a deep breath, Dugu Yong's aura shifted, and his sturdy, slender figure suddenly became immeasurably taller, towering like a mountain and majestic like a god. A perfectly round, purple, Immortal Halo condensed behind him, and his thunder law evolved into incredible phenomena, floating within it, making him look like a master of thunder!

"Brother Lin, Old Dugu has been cultivating for over 110,000 years. He may seem old, but when he achieved immortality, he was only a little over a thousand years old. He was considered a peerless prodigy at the time. This old fellow has been immersed in this realm for a long time, and the power he possesses is extraordinary. You must be careful." Fang Daoping spoke loudly from a distance.

Lin Xun nodded.

Suddenly, Dugu Yong raised his right hand.

Boom!

Countless purple lightning bolts, as thick as pythons, descended from the sky, densely packed and glittering. They wove into a massive lightning talisman that was a thousand feet in radius, full of oppressive pressure. Within the talisman, lightning cascaded like a waterfall, and an aura of destruction filled the air. Its power was unparalleled and domineering.

Lin Xun stood still, his finger swiping through the air.

Swish!

Sword qi slashed out, splitting the thousand-foot-long lightning talisman in two with devastating force, as easy as if it was tearing through a painting.

Xuan Feiling and the others narrowed their eyes slightly. Dugu Yong's attack, known as the Great Unleashed Lightning Talisman, would have instantly obliterated an ordinary opponent of the same realm, shattering their flesh and blood and sending their soul scattering. Despite that, Lin Xun had blasted it apart with a single strike!

"Senior, there's no need to hold back," Lin Xun said calmly. "Whether I win or lose doesn't matter to me. I just request a satisfying fight."

Dugu Yong laughed heartily. "Alright!"

His beard and hair fluttered, and a dazzling torrent of lightning surged from him. With a flick of his hand, the dense thunderstorm transformed into a purple spear.

Boom!

He took a step forward, making the arena quake. The purple thunder spear in his hand was like a divine rainbow from outer space, piercing and attacking with domineering, sharp, and swift power. Its terrifying aura of destruction was like a divine retribution!

Lin Xun's eyes lit up slightly. The spar was finally becoming a bit interesting to him. He leaped forward, his robes fluttering, and he swung his fists in a decisive blow.

Clang!

The purple spear was abruptly blocked, and a shower of light splattered across a distance of three thousand feet. Dugu Yong wasn't surprised by this. His momentum grew stronger as he swung his spear forward. Each strike carried a force that could shatter the heavens and the earth. Countless thunderbolts roared as they became a mighty force.

Lin Xun remained calm, neither retreating nor avoiding as he confronted the attack head-on. For a moment, the central training platform incessantly shuddered, and divine light spread like a raging sea. A battle like this could be considered the pinnacle of a confrontation below the Eternal Realm. Anyone who would try to rashly intervene would have been annihilated in an instant.

Within moments, the expressions of Xuan Feiling and the others became filled with surprise and a faint hint of suspicion.

Dugu Yong had fully demonstrated his skills, unreservedly exerting his full might. Despite that, in the battle, let alone suppressing Lin Xun, he couldn't even gain the slightest advantage. Lin Xun, on the other hand, was clearly holding back; otherwise, Dugu Yong would have been defeated already!

"How could this kid be so strong..." Tong Chaoyun's eyes widened.

After the sect's major purge, Xuan Feiling had proposed that Lin Xun be appointed a deputy pavilion master of the Origin Sky Pavilion, but Tong Chaoyun had been skeptical of the latter’s abilities.

Later, after Xuan Feiling explained that Lin Xun, in the early Transcendence Stage, had already subdued veterans like Zu Wenheng and Fu Wenli, Tong Chaoyun finally agreed to Lin Xun's appointment. However, he had never witnessed Lin Xun's true abilities, so he was so astonished when he witnessed Lin Xun's might firsthand.

"Old Monster Fang, what are you still standing there for? Can't you see that I alone can't force this brat to use his full strength?" Dugu Yong shouted from the battlefield.

Fang Daoping's lips twitched. How could he not tell that Dugu Yong was trying to drag him down with him?

Xuan Feiling and the others spoke up, "Old Fang, go ahead. Old Dugu is right."

"Alright." Fang Daoping took a deep breath, leaped into the battlefield, and immediately attacked Lin Xun.

Boom!

He had a thin figure with brilliant green light surging around him. With every gesture, countless magical techniques poured out. His power was so overwhelming that it was eye-catching.

"Old Fang is a wise man. He used his full strength from the moment he entered the battlefield. He obviously knows that he can't hold back when fighting a monster like Lin Xun." Yuan Wutian laughed.

The battle in the central arena intensified. Two deputy pavilion masters had joined forces to attack Lin Xun, which was something that would have terrified anyone else at his level. What surprised Xuan Feiling and the others was that even in this situation, Lin Xun remained calm and composed, methodical and effortless. Even the most powerful and terrifying killing methods were easily neutralized by him.

Xuan Feiling and the others looked at each other in bewilderment. How could they not see that even after Fang Daoping and Dugu Yong had joined forces, they still couldn't force Lin Xun to use his full strength?!

This was unbelievable.

Dugu Yong began to shout again, "Yuan Wutian, can’t you see that Old Monster Fang is useless? What are you waiting for?"

His harsh statement made both Fang Daoping and Yuan Wutian grit their teeth.

Yuan Wutian asked, "Lin Xun, what do you think?"

If word got out that two deputy pavilion masters, both of whom had lived for countless years, had to join forces against a young deputy pavilion master like Lin Xun, it would be humiliating. If three deputy pavilion masters attacked him together, it would even be considered bullying in the outside world.

"Senior, come on over!"

In the arena, Lin Xun smiled towards the spectators.

"Alright!" Yuan Wutian stopped talking and leaped into the fight.

Instantly, the battle situation shifted subtly. With Yuan Wutian's presence, Lin Xun's responses were noticeably less relaxed. However, before Xuan Feiling and the others could breathe a sigh of relief, they saw his towering figure suddenly glow on the battlefield, his imposing presence surging.

Instantly, the attacks of Dugu Yong, Fang Daoping, and Yuan Wutian were thwarted, and they even seemed to be suppressed by Lin Xun. This made Xuan Feiling and the others feel dizzy. Was this Lin Xun's true ability?

Undoubtedly, even when facing two deputy pavilion masters, Dugu Yong and Fang Daoping, Lin Xun had held back, not using his full strength. Only after Yuan Wutian joined did it force him to use more of his power.

"Brother Yu Xing, you go too." Xuan Feiling's eyes blazed. "I want to see how long Lin Xun can hold out."

"Okay." Yu Xing was eager to try, and without further ado, he immediately charged into the battlefield.

Boom!

The central training platform, while vast and massive, was now engulfed by billowing divine light. Horrifying visions unfolded, and the roar of battle resounded throughout the heavens and the earth.

Ordinary cultivators would be unable to see any details of the battle. Only Xuan Feiling and his companions could clearly see the action unfolding. However, gradually, a solemn expression appeared on their faces. Even the combined might of four deputy pavilion masters was unable to subdue Lin Xun!

Each of them had already exerted their full strength, which was enough to easily kill those of the same realm in the outside world. However, even their combined strength was unable to overwhelm Lin Xun's brilliance!

This was incredible. The spectators had observed carefully that as each deputy pavilion master joined, Lin Xun's power grew, and each time, he was perfectly able to counter any attack.

Xuan Feiling and the others were experienced and shrewd, so how could they not see that Lin Xun was unwilling to claim his victory too quickly and embarrass those old men? Of course, this also indirectly confirmed that Lin Xun's combat power had become so overwhelming that it was impossible to tell his true strength!

Every time they thought he was being forced to use his full strength, his power would surge up even further, leaving Xuan Feiling and the others stunned.

"Old Tong, you and Old Zhang go attack together," ordered Xuan Feiling.

Tong Chaoyun and Zhang Qianxi exchanged a glance and both moved out. They no longer cared about their dignity. This sparring match had truly aroused a strong desire to fight within them, and they were curious about the sheer power needed to force Lin Xun to unleash his full might.

With the addition of Tong Chaoyun and Zhang Qianxi, the battlefield became a situation where six deputy pavilion masters were fighting against Lin Xun alone. The fight became even more intense than before.

It was at this moment that Lin Xun began to feel some pressure. However, it still wasn't enough! He took a deep breath, unleashing his full power. Every movement was imbued with an invincible aura that suppressed everything. In the blink of an eye, he had broken through the siege of the six old monsters!

This caused a burst of exclamations from the crowd, and Dugu Yong and the others stared at each other, wide-eyed in disbelief.

After all, they were deputy pavilion masters of the Origin Sect, having experienced the vicissitudes of life and witnessed the changes of the world. Even those of the same level among the Ten Immortal Giants would not be taken seriously by them.

Moreover, their combat prowess was truly unmatched by those of their level. Despite that, even with six of them fighting together, they still couldn't suppress Lin Xun. Instead, he turned the tide and launched a counterattack!

Dugu Yong shouted, "Old Monster Xuan, you're the only one missing. How long do you plan to continue watching the fun?"

Xuan Feiling sighed, fearing he would be ridiculed and mocked by his great-great-grandson for a long time to come. There was no way he could avoid participating in this battle.

Swish!

He flashed, charging into the battlefield. With seven deputy pavilion masters attacking together, Lin Xun's fighting spirit was ignited, and he grew more courageous with each blow. Dugu Yong, Xuan Feiling, and the others gritted their teeth, using all their might. Lin Xun's strength had also inflamed the wrath of these old men.

Time passed. Just as Dugu Yong and the others were about to get their butts kicked, Lin Xun suddenly pulled away, saying, "Seniors, let's call it a day. How about we agree to a draw?"

Dugu Yong and the others were stunned. Looking at the unharmed, smiling Lin Xun standing in the distance, they felt a surge of something indescribable as their chests tightened. After all, they still hadn’t taken this brat down!!

Smoke and dust thickened. Outside the central training platform, countless figures were standing there. They were all powerful Origin Sect members, but their eyes were wide open, and their expressions had become dazed as they watched the scene unfold.

Before, with their level of cultivation, they couldn't clearly see the battle in the central training platform. Now, things were visible. Seven deputy pavilion masters had joined forces together to take on Lin Xun?! Heavens! Wasn’t this insane?

Chapter 2913 Showdown with Taixuan

Silence reigned all around. When they saw the spectators outside the arena, Xuan Feiling, Dugu Yong, and the other five deputy pavilion masters flushed with rage.

What the hell, did everyone witness this?!

Xuan Feiling coughed dryly and said, "We were discussing the dao with Deputy Pavilion Master Lin, but we didn't expect to disturb you. Now...disperse."

The people around them looked puzzled for a moment, but they tactfully left. However, everyone's hearts were swirling with emotion, and they found themselves unable to calm down for a long time.

What kind of ‘dao discussion’ could have caused the other seven deputy pavilion masters to join forces against Deputy Pavilion Master Lin alone? After forty-five years of seclusion, could Deputy Pavilion Master Lin’s combat power truly evolve to such an incredible level?

This was astonishing!

While watching the figures disappear, Xuan Feiling and the others exchanged looks as they each smiled wryly and shook their heads.

"From today on, judging solely by combat prowess, among the deputy pavilion masters, Lin Xun is the most powerful." Dugu Yong sighed.

He was the one who had proposed a sparring match with Lin Xun to test his true strength. Only after the battle concluded did he realize that even if seven deputy pavilion masters combined their full strength together, they would be no match for him. In fact, if Lin Xun hadn't called a stop to the battle, they would have all been defeated!

"Alas, what's the point of living longer? Compared to that fellow Lin Xun, it's like the difference between a weed on the ground and the sun in the sky."

"Only after cultivating the dao until now have I truly realized that living longer doesn't necessarily mean becoming more powerful."

Seeing the elders sighing with emotion, their expressions complicated, Lin Xun felt embarrassed and said, "Seniors, please don't keep putting yourselves down as that will only make the pressure on me more intense."

