

Starlit Path 361

Chapter 361: Three Yin Spirit Experts Open the Immortal Relic

The Immortal Relic has appeared!

The entire world erupted!

Everyone stepped outside and saw the magnificent mirage in the sky. No matter where they were, the vision was crystal clear.

In the mirage stood pavilions and towers where immortals dwelt, a divine tree radiating holy light, golden immortal fruits hanging heavy, and strange beasts roaming. Someone even saw a lion forged of pure gold roaring at the heavens.

Too beautiful!

Too spectacular!

Every soul felt an unprecedented shock.

Cultivators of Five Phoenixes burned with excitement. They knew what this meant.

From the earliest Wolong Ridge underground palace, to the Dragon Gate trials, to the current Nine Prisons Secret Realm,

every new secret realm had represented opportunity.

Every one had been a chance for the continent's cultivators to leap forward.

And everyone understood, this time the opportunity was far greater than Wolong Ridge or the Dragon Gates.

The phenomenon was simply too astonishing!

Visible to the entire world, with a divine tree, divine fruits, and wondrous beasts.

It was clearly an immortal's cave abode!

Did immortals exist?

Yes!

Everyone believed they did.

If not, how could White Jade Capital be so strong?

How could Young Master Lu be so strong?

Many attributed Young Master Lu's power to immortal fate.

As one of the first to receive immortal fate, Young Master Lu had walked far ahead of everyone else.

Thus the world firmly believed in immortals.

They went mad for this immortal opportunity!

When Tianji Pavilion's yellow decree spread the news, proclaiming it an immortal relic,

the world truly boiled over!

Northern Commandery.

Tantai Xuan stood barefoot atop Tai Ridge, breathing rapidly as he stared at the mirage.

The blood-colored battlefield had weighed heavily on him.

He desperately wanted to strengthen Great Xuan and Five Phoenixes.

Against the enemy, only their own strength could save them.

Mo Ju, Mo Beike, and Jiang Li shot over, standing on the peak.

Even Xue Tao, Tantai Xuan's personal guard, was stunned.

An immortal trace!

"That direction... the sea!"

"Immortal fate lies in the Boundless Sea! Even if it's across the ocean, we cannot miss it!"

"Xue Tao! Lead the Xuanwu Guards and Great Xuan Academy disciples, seize the immortal fate!"

Tantai Xuan stared at the mirage for a long time.

He saw the brilliant divine fruits, the swaying divine herbs, countless treasures that made his heart race.

Even as someone perpetually denied by immortal fate, he knew this phenomenon heralded extraordinary treasures.

“The world faces calamity. True immortal fate descends, perhaps... this is the era that forges heroes.”

“This immortal fate must birth pillars strong enough to stand with Young Master Lu against the pressure.”

Tantai Xuan’s eyes flashed.

Mo Ju gently waved his feather fan, inhaling deeply.

“Likewise, whichever faction produces such pillars will become the true overlord of the future.”

Crises would not last forever.

One day they would end.

When they did, human competition would not vanish.

Especially with the divide between Tianyuan and Five Phoenixes.

“So Great Xuan must fight!”

Tantai Xuan declared.

Even if he was cursed to miss immortal fate, he would fight!

Southern Commandery.

Tang Manor.

Tang Xiansheng rocked in his chair, creak... creak...

The courtyard was silent.

He gazed deeply at the sky.

After a long while, he summoned the Southern Manor Army's commander.

"Call Yimo back. Have him prepare to enter this immortal relic."

"This is the most precious relic yet. We... must contend."

Tang Xiansheng said.

The commander's eyes gleamed, nodding solemnly.

He shot away.

The courtyard fell silent again.

Tang Xiansheng smiled, looking ever older.

But hope still shone in his eyes.

He was old.

Yet he wished Tang Yimo could dance across the future stage.

Western Liang.

Luo Mingsang emerged from the main tent in plain robes, gazing at the phenomenon with longing.

“My king, go.”

“Seize the fate that belongs to you. You must grow stronger.”

Luo Mingsang said.

Overlord, clad in armor, nodded solemnly.

He immediately mobilized the army.

Xu Chu, Zhao Zixu, and the Xiang Family Army followed.

To Overlord's surprise,

a familiar figure joined the march.

Luo Mingyue, pipa on her back, veiled face.

"You stay with your sister."

Overlord frowned.

"This new immortal relic is extremely dangerous."

He was serious.

Was the relic dangerous?

Undoubtedly.

Aside from the unknown dangers of an immortal relic,

the competition between Five Phoenixes and Tianyuan cultivators would be anything but peaceful.

When true resources were at stake, harmony was impossible.

On Five Phoenixes' side, only he and Kong Nanfei could carry the banner.

Tianyuan had the four holy lands, terrifying existences.

Previously, Overlord had competed with Tianyuan's younger generation and held the advantage.

Now he would face their elders.

Nascent Soul, Infant Transformation...

Even...

Overlord's breathing quickened.

He would face the four holy land lords!

Pressure existed.

But retreat was impossible.

Young Master Lu had once told him: the path of cultivation was a path of contention.

If you did not fight, you would be eliminated.

Cultivation was not merciful. It was as cruel as survival.

"I have my own path."

Luo Mingyue, veiled, replied calmly to Overlord's stern words.

She had her own dao to walk.

So she refused Overlord.

“Let her go.”

Luo Mingsang arrived, gazing gently at her sister.

Mingyue was different from her.

From the beginning, their destinies had diverged.

Luo Mingsang had little talent for cultivation.

Luo Mingyue was different.

“Sister, take care.”

Luo Mingyue said.

In the dawn light, she turned, veil fluttering, and stepped through the Dragon Gate.

Overlord ruffled Luo Mingsang's hair, then led Western Liang's warriors through.

...

Beyond Tianhan Gate, endless desert.

Demon Continent, demonic qi soaring.

A monkey leaped and bounded, iron staff in hand, legs wrapped around it, gazing at the mirage, eyes gleaming.

Then he turned, raising his arms and roaring.

The cry spread across Demon Continent.

Rustling.

Demons with awakened intelligence emerged from the forests.

Several sonic booms.

A silver wolf, newly advanced from six-sided to eight-sided crystal, Silver Wolf King.

A saber-toothed tiger with vicious fangs, Saber-Tooth Tiger King, also eight-sided crystal.

The two most talented demon kings of Demon Continent.

Yet they still acknowledged the staff-wielding monkey as sovereign.

Demon Monkey King's eyes flashed. He pointed at the phenomenon, baring teeth with violent aura.

Silver Wolf King elegantly growled.

Saber-Tooth Tiger King domineeringly slammed a paw, shaking the continent.

Demon Monkey King's eyes gleamed. He smashed his staff into the ground.

He pointed skyward, then west.

Demonic qi turned to killing intent.

The elegant Silver Wolf King's eyes turned red.

She understood, seize this immortal fate, then return and slaughter the treacherous humans in the west!

Saber-Tooth Tiger King roared agreement.

Demons across the continent roared in unison, shaking the land.

But Demon Monkey King had little confidence in reaching the sea in time.

Demon Continent was too far, no Dragon Gate.

Travel alone would take too long.

Suddenly,

as he worried,

demonic qi across Demon Continent gathered.

A figure with hands behind back, demonic qi towering, appeared.

Demon Monkey King, Silver Wolf King, and Saber-Tooth Tiger King trembled, prostrating.

Demons revered hierarchy.

They worshipped the Demon Sovereign!

“This immortal fate will change the world’s structure.”

“Fight for it. Seize some fortune.”

The Demon Sovereign’s aura was vast and mysterious.

Next moment, endless demonic qi churned, forming a demonic dragon.

The dragon became a gate.

Dark and bottomless.

“Go.”

The Demon Sovereign said.

Then dispersed into demonic qi.

Where demonic qi existed, so did he.

Demons across the continent prostrated, unmoving.

The three demon kings roared farewell.

The Demon Sovereign gone, the three kings rose.

They glanced at the demonic dragon gate, then shot inside without hesitation.

They trusted the Demon Sovereign completely!

After the three kings entered,

some six-sided crystal demons hesitated, then rushed in, vanishing into darkness.

Timid ones wavered.

The gate collapsed.

They roared in regret.

...

Western Liang, Ink Pavilion.

Sand blew.

A tower stood exposed in the endless desert.

At its top,

three figures stood.

Mo Liuqi wrapped in black robes, gazing at the mirage, touching his silver shears.

Beside him, Yi Yue in white assassin robes.

And the bald monk Ding Jiudeng in simple robes.

The three stared long at the phenomenon, then smiled at each other.

Decision made.

...

The mirage lasted long.

Every major family in Five Phoenixes mobilized, sending forces to the eastern sea.

Immortal fate on the sea, no one wanted to miss it.

Almost every cultivator moved.

Tianyuan was the same, the four holy lands, even the crippled factions, all set out.

Even cultivators from the floating Tianyuan Continent took ships.

The lure of immortal fate was too great!

Dongyang Commandery, Red Dragon Gate.

The Martial Emperor City Nascent Soul guarding it fluctuated with aura.

Figures streamed through the gate.

Overlord arrived with Western Liang warriors.

BOOM!

Before Overlord could exit, the Nascent Soul released crushing pressure, trying to force them back.

The Nascent Soul knew why Overlord came.

Everyone wanted the immortal relic.

Even the death-pass holy lords were coming.

Tianyuan and Five Phoenixes might be at peace now,

but contradictions remained.

BOOM!

The Dragon Gate shook.

Overlord's roar echoed from within.

"Get lost!"

A battle axe shot out, slashing at the pressuring Nascent Soul.

The Nascent Soul snorted.

"I heard Overlord has a violent temper. The rumors are true!"

He raised a hand.

Jade light flashed on his arm, catching the axe barehanded.

"With the world in crisis, everyone seeks strength. An immortal relic appears, opportunity for all. Will you block Five Phoenixes cultivators from immortal fate?"

Overlord stepped out, neither humble nor arrogant.

He gripped his head, ready to rip it off and fight.

The Nascent Soul narrowed his eyes.

He had intended to delay Five Phoenixes cultivators,

letting Tianyuan arrive first and claim the initial treasures.

Just as Overlord prepared to fight,

quiet footsteps sounded within the gate.

A figure appeared silently.

Overlord felt a chill, unable to move.

The Nascent Soul outside paled, pupils contracting in panic.

“No-Summit Peak’s Witch!”

The Martial Emperor City Nascent Soul growled.

Infant Soul assassin, No-Summit Peak's Witch!

A true merciless female devil!

He no longer blocked.

He hadn't expected this ruthless figure to be drawn by the relic.

He fled without looking back.

Zhu Long's long lashes trembled.

Dragon roar resounded.

The red dragon arrived.

Zhu Long leaped onto its back, becoming a streak of light shooting toward the Boundless Sea.

Overlord watched her disappear, inhaling deeply.

No-Summit Peak's Witch!

Terrifyingly strong!

Even she coveted this immortal relic.

This competition would be fierce!

Overlord retrieved his axe.

Led Western Liang warriors toward the sea.

Soon after Overlord left,

Tantai Xuan arrived in full armor with Xuanwu Guards and Great Xuan Academy students.

Lu Jiulian blended unremarkably among them.

After Great Xuan forces left,

more cultivators poured through the gate.

...

Du Longyang, Ye Shoudao, Empress Ni Chunqiu, and Young Master Tianxu were fastest.