Xuan Feiling laughed heartily, "Everyone, stop lamenting. Lin Xun is following the path of the Eternal Supreme, which is unique in heaven and earth. If he can't be invincible in this realm, how can he possibly deserve the title of Supreme? We deserve to be defeated by him!"

Dugu Yong and the others laughed. Of course, they wouldn't let this setback affect their spirits. Fang Daoping's expression grew serious as he asked earnestly, "Lin Xun, let me ask you, if it were a real life-or-death battle, how long do you think we could last?"

The other old monsters also turned their gazes towards Lin Xun.

Lin Xun paused for a moment, then smiled. "It should be shorter than the previous fight."

How could he possibly say that in a life-or-death struggle, he could kill any of them in a split second? That was too humiliating.

Even though he was being tactful, Xuan Feiling and the others understood what he really meant, and each of them sighed deeply. Lin Xun's current attainments in the Transcendence Stage had undoubtedly surpassed theirs by a significant margin!

"In my opinion, to force Lin Xun to unleash his full strength, one would probably have to utilize an Eternal Will Dharma Form." Xuan Feiling's eyes were blazing as he said, "Lin Xun, how about we go to Wuxuan Forbidden Land and let Pavilion Master Taixuan test your abilities?"

Dugu Yong's eyes lit up, and he slapped his thigh. "Great idea!"

"That's great, that's great." The other old monsters also laughed and enthusiastically gathered around Lin Xun. This kid had just embarrassed them so badly, so it was time for him to suffer a little!

Feeling that things were taking a turn for the worse, Lin Xun cried out, "Seniors, it's getting late today, and I still have to..."

Just as he was about to leave, Xuan Feiling grabbed his shoulder. The other old monsters gathered around him, escorting him away.

"Little guy, testing out your own abilities will give you a clearer idea of how to improve. Don't worry, we promise we're not doing this to make you embarrass yourself!"

"Yes, we're not here to laugh at you."

"Lin Xun, we're doing this for your own good. After all, not just any deputy pavilion master gets this kind of special opportunity."

"Don't worry, we'll ask Pavilion Master Taixuan to show mercy and ensure your life isn't in danger."

The old monsters were incredibly enthusiastic. However, those words of ‘comfort’ sent a shiver down Lin Xun's spine. How could he not know these old men were eager to see him fall flat on his face? He couldn't help but grumble, who said these old masters were all so open-minded?

Wuxuan Forbidden Land.

This was the place where Taixuan, the pavilion master of Origin Emptiness Pavilion, was in seclusion. Under the familiar vast starry sky, Taixuan was dressed in a linen robe as he sat cross-legged in the sky. A chessboard formed from his own cultivation was before him.

Just as he had when Lin Xun first met him, he was playing against himself, grappling with himself!

Upon learning the purpose of Xuan Feiling’s and the others' visit, Taixuan was surprised and glanced at Lin Xun. Seeing him surrounded by a group of old monsters, looking helpless, the pavilion master immediately teased, "If you're being coerced, just blink a few times."

Lin Xun's lips twitched, and he said, "Actually... I came here voluntarily. These seniors are being this enthusiastic for my own good as well."

Xuan Feiling and the others guffawed.

Taixuan also laughed, rising to his feet. "Even if you were coerced, I'd still like to test your current combat prowess."

Lin Xun became speechless

Is any of this fair?!

"Using my willpower alone will damage my own cultivation. How about I use my true power?" As Taixuan spoke, he noticed Lin Xun's face had darkened and immediately added, "Of course, I promise to only use the power that my Will Dharma Form could use."

Lin Xun let out a long sigh, realizing he couldn't escape this fate.

"Lin Xun, perform well!"

"Let Pavilion Master Taixuan see the power of the Eternal Supreme."

"Don't be a coward! Don't worry, even if you suffer serious injuries, we will definitely heal you."

Xuan Feiling and the others offered encouragement, but their beaming faces made it impossible not to suspect that they were gloating inside. Furthermore, they had already moved away as they spoke, as if afraid they would be affected by the ensuing battle.

Seeing this, Lin Xun calmed down. He looked at Taixuan and said, "Then I will respectfully obey your command."

He took a deep breath, and his qi roared and circulated. Taixuan studied him for a moment, then snapped his fingers.

Clang!

A blast of sword qi slashed forth, and the sword intent alone was imbued with the majesty of the Eternal Realm.

Xuan Feiling and the others felt their eyes sting with pain, and it was as if their minds were being torn apart. Their expressions suddenly became extremely solemn. Although Taixuan only wielded a force comparable to what a Will Dharma Form could use, that might was still enough to pose a fatal threat to any ordinary Transcendence Realm expert!

Just like this seemingly insignificant sword strike, these old men might have had to use all their strength to dodge it. To resist would have been devastating or even fatal!

However, Lin Xun took a deep breath, neither dodging nor avoiding. With his sleeves fluttering around him, he launched a punch. The force of his counterattack was like an abyss, imprinted with his entire cultivation, and imbued with a profound and marvelous immortal law. When it collided with the sword qi, a thunderous roar erupted, and the nearby starry sky trembled violently.

Bang!

The sword qi shattered and vanished, and Lin Xun swayed slightly, his blood and qi churning. Despite that, he remained unharmed!

Xuan Feiling and the others felt their jaws drop open. He had actually blocked it!

In the distance, a strange light flickered in Taixuan's eyes. He immediately slashed his fingers out again, unleashing another blast of sword qi. This time, its power was at least thirty percent greater than the previous one. Furthermore, this sword qi emanated a sense of Eternal might, leaving veterans like Xuan Feiling feeling insignificant and hopeless even from afar.

This strike was beyond their ability to dodge, let alone resist. However, Lin Xun's body seemed to be ablaze, radiating a brilliant light with every pore emanating a dazzling, crystal-clear dao light.

Boom!

He stepped into the cosmos while swinging his fist forward. The fist and sword clashed, exploding in the void. Amidst a shower of light, Lin Xun charged forward, fist raised. His domineering and aggressive demeanor left Xuan Feiling and the others feeling stunned.

Who could believe that, under such circumstances, Lin Xun would dare to launch such a fierce counterattack?

"Excellent!"

Taixuan exclaimed in admiration, his figure still. Amidst a thunderous roar, densely packed wisps of sword qi shot forth, slashing towards Lin Xun. Each sword qi possessed a power to shake the ages and overwhelm the heavens. Their splendor was vast and magnificent, like a flash of light suddenly appearing in eternity.

In an instant, Lin Xun was suppressed and in dire straits. The pack of sword qi was terrifying, possessing the might of the Eternal Realm. Any other Transcendence Immortal would have been slaughtered on the spot.

Despite that, Lin Xun resisted, growing more courageous with each encounter. This made Xuan Feiling’s and the others' eyes widen, their faces filled with shock. How could he be so powerful?!

Before long, as Taixuan attacked, Lin Xun was firmly pinned down, without any route to escape.

Bang!

At this moment, he was forced to use the Limitless Abyss Sword Cauldron to block and extinguish the densely packed sword qi one by one. His entire body was radiant with dao light, his eyes blazing. He shouted, "Senior, there's no need to hold back!"

Taixuan smiled and nodded.

Boom!

The outline of a sword array emerged, growing increasingly intense and terrifying. It suppressed Lin Xun to the point where he felt as if he were suffocating. He could only rely on the Limitless Abyss Sword Cauldron to hold on, unable to launch an effective counterattack.

However, Lin Xun did not give up. The next moment, his five dao bodies rushed out together, joining forces with him. In a moment, the sword array was shattered, transforming into an endless rain of light.

Taixuan was astonished, seemingly extremely surprised, and a look of pure shock flashed in his eyes. The power of his sword array was comparable to the full force attack of a Will Dharma Form, yet it was still broken by Lin Xun! How could he not be surprised?

A young man in the advanced Transcendence Stage possessed the incredible power to counter a Will Dharma Form at the Eternal Realm. If word of this were to spread, the world would be in a state of shock!

Just like now, Xuan Feiling and the others were stunned, their eyes dazed. They had all been waiting to see how Lin Xun would be beaten, so they could feel less depressed by the results of the previous fight.

However, who could have imagined that the power Lin Xun displayed in this battle would once again exceed their imagination and predictions? This made them suddenly realize something.

If Lin Xun had unleashed this terrifying power in their earlier fight, the combined strength of the seven deputy pavilion masters would have been no match for him. They would have been easily crushed by his overwhelming force!

Chapter 2914 Lin Xun's Ultimate Combat Power

On the battlefield.

"Elder, again!" Lin Xun's black hair whipped wildly in the wind as he let out a long, thunderous cry.

In that instant, he was forced to unleash power beyond anything he had ever shown before. His aura surged like a raging tide, filling the starry void with a presence so vast and oppressive that it made the heavens tremble.

"Very well." Taixuan drew in a deep breath, his voice calm yet brimming with might. "Then I shall meet you with the full power of my Will Dharma Form."

He waved his sleeve, and in that moment, boundless sword qi burst forth like a celestial river, sweeping through the stars with unstoppable force. Xuan Feiling and the others, watching from afar, felt their scalps prickle and their breathing seize under the sheer weight of it.

Rumble!

The starry sky convulsed and the sun and moon dimmed as though stripped of light. Even with Lin Xun and his five dao bodies combining their strength to resist, they were still struck and flung back. They staggered, their figures drenched in blood and their bodies carved open by endless sword qi. The sight was horrifying.

"Again!"

Lin Xun drew in a sharp breath. Beneath his calm expression, madness flickered in his eyes like a storm barely contained. His dark eyes were like abysses, and within them burned a wild, unrestrained flame.

For years, few had been able to wound him. Fewer still had forced him into such danger. However, instead of fear, exhilaration coursed through him. His long-dormant battle spirit was ignited once more, making his blood boil and his will roar.

Boom!

With a furious shout, Lin Xun's true body and his five dao bodies charged forward again, their combined might growing even more terrifying. Naturally, Taixuan would not hold back.

He unleashed the full might of his Will Dharma Form. Sword qi shot across the heavens like radiant rainbows that wove through the cosmos. Eternal sword intent surged like a landslide and a tidal wave, flooding every inch of space.

The battle raged on. Lin Xun and his dao bodies were soon covered in wounds, their figures slashed and blood-soaked, looking utterly battered and grim.

Of note, with every wound and every drop of blood spilled, his aura only burned fiercer, sharper and more unyielding. It was as though he were undergoing a brutal and bloody forging, a baptism by slaughter and flame, being remade and exalted amidst the brink of death.

However, his wounds were grievous. His body resembled shattered porcelain and blood seeped through the cracks. It was both a dreadful image. After enduring another torrent of sword strikes, Lin Xun staggered, his steps faltering.

At last, Taixuan stopped. His gaze shifted to Lin Xun. "That's enough."

Lin Xun withdrew his five dao bodies and clasped his hands respectfully. "Elder, I'd like to borrow this place for a while."

Taixuan nodded silently. Lin Xun sat cross-legged, his qi circulating as he sank into deep meditation. The battle had drained him utterly. It was perilous, brutal, and yet invaluable. It had tempered his cultivation to an unprecedented degree.

For the first time in many years, he had been forced to confront the limits of his own strength. He realized that rapid progress was not always a blessing. A lack of true trials and tempering could easily leave one's foundation unstable.

During his forty-five years of closed-door cultivation, Lin Xun had made two great breakthroughs, reaching the advanced stage of the Transcendence Realm. The transformation was extraordinary, but in this battle against Taixuan, the flaws in his cultivation had been laid bare.

For instance, his control over power was still imperfect, leaving a portion of his strength wasted each time he struck. In battle, he was still unable to completely fuse his will, essence, qi, and spirit into a single, unified force.

The reason was that although his cultivation had advanced swiftly, he lacked the tempering of real combat. Such flaws were unseen in quiet meditation, but under the blade of true battle, they could no longer hide. Fortunately, this battle had also served as an ultimate tempering, exposing his flaws, mending his shortcomings, and refining him into something stronger.

The starry sky grew utterly still. Watching Lin Xun sit cross-legged in deep meditation, Xuan Feiling and the others remained silent for a long while. Shock still rippled through their hearts, and their expressions were complex and unreadable.

This battle had finally allowed them to witness with their own eyes the terrifying depth of Lin Xun's current power. Then, an awkward realization dawned upon them...

From what they could see, there was no doubt that Lin Xun's strength was worthy of the title Eternal Supreme. Unfortunately, none of them could discern just how far his power truly reached...

Across all ages, never had there been someone like Lin Xun, a cultivator who, while still in the advanced Transcendence Realm, wielded such heaven-defying might.

After a moment of silence, Xuan Feiling turned to Taixuan in the distance. "Brother Taixuan, you've just crossed blades with him. What do you make of this boy's strength?"

Taixuan's eyes flickered with emotion. He pondered for a moment before replying slowly, "It already surpasses the Transcendence Realm, and he can contend with the Will Dharma Form of an Eternal being!"

A collective gasp swept through the air. They all understood what those words implied.

Xuan Feiling couldn't help but ask. "But he just suffered a crushing defeat. If he were to face such an opponent again, what chance would he have of victory?"

Taixuan said openly, "I'll be honest. The power I used just now was the full might of my Will Dharma Form unleashed in an all-out-battle, yet Lin Xun endured it. From this, it can be inferred that should he face such an opponent again, he would have a great chance of prevailing."

He paused, then continued, "After all, he has yet to draw upon his innate divine power. When he stands toe-to-toe with the Will Dharma Form of an Eternal Realm being, that innate power will become the key to his victory."

Xuan Feiling and the others fell silent, their hearts churning like storm-tossed seas! Once, Lin Xun had needed Taixuan's Will Dharma Form to protect him as he traveled to the Fortune Dominion, and again when returning from the Ten Directions Demon Realm.

Now, he no longer needed protection. He could stand alone and clash head-on with a Will Dharma Form of an Eternal Stage powerhouse!

They all knew that the true bodies of Eternal beings could not interfere in the battles of the Seventh and Eighth Heaven Domains, or they would face the backlash of heaven and earth itself. Under these circumstances, the Will Dharma Forms of Eternal experts were enough to be considered invincible!

While only at the advanced Transcendence Stage, Lin Xun possessed the foundation to contend with such beings. One could imagine how terrifying his combat power had become.

"This matter must never be leaked. No outside power can be allowed to learn of it." Xuan Feiling said solemnly, and the others nodded in agreement.

Several hours later, Lin Xun stirred from his meditation. His wounds had completely healed, and his aura was as calm and deep as still water. Seeing this, Xuan Feiling and the others exchanged a glance and quietly took their leave.

Lin Xun wanted to ask when Taixuan would finally shatter the shackles he had placed upon himself and step out from seclusion, but Xuan Feiling stopped him before he could speak.

Only after leaving the Wuxuan Forbidden Land did Xuan Feiling finally speak, “The threat of the Ten Clans Alliance is not enough to shake our sect. We must not allow such matters to hinder Pavilion Master Taixuan’s cultivation. Otherwise, the countless years he has spent in closed-door cultivation would all be wasted.”

Lin Xun nodded silently in understanding. Indeed, the Eternal Divine Clans of the Ninth Heaven Domain were formidable, but the true bodies of their Eternal beings could not personally intervene or strike against the Origin Sect.

So long as Taixuan remained within the sect, how could the Shaman Sect or the Zen Sect possibly dare to dispatch their Eternal Stage experts so lightly? Unless it came to a true life and death crisis, no one would dare to reveal their strongest trump card!

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Central Dao Palace.

Lin Xun sat drinking and conversing with Xuan Feiling and the other deputy pavilion masters. From their discussion, Lin Xun gradually learned of all that had transpired during the forty-five years of his closed-door cultivation.

For example, the formation of the Ten Clans Alliance, the decrees they had issued, and the countless countermeasures the Origin Sect had been forced to take in response.

“In short,” Xuan Feiling concluded gravely, “everyone in the Eternal True Realm knows a great war between us and the Ten Clans Alliance is inevitable,”

Lin Xun frowned slightly. “If we keep relying on passive defense, we’ll only grow more and more passive ourselves.”

At once, the atmosphere in the hall shifted. The old monsters immediately understood his meaning, and all spoke out to dissuade him.

“Lin Xun, the world is in chaos. If you leave the sect now, you’ll become a target for everyone. Should anything happen, the consequences would be disastrous.”

“According to our analysis, the Ten Clans Alliance may appear quiet on the surface, but their forces have most likely already been deployed outside the Origin World. The moment you step outside, they’ll sense it at once.”

“The Zen and Shaman Sects have been far too quiet. We can’t rule out the possibility that they’ve already joined hands with the Ten Clans Alliance. You must tread carefully!”

Lin Xun could only smile helplessly, though warmth flickered in his heart. How could he not see that their fierce objections came from genuine concern for him? After a brief silence, he looked around at the gathered elders and said solemnly, “Elders, with my current strength, who in this world can still confine me?”

Xuan Feiling and the others exchanged glances, but none of them spoke. Unless a true Eternal Stage being personally intervened, there was indeed no one left who could stop Lin Xun!

“Besides,” Lin Xun added calmly, “if I encounter a life and death crisis, I can always return to the sect in an instant.”

Lin Xun continued, “On the other hand, if we keep defending passively like this, we’ll only be giving the enemy more time to weave their schemes. When the day comes for Pavilion Master You Beihou to attain the eternal dao, without the protection of the Divine Rank law, our sect will be surrounded on all sides and plunged into deadly peril.”

Xuan Feiling and the others had thought of this as well, but in their eyes, the situation had yet to reach such a critical stage.

Deep down, they also agreed with Lin Xun's analysis. Once forces like the Ten Clans Alliance, the Shaman Sect, and the Zen Sect decided to strike, they would come fully prepared!

By then, even if the Origin Sect managed to withstand the assault, it would not escape without paying a heavy price.

"What do you plan to do?" Xuan Feiling asked.

Lin Xun's dark eyes gleamed. "To strike a snake, you must hit its seven inches. Dealing with ordinary figures won't shake those enemies in the slightest. If we want to truly upset their plans, we'll have to use strategy. For instance...my dao bodies could serve as bait to draw their attention."

Before he could finish, Dugu Yong cut him off. "That's far too dangerous!"

Lin Xun blinked, then chuckled softly "It's only a dao body. Even if one is destroyed, my true body remains unharmed. And besides, do you really think those enemies have what it takes to destroy even a single one of my dao bodies?"

There was a quiet, disdainful confidence in his voice. Each of his five dao bodies possessed combat power equal to his true self.

Perhaps, when faced against an Eternal Will Dharma Form, he might need to act with all six, but even a single dao body alone carried enough might to crush and annihilate a being at the pinnacle of the Transcendence Realm!

Among the Ten Clans Alliance, how many cultivators have reached the pinnacle of the Transcendence Stage? And how many Eternal Will Dharma Forms could they possibly wield?

Chapter 2915 Revenge

Seeing Lin Xun's determination, Xuan Feiling and the others exchanged long, uneasy glances. After a heavy silence, they finally nodded their consent. A faint smile curved Lin Xun's lips. This decision was no sudden impulse.

After learning everything that had transpired over the past forty-five years, Lin Xun understood that if he simply stayed within the sect, peace might endure for a time, but when the day came for You Beihai to ascend the dao, the Origin Sect would inevitably face an unpredictable storm!

Perhaps the crisis could be overcome then, but the price would be immense. Lin Xun could not accept that. He would not allow the Origin Sect to suffer. Nor would he let those dear to him be harmed. Thus, he decided to set out alone...

To single-handedly upend the world's order!

"When do you plan to depart?" Yuan Feiling asked.

"Today." Lin Xun replied without hesitation. There was no time to waste. Once the decision was made, hesitation was meaningless.

"Do you need someone to accompany you?" Xuan Feiling pressed, unable to hide his concern.

Lin Xun shook his head and laughed softly, "Elders, you can rest assured. I'm not so reckless as to fight the enemy head-on."

Xuan Feiling and the others suppressed the worry in their hearts and nodded slowly. Even though they knew Lin Xun's current power rendered him virtually invincible, they could not shake their concern.

This made it clear they had long regarded Lin Xun as one of their own. It was precisely because they cared so deeply for his safety that they couldn't help but act this way. Just like parents who could never stop worrying about their children. No matter how old they grow or how great their achievements were, they remain 'children' in their eyes.

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That very day, Lin Xun left the Origin Sect in silence, without a word or sound.

Outside the Origin World, above the Thousand Star Sea.

Lin Xun walked with his hands clasped behind his back, each step spanning thousands of miles. The stars seemed to shift with his stride.

As his divine sense swept across the boundless void, he sensed countless auras scattered through the void. They seemed like ordinary cultivators, but Lin Xun knew that among them lurked the hidden ‘eyes’ of the Ten Clans Alliance.

He paid no heed to such insignificant figures. He had other plans in mind.

A day later. The Seventh Heaven Domain. The Central Core Region, Starpath Divine State.

Lin Xun strolled through this prosperous and thriving land. After journeying for thousands of miles, he arrived at a city called Three Rivers. It was midwinter. Heavy snow drifted down like falling feathers, blanketing the city in white.

Inside Three Rivers City, Lin Xun sat down in a tavern. Nearby, a storyteller’s animated voice rose above the clatter of dishes and murmur of conversation, captivating a crowd of diners.

“Now then, that Lin Xun...he’s a real ruthless one! Since stepping into the Eternal True Realm, the number of mighty figures who’ve fallen beneath his hand is as countless as the stars in the heavens...”

The storyteller paused dramatically, a sly grin spreading across his face. “Truth be told, the current overlord of our Starpath Divine State, the Immortal Imperial Hong Clan, harbors a deep and bitter grudge against Lin Xun.

“Word has it that back in the days of the Great Thousand Battle Domain, the Hong Clan’s experts had already become Lin Xun’s enemies. Later, when he appeared in the Sixth Heaven Domain, the clan dispatched a host of top figures to the Luo Clan, determined to wipe him from existence. But who could have imagined at the very final moment, their grand scheme fell apart completely!”

“How did the mighty Hong Clan manage to fail at the last hurdle?” someone in the crowd finally asked.

The storyteller coughed dryly and forced a smile. “Ladies and gentlemen, this is, after all, the Hong Clan’s territory. How could a humble storyteller like me dare to speak too freely?”

“Coward!” someone jeered.

“Haha, the old man’s clever! Knows what to say and what not to!”

Laughter rippled through the tavern like a wave. The storyteller wasn’t the least bit embarrassed. He just smiled, eyes crinkled with amusement.

Just as he was about to continue, a cold laugh cut through the air. “Guards, seize that stinking storyteller!”

The laughter died instantly. Every head turned toward the speaker. A young man stood there, draped in a black crane cloak. He was flanked by two attendants, and at his command, they lunged forward, seizing the storyteller and forcing him to his knees.

Bang!

The old man’s mind went blank with terror. He stammered, “Y-Young Master, if I have offended you in any way, please forgive me. I beg your magnanimity...spare me just this once!”

The young man’s voice was like ice. “Begging for mercy now? Too late. But I won’t sully my hands on the likes of you. Cut off his tongue and I’ll let him crawl away alive.”

Cut off his tongue!

Gasps rippled through the crowd. Everyone knew the storyteller made his living with that silver tongue. Take that from him, and he might as well be dead.

“Young Master, what could this old man have done to offend you so deeply?” someone couldn’t help but ask.

One of the attendants beside the crane-cloaked youth said coldly, “My Young Master’s surname is Hong.”

At those words, the entire room froze, faces drained of color, and silence fell like winter frost.

The storyteller’s knees gave out completely. Realization dawned in horror, and he kowtowed frantically. “I—I did not know! Please forgive me, Young Master Hong! Spare me! Please spare me!”