Three Yin Spirit, one peak Infant Transformation, their speed unmatched.

They reached the source of the astonishing essence qi first.

A vast island.

Seawater churned around it.

Countless fish leaped joyfully, silver light like a galaxy encircling it.

“This is the immortal relic?”

Young Master Tianxu’s eyes burned.

“Legends say Five Phoenixes has immortals. It’s said Young Master Lu became so strong because of immortal teachings.”

“This immortal relic is no ordinary one!”

Tianxu felt his opportunity had come.

He might find a way to Yin Spirit realm here.

“Be careful.”

“Opportunity often comes with danger.”

Du Longyang cautioned.

Tianxu was already impatient, shooting forward as light toward the island.

On one side,

the giant whale carried the immortal island.

Lu sat in his Thousand Blades Chair, fingers on his bronze wine cup.

“Not everyone’s here yet. What’s the rush?”

Lu smiled, shaking his head.

This immortal relic was his grandest creation, known to the entire world from the start.

Tianji Pavilion’s announcement only fanned the flames.

Watching impatient Tianxu,

Lu smiled.

Picked up a piece from the chess box.

Placed it.

Clack.

On the Spirit Pressure Chessboard, the game grew profound.

Around the immortal relic island,

the instant Tianxu approached,

wind rose!

Rumble!

Gales formed walls, completely sealing the island!

Tianxu was swept inside.

His face changed instantly.

The wind... was strange, as though trying to extinguish his divine sense!

He flushed, roaring.

Dao Intent erupted.

Small swords wove a shield around him.

He coughed blood, flung backward.

Staggering back on the sea, Tianxu paled.

“You were too hasty.”

Du Longyang glanced at him.

Ye Shoudao gripped his blade, heartless blade intent slashing.

The slash carved a several-meter gap in the wind wall before shattering.

“Cannot force entry. Even Yin Spirit realm would die.”

Ye Shoudao said coldly.

Du Longyang nodded.

Gazing at the now-calm island, wisdom gleamed in his eyes.

Tianxu paled, staring at the island’s dense essence qi and divine golden fruits, swallowing hard.

“This feeling of seeing but not touching... torture!”

Tianxu was unwilling.

The Empress sat cross-legged in the void, red robes fluttering.

“Wait patiently.”

“Since the immortal relic appeared, it cannot be impossible to enter...”

“Can you feel it? The wind wall’s power is slowly weakening, though slowly...”

The Empress, being a woman, noticed details.

Du Longyang and the others’ eyes lit up.

They sat in the void, waiting quietly.

Days passed.

More and more cultivators gathered around the island.

Ships braved the waves.

Some tried to land but were stopped by Du Longyang.

A Nascent Soul refused to believe, tried anyway, and was blasted back coughing blood.

Witnessing this, everyone knew a restriction sealed the relic.

Even the four holy land lords were blocked.

Far from discouraging,

it inflamed desire.

If even the holy lords were barred, the treasures inside must be priceless!

Overlord and others arrived by ship.

They did not attempt entry.

As more gathered,

on Lake Heart Island,

Lu felt it was time.

He smiled lightly.

Picked up another piece, pushed it forward.

Outside the relic,

Du Longyang, Ye Shoudao, and the Empress opened their eyes.

BOOM!

The Boundless Sea surged!

The three Yin Spirit experts sensed it simultaneously!

The wind wall restriction weakened!

“Now!”

“Break it!”

Du Longyang roared, spear raised, robes whipping.

A spear light blotted the sky.

Ye Shoudao’s sleeve fluttered, heartless slash unleashed.

The Empress flung red silk ribbons.

Rumble!

Three Yin Spirit attacks darkened heaven and earth.

BOOM!

They struck the massive wind wall.

The unbreakable wall,

was torn open with a giant rift!

BOOM!

Brilliant essence qi, dense golden light, and energy fluctuations poured from the tear!

The immortal island restriction was broken!

Three Yin Spirit experts opened the relic!

The instant the wall tore,

every cultivator leaped from their ships.

BOOM!

The sea boiled.

Figures raced across the water, charging toward the torn entrance of the immortal relic!

Chapter 362: A Nascent Soul Ages to Death in an Instant

The towering wind wall stood like a barrier between two worlds.

Behind it lay a vibrant new realm brimming with life.

Du Longyang, Ye Shoudao, and the Empress—three Yin Spirit experts—struck simultaneously.

They were the current peak combat power of Five Phoenixes, the first realm of the Three Gods: Yin Spirit.

With a single thought, they could overturn rivers and seas.

Their combined attack darkened heaven and earth.

Even the immortal relic's wind wall was torn open with a massive rift.

Dense essence qi and dazzling immortal light poured from the tear, resplendent and multicolored!

Some faintly glimpsed golden fruits swaying on the island!

An intoxicating fragrance swept out.

Overlord stood on his ship, staring at Ye Shoudao, Du Longyang, and the Empress above.

“The four holy land lords of Tianyuan...”

Overwhelming pressure crushed him.

A sense of utter powerlessness.

Too strong!

A realm beyond Nascent Soul.

Overlord’s breathing quickened.

Only now did he realize that in true strength, Five Phoenixes was still no match for Tianyuan.

Fortunately, the four holy land lords had never acted.

Any one of them could have suppressed Five Phoenixes entirely.

“Tianyuan has four holy lords, but Five Phoenixes has Young Master Lu.”

Luo Mingyue, veiled, her pale dress fluttering ethereally.

Overlord’s eyes sharpened. He nodded.

“The four lords probably don’t dare move against Five Phoenixes. They lack the courage.”

“They even once sought teachings from Young Master Lu.”

Luo Mingyue said.

Overlord understood the stakes.

He smiled wryly.

The true calamity now was not Tianyuan,

but the three terrifying continents beyond the sky, far stronger, teeming with experts.

Both Five Phoenixes and Tianyuan needed to grow stronger.

Only strength could face the enemy.

BOOM!

The immortal relic radiated incomparable aura.

Violent gales swept, rippling the sea.

The entrance was open!

Rainbow light, treasure light, immortal light bloomed together.

No one could hold back any longer.

“Charge!”

“The holy lords opened the way, the immortal fate belongs to Tianyuan!”

Tianyuan cultivators roared, leaping from ships, racing across the waves toward the rift.

Overlord would not fall behind!

“Where is the Xiang Family Army?!”

“Today... we seize immortal fate!”

Overlord bellowed.

Demonic qi exploded around him.

On Western Liang ships, Xiang Family troops roared, fearless, charging toward death and glory.

BOOM!

Figures leaped, racing across the sea toward the immortal island.

Everyone moved.

The Boundless Sea surged.

Yet none feared the waves.

Nie Changqing in white, Dragon Slayer at his waist, walked steadily toward the island.

Jing Yue hugged his Jing Tian Sword, strolling calmly.

Kong Nanfei arrived, disheveled scholar robes fluttering.

“Hahaha! Slow down, little ones! Let this scholar divine for you!”

“Open the path for the world!”

Mo Tianyu’s laughter rang out.

He pinched fingers, tossing copper coins.

The crisp clink echoed.

Nie Changqing, Jing Yue, and others slowed unconsciously.

“One divination for the immortal land: danger but no disaster, great fortune awaits all! What are you waiting for? Go!”

Mo Tianyu finished, eyes bright.

His words rang out.

Every figure racing across the sea froze.

Even Tianyuan Nascent Souls stiffened.

They had all heard of Mo Tianyu's infamous fourth-grade Reverse Fate Dao Intent.

Overlord and others' faces darkened.

Was he serious?

Mo Tianyu's laughter faded.

He suddenly felt the sea wind turn cold, like the mournful wind before crossing the River of No Return.

He pocketed his coins, flashed, and became a white line across the sea, shooting into the rift.

Vanishing onto the immortal island.

That lightning speed made everyone's faces twitch.

"Was it really an auspicious reading?"

“That poison diviner didn’t look like it was auspicious!”

“Damn! He tricked us!”

Tianyuan Nascent Souls reacted, faces changing.

“Bastard!”

Feng Yilou’s eyes blazed. Nascent Soul aura exploded above his head, he became wind, shooting into the island.

“Hahaha...”

Kong Nanfei swept in, righteous qi surging, entering the island.

Others realized they had been fooled.

If it was truly auspicious, Mo Tianyu would have run faster than anyone.

So...

his reading was inauspicious?

Everyone's breathing quickened, unable to hold back, charging the island.

...

Above the sky.

Du Longyang, Ye Shoudao, and the Empress exchanged glances.

As Yin Spirit experts, they were the strongest present.

"Will even stronger beings covet this relic?"

Du Longyang asked.

He remembered the staff strike that inverted the sea.

He looked toward central Five Phoenixes.

“That should be an existence on Young Master Lu’s level. Perhaps they disdain this relic’s fate.”

Ye Shoudao said.

“Let’s go.”

“I have a feeling... this immortal relic holds great opportunity for us!”

Du Longyang said.

With that, spear raised, black robes whipping, he shot forward.

The Empress and Ye Shoudao followed without hesitation, streaking toward the rift.

Young Master Tianxu watched enviously.

He felt ignored.

“Bullying me because I’m weaker?”

Tianxu gritted his teeth, threw a small sword from his box.

It flew against the wind.

He sat upon it, sword riding into the immortal realm!

BOOM!

When Mo Tianyu first landed on the immortal island,

his eyes lit up!

Dense life force surged from the ground, nourishing his entire body!

He saw an ancient tree, heavy with golden fruits!

Mo Tianyu rubbed his hands, reached out, picked one, breathed on it, and popped it in his mouth.

The taste was awful.

But Mo Tianyu's face showed disbelief!

A warm current surged through him.

BOOM!

Spine like a dragon, blood vitality soaring.

One fruit completed one Extreme Heavenly Lock refinement!

Mo Tianyu was stunned, reaching for more, planning to strip the tree!

But Tianyuan Nascent Soul cultivators who entered after saw him break through with one fruit, eyes red with greed.

Immortal fruit!

“Stop!”

“Greedy bastard!”

“The immortal gate was opened by our holy lords, everything on the island belongs to Tianyuan!”

Nascent Souls roared.

Energy beams shot.

Mo Tianyu’s eyes reddened.

“Fuck!”

“You animals!”

He stuffed three more fruits in his mouth, then rolled and crawled away.

Nascent Soul attacks!

He'd be slag if he took them head-on!

While fleeing, he still munched a fruit.

Golden Body Fruit tasted bad, but... the effect was amazing! Great nourishment, swallow no matter how bad!

Mo Tianyu escaped.

Others ignored him.

Tianyuan holy land Nascent Souls exchanged glances, deciding to divide the fruits.

"This tree belongs to the four holy lands. Others seek elsewhere."

Nascent Souls hovered, encircling the Golden Body Fruit tree.

Later arrivals from Northern Commandery led by Tantai Xuan stared, furious.

On what grounds?!

Overlord's gaze was cold. Without a word, demonic qi exploded, axe slashing at a Nascent Soul!

“You, Xiang Shaoyun, truly think yourself invincible?!”

A major accomplishment Nascent Soul sneered.

Sword light slashed.

Overlord trembled, forced back several steps!

“With the world in crisis, immortal fate should be shared. Your selfish methods, what difference from bandits?”

Kong Nanfei swept in.

Righteous words rang, righteous sword slashed at the Nascent Soul who repelled Overlord.

BOOM!