The crane-cloaked youth looked down at the trembling man and uttered indifferently. “You’ve insulted my clan’s name. Ignorance is no excuse. The Hong Clan’s honor will not be tarnished by a lowly wretch like you. Do it...cut off his tongue.”

“Understood.”

The attendant stepped forward. The storyteller went ashen, his lips quivering as he sat there paralyzed.

Then, a calm voice broke through the tension. “What a grand display of power! Has your Hong Clan sunk so low that others aren’t even allowed to speak of your past deeds?”

Shua!

Every head turned toward the voice. By the window sat a thin man, calmly drinking by himself.

“Well, well...how amusing. In my Hong Clan’s territory, someone actually dares to risk their life defending a filthy storyteller.”

The young man’s gaze turned icy. “Speak. Who are you? And what gave you the courage to stand against my Hong Clan?”

The thin man drained his cup in one swallow, then rose to his feet and laughed, “So what if I stand against the Hong Clan? I’ll speak plainly...after today, the Hong Clan will have no place left to stand in Starpath Divine State.”

“You have a death wish!” the young man snarled, his face darkening with rage.

The thin man smiled faintly. “You don’t believe me? Then allow me to show you with your own eyes.”

With that, he lifted a hand and grasped the air. The crane-cloaked youth was lifted off his feet as if caught by an invisible hand, dangling like a helpless chick. His eyes rolled back, his body convulsed and then he went limp.

His two attendants lunged forward to rescue him, but before they could do anything, their bodies silently disintegrated into ash, scattering like withered leaves across the tavern floor. The entire tavern was struck dumb with shock!

By the time anyone could react, the thin man and the crane-cloaked youth had already vanished into thin air. The crowd exchanged uneasy glances, and then the suffocating silence shattered, erupting into chaos like a boiling cauldron.

“Who was that man? He dared to strike a descendant of the Hong Clan?”

“Did you hear what he said? He vowed that today, the Immortal Imperial Hong Clan would be wiped from the Starpath Divine State!”

“No need to take such talk seriously. The Hong Clan relocated from the Sixth Heaven Domain to the Seventh over a hundred years ago and has ruled this Starpath Divine State ever since. Who could possibly shake such a foundation?”

“Exactly. That man may have courage, but he’s all talk. After offending the Hong Clan today, he’ll be lucky to leave the Starpath Divine State alive.“

The tavern buzzed with restless chatter. Only the storyteller sat slumped on the ground, dazed and lost in thought. He had a feeling that things weren't that simple.

Sure enough, before the day was over, a piece of earth-shattering news swept across the entire Starpath Divine State...

The mountain gate of the Immortal Imperial Hong Clan had collapsed. Their stronghold had been reduced to ruins. Every high-ranking member had been slain! Their clan's law power had been seized!

When the news reached those who had witnessed the scene in the tavern, all color drained from their faces. Their hands and feet turned to ice. It had...actually come true!

As for the storyteller, he had already left Three Rivers City. Upon hearing the news, he burst into wild laughter. "I know who you are! I know who you are! In this world, only you would dare do such a thing. No matter your reasons for saving me, I, this lowly storyteller, will never forget your kindness for as long as I live!"

He fell to his knees on the snow-covered road and bowed three times in solemn gratitude.

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Meanwhile, the news of the Hong Clan's annihilation spread like wildfires across the Seventh Heaven Domain, shaking the heavens and stirring countless hearts.

Those Immortal Imperial Clans that had long since submitted to the Ten Clans Alliance felt a chill crawl up their spines. They all shared the same dreadful thought—The fall of the Immortal Imperial Hong Clan could only have been the work of Lin Xun!

A little investigation confirmed their fears. The Hong Clan and Lin Xun had been bitter enemies for years.

"Could it be that Lin Xun has left the Origin Sect and is now wandering the world?"

“Quick! Report to the Ten Clans Alliance!”

Across the Seventh Heaven Domain, the Immortal Imperial Clans were thrown into chaos, and panic spread like wildfire. No one dared to let down their guard.

They had not forgotten that forty-five years ago, Lin Xun had descended upon the Seventh Heaven Domain and, in a single, devastating strike, annihilated the Donghuang’s Four Clans and the Immortal Imperial Zhuang Clan. The memory still haunted every immortal clan to this day.

Now, if the fall of the Immortal Imperial Hong Clan was also his doing...then the implications were far more terrifying. After all, who in this world didn’t know that, because of Lin Xun, the Ten Clans Alliance had long since severed all ties with the Origin Sect.

In addition, the Immortal Imperial Clans of the Seventh Heaven Domain had long since submitted to the Ten Clans Alliance! If Lin Xun had returned seeking vengeance...

To any Immortal Imperial Clan in the Seventh Heaven Domain, it would be an unfathomable, world-shaking calamity!

The Ten Clans Alliance reacted swiftly, dispatching powerful forces to the Seventh Heaven Domain to investigate as soon as the news reached them. However, as time passed, not a single trace of Lin Xun could be found.

This made all the Immortal Imperial Clans in the Seventh Heaven Domain wonder if the one who destroyed the Hong Clan was Lin Xun after all. Regardless, the entire Seventh Heaven Domain was thrown into upheaval, and for a long period afterward, every Immortal Imperial Clan lived in constant fear!

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The one who ground the Immortal Imperial Hong Clan to dust was none other than Lin Xun. However, on that same day, he left the Seventh Heaven Domain and set out for the Sixth.

For in the Sixth Heaven Domain, unlike the Seventh, there were still many people who weighed on his heart. Such as the Luo Clan.

Of course, there were still many old grudges in the Sixth Heaven Domain that he had yet to settle. He would never forget how those enemies once joined forces to hunt him down, from the Great Thousand Battle Domain all the way to the Sixth Heaven Domain of the Eternal True Realm.

This time, it was finally time for a thorough reckoning.

Chapter 2916 A Reunion Without Recognition

The Sixth Heaven Domain was composed of thirty-six divine states, each one vaster and more boundless than an entire great world. Across these divine states, the Immortal Imperial Clans reigned like sovereign gods. Most ruled over a single divine state, while the most powerful controlled two or even more!

Two days later.

The Rowdy Demon Sea, Dark South Divine Island.

A ripple of light shimmered, and Lin Xun appeared out of thin air. When he reached the entrance of Miluo Grotto Heaven, his expression darkened. The entrance had been shattered and the ancient seals torn apart.

Could it be that the enemy has already found this place?

His heart tightened. With a flicker, he vanished inside. The once serene Miluo Grotto Heaven now lay in utter ruin. Mountains had collapsed, palaces lay buried, and devastation stretched as far as the eye could see.

This was Mister Lu's place of seclusion and the birthplace of the Miluo Grotto Heaven Sect. Later, the Luo Clan moved here. Now, however, nothing remained but wreckage and silence!

Lin Xun's eyes gleamed darkly as his divine sense spread across the desolation. Moments later, he exhaled softly. There's no corpses, no blood and no lingering aura of battle.

He immediately understood. When the enemy arrived, Mister Lu and the Luo Clan had already withdrawn.

“My parents and Mister Lu must have gone to the Aurora Cave...”

Lin Xun recalled what Mister Lu had told him. If true danger arose, they would activate the ancient teleportation array and flee to the Aurora Cave, one of the three great forbidden zones of the Rowdy Demon Sea.

Hidden within the Aurora Cave was a forbidden region so perilous that even Transcendence Stage cultivators could scarcely break through.

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Several hours later, Lin Xun arrived near the Aurora Cave. Above the boundless, ink-black sea, countless radiant streams of light crossed and intertwined, filling the heavens like divine threads.

These were Dao Auroras, each one imbued with deadly power. A single misstep by any being below the Immortal Stage meant instant annihilation. Even those at the Heavenly Longevity and Nirvana Spirit Stages would tread with utmost caution.

However, none of this posed any obstacle to Lin Xun. His figure flickered once, and in the next instant, he transformed into a streak of light that dove straight inside.

Along the way, Dao Auroras danced and shimmered in a dazzling, deadly display. Some were thin as crescent arcs, some coiled like winding rivers, and others pierced forth like divine spears. Each strand pulsed with its own strange and unfathomable power, each emanating a different aura of danger.

However, to someone like Lin Xun, these lethal lights were not threats at all, but instead rare and precious divine materials ideal for tempering immortal dao weapons.

Along the way, Lin Xun casually collected several strands of particularly rare Dao Auroras. One was steeped in corrosive might, another sharp enough to cleave divine steel, and another with a searing aura of incineration...

Even so, his journey was far from smooth. Several times, he was forced to unleash his full strength to suppress sudden bursts of danger. If even someone like him faced such dangers, then for others, even those at the Transcendence Stage, venturing here would mean courting disaster.

After flying for the time it took an incense stick to burn, a faintly shimmering outline emerged within Lin Xun's divine sense. A gray, mist-shrouded world floated amid the sea of light.

That world was encircled by an intricate web of Dao Auroras, woven together like flowing bands of living light, forming an incomparably perilous barrier. Lin Xun halted and couldn't help but gasp. How did Mister Lu ever discover such a place?

He was certain that his parents and the members of the Luo Clan were within. After a brief moment of thought, he stepped forward and advanced toward that world.

The power of world order surged toward him like a rising tide, but before it could even touch him, the immortal laws swirling around his figure dissolved it into nothingness. They couldn't approach him at all!

This was the might of the Nirvana law, which he had refined to sixty percent. It was now on par with the power of a Divine Rank law. Even the order that sustained the operation of an entire world could do nothing to restrain him.

Before long, a vast and ancient land unfolded before his eyes. Drawing in a deep breath, Lin Xun suppressed his aura, clasped his hands behind his back, and walked forward at an unhurried pace.

Soon, a cluster of buildings came into view, nearly arranged across a vast emerald plain, with a wide river glimmering as it wound past one side. Celestial birds fluttered gracefully through the air, their melodious cries echoing across the heavens. Beneath the ancient trees, white deer and azure oxen wandered at leisure, while exotic flowers and rare herbs adorned the land. This was a tranquil, idyllic world.

“Fight!”

“Fight!”

“Fight!”

Thunderous shouts split the air, echoing up into the heavens. On a vast martial training ground, countless figures were honing their techniques, each movement fierce and full of vigor, their qi surging and crashing like waves.

To one side stood a tall, broad-shouldered man, his beard like a spear, his features handsome and resolute. It was none other than Luo Qingheng! He was personally instructing the younger generation of the Luo Clan.

Lin Xun paused in the distance, watching quietly for a moment before moving on. From beginning to end, not a single soul sensed his presence. Passing by a courtyard, he saw Luo Xiao, the clan leader, sitting beneath an ancient tree, drinking and chatting with several elders. Their laughter rang freely in the wind.

Lin Xun smiled quietly and walked away. Along the way, he saw familiar faces, some meditating, some refining pills, some playing chess, and some snoring soundly in the sun...

Everywhere he looked, he saw peace, contentment and simple joy.

At last, he came to a stop. By a mist-veiled lakeshore, a woman sat among blooming flowers, quietly sewing a new robe. Her fair and gentle face was serene, her expression calm and intent. A soft breeze rippled across the lake, stirring her flowing sleeves.

Beside her, a man crouched by a small bonfire, grilling fish. From time to time, he took a sip from his wine gourd, squinting with satisfaction as the rich aroma mingled with the wind.

“Stop fussing with that and come taste the fish I grilled,” he said with a cheerful grin, lifting the freshly cooked fish toward her lips. “It’s so tender and best eaten while it’s still hot.”

Without even glancing up, the woman replied, “Wait until I finish this stitch.”

She remained completely absorbed in her sewing, ignoring even the tantalizing scene of the roasted fish.

The man said helplessly, “Qingxun, with Xun’er’s current strength, does he still need clothes? Besides, over the years you’ve made him hundreds of new sets. He couldn’t wear them all if he tried.”

“You wouldn’t understand,” the woman replied softly.

The man rolled his eyes. “If you won’t eat, I’ll just toss this grilled fish away.” He made a show of lifting it as if to throw.

The woman caught his arms and glared at him, half amused, half exasperated. “You’re a grown man, yet still so childish. If anyone saw you now, they’d laugh at you.”

She took the fish from his hand and bit into it. Her eyes curved into crescents as she murmured, “Delicious! I didn’t expect your cooking skills, Lin Wenjing, to have improved so much.”

The man grinned. “If you like it, I’ll cook for you for the rest of my life.”

“You said it! Don’t go back on your word.” Her voice was gentle, her gaze full of warmth.

“When have I, Lin Wenjing, ever broken a promise?” The man laughed heartily.

From afar, Lin Xun watched in silence. A faint smile touched his lips, and for the first time in many years, a deep, peaceful warmth filled his heart. After a moment, he turned away and quietly departed.

In a secluded cave, Lu Boya was immersed in the study of runes, unaware that a pair of eyes had been watching him from afar.

.....

Outside the world's barrier, Lin Xun stood with his hands behind his back and said softly, "Wushuang, I'll be counting on you to help me guard this place for the next few years."

Beside him stood Wushuang, dressed in white, pure and ethereal. Hearing his words, her eyes welled up with tears. "Master...Shuang'er cannot bear to part with you."

Lin Xun chuckled and tapped her lightly on the forehead. "You're a law spirit. How could you possibly cry? Don't pretend to be pitiful."

Wushuang replied softly. "Shuang'er...just doesn't want to be separated from Master."

Lin Xun said gently, "Don't worry, once I've dealt with those enemies, I'll return for you."

Her eyes brightened instantly. "Really?"

"Of course." Lin Xun nodded.

Wushuang had now recovered nearly ninety percent of her former strength, her power surpassing even that of the rare ninth grade Heaven Rank laws. Lin Xun couldn't help but suspect that once she returned to her peak, she might even rival the might of a Divine Rank law. Leaving her here to protect this place would give him a rare sense of peace.

"Take this jade talisman. It carries a trace of my Will Dharma Form. If danger arises, give it to Mister Lu Boya," Lin Xun said, handing her a faintly glowing piece of jade.

"Master, Shuang'er will not disappoint you." Her voice was clear, and her gaze firm with determination.

Lin Xun smiled faintly, rubbed her head, and turned away without another word. He had already seen his family and clan. Though he had not revealed himself or spoken to them, it was enough. His heart was at peace.

As she watched his silhouette fade into the distance, Wushuang shimmered once, dissolving into an invisible force of order and quietly vanished near the Aurora Cave.

.....

Seven days later.

The Sixth Heaven Domain, the Heavenly Water Divine State.

Many years ago, three Immortal Imperial Clans ruled the lands of the Heavenly Water Divine State: the Luo Clan, the Yao Clan, and the Ling Clan

Dragon Ridge Mountain Range. This was a first-class cultivation paradise within the Heavenly Water Divine State.

Once, it had been the stronghold of the Luo Clan. After the Luo Clan relocated, the Immortal Imperial Yao Clan seized the mountain range for themselves. Now, a branch of the Yao Clan resided upon Dragon Ridge Mountain Range, led by Yao Zhangchong, an elder of the main lineage and a cultivator who had reached the Supreme Emperor Ancestor Stage.

The Sixth Heaven Domain was ultimately far inferior to the Seventh and could not even begin to compare with the Eighth. Here, the Yao Clan ruled supreme within the Heavenly Water Divine State, but compared to true apex forces such as the Wen, Heng, and He Clans, they were far inferior.

The Yao Clan's current strength was only marginally greater than the Luo Clan's at its weakest. They had once possessed four supreme elders who had stepped onto the immortal path.

However, many years ago, when the Yao and Ling Clans each dispatched two Immortals and hundreds of Emperor Ancestors to attack the Luo Clan, two of those Immortals met with disaster and fell. Now, only two immortal figures remained in the Yao Clan.

The same was true for the Ling Clan. In that great battle long ago, Lin Xun and Lu Boya joined forces to crush the two allied armies of both clans, dealing them a grievous blow that they have yet to recover from.

On this day, Lin Xun appeared before Dragon Ridge Mountain Range.

Chapter 2917 Prelude to Vengeance

Dragon Ridge Mountain Range.

Before the vast, undulating peaks of Dragon Ridge Mountain Range, a flicker of nostalgia rippled through Lin Xun's eyes. Back then, after aiding the Luo Clan's branch in reclaiming its rightful power, he settled on Jianjia Peak within the Dragon Ridge Mountain Range.

At that time, he was just a supreme Emperor Ancestor. Now, he returned as a cultivator of the advanced Transcendence Stage. Everything had changed.

The mountains were now veiled in Earth Rank law power and layered with countless restriction arrays. However, to Lin Xun now, such defenses were nothing more than mist before the wind.

After a brief silence, he stepped forward. When he first entered the Eternal True Realm, most of his enemies had come from this Sixth Heaven Domain.

For instance, in this Heavenly Water Divine State alone stood the Yao and Ling Clans, while elsewhere across the Sixth Heaven Domain were other Immortal Imperial Clans, such as the Wen, Heng, Zhu, and He Clans.

Back then, they had hunted Lin Xun relentlessly, driving him to the brink again and again. He had survived, but how could such hatred ever fade? Leave the snake alive, and it would come back to bite you.

On this day, Lin Xun's vengeance began.

.....

Within the Yao Clan, Yao Zhangchong sat in meditation when a sudden, icy dread crawled up his spine. His eyes snapped open. At some unknown moment, a tall, imposing figure had appeared before him.

“Who are you, Fellow Daoist? Why have you trespassed upon the sacred grounds of my Yao Clan?” Yao Zhangchong’s expression shifted slightly, but he forced down the turmoil within and steadied his voice.

“This place does not belong to your Yao Clan.” Lin Xun said calmly, “I’ll give you a chance to live. Call your patriarch, Yao Nanli, and have him come here himself.”

Yao Zhangchong’s brows furrowed. “Fellow Daoist, what do you mean by that?”

Mid-sentence, he sprang from his seated posture, his figure flashing forward like a thunderbolt toward Lin Xun.

Bang!

Yao Zhangchong felt as if he had crashed headlong into an indestructible wall. In the next instant, he was sent flying backward, slamming into the ground with a dull thud. His mind reeled, his vision spinning.

Lin Xun hadn’t moved an inch, his expression calm and detached. “I gave you a chance, but you failed to cherish it...”

Bang!

Before the words had even faded, Yao Zhangchong’s body ruptured, disintegrating into ash that drifted soundlessly through the air. He was merely a supreme Emperor Ancestor, someone Lin Xun could erase with a single thought. With that, Lin Xun turned and left Yao Zhangchong’s chamber.

Outside, the once-peaceful Dragon Ridge Mountain Range erupted into chaos.

“This is terrible! Enemies! The elders’ cultivation has been crippled!”

“Run! The enemy’s strength is monstrous!”

“Quick! inform the patriarch!”

Panic swept through the Yao Clan branch. Figures fled in all directions like frightened beasts, their cries echoing across the mountains.

Through it all, Lin Xun walked calmly with his hands clasped behind his back, passing through the collapsing grounds like a silent storm. He did not slaughter wantonly. Only those above the Emperor Stage lost their cultivation, and among them, only Yao Zhangchong met his end.

As for the rest, the small fry scattering in terror, he did not even spare them a glance. Killing the innocent served no purpose, and slaughtering an entire clan was simply too cruel. For Lin Xun, it was enough to sever the head and uproot the foundation.

Of course, he knew well that for an Immortal Imperial Clan, this was a punishment far crueler than extermination. When one had grown accustomed to gazing down from the heights of power, the sudden plunge into ruin was often worse than death itself.

Stripped of its former prestige and influence, they would be hounded by countless forces...those who would strike while they were down, those who would trample them underfoot, and those who would bare their fangs for a bite of flesh. This was the truest form of torment.

.....

When Yao Nanli, the patriarch of the Yao Clan, arrived with a host of high-ranking clan members, they were met with an unexpected sight...

Before the gates of the Dragon Ridge Mountain Range stood a lone rocking chair. Reclining in it was a young man, a wine gourd dangling from his left hand, his right hand lazily tapping the armrest. His posture was unhurried and his expression relaxed.

“Patriarch! That’s the one who crippled our elders!” A young clansman shouted hoarsely, his eyes bloodshot with rage.

Yao Nanli’s gaze turned to the distant figure. His face remained composed, but deep down a faint unease stirred. For someone to single-handedly wreak such havoc, and then calmly remain seated here as if awaiting them...This was no ordinary cultivator.

“May I know your name, Fellow Daoist?” Yao Nanli’s deep voice rolled through the mountains like thunder. “Why have you harmed the members of my Yao Clan’s branch?”

Murderous intent surged from the gathered experts, distorting the air. Among them stood the Yao Clan’s last two Immortal elders, both Nirvana Spirit cultivators whose auras shook heaven and earth!

Such a lineup would make even the greatest powers of the Sixth Heaven Domain tremble. Despite that, the young man in the rocking chair merely swirled his wine, his eyes distant and calm.

“Is everyone here?” Lin Xun asked absentmindedly.

Yao Nanli's expression darkened. “What do you mean by that?”

Lin Xun smiled faintly. “A family should always be together, shouldn’t it?”

“Enough of your nonsense!”

With a roar, an old man in a black robe stepped forward, releasing the terrifying might of the Nirvana Spirit Realm. “No matter who you are, anyone who dares provoke my Yao Clan...dies!”

He thrust out a palm from afar.

Boom!

A colossal flaming hand condensed in midair, sweeping across the heavens with the fury of a descending sun. Its terrifying power shattered clouds in all directions and made the mountains and rivers quake.

Seated in the rocking chair, Lin Xun didn't even lift his head. Before him, a violet gourd suddenly flared with divine brilliance. With a resonant hum, it spun in the air, and from its mouth shot forth an ethereal green divine sword, like a fragment of the eternal firmament itself.

Pu!

The fiery palm was cleaved apart with a single stroke, its embers scattering like falling rain. The old man's expression twisted in horror. He hastily summoned a dao seal, the life-bound dao treasure that he had nurtured for thirty thousand years.

To his horror, with a deafening boom, the dao seal shattered into countless motes of light.

Pu!

A heartbeat later, the sword descended again, splitting the black-robed elder cleanly in two. Blood sprayed across the air. His primordial spirit barely had time to flee before a streak of sword light flashed and erased it on the spot.

The entire exchange unfolded in a single breath. It was clean, precise, and impossibly fast. By the time Yao Nanli and the other high-ranking figures of the Yao Clan realized what had happened, that Nirvana Spirit powerhouse had already been slain where he stood!

"You..."

Yao Nanli and the others went rigid, their scalps prickling as if frozen needles had pierced them. Terror flooded their hearts. The sight before them was beyond comprehension. The strongest Nirvana Spirit Realm expert of their clan had been slain with a single stroke.

Too terrifying!

“Run!” Another Nirvana Spirit expert of the Yao Clan shouted hoarsely. He turned, trying to flee with the others.

From the rocking chair, Lin Xun’s calm voice drifted out like the toll of a bell, “Where can you possibly go? The Northern Genesis Divine Mountain lies in ruins, and the eighth grade Earth Rank law that guarded your clan has already been seized by me. You...have nowhere left to call home...”

His tone was calm, yet his words reverberated clearly through heaven and earth. As his voice faded, an invisible and terrifying pressure rippled outward, blanketing heaven and earth. The Yao Clan elites who had just taken flight froze in mid-air, then they plummeted one after another, striking the ground with bone-shaking thuds.

Even the Nirvana Spirit cultivator was no exception! A deathly silence followed. They were petrified, their minds blank, swallowed whole by a terror beyond words.

“You...who are you?!” Yao Nanli’s voice trembled, his face ashen.

Lin Xun rose slowly from the rocking chair. “Have you forgotten me?”

At that moment, the surviving Nirvana Spirit expert’s pupils shrank to pinpoints. Realization struck like thunder. “He...he’s Lin Xun!”

Lin Xun!