Kong Nanfei, Nine-Turn Golden Core breakthrough, repeatedly danced on the edge of death against the City Lord of the Dead.

Upon breaking through, major accomplishment Nascent Soul, formidable combat power.

Terrifying shockwaves spread.

But the fight quickly halted.

A girl riding a red dragon descended from the sky.

Her eyes closed, making Tianyuan cultivators shudder.

Zhu Long walked toward the Golden Body Fruit tree.

A major accomplishment Nascent Soul's face twitched, staring at Zhu Long, mouth opening, hesitating.

Zhu Long turned her face, pointed.

The Nascent Soul paled, coughed blood, flung hundreds of meters.

What a temper!

The holy land Nascent Soul wailed inwardly!

No-Summit Peak's Witch, too domineering!

Zhu Long pointed away the staring Nascent Soul, picked a Golden Body Fruit, bit it.

Frowned.

"Peh!"

Dry and tasteless.

Not to her liking.

She tossed the fruit, flew deeper into the island with the red dragon.

Swish!

Shadows flashed.

The instant Zhu Long vanished, figures closed in, snatching several fruits.

Holy land Nascent Souls roared, suppressing with aura, but too many hands, they couldn't stop everyone.

The Golden Body Fruit tree was soon stripped bare.

Holy lands took the lion's share, Five Phoenixes cultivators got plenty.

The immortal island was vast, everyone dispersed, seeking their own fate!

The Golden Body Fruits ignited the world's passion.

...

The immortal island was too large.

Once dispersed, figures grew sparse.

Dangers lurked.

Unknown perils everywhere.

The island was like a new small world, spiritual energy so dense it seeped into pores.

BOOM!

After brief exploration, everyone understood the island.

Divine fruits, spiritual herbs, rare treasures, strange ores...

Countless riches.

Many felt they had returned to the ancient cultivation era of abundant spiritual energy.

But treasures weren't free.

Someone found a radiant spiritual herb.

Tempted, they reached, only to be attacked by a great serpent, nearly killed.

A Body Storage perfection great serpent beast.

Many lacking strength gave up.

But some fought desperately, nine deaths one life, and won the herb.

Swallowing it, they instantly formed a Golden Core, breaking into Heavenly Lock.

A cultivator's carnival!

Resources beyond imagination.

Tianyuan holy land experts initially wanted to monopolize,

but deeper in, treasures and herbs were endless, they couldn't stop Five Phoenixes cultivators.

Some treasures suited Body Storage, some Golden Core Heavenly Lock.

Blocking was pointless.

Tianyuan cultivators eventually split, seeking their own fate.

...

Du Longyang, Ye Shoudao, and the Empress shot forward.

Ordinary treasures didn't interest them.

The island had many Golden Body Fruits and spiritual herbs that directly boosted cultivation.

But for Yin Spirit realm, little effect.

“Is there nothing for us?”

The Empress felt regret.

“No, there must be...”

“I have a feeling.”

Du Longyang said.

The three didn't fly, walking slowly, exploring carefully.

The immortal island opened, five days passed in a blink.

Many broke through on the island, even some Human List geniuses entered Nascent Soul.

...

Origin Lake, Lake Heart Island.

Gentle breeze.

Lu leaned on the railing, bronze wine cup in hand.

Lines danced in his eyes.

“Hmm... five days, forty-eight new Golden Cores, ten new Nascent Souls. Not bad.”

With the island open,

Lu's spiritual energy reserves grew.

Small realm breakthroughs gave little.

Major realm breakthroughs gave much.

“Still too slow.”

Lu looked skyward.

“Time... is running out for this Young Master.”

Indeed.

Delay further, the three continents’ origins might instinctively choose new plane lords.

Then Lu’s control would weaken.

He would have to attempt fusion.

Lu sensed that fusing three supreme Mid-Tier Martial origins,

the vast energy might push Five Phoenixes’ origin to the absolute peak of Mid-Tier Martial, even breaking through to High-Tier Martial.

With current cultivator strength, competing in High-Tier Martial was far insufficient.

And the crisis of ascending to High-Tier Martial made Lu wary.

The High-Tier Buddhist Venerable One was watching.

Once world protection vanished, countless threats would descend.

“It’s time to bring out the good stuff.”

“And the time array.”

Lu frowned, murmuring.

He picked a jade-green piece from the chess box.

Placed it in the upper left star position.

Clack.

...

The piece fell.

Like thunder in every ear.

Du Longyang and the others exploring the island suddenly looked deeper in.

Rumble!

Their divine sense trembled uncontrollably!

An intoxicating fragrance spread.

“What is that?”

Ye Shoudao’s eyes narrowed.

“So fragrant!”

The Empress exclaimed.

The three shot forward without hesitation.

Yin Spirit speed crossed vast distance instantly!

In the distance,

rainbow light rose, a golden divine tree appeared.

“Isn’t that the fruit tree from the entrance?”

Du Longyang wondered.

Next instant, his pupils shrank.

“No... different! This tree is different! It holds great fortune!”

Rumble!

Origin energy cascaded like a waterfall, blocking the tree and the immortal vista behind.

“Look!”

The Empress cried, pointing behind the tree.

The mirage’s immortal halls and pavilions materialized!

As though an immortal stood within, hands behind back.

Seeing the vista that seemed preserved from ten thousand years ago,

the three exchanged glances.

“Could an immortal still live?”

The thought made three Yin Spirit experts’ hair stand on end.

An ancient being surviving to now?

What kind of monster?

The phenomenon drew many cultivators.

Zhu Long arrived on the red dragon.

Her aura matched the Empress and others, long lashes trembling as she stared at the origin waterfall, divine tree, and immortal vista.

Overlord, Nie Changqing, and others rushed over.

Tianyuan holy land Nascent Souls arrived too.

Seeing the towering divine tree and immortal platforms, seeming ethereal immortals,

everyone inhaled deeply, hearts shaken.

“This... might be the true immortal fate of this island!”

Every cultivator who saw it murmured.

Suddenly, a Tianyuan holy land Nascent Soul moved.

He shot toward the origin waterfall.

He couldn't hold back.

The Golden Body Fortune Fruits were fatally attractive, and his lifespan was nearly exhausted, unable to break through, soon to fall.

He moved first.

BOOM!

He charged into the origin waterfall.

Under countless eyes, toward the tree radiating great fortune.

Du Longyang, Ye Shoudao, the Empress watched.

Suddenly, their pupils shrank.

The old Nascent Soul piercing the waterfall blurred.

A gray river swept past.

His body visibly withered, hunched, skin aged.

His once-black hair turned snow-white.

Thud!

He knelt, lifespan exhausted, desperately reaching for a Golden Body Fortune Fruit.

Wrinkled face filled with unwillingness and despair.

Outside,

everyone who witnessed a Nascent Soul age to death in an instant,

felt chills crawl up their spines.

Chapter 363: People from White Jade Capital Have Arrived!

Dead?!

He just... died like that, so bizarrely?

The cascading origin waterfall roared like a galaxy pouring from the heavens.

Bone-chilling cold crept up from everyone's feet.

That was a major accomplishment Nascent Soul expert!

And he had simply withered to death inside the immortal relic...

A Nascent Soul's death was like icy rain slapping every face.

Even Yin Spirit experts Du Longyang, Ye Shoudao, and the Empress revealed shock.

Because even they could not tell exactly how the Nascent Soul had died!

Aged to death?

Why would he age to death?

What kind of great peril lay behind the origin waterfall?!

That Nascent Soul's final gaze had been so helpless, so despairing.

Why?

Endless unknowns shrouded them.

Those who had planned to charge in and seize the Golden Body Fortune Fruits instantly abandoned the idea.

Young Master Tianxu clutched a small sword, trembling.

So close...

Just a little closer, and the dead one would have been him!

Who said this immortal relic was safe?!

Let that diviner step forward!

This palace lord would absolutely not beat him to death!

Rumble!

The origin waterfall reflected everyone's ugly expressions like a mirror.

"Time... could that land involve the power of time?"

Du Longyang frowned.

“Time?”

Ye Shoudao inhaled sharply, shock in his eyes.

“Legend says the power of time, even in High-Tier Martial worlds, is incomparably powerful and mysterious! How could Five Phoenixes possess such power?”

Ye Shoudao asked.

“Could it be... in ancient times, Five Phoenixes Continent truly was a mysterious and mighty world?”

Among the crowd,

whether Five Phoenixes or Tianyuan cultivators,

no one dared move.

Golden Body Fortune Fruits were tempting, their fragrance stirring the soul.

But...

the Nascent Soul corpse kneeling at the entrance, hand outstretched in despair toward the fruits,

delivered a devastating blow to every heart.

Mo Tianyu stood bare-chested, hair disheveled, receding hairline giving him a carefree look.

Now his face was filled with shock and confusion.

“Impossible!”

“This scholar divined this immortal relic, inauspicious land with great fortune! It shouldn’t be this dangerous?!”

“Where did I go wrong?!”

Mo Tianyu clutched his hair, head aching.

He felt... his reputation might be ruined.

But then he thought, this was good!

His divination had finally been accurate once!

The atmosphere between heaven and earth grew grave.

Everyone sat on the ground, faces solemn.

Waiting for the three Yin Spirit experts to decide.

The mood was heavy.

Outside the island, Body Storage and Foundation Establishment cultivators who had entered felt the oppressive atmosphere and saw the dead Nascent Soul at the entrance.

They didn't dare breathe loudly and quietly retreated.

When even the four holy land lords treated it so seriously,

little Foundation Establishment cultivators knew better than to get involved.

They slipped away.

Better to seek fate elsewhere.

Time ticked by.

The atmosphere grew heavier.

Finally, someone couldn't wait.

From Absolute Blade Sect, a Nascent Soul blade cultivator stood.

Back carrying his long blade, he took a resolute step.

His body became a sharp blade light, slicing the air.

Cutting through the cascading origin waterfall.

He stepped onto the inner land.

Step by step, firmly toward the divine tree, toward the Golden Body Fortune Fruits.

BOOM!

The gray River of Time surged again, rushing with the sound of flowing water.

Ye Shoudao's eyes erupted with extreme sharpness.

BOOM!

The Absolute Blade Sect cultivator faced the oncoming gray river and slashed!

Everyone stood, staring fixedly at the scene inside the relic.

This blade cultivator was like a hero challenging fate!

His slash stunned everyone.

Even Ye Shoudao nodded in approval.

But soon, everyone's faces changed drastically.

Ye Shoudao's terrifying Yin Spirit aura exploded.

Because...

the blade that struck the gray river lost its light, the blade body decaying, rust appearing.

The gray river swept over the cultivator.

His body froze.

Flesh decayed, blood vitality withered, just like the first Nascent Soul.

Life aura vanished as though swept away by the river!

“No!”

Ye Shoudao’s aura surged.

He reached out, trying to save the blade cultivator.

This was an elder he respected, who had once guided him on the path of cultivation.

Ye Shoudao’s flesh was strong.

His single arm reached out, brilliant Yin Spirit power flowing.

BOOM!

The origin waterfall exploded.

The blade cultivator was pulled out.

BOOM!

Ye Shoudao dropped to one knee, forehead drenched in cold sweat.

Du Longyang and the Empress rushed over.

The fallen blade cultivator had no life aura left.

His life seemed to have reached its end, aged to death.

Ye Shoudao looked at him, expression dim.