The name itself seemed to carry a dark power. Yao Nanli and the others froze in place, and a tide of shock and despair washed over them.

It’s him...

Lin Xun’s voice was calm. “Rest easy. Every wrong has its debtor. I’m no indiscriminate butcher. Aside from you few, your clan still has a slim chance. But without the protection of the Yao Clan...I can’t promise what cruelties or disasters will befall them.”

Yao Nanli's roar split the air. "Even if the Yao Clan perish, you, Lin Xun, will not escape! The Ten Clans Alliance will carve you to pieces!"

Lin Xun smiled faintly. "That's exactly why I've returned to the Sixth Heaven Domain...to welcome them. Unfortunately, you all won't get to witness that moment."

With that, he flicked his sleeve.

Boom!

The heavens seemed to collapse as a torrent of dao power burst forth, vast and blinding, sweeping through the world. In an instant, Yao Nanli and the Yao Clan elders were snuffed out like blades of grass in a wildfire, reduced to drifting ash and erased without a trace.

Not far away, the younger members of the Yao Clan who witnessed it all stood frozen in shock, then collapsed to the ground, their minds shattered, their wills broken. Lin Xun raised his wine gourd, took a slow sip, and waited in silence.

Shua!

Moments later, the Green Wood Dao Body descended from the distant sky. Through the dao body, Lin Xun's true body instantly understood everything: the Northern Genesis Divine Mountain was now in ruins, the Yao Clan's stronghold utterly destroyed and all their important figures who had guarded it had been stripped of their cultivation by the Green Wood Dao Body.

Retracting the Green Wood Dao Body, Lin Xun lifted his gaze toward the distant horizon. This was only the beginning!

In the Heavenly Water Divine State, besides the Yao Clan, another Immortal Imperial Clan still remained...the Ling Clan.

"Hm?"

Just as Lin Xun was preparing to depart, his brows furrowed and his gaze locked onto a vast plain beyond the Dragon Ridge Mountain Range. Across the desolate wilderness, a lone figure was sprinting toward him with frantic speed.

Lin Xun remained motionless, watching in silence. He soon saw the man clearly. He had disheveled hair, tattered robes, a face gaunt and withered beyond recognition. He looked worse than any beggar on the streets.

Drawn by the fading shockwaves of battle, the man sprinted like a madman, screaming at the top of his lungs, “Lin Xun! Lin Xun...is that you?!”

Lin Xun’s pupils contracted sharply. The moment he recognized the man, a look of utter disbelief crossed his face.

How did he end up like this?

In a single step, Lin Xun vanished and reappeared before the crazed, ragged man.

“Move aside! Don’t stand in my way!”

The ragged man’s eyes were bloodshot as he shoved at Lin Xun with both hands. However, his shove didn’t budge Lin Xun in the slightest. He looked up in fury and the moment his eyes met Lin Xun’s face, he froze as if struck by lightning.

“Lin Xun...it’s really you.”

His voice came out hoarse, quivering with the sound of a suppressed sob, and his eyes were red-rimmed. Then he dropped heavily to the ground and broke into sobs. Whether it was from relief, sorrow or anguish, it was impossible to tell.

Chapter 2918 The Peng Clan in the Storm

Seeing the man before him sobbing uncontrollably, shoulders shaking, utterly broken, Lin Xun furrowed his brow.

“Brother Peng...what kind of calamity has befallen you?” He asked softly, crouching down.

The man was none other than Peng Tianxiang! Once a radiant young master of the Immortal Imperial Peng Clan, and a devoted admirer of Dugu Youran.

In those days, he was handsome, spirited and admired wherever he went, with the mighty Peng Clan as his backing. Now, he was gaunt, ragged, and hollow-eyed, so unrecognizable that even Lin Xun failed to identify him at first glance. What kind of torment could possibly have reduced a man of such stature to this pitiful state?

After a long time, Peng Tianxiang finally stopped weeping. His trembling hands clutched Lin Xun’s sleeve as if clinging to his last lifeline. “Brother Lin...please...save my Peng Clan! Please, save us!”

He gripped with all his might, terrified that even the slightest loosened hold would shatter the fragile hope he grasped.

“Calm down first,” Lin Xun said gently, placing a hand on his shoulder. “Then tell me what happened.” His voice carried a quiet yet profound power that reached deep into Peng Tianxiang’s heart, washing away his panic and despair.

Gradually, Peng Tianxiang’s breathing steadied. “Forgive my disgraceful display, Brother Lin,” he said bitterly.

“Never mind that,” Lin Xun replied. “Tell me everything.”

Peng Tianxiang drew several deep breaths, forcing down the trembling in his chest before finally speaking.

Eighteen years ago, the Ten Clans Alliance issued a public decree, ordering all forces in the Eternal True Realm to hunt down anyone with ties to Lin Xun. The announcement shook the heavens.

The Sixth Heaven Domain was thrown into turmoil. Peng Tianxiang never imagined that someone would betray him, leaking word of his close friendship with Lin Xun, and that led to his Peng Clan being targeted.

That year, like sharks smelling blood, many Immortal Imperial Clans of the Sixth Heaven Domain descended upon the Peng Clan. Some sought to seize their territory and power. Some coveted the vast cultivation resources the clan had amassed over countless generations. Others went further, eyeing the clan's law power itself.

The Peng Clan became like a fat lamb surrounded by hungry wolves. They stood on the brink of annihilation. Peng Tianxiang's father, Peng Zhan, patriarch of the clan, made a desperate decision. That very day, he sent his son away and forbade him ever to return.

On the same day, he publicly declared that all ties between them were severed, and from that moment on, Peng Tianxiang was no longer of the Peng Clan. It was an act of protection.

Unfortunately, even that could not quell the greed of the other Immortal Imperial Clans. On the contrary, their cruelty deepened. They threatened to capture every member of the Peng Clan and deliver them to the Ten Clans Alliance for judgment.

Driven to the brink, the Peng Clan could only bow their heads and yield, surrendering their lands, authority, and cultivation treasures one after another in a desperate attempt to buy their survival.

However, it was nothing more than drinking poison to quench their thirst. That could never sate the hunger of those Immortal Imperial Clans. In the days that followed, these Immortal Imperial Clans devised every possible scheme to torment the Peng Clan, stripping away their last remaining wealth bit by bit.

Just as the Peng Clan's annihilation seemed inevitable, a decree swept across the Eternal True Realm: whoever stands against Lin Xun shall stand against the Origin Sect. The declaration echoed through the heavens, sending shockwaves across the world.

Those Immortal Imperial Clans that once saw the Peng Clan as easy prey now grew wary. Fear took root in their hearts and they dare not act as brazenly as before. At first, the Peng Clan thought their ordeal was finally nearing its end.

However, who would have thought that, as time passed, those Immortal Imperial Clans became restless once more? Though they ceased their open provocations, their schemes only grew darker. In the shadows, they launched a series of covert attacks. One after another, Peng Clan members scattered across the Sixth Heaven Domain were captured without a trace.

From then on, the remaining members of the Peng Clan lived in constant dread, afraid even to step beyond their doorsteps. Every day was filled with unease, never knowing when calamity would descend and extinguish their bloodline entirely.

When Lin Xun heard this, a storm of cold fury welled up within him. His gaze turned razor-sharp and the air around him faintly trembled. All of this...had started because of him!

Peng Tianxiang and the Peng Clan behind him had been dragged into disaster and suffered undeserved misfortune!

“Do you know what happened to those who were captured?” Lin Xun asked.

Peng Tianxiang shook his head. “All these years, I’ve hidden near the Dragon Ridge Mountain Range, too afraid to reveal myself. The information I’ve gathered is limited.”

Lin Xun’s eyes softened. Looking at Peng Tianxiang’s gaunt, ragged face, a dull ache welled in his chest. How could he not understand? Peng Tianxiang had fallen into such a wretched state because his heart was consumed with worry for his clan’s safety.

“You...have you been waiting for me here all this time?” Lin Xun asked.

Peng Tianxiang nodded, his voice hoarse. “Dragon Ridge Mountain Range once belonged to the Luo Clan, but it was taken by the Yao Clan. I believed that when you returned, you’d come to reclaim it. So...I waited for you here all these years.”

His shoulders trembled as he added, shame flickering in his eyes. “I know this is my Peng Clan’s grudge, but with my strength alone, I can’t do anything. And among all those I could think of...only you, Brother Lin, have the power to change anything...”

He didn’t finish the sentence, but Lin Xun understood.

Taking a deep breath, Lin Xun rose to his feet and reached to help Peng Tianxiang stand. His expression hardened, his voice cold and resolute. “This began because of me. Your Peng Clan will receive the justice it deserves!”

The quiet oath carried the chill of an executioner’s blade. If he had not returned to the Sixth Heaven Domain this time, he dared not imagine whether the Peng Clan would have survived at all.

“Brother Lin...thank you!” Peng Tianxian’s voice broke as tears welled in his eyes. For years, he had lived in despair, feeling helpless and on the verge of collapse. Now...at last, he saw hope!

Lin Xun placed a firm hand on his shoulder. “Brother Peng, lead the way. We are going to your clan now.”

Peng Tianxiang nodded fiercely. That day, the two departed from the Heavenly Water Divine State.

However, before leaving, Lin Xun had already sent the Black Water Dao Body to the Ling Clan, the other Immortal Imperial Clan rooted in this land. With the Black Water Dao Body’s power, erasing the Ling Clan from existence would be nothing more than a flick of the wrist.

.....

The Celestial Azure Divine State.

In the past, the Peng Clan was the undisputed ruler here, their might spanning every corner of the land, and with countless sects and clans bowing beneath their banner. Even within the vast Sixth Heaven Domain, the Peng Clan stood among the strongest of Immortal Imperial Clans, their prestige rivaling that of the Wen, Heng, He, and Zhu Clans.

However, eighteen years ago, the Peng Clan's might began to crumble. One by one, their vassals and territories were devoured, and even the wealth accumulated over countless ages was seized and divided among their enemies.

Everyone knew that if things continued this way, the Peng Clan's downfall was only a matter of time. They would vanish and scatter like dust in the wind.

Heavenly Fortune Divine Mountain.

The stronghold of the Peng Clan.

On this day, in the ancestral hall, tension hung thick. Peng Zhan sat at the head of the hall, his face storm-dark, his hair and beard bristling with barely contained fury. Around him, the clan's high-ranking figures stood grim and silent.

"You members of the Peng Clan would do well to think carefully. Are your treasures truly worth more than the lives of your own kin?"

In the center of the hall stood three outsiders. The one in front was a green-robed elder with a calm, condescending expression. His eyes gleamed like cold jade as his thin lips curled into a faint, disdainful smile. He was Wen Yonggui of the Wen Clan, here under the pretense of 'negotiating a deal' with the Peng Clan.

A Peng Clan elder's voice trembled with fury. "One hundred million cosmic origin crystals for only nineteen of our captured Emperor-level clansmen? The Wen Clan truly knows no shame!"

As his words fell, grief rippled through the hall. Each Peng Clan elder felt a chill settle deep into their hearts. In the past, a hundred million cosmic origin crystals were nothing to the Peng Clan. They could have produced that sum without batting an eye.

However, years of plunder at the hands of the Immortal Imperial Clans had stripped them bare. To avoid the risk of annihilation, they had no choice but to pay a terrible price, sacrificing their wealth to avert disaster. By this point, their reserves were nearly exhausted. To them, a hundred million cosmic origin crystals was an impossible price!

Wen Yonggui merely smiled. “If you lack cosmic origin crystals, then trade with treasures. If those fall short as well...offer up the Heavenly Fortune Divine Mountain. There’s always another way.”

“You want us to surrender the Heavenly Fortune Divine Mountain? Over my dead body!”

Peng Zhan’s eyes blazed crimson as his voice roared through the hall. “I knew your Wen Clan was treacherous and ruthless, but I never imagined you would stoop so low as to covet the very foundation of my Peng Clan! You’re mad!”

Wen Yonggui’s expression remained calm. “Peng Zhan, anger will not save you. You know better than anyone that your Peng Clan has reached the end of its rope. In this Sixth Heaven Domain, do you think it’s only our Wen Clan that covets your Heavenly Fortune Divine Mountain? Which of the other Immortal Imperial Clan isn’t waiting to strike?”

He paused, then said slowly, “So why not hand it over to us? At least, for the sake of our past relations, my Wen Clan might still leave your Peng Clan a way to live.”

The atmosphere in the hall grew suffocating. Peng Zhan took a deep breath, his voice steady and firm. “We would rather shatter as jade than survive as clay. The Peng Clan would rather perish than hand over the Heavenly Fortune Divine Mountain!”

Wen Yonggui sneered coldly. “Very well. Let’s see how long your Peng Clan can last.”

With a flick of his sleeve, he turned to leave.

“Wait!” A Peng Clan elder couldn’t hold back. “What about our captured clansmen? What does your Wen Clan want in exchange for their return?”

Wen Yonggui didn’t even look back. “That negotiation is over. Even if you offered a hundred million cosmic origin crystals...no, a hundred billion, it would make no difference.”

He strode out of the great hall. Peng Zhan and the others were trembling with rage, their chests heaving violently. They longed to lunge forward, to strike, to wash away their humiliation in blood.

In the end, they forced themselves to hold back. They were utterly outmatched! If they dared to lay hands on Wen Yonggui, the Wen Clan's army would storm their gates within days. And then the other Immortal Imperial Clans would seize the chance to strike. For a clan already tottering on the brink, it could lead to utter destruction!

If things reached that point, the Peng Clan would be truly doomed! They also knew all too well that if things continued this way, the Peng Clan would only sink further into ruin, and their position ever more dangerous...

However, there was nothing else they could do except stall for time, grasping at whatever hope remained. It was pitiful. It was despair itself. The Peng Clan had truly reached the end of the road, with nowhere left to turn.

Bang! Bang! Bang!

Suddenly, three figures were flung in from outside like kites with their strings cut, crashing into the floor and tumbling across the hall. Peng Zhan and the elders were startled. Looking up, they saw, to their shock, that it was Wen Yonggui and the two who had just left!

"They..."

Peng Zhan and the others' faces changed drastically, their minds thrown into confusion. Just then, two figures appeared at the entrance of the hall.

Before they even stepped into the hall, a familiar, trembling voice rang out, choked with emotion, "Father! Your son has returned!"

Chapter 2919 Nothing to Say? Then Die

Peng Zhan's eyes widened in disbelief. "Tianxiang...why have you returned?!"

The other Peng Clan elders were equally stunned.

Thud!

Peng Tianxiang dropped to his knees, tears streaming down his face, “Father, uncles, elders...our Peng Clan is saved! We’re saved!!”

His voice rose to a hoarse, trembling roar, as if only by shouting could he release the years of torment, guilt, and helplessness buried in his heart. After all...all of this had begun because of him.

Peng Tianxiang had never regretted befriending Lin Xun. What he regretted was his own powerlessness. He had to watch his family suffer disaster while unable to lift a hand to help.

“Saved? What do you mean?” Peng Zhan frowned deeply.

All eyes turned toward the young man standing silently behind him. Could this be the help Tianxiang spoke of? He looks far too young...

“Peng Tianxiang! You dare to show yourself?!”

A shrill, venomous voice cut through the air. Wen Yonggui, his face pale and twisted, staggered to his feet. “Didn’t your Peng Clan claim you’d severed all ties with him?! Yet here he is! If word of this spreads, your Peng Clan will be wiped out!”

He pointed a trembling finger at them, his eyes glinting with malice. Peng Zhan and the others blanched, exchanging uneasy glances. They all knew this calamity had begun with Peng Tianxiang. If he hadn’t appeared, they might have been able to stall for time, and perhaps even negotiate a way out.

However, with his return...he had become the perfect excuse for their enemies to strike!

“Old fool, you still dare to threaten us? I’ll...” Peng Tianxiang’s eyes burned with fury.

“Enough!” Peng Zhan’s voice thundered across the hall. “Tianxiang, enough!”

He was worried that his son's anger would make things even worse.

Wen Yonggui let out a cold, mocking laugh. "Such a hot-headed brat. You haven't even realized the situation you're in. You may not care about your own life, but do you want to drag your entire Peng Clan to the grave with you?"

At those words, the faces of the Peng Clan elders darkened, a suffocating dread gripping their hearts.

"Father..." Peng Tianxiang said anxiously, but Peng Zhan cut him off.

"Apologize. Now! To Uncle Wen!"

Peng Tianxiang's eyes widened in disbelief. "Apologize...to him?"

Wen Yonggui sneered, voice dripping with contempt. "Too late for that! Unless your Peng Clan shows enough sincerity today, your destruction is certain!"

Peng Zhan and the others' hearts sank. They understood perfectly what that 'sincerity' meant. Once again, their enemies were eyeing the Heavenly Fortune Divine Mountain again! Before Peng Zhan could respond, Wen Yonggui's hateful gaze turned toward Lin Xun. "And as for this man...he must be skinned alive and tore into a thousand pieces!"

Earlier, when he and two other Wen Clan experts had tried to leave, Lin Xun had blocked their path and sent them flying back into this hall with a single slap. This was a humiliation they would never forget.

Peng Zhan, taken aback, turned to his son. "Tianxiang...who is this friend of yours?"

Before Peng Tianxiang could answer, Lin Xun stepped forward, clasped his hands and said calmly, "Lin Xun greets the elders. This matter, after all, began because of me. So, allow me to end it."

Since he and Peng Tianxiang were of the same generation, it was only proper that he addressed the Peng Clan elders as elders.

“Lin Xun?!” Peng Zhan’s eyes widened in disbelief. Around him, the other Peng Clan elders froze where they stood, faces stiff with shock. Even Wen Yonggui and the other two Wen Clan members were struck dumb, as if this name carried a terrifying, boundless power.

In an instant, the entire hall fell silent. Utterly silent!

“This...he...” As the patriarch of a clan, Peng Zhan was usually calm and unflappable, but now, even he stood speechless.

At that moment, Peng Tianxiang finally had a chance to speak. “Father, uncles, elders...this is my friend Lin Xun, a successor of Fangchun Mountain, and a Deputy Pavilion Master of the Origin Sky Pavilion under the Origin Sect!”

Each word struck like a thunderclap, shaking Peng Zhan and the others to their cores. Their faces went pale and their composures were utterly shattered. How could they not know what that name meant?

He was one of the most dazzling, heaven-defying figures in the Eternal True Realm. A terrifying existence branded as the greatest enemy of the Ten Clans Alliance, and a deputy pavilion master of the Origin Sect, one of the Four Great Ancestral Courts. Before him, even the Immortal Imperial Clans dared not lift their heads.

The blood drained from Wen Yonggui’s face. His body trembled uncontrollably as dread surged through him like a rising tide. Years ago, the Ten Clans Alliance had decreed that all who aided Lin Xun be hunted down and executed.

Not long after, the Origin Sect, one of the Four Great Ancestral Courts, declared that those who were enemies of Lin Xun were enemies of the Origin Sect! Under such circumstances, how could Wen Yonggui and the others not be terrified?

“No! Impossible! Lin Xun is wanted by the Ten Clans Alliance! How could he dare appear in this Sixth Heaven Domain? He must be a fake!” One of the Wen Clan cultivators beside Wen Yonggui screamed hysterically.

The words jolted Wen Yonggui back to his senses. He drew a deep breath and said, “We’ve...troubled you enough today. We’ll be taking our leave. Goodbye.”

He turned to go.

“Did I give you permission to leave?” Lin Xun had not moved, but as a faint ripple of his aura spread, Wen Yonggui and the two beside him collapsed to their knees, their faces contorting in terror, their bodies shaking under the crushing weight.

Wen Yonggui roared, “What are you doing?! Do you intend to make enemies of our Wen Clan? Even if you are Lin Xun, are you not afraid the Ten Clans Alliance will learn of this and come for you?”

He paused for a moment, then as if throwing all caution to the wind, swept his gaze over Peng Zhan and the others. “And you...do you really think he can save you? Once the forces of the Ten Clans Alliance arrive, your Peng Clan will be the first to fall!”

Peng Zhan and the others’ expressions darkened.

“Are you finished?” Lin Xun uttered coldly.

Wen Yonggui sneered. “If you know what’s good for you, you’ll...”

Bang!

He never finished the sentence. With a soft boom, his body erupted into ash, scattering into the air like dust in the wind. The hall fell deathly still.

Peng Zhan and the others felt their scalps prickle, a cold dread crawling down their spines. Wen Yonggui is dead...how could the Wen Clan possibly let this go?

“Anything else to say?”

Lin Xun’s gaze shifted to the two remaining Wen Clan cultivators. They shook their heads in sheer terror.

“Then die.”

Lin Xun’s words had barely faded when the two Wen Clan cultivators erupted, their bodies also turning to ash and scattering into the air. Three Ancestor-level powerhouses of the Wen Clan were obliterated in an instant.

From start to finish, Lin Xun never so much as lifted a finger! Peng Zhan and the others stood rooted in place, torn between awe and fear, relief and unease.

Seeing through their thoughts, Lin Xun said calmly, “Rest assured, I will see justice done for the Peng Clan.”

With that, he turned and strode out of the hall.

“Brother Lin, where are you going?” Peng Tianxiang called out, hurrying after him.

“Just stay here and wait for the news.” As Lin Xun spoke, his figure had already blurred and vanished into thin air.

Peng Tianxian murmured, “Brother Lin...no matter what, take care of yourself...”

“Tianxiang, what’s going on?” Peng Zhan’s deep voice echoed from within the hall.

Peng Tianxiang turned and walked back inside the hall. His father and the clan elders still looked stunned and bewildered, their minds struggling to grasp what had just happened. Peng Tianxiang began to recount everything that had happened without hiding anything.

“I see.” When he finished, Peng Zhan’s eyes flickered with realization. A sigh escaped his chest. “To think that someone of his stature still remembers a friendship from back then...truly unexpected.”

Peng Tianxiang said softly, “Father, I can tell Brother Lin still blames himself for what happened to our Peng Clan. You can’t hold this against him.”

Peng Zhan replied firmly, “Of course not.”

“With Lin Xun’s help, doesn’t that mean our Peng Clan is saved?” one elder asked, his voice trembling with excitement.

However, another elder quickly poured cold water on his hope. “Don’t forget the Ten Clans Alliance. Even if Lin Xun helps us take revenge, once their forces arrive...our Peng Clan will still be in peril!”

The words made the air in the hall grow heavy.

Peng Tianxiang quickly interjected, “On the way back, Lin Xun told me that after he resolves this crisis, he’ll take our entire Peng Clan away with him!”

“Away?” Peng Zhan’s eyes widened in disbelief. “To where?”

“To a place where even the Ten Clans Alliance cannot reach.” Peng Tianxiang said solemnly.

“Is that true?”

The Peng Clan elders all spoke with excitement.

For eighteen long years, the Peng Clan had been pushed to the brink, trapped in desperation. If there truly was a safe haven awaiting them, who would not wish to go?

Peng Tianxiang said, “Elders, with Brother Lin’s current standing, how could he possibly lie about something like this?”

Laughter rippled through the hall as everyone nodded in agreement. Now, Lin Xun was a man who could sway the fate of the Eternal True Realm. How could a man like that ever go back on his word?

Someone hesitated. “But...many of our clansmen were captured by the enemy...”

Before he could finish, Peng Tianxiang cut in, “Brother Lin has already left to rescue them. With his ability, it’ll be effortless. All we need to do now is wait for his news.”

Peng Zhan exhaled, a faint smile softening his stern face. “Tianxiang, you’ve finally grown up. This time, you’ve done the clan a great service. When your cultivation grows stronger, the seat of clan leader will be yours.”

Tears welled in Peng Tianxiang’s eyes. “Father, in the past, I was idle and unmotivated, wasting my years away. But from this day forward, I’ll devote myself to cultivation and never disappoint you or the clan!”