But the cultivator's face held satisfaction.

In his final moment, he had delivered the most brilliant slash of his life.

For a blade cultivator, he was content.

"Your arm... the life aura in your flesh seems severed."

Du Longyang said gravely.

“What kind of terrifying power... overbearing, unreasonable.”

The Empress was also shocked.

“This is the power of time... I felt it. The instant the gray river touched, my arm felt as though it aged hundreds, thousands of years.”

Ye Shoudao's forehead was soaked in cold sweat.

He circulated power to heal.

Fortunately, Yin Spirit realm strength gradually restored his nearly withered arm.

But... his hand trembled.

“I need that fruit. It contains immense life force, enough to heal my arm.”

Ye Shoudao said.

BOOM!

Suddenly,

outside the immortal island, waves exploded.

Figures shot over.

Everyone present was slightly startled.

Two figures.

White clothes like snow, somewhat familiar.

Nie Changqing's eyes narrowed.

Jing Yue showed joy.

Yi Yue, wrapped in white assassin robes hidden in the crowd, eyes gleaming.

Five Phoenixes cultivators were all surprised.

“Young Master Lu’s two maidservants!”

“People from White Jade Capital!”

“The immortal relic... finally drew White Jade Capital out? Even the reclusive White Jade Capital couldn’t resist?”

Five Phoenixes cultivators erupted in excitement.

Tianyuan cultivators were also shocked.

“White Jade Capital’s people are here. Will the mysterious Young Master Lu appear?”

“With such a strange immortal relic, perhaps Young Master Lu has a way?”

“Should Young Master Lu appear and break the restriction, we can all get a sip of the soup!”

Everyone was shocked and delighted.

Ye Shoudao, Du Longyang, and others were slightly surprised.

Would Young Master Lu come?

But they sensed no trace of Young Master Lu's aura.

Clearly, Young Master Lu had not appeared.

Ni Yu and Ning Zhao in fluttering white robes.

Little Yinglong lay on Ni Yu's head, mouth never stopping, crunching sugar-coated Body Tempering Pills.

"Huh? Quite a crowd."

Ni Yu said.

"Ning-jie, what do we do?"

Ni Yu looked up.

Ning Zhao's face was cold and solemn.

"Don't speak, don't look at anyone, stay aloof, directly break the origin waterfall and enter the relic."

"Remember Young Master's words, do not touch the gray river."

Ning Zhao said.

"Got it!"

Ni Yu's eyes lit up.

BOOM!

Ning Zhao stepped forward, Ice Frost Dao Intent erupting.

Her reforged Cicada Wing Swords shot out.

One sword became five.

Countless ice crystals scattered.

Ning Zhao rose gracefully, stepping on the Cicada Wing Swords, drifting straight toward the immortal relic.

Myriad ice crystals fell.

The scene was gorgeous and stunning.

Her Eight Extreme Heavenly Lock aura tore the origin waterfall, charging inside.

Ni Yu saw Ning-jie's dazzling entrance and learned.

She stuffed a handful of sugar-coated Body Tempering Pills in her mouth.

Her chubby little hand grabbed the black pot on her back and flung it.

The black pot spun at high speed.

Little Yinglong on her head, hands behind back, white dress fluttering, she stood atop the pot, riding it forward.

Crashing through the origin waterfall, under the world's gaze, she charged straight into the immortal relic.

“This...”

Nie Changqing, Jing Yue, and others' faces changed slightly.

Yi Yue, wrapped in white, showed worry.

“Ning-jie, little Ni, be careful!”

Yi Yue hurriedly called.

Ning Zhao, already inside, didn't hear.

Ni Yu's eyes brightened, Sister Yi Yue?

But she had to stay aloof, no turning back, continued riding the black pot into the relic.

Du Longyang, Ye Shoudao, and the Empress narrowed their eyes.

They stared fixedly at Ni Yu and Ning Zhao's figures.

The gray River of Time descended like a nightmare, making hearts tremble.

Could they cross?

Ye Shoudao's breathing stopped.

The river fell.

Rumble!

As though terrifying thunder crushed the void.

Ning Zhao and Ni Yu both grew solemn.

Young Master had specifically warned them, the gray river was no ordinary thing.

They felt the heart-palpating pressure from the River of Time.

They dodged, evading the river.

Turning into streaks of light, they delved deeper.

Little Yinglong on Ni Yu's head eagerly clawed her hair, leaping forward.

“Nom!”

Little Yinglong bit a Golden Body Fortune Fruit.

Outside the origin waterfall,

everyone... was dumbfounded.

The air turned deathly silent.

Chapter 364: Infinite Fortune, Origin Fusion!

The most feared thing is sudden silence.

The cascading origin waterfall roared deafeningly, like thunder in every ear, plucking every heartstring.

Many opened their mouths, speechless.

Watching the two figures vanish behind the origin waterfall, many wore strange expressions.

Du Longyang watched Ni Yu and Ning Zhao disappear, expressionless, yet somehow his face hurt.

Thinking of their earlier grim vigilance, he suddenly found it amusing in hindsight.

“So... you just avoid the gray river?”

Ye Shoudao’s lips twitched, unsure what to say.

So this immortal relic was that simple?

The gray river was indeed terrifying, it could sever lifespan, a nightmare.

But as Ning Zhao and Ni Yu demonstrated, just dodge it.

Why clash head-on with something so horrifying?

Everyone felt their intelligence rubbed into the ground.

They had all fallen into a mental blind spot.

Many opened their mouths, unsure whether to laugh or cry.

Mo Tianyu stopped pulling his hair, unsure whether to cry or laugh.

So... his divination had not changed.

His heart ached a little.

He only wanted to be a normal diviner.

Soon, he burst into laughter.

“Hahaha! We couldn’t see this mountain’s true face because we were inside it!”

Mo Tianyu laughed until he wheezed.

As though mocking everyone.

Next moment, robes fluttering, he shot toward the origin waterfall.

Not just him.

After a brief silence, Overlord, Nie Changqing, and others moved.

Knowing the method, everyone boiled over.

Golden Body Fortune Fruits on the tree were limited!

Everyone's breathing quickened, charging like madmen.

Especially Tianyuan Nascent Soul experts.

Many Nascent Souls neared the end of their lifespan, normal cultivation offered no breakthrough.

Now, Golden Body Fortune Fruits gave hope.

They would not give them up.

The life force entwined around the fruits was irresistible.

Before true treasure, benevolence and righteousness were nonsense.

BOOM!

Figures tore through the origin waterfall.

A strange sensation instantly enveloped every body.

Time seemed to freeze, movement became difficult.

The gray River of Time surged again, carrying terrifying and profound aura.

Many stared warily at the river that even holy land lords could not resist.

They could only dodge!

Figures shifted, many evaded, truly dodging the gray river with ease.

“Look! What is that?!”

After dodging, someone looked up.

Pupils shrank.

Above the sky, a massive sundial hung.

Strange sundial suspended above everyone like a blade!

Tick... tick...

The clear sound of time flowing.

Someone looked back through the origin waterfall.

Outside, people seemed frozen in place.

What was happening?

“Time... this is the power of time!”

Someone roared, voice trembling with fear.

BOOM!

The Golden Body Fortune Tree blazed with light.

Overlord charged, but Tianyuan Nascent Souls blocked.

Before fortune fruits, they overcame fear of No-Summit Peak's Witch!

Overlord roared, demonic qi surging, punching a Nascent Soul.

Aura clashed in the immortal relic.

BOOM!

Terrifying auras descended.

Du Longyang, Ye Shoudao, and other Yin Spirit experts.

They dodged the River of Time, rapidly approaching the Golden Body Fortune Fruits.

Ni Yu and Ning Zhao each ate one, sitting beneath the tree refining.

Their bodies glowed golden.

BOOM!

Ning Zhao's skin like jade, radiating immortal light, breathtakingly beautiful.

She broke through!

Her realm shattered its barrier, reaching Nine Extreme Heavenly Lock!

And more, she continued pushing!

Ni Yu also glowed, the fruit's effect even more dramatic for her.

After countless Body Tempering Pills, energy accumulated in her flesh.

The Golden Body Fortune Fruit acted as a catalyst, unleashing it all.

“Oh~”

Ni Yu opened her eyes, essence qi pouring from nose and mouth.

Somewhat bewildered, she covered her mouth.

Then her body thundered like explosive lightning.

BOOM!

Heavenly Lock shattered instantly!

Spine like a dragon, blood vitality surging, shaking the air.

Nie Changqing, Jing Yue, and others looked over in shock.

Little Ni... Heavenly Lock already?

But that was just the beginning.

Ni Yu's cultivation continued breaking through.

First Extreme, Second Extreme...

Ni Yu glowed as though made of gold.

With Body Tempering Pills' effects, she... felt like flying!

Everyone stared in shock.

"This divine fruit's effect... is terrifying."

Many roared.

Next moment, eyes red.

True divine fruit!

Ni Yu reached Five Extreme Heavenly Lock before slowing.

Her entire body golden.

Ning Zhao was wreathed in ice crystals.

She too broke through...

Her spine roared like a dragon, Nine Extreme Heavenly Lock, the limit.

Energy surged upward, forming a small figure above her head.

Nascent Soul!

Ning Zhao was charging Nascent Soul!

One Golden Body Fortune Fruit created infinite fortune!

The world boiled!

No one paid attention to Ni Yu and Ning Zhao.

Everyone shot toward the divine tree, eyes red.

Fruits were limited, no one would fall behind.

Ye Shoudao took one, no one could stop him. Yin Spirit realm reigned supreme.

One fruit swallowed, immense energy surged.

Ye Shoudao's eyes blazed.

Powerful life force instantly spread through his body.

His arm slashed by the River of Time rapidly healed, even old injuries recovered.

"This is an immortal fruit?!"

Ye Shoudao was stunned.

Such divine fruit existed!

Du Longyang and the Empress also seized fruits, swallowed them, sat beneath the tree cultivating.

Rumble!

Yin Spirit cultivation caused massive reactions, the void trembling.

Meanwhile, the fight for fruits continued!

Overlord seized one despite Nascent Soul obstruction.

Nie Changqing tried, but Tianyuan Nascent Souls were unwilling.

Fruits limited, naturally for Nascent Souls. What use for mere Golden Core?

Waste!

They blocked Nie Changqing.

Nie Changqing's face cold, white robes fluttering.

"Has my blade, Nie Changqing, been sheathed so long the world forgot its edge?"

Soft laughter.

Next moment, he drew Dragon Slayer from his waist.

Sonic boom, dragon roar.

Overbearing blade qi and intent erupted!

BOOM!

Like a tide, a minor accomplishment Nascent Soul trying to block lost an arm, blood spraying.

Only then did people remember, Nie Changqing was no fallen genius, a true disciple of White Jade Capital!

Golden Body Fortune Fruits were taken one by one.

The divine tree gradually dimmed.

Soon, fruits were gone.

Those who obtained them gained great fortune, cultivation soaring.

Jing Yue broke through!

He opened his eyes, sword qi shooting skyward.

Heavenly Lock like a dragon, roaring sharply.

At that moment, Jing Yue entered Nascent Soul!

Nie Changqing too, a Nascent Soul of sharp blade light formed above his head.

...

Those without fruits were heartbroken.

But soon, someone noticed essence energy gathering on the divine tree!

“The divine tree will bear fruit again!”

Someone exclaimed.

Many hearts jolted.

“But it needs time, unknown how long.”

Without fruits, many shifted focus to the immortal palace.

From outside, they had seen immortals chanting, but inside, the palace was cold and dusty.

No immortals, only treasures left behind!

BOOM!

Cultivators without fruits charged the palace, seeking other treasures.

Immortal pills, immortal fruits, immortal legacies?!

Any one was irresistible!

“That’s a Dao Stele?!”

Someone cried.

They saw a black stele in the palace depths, wreathed in immortal qi.

Identical to the Nine Prisons’ stele, yet more profound!

Many approached, drawn by the stele, sitting cross-legged.

Bathed in its intent, they began comprehending.

Some resisted, rushing other palaces.

Some fell into arrays, gaining strange cultivation legacies in their minds.

Some were trapped in arrays, undergoing semi-holy artifact recognition trials...

Countless fortunes, countless heartbeats!

The immortal relic became every cultivator's carnival.

...

Lu no longer watched the immortal relic.

He only saw his spiritual energy reserves growing.

Many were breaking through.

He shifted, appearing on Golden Body Continent.

Devastated, experts nearly extinct.

But that made it urgent for a new plane lord to rise and lead it to glory.

Origin instinct.

Thus Lu chose Golden Body Continent; he could not let the origin choose a plane child.

“Try fusion?”

Lu entered the origin space.

Gazing at the massive, energy-rich origin, he pondered.

Perhaps he should try fusing one first.

Fusing three supreme Mid-Tier Martial origins at once was too much pressure.

The thought, once born, could not be suppressed.

Then... try.

Lu's lips curved. No more hesitation.

He raised a hand, pressing it to the origin.

The asteroid-sized origin rippled with energy layers.

BOOM!

Lu's mind was struck by colossal force.

The power of a plane origin!

...

BOOM!

As though a terrifying existence opened its eyes.

Powerful primordial spirit fluctuations swept.

Weak Low Martial worlds had life extinguished by the sweep.

“It has begun... he really moved against Golden Body Continent’s origin!”

Primordial spirit surged.

“Truly courting death! Trying to forge a High-Tier Martial world... doing what countless have failed!”

“Madness has a price!”

Cold voices echoed.

“Fuse! When the High-Tier Martial barrier breaks and world protection vanishes... that will be the world’s collapse!”

“Even... this seat should spread the word. A world about to become High-Tier Martial, what exquisite fortune.”

Terrifying primordial spirit fluctuations swept like strange sound waves, spreading messages.

After a long time,

the great being’s fluctuations calmed.

Like a patient hunter lurking in darkness, waiting for prey.

...

In the endless dark void,

a cold continent sped.

Atop it sat the withered elder like dead wood.

After a long time,

he slowly opened his eyes.

“Arrived?”

His eyes gleamed, impacting the darkness.

He saw four continents.

“Four Mid-Tier Martial worlds, three supreme, one top-tier... that bald donkey sent my disciple to break the array for invading the top-tier one?”

His gaze like vortices, deep as black holes, absorbing light and energy.

His sight fell on Five Phoenixes.

A breathtakingly beautiful world.

Mist-shrouded like a veiled beauty.

Every glance seductive.

“What a strange array.”

He stared at the Heaven Covering Formation, shocked.

“This old man... cannot see through this array’s profundity?”

“Where is the array eye?”

He sat on the cold continent, staring.

He raised a hand, Array Words appearing, deducing the formation.

“Ground-tier array!”

“And no ordinary ground-tier. Depends on the array eye’s strength.”

Nearly a day later,

he finished, sweating profusely.

“Interesting. No wonder A-Jiu failed. Even this old man would need considerable effort.”

He smiled.

“And must first find the array eye. Without it, only a stronger ground-tier array could crush it.”

He inhaled deeply.

This descendant of Emperor Hao’s bloodline had a High-Tier Martial expert behind him!

“Dead bald donkey, you cost me a disciple. This grudge... this old man remembers.”

His cheek twitched coldly.

Hmm?

Suddenly,

his mind stirred, gaze shifting to Golden Body Continent.

With his powerful primordial spirit, he sensed strange fluctuations in its origin.

Strong then weak, as though someone was doing something unspeakable.

He raised withered hands, forming seals.

Array Words floated before his eyes.

Brilliant light reflected, piercing the origin space.

He saw,

saw the white-clothed youth in a wheelchair seated in Golden Body Continent's origin space.

"Oh?"

His eyes lit up.

“This old man senses the ‘Lin’ Array Word’s fluctuations on this youth. So... he is Emperor Hao’s descendant?”

The elder said.

“Emperor Hao vanished in the River of Time long ago. Finding a bloodline descendant is truly rare.”

He lamented.

The Liujia Array Sect’s Nine Array Words were the Emperor’s methods.

He had studied them all his life, unable to fully master them.

If he could take this youth as a disciple,

perhaps he could gain enlightenment from him.

The thought quickened his breath, heart burning.

Suddenly,

observing Lu, the elder's gaze focused.

"This is..."

He was astonished, looking from Five Phoenixes to Golden Body Continent.

Through the origin space, he saw the two continents' origins slowly... approaching.

Fusing origins?

Top-tier Mid-Tier Martial origin fusing supreme origin?

Weak fusing strong?

What insane act?!

“He wants to forge a High-Tier Martial world from a top-tier Mid-Tier Martial?!”

“Impossible! Weak origin cannot fuse strong!”

“Even if successful... eternal damnation.”

The elder shook his head, disbelieving the youth could succeed.

BOOM!

Suddenly,

the elder on the cold continent stood, utterly shocked.

His deep eyes shrank.

Because he saw...

the two worlds' origins,

slowly... fused!

Chapter 365: I'm Starting to Lose Control of Myself

The elder was truly shocked.

Everything he witnessed overturned his understanding.

From the moment a world reached Mid-Tier Martial, an origin was born.

The origin's strength was directly tied to the number and overall power of its cultivators.

Worlds had tiers, so origins did too.

Thus, origins had strong and weak.

A strong origin could theoretically fuse a weaker one, though the difficulty was immense. Only top experts in High-Tier Martial worlds might possess such secret methods.

But a weak origin fusing a strong one?

That was fantasy, impossible.

The feasibility was near zero.

“This youth is a madman... if he fails, heaven and earth will collapse, countless will die.”

Though fusion had begun, the elder remained pessimistic.

He believed failure inevitable.

Heavenly rules were not so easily broken.

Moreover...

the elder did not understand Lu's purpose in fusing origins.

To elevate the world tier?

Turn Mid-Tier Martial into High-Tier Martial?

“Sometimes... becoming High-Tier Martial is no blessing.”

The elder shook his head. Mentioning this, his eyes filled with sorrow and desolation.

He seemed to have personal feelings about it.

“I must stop him. A descendant of Emperor Hao’s bloodline is too rare to let him court death.”

The elder stood straight on the cold continent, then took a step.

Rumble!

The entire void trembled.

This was undeniably a great power, terrifyingly strong.

Strands of rules and Dao wove into chains from the void, trying to bind the withered elder.

“Sigh... Nihilicity Heaven.”

The elder sighed, stepping back onto the cold continent.

Array Words spun, wrapping the continent in profound mystery.

The rule chains vanished into the sky.

“Even after scattering all my blood qi, I still cannot descend?”

“Rules are merciless, Dao is merciless.”

The elder lamented.

Then he pinched a handful of yellow soil.

Raised a hand, forming an array rune.

The soil became a clay figure.

He embedded the rune.

Soon, the clay figure became lifelike, identical to the elder.

“Go. Warn Emperor Hao’s descendant. Do not court death.”

The elder said.

He pointed at the clay figure’s forehead.

Next instant, the figure shot toward Golden Body Continent.

After it left,

the elder surveyed the endless void, the infinite darkness that seemed to devour hearts.

He faintly sensed several fluctuating auras.

“Oh...”

“This boy was already targeted?”

“Indeed... a Mid-Tier Martial world ascending to High-Tier Martial is fortune to wanderers and High-Tier Martial worlds alike.”

“A fresh, tender High-Tier Martial origin... everyone covets it.”

The elder smiled.

Then lowered his head, aura fading completely.

Like a corpse quietly sitting on the cold continent.

...

Origin space of Golden Body Continent.

Lu's divine sense trembled.

He kept his eyes closed, but in truth, his mind now connected two world origins.

Five Phoenixes and Golden Body Continent.

Five Phoenixes' origin was a massive vortex, spinning with terrifying suction. Tianyuan's origin rotated stably within.

The vortex form was Lu's bold past experiment, shattering Five Phoenixes' origin to create it.

Weak fusing strong!

A miraculous method.

It had flaws, of course.

The vortex was scattered, unstable, prone to collapse.

If Lu died, uncontrolled, Five Phoenixes' origin would disintegrate.

Thus, Lu and Five Phoenixes' origin were inseparable.

If Lu died, Five Phoenixes perished.

If Five Phoenixes perished, Lu would be gravely wounded, though not dead.

With Lu's temperament, he would never allow that.

Lu raised a hand, forming seals.

Creating profound suction, drawing Golden Body origin into Five Phoenixes' vortex.

Like a thin snake swallowing an elephant.

Golden Body origin was too strong, a supreme Mid-Tier Martial origin, not far from High-Tier Martial.

Like a massive elephant.

Five Phoenixes' origin, even after fusing Tianyuan, was only newly top-tier Mid-Tier Martial, very weak.

Truly snake swallowing elephant.

Lu's face was solemn.

Suddenly,

his expression shifted.

Someone intruded Golden Body Continent?!

Lu frowned. He never expected intrusion now.

"Who?"

Lu wondered.

Lijia Array Sect?

Lu pondered.

While fusing origins, he had set arrays in the origin space.

The intruder could not enter.

But they were trying to break in.

Daring to break arrays, clearly proficient in array dao, likely Liujia Array Sect.

Lu had killed their giant, their appearance was unexpected but not surprising.

“This array uses Eight Trigrams runes, not easily broken.”

Lu sensed briefly, then ignored it, resuming fusion of Golden Body origin.

Rumble!

As fusion progressed, Lu discovered a serious issue.

Tianyuan origin within the vortex began repelling Golden Body origin.

Or rather, Tianyuan origin's strength was insufficient, oppressed by Golden Body origin.

The stable vortex showed signs of collapse!

Lu's face grew grave.

He had a major problem.

Origins repelled each other.

The vortex spun like a deflating, unbalanced tire, losing control.

...

On Golden Body Continent,

the clay elder on the mountain peak, after failing to break the array, was stunned.

“This boy sealed the origin space with an array?”

The elder was impressed.

“Worthy of the one this old man chose.”

Mainly, Lu’s array baffled him, no way to crack it.

The array wasn’t strong, but its method was strange.

“This child must join my Liujia Array Sect.”

The elder said solemnly.

Suddenly,

his brow raised.

He felt Golden Body Continent’s energy intensity change dramatically.

“This...”

“Success?”

“Weak origin... successfully fused strong origin?”

The clay elder was horrified.

He stopped trying to break the array.

“Since fusion succeeded, he should emerge?”

Yet after a day or two, nothing.

The clay elder sat on the peak, puzzled, looking up.

He discovered the other two continents’ origins also stirring.

The clay elder's heart thundered in shock.

"Greed is a snake swallowing an elephant!"

"This child is insane! One wasn't enough, he wants two more?"

...

At this moment,

origin space.