As he spoke, he dropped to his knees and kowtowed three times. The sight stirred deep emotion in the hearts of every elder present.

“Enough, get up! Although our Peng Clan has suffered because of you, misfortune and blessing are often intertwined. Because of your bond with Lin Xun, our clan has found new hope. When you one day become patriarch, the Peng Clan will be reborn from the ashes and soar to even greater heights!” As Peng Zhan spoke, he reached down to help his son to his feet.

Peng Zhan’s words left the other elders quietly shaken. Indeed, Lin Xun’s current might and stature were enough to shape the destiny of the world. He was not only a successor of Fangchun Mountain, but also a deputy pavilion master of the Origin Sect, one of the Four Great Ancestral Courts. Forging a bond with such a legendary figure was to grasp the power to change a clan’s fate.

“Father, let’s talk about the future another time. All I know is that our Peng Clan has been saved, and Lin Xun is our clan’s greatest benefactor. I will devote my life to repaying this debt of grace!” Peng Tianxiang said solemnly.

Peng Zhan and the others nodded quietly, their hearts swelling with relief and pride. To know gratitude and repay it...this was the true marrow of the Peng Clan’s men.

Chapter 2920 It Shall End With Me

In the Sixth Heaven Domain, the Wen Clan’s territory lay nearest to the Celestial Azure Divine State, where the Peng Clan resided.

Furthermore, as the saying went, the one closest to the tower is first to touch the moon. Over the past eighteen years, as the Peng Clan’s strength waned and its territories fell one after another, it was the Wen Clan’s who claimed the lion’s share of their spoils.

Night had fallen.

Within a grand hall in the Wen Clan’s Cloudwater Divine Mountain, lamps burned bright, laughter echoed, and wine flowed freely.

Dozens of Wen Clan elders gathered around laden tables, feasting and drinking in high spirits.

“Brother,” Wen Xiaoyin, the second elder, laughed heartily as he raised his cup, “at his rate, the Peng Clan will last no more than three years! Once we seize Heavenly Fortune Divine Mountain, the entire Celestial Azure Divine State will soon belong to our Wen Clan!”

“Second Brother, you’ve had too much to drink.”

The Wen Clan’s patriarch, Wen Taojing, sat at the head of the hall. Though his tone remained calm, a trace of pride gleamed in his eyes.

Eighteen years of steady conquest, devouring the Peng Clan’s strength, seizing their lands, plundering their vast wealth and cultivation resources, had made the Wen Clan more powerful than ever before. Their influence and territory had expanded beyond measure. Just as Wen Xiaoyin boasted, once they

seized Heavenly Fortune Divine Mountain, the entire Heavenly Azure Divine State would belong to the Wen Clan.

“Hahaha! That Lin Xun probably never imagined that because of his relationship with the Peng Clan, we’d end up profiting so greatly from it,” another elder laughed.

At the mention of Lin Xun’s name, a cold gleam flickered in Wen Taojing’s eyes. “That wretch may now hold the position of a deputy pavilion master of the Origin Sect, but since he dared to offend the Ten Clans Alliance, his death is only a matter of time.”

Many years ago, the Wen Clan had suffered bitterly at the hands of Lin Xun, and their hatred for him had long since festered into something bone-deep.

“Yes, that little bastard will die sooner or later!” Wen Xiaoyin sneered, raising his cup again. “We are just waiting...”

He never finished his sentence. A cold flash of sword light through the air. Wen Xiaoyin froze mid-laugh, his eyes bulging. A thin red line appeared across his neck then widened. His head tumbled from his shoulders and rolled across the floor. A spray of blood erupted skyward, painting the hall crimson.

Even his primordial spirit was cleaved clean apart!

“Waiting for my death?” A calm, indifferent voice rolled through the hall like thunder. “I’m afraid you won’t be alive to see it.”

The hell fell deathly silent. This was the Wen Clan’s lair, a fortress heavily guarded by countless experts. However, in the blink of an eye, while everyone was drinking and laughing, a single sword strike had slain one of their great elders. Panic rippled through the crowd and several maids nearly screamed aloud.

Every gaze turned. Standing at the door was a man in moon-white robes, his hands clasped behind his back, his eyes deep and fathomless like the abyss.

Who is that?!

Terror coursed through the gathered cultivators. In the Sixth Heaven Domain, few had ever seen Lin Xun in person. Although the Wen Clan hated him to the bone, most of them wouldn't recognize him face-to-face.

Only the patriarch Wen Taojing and a few of the clan's old monsters trembled visibly, their faces draining of color. They looked as if they'd seen a ghost, eyes wide with disbelief.

"How dare you?! Who are you to break into my Wen Clan and commit murder?!"

It was Wen Taojing's wife, a beautiful woman with a fiery temperament. She rose sharply to her feet, eyes blazing with cold fury. She truly lived up to being the patriarch's wife. Even in the face of such a shocking scene, her expression did not waver. Her voice rang with cold defiance as she stared straight at Lin Xun.

"Why not? Your Wen Clan is no dragon lair or tiger's den. I may come and go as I please." Lin Xun's voice was calm, almost casual.

"Young man, you must have some skill to slip into my Wen Clan unnoticed, but to think you alone can act so wantonly here...how laughable. You're courting death! I've seen too many arrogant fools who don't know the immensity of heaven and earth. I'll give you one chance. Tell us who sent you, and perhaps I'll grant you a chance to atone for your crimes." The patriarch's wife said icily.

Her composure was remarkable. Even faced with a man who had just struck down an elder before her eyes, she showed not a shred of fear but instead defiance.

"Atone?" Lin Xun's lips curved into a faint, mocking smile. "And how does your Wen Clan intend to make me atone?"

The instant those words left his mouth, Wen Taojing and the few old monsters beside him stiffened as if struck by lightning. Color drained from their faces, and cold sweat streamed down their foreheads. They didn't even dare to breathe.

The others, who still hadn't grasped the situation, glanced around in confusion, sensing that something had gone terribly wrong.

The patriarch's wife noticed the change, but she forced her voice to remain steady, "Young man, perhaps you don't know the power our Wen Clan commands. In the Sixth Heaven Domain, we stand among the top five Immortal Imperial Clans. No one who has ever offended us has met a good end..."

Her tone faltered halfway through, because she suddenly noticed her husband and the other elders' faces had turned deathly pale. Their eyes were wide with panic, and they kept shooting her desperate signals to stop speaking. Her heart sank like a stone.

"Wen Taojing pays his respect to Deputy Pavilion Master Lin." Suppressing the terror in his heart, Wen Taojing rose to his feet, trembling, and bowed deeply toward Lin Xun.

Deputy Pavilion Master Lin?

Which Deputy Pavilion Master Lin?

Puzzled glances darted around. Some frowned in disbelief until one person suddenly cried out in shock, "It's him! Lin Xun! The deputy pavilion master from the Origin Sky Pavilion of the Origin Sect!"

Lin Xun!

That name hit like a thunderclap, heavy as ten thousand pounds, crashing straight into every heart in the hall. Instinctively, everyone shot to their feet, faces twisting in disbelief and terror as their eyes locked onto Lin Xun.

"That...Lin...Lin Xun?"

The patriarch's wife went completely pale, her body going limp like a deflated ball. Her teeth chattered uncontrollably and her vision went black.

So it really was him! The peerless butcher himself!

They said that the Donghuang's Four Clans of the Seventh Heaven Domain had all been annihilated by his hand alone!

"As the patriarch of the Wen Clan, you should know better than anyone that the hatred between your clan and me can never be undone. So why bow now?" Lin Xun's gaze was cold as he looked at the still-bowing Wen Taojing. "Do you really think a show of respect can wash away your clan's sin?"

Wen Taojing's face stiffened and his smile was painfully forced. "In my view, there are no grudges in this world that cannot be resolved. For example, right now...if Deputy Pavilion Master Lin has any request, my Wen Clan will carry it out without hesitation, so long as it is within our power."

Before him stood the man who had single-handedly annihilated the Donghuang's Four Clans. Compared to them, the Wen Clan was utterly insignificant.

"Is that so?" Lin Xun's lips curved faintly.

Wen Taojing's heart trembled violently. Forcing down the panic rising within him, he said, "As long as Deputy Pavilion Master Lin is willing to spare us, we will agree to any condition you name!"

"Then release all members of the Peng Clan you've captured," Lin Xun said flatly.

Only then did Wen Taojing finally understand why Lin Xun had come tonight. He was here for the Peng Clan!

"Yes!" Wen Taojing replied at once. This was a small matter and hardly worth mentioning.

"Hand over your lives." Lin Xun spoke again.

Wen Taojing froze. Beads of sweat rolled into his eyes, stinging, yet he didn't dare raise a hand to wipe them away. His voice quavered, "Deputy Pavilion Master Lin, if you want all the wealth my Wen Clan has, I'll give it, but our lives..."

Lin Xun cut him off, his tone flat and absolute. "I wasn't asking for your opinion. Whether you agree or not...none of you will leave this hall alive."

"Lin Xun, don't go too far!" someone roared in fury.

Clang!

Before the echo faded, the green gourd at Lin Xun's waist flew forward. A streak of sword qi flashed and the man's head burst apart, blood splattering across the floor.

"Deputy Pavilion Master Lin, is there truly no room for discussion?" Wen Taojing's eyes were red.

"Where are the old ancestors?" his wife shrieked. "Why haven't they come to save us?!"

Lin Xun smiled faintly and flicked his sleeve. Three heads thudded onto the floor, rolling through the blood. "You mean them? They left one step ahead of you."

Wen Taojing and the others went rigid, eyes wide with disbelief. Those were the heads of their three supreme elders, old monsters at the Immortal Stage, but they were now gone! All strength seemed to drain from their bodies. As if their bones had been hollowed out, they collapsed into their chairs, faces ashen and lifeless.

Wen Taojing looked utterly shattered, murmuring. "Heaven has doomed my Wen Clan...Heaven will destroy my Wen Clan..."

Lin Xun's gaze glinted like a blade. "It's not heaven that wants to destroy you. It's me. Remember that."

Shua!

A violet divine sword shot out from the green gourd, unfolding into a thousand blazing arcs of light that howled through the great hall. After a moment, it returned to Lin Xun's side. Every member of the Wen Clan stood frozen, eyes bulging, faces twisting in terror.

Thud!

In the next instant, the heads of Wen Taojing and others tumbled to the ground, and blood burst from their necks like crimson fountains. Red as a painting.

When Lin Xun stepped out of Cloudwater Divine Mountain, flames were already devouring the night sky. The once majestic peaks burned like giant torches, collapsing in on themselves. The Wen Clan, an Immortal Imperial Clan that had stood in the Sixth Heaven Domain for countless ages, had been trampled into ruin.

Of course, as with the Yao Clan, Lin Xun had not wiped them out entirely. He only executed all Ancestor-level powerhouses, crippled every Emperor's cultivation, and left the rest to flee in terror. The maids and servants had long since scattered in terror before the mountain fell.

From afar, Lin Xun stood with his hands behind his back, his black eyes reflecting the inferno without a ripple, like the depths of an ancient well. After a long silence, he turned and left.

Behind him, the Wen Clan's ancestral gate lay in ashes, its foundation utterly uprooted. Even if remnants survived, they were nothing more than lambs waiting to be carved apart by circling predators. What awaited them was to be trampled while fallen, carved up and devoured by other forces.

One only needed to look at the Peng Clan's fate to know that the fallen Wen Clan was doomed beyond all hope of revival. For Lin Xun, crushing the Wen Clan was only the beginning.

For the past eighteen years, it had not been the Wen Clan alone who preyed upon the Peng Clan. The Wen Clan alone could never have driven them to such despair. After all, the Peng Clan had once stood among the top powers.

"Since all of this began because of me, then it shall end with me. No one will escape this reckoning!"

Lin Xun lifted his gaze toward the dark horizon. For a brief moment, he stood silent, then his figure turned into a streak of light and vanished into the boundless night.