Lu opened his eyes, face helpless and bitter.

Sensing the drawn Prajna and Tianluo origins.

Lu inhaled deeply.

He had miscalculated.

He only wanted to test fusing one.

But after Golden Body, the vortex balance was failing.

To stabilize, he might need... to fuse the other two as well.

Gradually...

he was starting to lose control of himself.

Dear reader friends, This is Aiden Connor. On this warm Christmas Day, I sincerely thank you all for your long-term companionship and support. It is because of you walking alongside me that my creations are filled with meaning and motivation. May this holiday bring you abundant joy, peace, and happiness! Merry Christmas and a prosperous New Year! —Aiden Connor

Chapter 366: Let the World Go Mad With Me

Inside the Immortal Relic.

The cultivators present learned a piece of earth-shattering news: time flowed differently inside the relic than outside.

Ten years within the relic equaled only one year in the outside world.

This fantastical revelation left every cultivator stunned at first, but shock quickly gave way to irrepressible excitement.

It meant they could skyrocket their cultivation speed. Tenfold time dilation—more than enough to catapult them to new heights of power.

Almost no one could keep their cool.

Tantai Xuan, however, felt a faint pang of melancholy when he heard it.

He had wandered the relic for days and gained absolutely nothing—no opportunities, no treasures, nothing.

In the end, he made his choice. He did not stay. He turned his back on the relic, stepped out of the secret realm, and left the sea behind.

“Great Xuan still needs its king.”

Those were the words he left behind.

When he finally emerged from the Origin Waterfall and stood at the prow of his ship, he looked back at the cascading torrent glowing brilliantly under the setting sun, the immortal relic shimmering faintly behind it.

He smiled.

There was relief in that smile.

Perhaps this was simply the fate of someone eternally cut off from immortal destiny.

While every other cultivator remained inside the relic cultivating, the outside world was bound to descend into chaos sooner or later. As the bearer of the Imperial Dragon Qi, it fell to Tantai Xuan to stand up and hold everything together.

...

In the center of a vast and majestic formation lay a lion.

A golden lion, its fur gleaming like molten gold poured over living flesh. A terrifyingly powerful creature.

Every breath it took made the entire formation tremble.

Overlord stared at the beast sprawled at the heart of the array, his heart pounding.

Suddenly, the lion opened its eyes. It glanced lazily at the man about to step inside.

The lion yawned, revealing a maw full of deadly fangs.

“If I were you, I’d think twice.”

Its voice rumbled out—clear human speech.

Overlord froze mid-step.

“This is the Heaven and Earth Origin Formation,” the lion explained. “Step inside and the origin energy will scour and temper your body, granting explosive growth in power. But... while your strength surges, the formation will also birth nightmarish illusions to torment your soul.”

“Once you fall into those illusions, you may lose all sense of time.”

Overlord’s eyes narrowed. This was undoubtedly one of the supreme immortal opportunities left behind—an ultimate cultivation accelerator.

Havingaf1 Having just broken through to Nascent Soul, he could clearly feel that the Nascent Soul stage was all about refining origin. Being bathed in pure origin energy could catapult his cultivation forward by leaps and bounds.

But...

Lose track of time?

A heavy weight settled in his chest.

That was a suffocating risk.

In the distance, mysterious ripples kept pulsing from the Dao steles—someone had comprehended another profound intent.

The immortal steles inside the relic were bestowing heaven-defying fortunes left and right.

Whooshing sounds filled the air as familiar figures arrived: Nie Changqing, Jing Yue, and the black-robed Li Sansi who seemed to hide his face from the world.

Overlord exhaled slowly and turned back to the golden lion.

“If I want to break the formation and leave later, what must I do?”

The lion flopped back down, yawned again, and looked half-asleep.

“Beat me.”

With that, it closed its eyes once more.

Once upon a time, it had been the proud Lion Demon King. Now it was reduced to playing guardian games for weak little humans. Pathetic.

At first it had refused, but after the torments of the Prajna Continent and remembering the terrifyingly mysterious Young Master Lu—who had not only restored its cultivation but pushed it even further, turning it into this golden form—it had meekly accepted its role.

Overlord’s heart skipped a beat.

To leave, he had to defeat this monster?

How strong was it?

At his current level, Overlord didn't stand a chance.

He hesitated. If he got trapped inside for countless years, who knew what the outside world would become?

In that moment, he seemed to see her lonely silhouette waiting by the Eastern Derive River.

His gaze hardened.

He remembered Luo Mingsang's words before he left—go find the destiny that belongs to you. He remembered her encouragement.

Once a choice was made, there was no room for second-guessing.

The last of his hesitation vanished.

Overlord strode forward and stepped boldly into the formation.

The array roared to life.

Thick origin energy surged like a storm. Overlord stood motionless at the center, eyes closed, instantly sinking into a profound state.

His flesh drank deeply of the origin; every inch of skin, every meridian, every bone was being remade.

He was growing stronger—fast.

Outside the formation, Nie Changqing didn't hesitate either. Dragon Slayer on his shoulder, he marched straight in.

A true cultivator charges forward without fear.

Jing Yue and Li Sansi followed without a second thought.

Like Overlord, they all sensed it—this formation was an unparalleled stroke of fortune.

Within the immortal relic, everyone was growing by leaps and bounds.

Time lost all meaning. The intoxicating rush of power drowned out everything else.

Lu Changkong had also entered the relic.

In the courtyard of an immortal palace, he discovered an ancient, withered herb field several acres wide. The soil had long lost its divine luster.

He felt a twinge of regret, but it was to be expected—how many millennia had this place stood abandoned?

What truly excited him, however, were the countless perfectly preserved spiritual herb seeds he found inside the palace. Spiritual energy swirled around them; rainbow light shimmered faintly. These were no ordinary seeds.

For a man intent on compiling the Hundred Herbs Codex, this was treasure beyond measure.

Lu Changkong settled down right there. He tilled the soil, planted the seeds, and began living the quiet life of a hermit farmer—occasionally studying the Golden Body Fruit tree, trying to grow a second Creation Fruit tree from its husk.

He even planned to transplant the divine tree back to the Five Phoenixes one day.

Gongsun Yu brought his disciple Aru into the relic as well. They found an immortal refining palace and countless spirit tools. Master and disciple dove over their heads into research, reverse-engineering immortal crafting techniques.

Inside the relic, time ceased to matter.

Every soul poured everything into cultivation.

This was a great metamorphosis for the entire Five Phoenixes cultivation world.

...

Outside, in the Five Phoenixes continent.

Tantai Xuan returned to Great Xuan.

He revealed nothing about the secret realm.

He continued stationing Xuanwu Guards on the Bloody Battlefield, treating it as the ultimate defensive line protecting the Five Phoenixes.

He dispatched countless craftsmen who built a towering city right on the blood-soaked plains.

Tantai Xuan personally named it—Tian Sai Pass: Heaven’s Fortress.

Because of the immortal relic, the entire continent fell into an eerie calm.

The Five Phoenixes and Tian Yuan cultivators coexisted peacefully; their common goal was exploring the relic.

Conflicts still happened, but they were minor skirmishes—nothing compared to before.

A month slipped by in the blink of an eye.

...

Golden Body Continent—Origin Space.

Lu sat with a grave expression.

It had taken him an entire month of nerve-wracking focus to fuse the Golden Body origin with the Five Phoenixes origin.

His spiritual energy income had skyrocketed, yet because most of the Golden Body powerhouses had been slaughtered by Wu Xing, the explosive leap in strength he had hoped for never came.

What surprised him was something else.

The origins of Prajna and Tian Luo—two supreme mid-tier martial worlds—had drifted over of their own accord.

Rumble!

The swirling vortex of Five Phoenixes origin shuddered violently.

Inside the vortex, the colossal Golden Body origin spun like a primordial titan.

Compared to it, the Tian Yuan origin looked almost pitifully small.

“I miscalculated.”

Seated on the Thousand Blades Chair, Lu’s white robes fluttered though there was no wind.

He frowned, murmuring to himself.

He had wanted to raise the Five Phoenixes cultivators gradually by slowly integrating origins.

He had never expected the chain reaction fusing the far stronger Golden Body origin would trigger.

Trying to merge a weaker origin into a stronger one was defying the heavens themselves.

The balance was shattered; the vortex could be crushed at any moment by the overwhelming Golden Body origin.

He needed other origins to counterbalance it.

Almost instinctively, the Five Phoenixes origin had pulled in Prajna and Tian Luo.

Now the arrow was nocked—there was no turning back.

“If I fuse Prajna and Tian Luo as well... we’ll inevitably charge straight toward high martial.”

Lu took a deep breath.

He hadn't wanted to rush into high martial yet. The cultivators of the Five Phoenixes lacked the necessary foundation.

He needed more time.

But if he did nothing, the Five Phoenixes origin would collapse—and that would be far worse.

In the vast origin space, white robes drifting, Lu stared at the colossal swirling vortex and inhaled deeply.

Fine then.

Let's go all in.

"Let the whole world... go mad with me."

The words fell.

Terrifying spiritual pressure exploded outward.

The massive Prajna and Tian Luo origins rolled forward like unstoppable juggernauts.

Against them, the vortex-shaped Five Phoenixes origin looked small and fragile.

According to Lu's estimate, fusing Prajna and Tian Luo would take quite a long time—at least a year or two, if everything went smoothly.

If it failed...

Heaven and earth would collapse, and the Five Phoenixes would be torn apart.

...

Golden Body Continent.

“Reckless fool!”

The old man growled, yet he no longer dared strike the formation.

He feared the slightest disturbance might break the concentration of that mad young man inside the origin space.

If that boy got distracted even for a second and the fusion failed—not only would the boy die, all four continents would crumble into wasteland.

He was powerless to stop Lu.

“Young people—full of vigor and no fear of the unknown.”

The old man shook his head with a wry smile.

Maybe... just maybe... the kid could actually pull it off.

After all, Lu had already created one miracle—successfully merging the weaker Five Phoenixes origin with the overwhelmingly stronger Golden Body origin.

Hope flickered in the old man’s eyes, mixed with complex emotions only he understood.

He sat cross-legged atop a desolate peak on the Golden Body Continent, quietly sensing the shifting origin energies, watching over the fusion of the final two continents.

...

In the boundless void.

The moment Lu completed the fusion of Five Phoenixes and Golden Body origins, the entire void trembled faintly.

Countless hidden gazes locked on.

Sensing the disturbance, they grew excited, then quickly concealed themselves again—spreading the news.

On a barren, lifeless continent, an old man who looked like withered wood slowly opened his eyes.

Sunken sockets, eyes deep as the abyss.

He felt those eager, greedy auras.

A long sigh escaped him.

“How tragic. A world constantly evolving upward has become a treasure tree about to bear fruit. Its soon-to-be high martial origin is a spiritual fruit on the verge of ripening...”

“Powerhouses are watching, filled with greed. How utterly pitiful.”

His sigh drifted through the frozen void around the dead continent.

Then he moved no more, returning to his deathlike meditation.

Yet faint runes of array formations rose from his desiccated body, drifting into the darkness like fireflies.

Far away, in the endless dark, countless eyes opened—predatory eyes gleaming like wolves in the night.

They stared hungrily at the Five Phoenixes.

A howling wind rose as a frigid continent barreled closer.

Atop it stood a towering figure clad in crimson armor wreathed in roaring flames, mounted on a steed forged entirely of fire.

And that was merely one.

Many more sat upon their own dead continents, terrifying auras intertwining across the void.

The rippling origin had drawn packs of starving wolves.

Even on smaller asteroid-like rocks, powerful wanderers stood poised.

Nascent Soul, Infant Transformation, Spirit Severing...

Wanderers of every realm watched from afar, waiting like vultures for a newborn to take its first breath.

They drifted closer, sharks scenting blood in an endless sea.

BOOM!

Just as they neared the Five Phoenixes—

Brilliant array patterns wove together in the darkness, forming a magnificent scroll that slowly unfurled across the void.

“An array?!”

Shock flashed in the wanderers’ eyes.

Many cried out.

The flaming-armored giant roared in fury.

BOOM!

A Nascent Soul wanderer charged into the formation.

An instant later—agonized screams, blood spraying everywhere—he exploded into a crimson mist.

A killing array.

A Nascent Soul cultivator, dead in the blink of an eye.

Wanderers cherished their lives above all. The first death froze the rest.

“That’s a formation from the Six Armor Array Sect!”

“Only the sect leader Qi Liujia could lay down a killing array of this level!”

“Is that old monster trying to hog the entire fortune?! He’ll burst!”

On their floating continents, the furious wanderers snarled.

Many hesitated, watching.

Soon they spotted the withered old man seated motionless on a barren continent.

Their suspicions were confirmed.

The one blocking their path with this killing formation was indeed the leader of the Six Armor Array Sect—Qi Liujia.

On a continent soaked in blood, a seductively dressed woman with bared skin flicked her snake-like tongue, eyes gleaming.

“Perhaps Sect Leader Qi only set up the array because he fears we might ruin this fortune?”

Her enchanting voice spread through the void, stirring discussion.

“We came following the message from the High Martial Buddhist World’s honored one. Who would have thought a mid martial world truly on the verge of ascending to high martial would appear in this void...”

“We can’t wait forever. Word is, although high martial overlords can’t descend into this void, the holy sons and holy maidens of various sacred grounds are already on their way.”

A hunched, wild-haired figure with spikes growing from his back rasped.

Panic rippled through the crowd.

“High martial holy sons and maidens—arrogant heaven-chosen monsters. If they arrive, what share will be left for us?!”

“Who cares about Qi Liujia?!”

“Together—tear this array apart!”

“Anyone who blocks another’s fortune is our blood enemy!”

“Kill!”

Roars shook the void.

Dead continents exploded into motion.

Wanderers burst with radiant light, streaking like a waterfall of meteors toward the withered old man.

The old man sat unmoving, head bowed, as if all life had already drained from him.

BOOM BOOM BOOM!

The killing array awakened.

Array runes lashed out like monstrous whips, detonating the void.

Every wanderer who entered exploded into bloody mist.

Only Spirit Severing cultivators managed to preserve their souls and flee.

Nascent Soul and Infant Transformation cultivators perished like fireworks in the night.

The snake-tongued woman's pupils contracted.

"What a ruthless heart..."

"No wonder he ranks among the top ten wanderers in this void..."

"But Qi Liujia, you can't swallow this alone. Soon the holy sons and maidens will arrive. What will you do then?!"

"You only dare act mighty against small fry like us!"

The withered old man said nothing.

Silence fell like death across the void.

With his silence, his stance was clear.

Cold smiles spread across the faces of the wanderers on their dead continents.

They sat down cross-legged, eyes blazing with murderous light fixed on the old man.

A battle of patience?

They could wait.

Chapter 367: The Sky Above the Five Phoenixes Has Changed

Beyond the Five Phoenixes, storms gathered on the horizon.

Yet an eerie stillness hung over everything, as though everyone could hear the quiet ticking of time itself.

The wanderers were anxious—desperately so—but anxiety changed nothing. They could neither break the formation nor muster the courage to try.

Qi Liuji, Sect Leader of the Six Armor Array Sect, was a living legend.

Even mighty experts feared the arrays he wove.

So the wanderers swallowed their greed and waited in tense silence.

On his barren continent, the withered old man sat motionless, like a corpse long drained of life.

...

Time flowed on. Seasons turned.

In the blink of an eye, a full year passed in the Five Phoenixes.

Midwinter. Heavy snow blanketed the land.

Tai Ridge, Ask-Heaven Peak.

The Great Xuan imperial palace crowned the summit.

Tantai Xuan sat within the hall reviewing memorials while guards tended a roaring brazier, filling the chamber with welcome warmth.

Only the crackle of burning wood broke the silence.

After a long while, Tantai Xuan set down the last scroll and leaned back in his chair.

He gazed out at the swirling snow beyond the doors.

“One year already...”

He drew a deep breath.

The Immortal Relic had been open for a full year, and the Five Phoenixes had changed beyond recognition.

The cultivation world had changed the most. The number of experts had exploded compared to a year ago.

Rising, Tantai Xuan let an attendant drape a wool blanket over his shoulders.

He stepped into the covered corridor outside.

Snow fell thick and soft as lamb's wool from the peak.

Far below came the bright voices of students reciting classics—the vigorous pulse of the Great Xuan Academy.

“The realm enjoys peace today. I should be glad,” Tantai Xuan murmured, frowning. “Yet why can I find no joy?”

Something vast and terrible pressed against his senses—an ominous dread only the bearer of Imperial Dragon Qi could feel.

“Among the Xuanwu Guards, eighteen Heavenlock Golden Core cultivators entered the relic; three returned as Nascent Souls. Three hundred Body Storage cultivators entered; a hundred emerged as Heavenlocks...”

“That’s only the Xuanwu Guards. The academy students are advancing even faster—all because of the relic’s time dilation.”

When word of the ten-to-one time flow had spread, the entire world had gone mad trying to get inside.

As ruler of Great Xuan, Tantai Xuan had stepped forward. Together with Luo Mingsang of Western Liang and Tang Xiansheng of Southern Commandery, he drafted strict treaties limiting how many could enter each month.

Without those controls, the relic would have descended into absolute chaos.

“A whole year gone in a flash... the cultivation world grows ever more prosperous.”

He stared at the falling snow.

Yet so much had changed beyond recognition.

“Bai Yujing has vanished from the world for a full year now. Young Master Lu has evaporated like mist. Where did he go?”

Tantai Xuan couldn't begin to guess. Lu's level was simply beyond him.

This past year he had governed diligently. The common people lived in comfort and peace.

The Great Xuan Academy's prestige had spread far and wide—even Tian Yuan powerhouses sent their descendants to study there.

Overlord, Nie Changqing, and the others had been inside the relic for a year with no sign of emerging.

Every few months Tantai Xuan sent scouts inside for news.

They returned with word: Overlord, Nie Changqing, and the rest had entered an immortal-grade formation. Only by reaching sufficient cultivation could they break free.

At first Tantai Xuan had worried the news would spark panic.

But since none of them had died, the world remained stable.

Tian Yuan and Five Phoenixes cultivators even exchanged knowledge now.

The Three Great Holy Lands regularly dispatched lecturers to the Great Xuan Academy.

The entire continent flourished.

Yet Tantai Xuan's brow remained knotted with unease.

Rumble...

Thunder cracked across the sky.

He lifted his head. Crimson spread above the firmament—that was the Bloody Battlefield.

Just a glance made his chest tighten, as though an invisible hand squeezed the air from his lungs.

Worry crawled across his face.

He had never truly believed the peace would last.

The sky... felt ready to fall at any moment.

...

In the void, the atmosphere grew heavier by the day.

Some wanderers could no longer sit still.

They stared across the killing array at the withered old man, but no one dared cross.

“How much longer must we wait?”

“We can’t break Qi Liujia’s array. What choice do we have but to wait?”

“Once the holy sons and maidens from high martial worlds arrive, we’ll be left fighting for scraps.”

Sighs echoed through the darkness.

The wanderer in flaming armor grew restless.

The seductive snake-tongued woman sighed in frustration.

They were among the strongest wanderers—yet against Qi Liujia’s formations, they were helpless.

Array masters were infuriating opponents.

Especially when their arts were rumored to trace back to an ancient emperor.

At last, one day...

A terrifying aura tore across the endless void, a storm racing toward them.

Rumble!

Thunder rolled through the emptiness.

Every seated wanderer jolted upright and turned.

At the edge of the void, golden light exploded.

A bronze war chariot thundered forward, pulled by two Infant Transformation realm beast wanderers snorting blasts of heat that shredded space itself.

Infant Transformation beasts... pulling a chariot?

Every wanderer fell silent, hearts pounding.

Atop the chariot stood a man in golden robes, twin horns sprouting from his brow, eyes blazing like twin suns.

“It’s a holy son from a high martial world!”

“The Heavenly Dragon Holy Son of the Nine Dragons Minor World! Spirit Severing realm, wields a saint-tier artifact—capable of fighting Soul Projection experts!”

“He’s the first to arrive!”

Gasps and exclamations rippled through the crowd.

The flaming-armored wanderer spoke grimly: “The Nine Dragons Minor World is the closest high martial world to this void. This Heavenly Dragon Holy Son often hunts wanderers for sport. It’s no surprise he got here first.”

The snake-tongued woman swayed, tongue flicking. “These holy sons always look down on everyone else, but you can’t deny their inherited talent and saint-tier treasures make them peerless.”

“Qi Liujia can’t stop him anymore.”

Boom!

The bronze chariot barreled forward, crushing the void beneath its wheels.

The horned man swept his radiant gaze across the assembly, arrogance etched into every line of his face.

“Well, well. A pack of stray dogs gathered at the scent of blood.”

“A fortune like this? You mongrels aren’t worthy to touch it.”

His lazy words rang through the void.

Fury flashed in many eyes, but no one dared speak.

“Trash.”

He sneered, sweeping his gaze over them.

To him, wanderers were nothing but failures.

Even the two Infant Transformation beasts pulling his chariot were mere slaves in his eyes.

His eyes slid past the crowd, puzzled.

Why were they all just sitting here? With wanderers' greed for fortune, they should have torn the place apart already.

Then he spotted the withered old man on the barren continent.

"Qi Liujia?"

His brows rose, a hint of wariness appearing.

Then he laughed coldly. "No wonder these dogs haven't moved. One old monster holds them all at bay."

Shaking his head, he looked past the old man to the four continents beyond.

Five Phoenixes, Golden Body, Prajna, Tian Luo...

One top-tier mid martial, three supreme mid martial.

No wonder a new high martial was about to be born.

Three supreme mid martial origins?

His eyes narrowed; light flickered across his twin horns.

Then his expression changed to shock.

“The origins are fusing... and almost complete?”

“How is that possible?”

Excitement flared in his chest.

This was a fortune beyond imagining.

A newborn high martial world—if he could claim its origin, he might break through to the Unity realm in one leap and become a true mighty expert!

He had come only to do a favor for the high martial Buddhist overlord who sent the message. He never expected such a prize actually existed.

His heart raced, barely containable.

“I must seize it before the other holy sons and maidens arrive.”

“The fruit is nearly ripe!”

Joy curved his lips.

“Forward!”

He cracked his whip; thunder boomed.

The two Infant Transformation beasts snorted flames of hatred yet charged obediently.

Rumble!

The chariot roared overhead.

Most wanderers could only glare in helpless rage.

No one dared offend a high martial holy son—especially one notorious for hunting wanderers for fun.

Buzz...

Array runes ignited across the void.

Countless spear-like runes stabbed downward, radiating murderous intent.

“A killing array!”

“Classic Six Armor style!”

The holy son roared—a dragon’s bellow.

Yet the runes slashed mercilessly. Even Spirit Severing experts would suffer grievous wounds.

Pfft! Pfft!

The two beast pullers exploded into bloody paste, their souls shredded before they could scream.

Yet the chariot kept flying on its own.

A golden orb appeared in the holy son’s hand, bathing him in protective light.

Runes struck the barrier with deafening clangs—he emerged unscathed.

“A saint-tier defensive treasure!”

“Forged by a high martial grandmaster refiner!”

“No wonder Qi Liujia’s array couldn’t touch him!”

Envy burned in every wanderer's eyes.

Boom!

The holy son burst through the killing array.

The golden light faded. His chariot was scarred and dull, but he was unharmed—though his heart still raced.

“Six Armor Array Sect...”

He shot a cold glance at the withered old man.

“Qi Lijia, you dare block this holy son?”

“The honored one held you in high regard once, even offered you the position of guardian array master for the Nine Dragons Minor World. You refused.”

He looked down from his chariot.

“Now your life force is nearly spent, your flesh withering. Any regrets?”

On the barren continent, the old man opened his eyes—calm, undisturbed.

He glanced at the young man and chuckled.

“So it’s the Heavenly Dragon Holy Son...”

“I’m not here to fight you for the newborn high martial origin. I set this array only to keep those scavengers from ruining the birth process.”

“Surely the holy son understands my intent?”

The holy son smiled faintly.

“You’re right.”

“So rest easy. I won’t touch the origin yet—the fruit isn’t ripe. Eating it now would only leave a bitter taste.”

“But the origin is off-limits. The world itself? That’s another story. Conquer the world, deepen my karmic ties to the origin... then the harvest will be even sweeter.”

He looked straight at the old man.

“Will you stop me?”

The old man smiled, lowered his head, and let his aura fade back into deathly stillness.

The holy son snorted in disdain.

Still, he didn’t provoke the old man further.

Qi Liuja was dangerous—an enigmatic array master who gave even him pause.

Boom!

“Go!”

Radiance exploded from the holy son's body as he unleashed his full Spirit Severing aura, descending like a god of war.

"This world is called Five Phoenixes? How fitting—my Nine Dragons and your Five Phoenixes share a draconic fate."

He laughed.

Misty clouds shrouded the continent's edge, but he paid them no mind. A mere supreme mid martial world—how could it stop him?

And with the honored one's dragon pearl, the world's protective barrier posed little threat. He was only Spirit Severing; a true mighty expert would suffer backlash trying to force entry.

Boom!

Clouds parted.

The holy son shot forward in a streak of light.

In the distance, every wanderer watched with grim anticipation.

That world was finished—or at least its inhabitants were.

The Heavenly Dragon Holy Son treated life with contempt. Slaughtering wanderers and entire worlds was his pastime.

Any realm he invaded was doomed.

BOOM!

A heaven-shaking explosion.

A figure came hurtling backward.

The Heavenly Dragon Holy Son staggered on his chariot, blood trickling from the corner of his mouth.

“Another array?!”

“Again?!”

His handsome face twisted in fury as he glared toward the withered old man.

“Qi Liujia, you dare oppose this holy son?!”

The wanderers were dumbfounded.

Another array?!

Many broke into cold sweat. Thank the heavens they hadn’t charged in blindly.

“Cough, cough...”

“Little holy son, watch your tongue. Don’t slander an old man. I didn’t set this array—and it gives me a headache too.”

Qi Liujia’s leisurely voice drifted over.

The holy son narrowed his eyes.

“Refusing a toast only to drink a forfeit. In all this void, who besides you could lay down an array like this?”

The old man chuckled. “Don’t flatter me, I blush easily... I truly can’t create something like this. That bald donkey from the high martial Buddhist world sent my ninth disciple to break it. My disciple died.”

The holy son froze.

Because the old man didn’t sound like he was lying.

A cold snort.

Fury blazed in his eyes.

“You think a mere array can stop this holy son?”

With an icy laugh, he gripped the dragon pearl again.

Golden light flared, enveloping him as he charged once more.

BOOM!

This time, protected by the pearl, the pressure was vastly reduced.

With a thunderous roar, he tore through the thick mist and emerged above the Bloody Battlefield.

Terrifying pressure rolled out. His spiritual sense swept across the crimson earth like a hurricane.

Boom! Boom! Boom!

The ground exploded in all directions.

He spotted the mighty fortress built of blood-soaked soil—Tian Sai Pass.

“Hmph.”

Already seething from the arrays, the holy son showed no mercy.

He struck with his palm.

A massive golden dragon claw swept across the sky.

The commander guarding Tian Sai Pass sensed the crisis. Without hesitation he flung a trusted aide into the emergency teleportation formation, then shot skyward to meet the claw.

But—

One swipe.

The commander and every Xuanwu Guard inside the pass were reduced to bloody mist.

The entire fortress collapsed.

The dragon claw retracted, seizing a trembling Body Storage student from the Great Xuan Academy.

“Weak ants...”

The holy son sneered, about to question the captive.

But the student—having just watched his comrades die in an instant—spat a mouthful of bloodied saliva straight into the holy son’s face.

“Bastard!”

Fury flashed.

Crunch.

The student was crushed to death in that golden claw.

...

Tai Ridge, Ask-Heaven Peak.

Tantai Xuan’s heart lurched.

He looked up—the sky had turned blood red.

A palace attendant sprinted toward him, panic in every step.

“My king!”

Behind him staggered a blood-soaked academy student, eyes crimson with grief and despair.

“My king! Tian Sai Pass... was attacked! The entire fortress... everyone... dead!”

Crack!

The brush in Tantai Xuan’s hand snapped in two.

...

Vast Sea, Immortal Relic.

A gentle breeze stirred the waves.

A single slash.

The Origin Waterfall was cleaved cleanly in half.

A figure stepped slowly out of the relic.

Weathered, profound, Dragon Slayer at his hip.

Nie Changqing raised his head and looked at the sky.

He discovered that the sky above the Five Phoenixes...

Was no longer the same sky it had been ten years ago.

Chapter 368: Slay the Dragon and Bathe in Its Blood! (Part 1)

Origin Space.

Lu Fan sat in perfect stillness. For an entire year, he had poured every ounce of focus into fusing and evolving the world origins.

There was no other way. Merging a weaker origin into stronger ones was inherently perilous, fraught with deadly risks at every step.

He could not afford the slightest lapse in concentration. One mistake, and everything could collapse into catastrophe.

Rumble...

A colossal vortex churned before him, vast as a galaxy.

Golden Body, Prajna, Tian Luo, and Tian Yuan—the four origins spun within like planets orbiting a newborn star.

An exquisite, mysterious balance.

Tian Yuan's origin was manageable, but the other three were titans.

Fusing them had pushed Lu to his limits.

And even after the fusion was complete, he still had to keep the vortex spinning...

Throughout the process, Lu felt his spiritual sense being tempered and refined, growing stronger with every heartbeat.

Rumble!

When the fusion finally finished, his spiritual sense would reach an astonishing height—possibly surpassing ordinary primordial spirits.

With a single thought, he could probably condense a true primordial spirit right now.

A primordial spirit was the ultimate manifestation of soul power, far beyond raw spiritual sense.

But Lu did not do so.

He was still in the middle of the fusion; he could not spare the focus.

Besides, there was no rush.

Buzz...

In the origin space, Lu slowly opened his eyes.

Gravity filled his gaze.

“Something breached the Overturning Sky Array...”

He raised a brow, then shook his head.

He paid it no mind for now. The Overturning Sky Array was not easily broken, and the intruder’s aura felt... underwhelming.

That was precisely why Lu remained unconcerned.

“One year already...”

He exhaled slowly.

Staring at the origins still slowly merging, anticipation flickered in his eyes.

Almost there.

Soon, the Five Phoenixes would have the qualifications to ascend to high martial.

“One year outside means ten years inside the relic. I poured countless resources in there. Don’t disappoint me.”

Lu smiled faintly.

Then he closed his eyes again.

Vast, terrifying spiritual pressure surged forth once more.

...

Bloody Battlefield.

The stench of blood hung thick in the air.

Crimson sand rolled across the frozen ground, scraped by a biting wind.

The bronze war chariot plowed forward, carving cold scars into the earth.

The Heavenly Dragon Holy Son stood atop it, clutching a radiant orb—a saint-tier artifact.

He flung the crushed corpse of the academy student to the ground and flicked the blood from his fingers without expression.

He surveyed the entire Bloody Battlefield.

Desolate. Frigid. Lifeless.

The mud and gore made him wrinkle his nose in disgust.

He stomped the ground; the earth shuddered.

“To enter the world proper, I still have to cross this damned battlefield... How troublesome.”

His twin horns glinted with icy sharpness.

Every guide on the battlefield had already been slaughtered by him, leaving him momentarily stumped.

How was he supposed to cross now?

Force his way through?

His eyes narrowed and slid toward the ruins of the fortress he had flattened earlier.

There had been a jade talisman array there.

With a thought, the chariot rumbled forward.

Eight cracked jade talismans hovered silently, spiderweb fractures glowing across their surfaces—damaged by his earlier pressure.

“Some kind of teleportation array...”

“A passage between realms?”

He studied it briefly, then drove the chariot straight in.

Nothing happened.

His face darkened.

“Strength restriction... The weak can’t cross.”

“Trash.”

Boom!

His aura erupted.

The jade talisman array—originally duplicated by Xie Yunling—shattered into glittering fragments under his overwhelming presence.

Terrifying energy poured from his body, whipping the crimson sand into a howling storm.

“Break for this holy son!”

With a roar, a golden halberd appeared in his hands—another saint-tier weapon, forged from divine gold and pulsing with strange ripples.

Standing on the scarred bronze chariot, a cold smile curved his lips.

He urged the chariot skyward.

Then he swung the halberd with all his might, smashing it down onto the Bloody Battlefield.

The earth quaked violently.

He intended to rip the entire battlefield apart and tear open a path straight into the Five Phoenixes.

...

Rumble!

The sky over the continent turned leaden. Black clouds rolled in, and cold rain began to fall.

Tantai Xuan stepped out of the palace hall and extended a palm.

A raindrop struck his skin—icy, and stained red with blood.

Inside the hall, dead silence reigned.

The surviving academy student knelt on the floor, tears streaming down his face.

His heart was shattered. The moment he had been hurled into the jade talisman array, he had watched that golden dragon claw sweep across the sky. Tian Sai Pass and every brother inside had been pulverized in an instant.

Every breath felt like knives in his lungs.

The atmosphere was suffocating.

Generals who had rushed over upon receiving the news stood grim and silent, sensing the gravity of the disaster.

Tantai Xuan stared at the blood raining from the sky. His eyes turned red.

That blood belonged to his Xuanwu Guards. To his Great Xuan academy students!

“Tian Sai Pass... has fallen.”

“One hundred Xuanwu Guards, countless Great Xuan cavalry, nineteen academy students... all dead.”

His voice came out hoarse, as though something inside him had broken.

The generals froze in disbelief.

Tian Sai Pass—the first and most crucial line of defense against invaders from beyond the heavens.

Built to repel the heavenly demons of old.

Now... fallen?

“A terrifying expert has descended from outside the world. One strike destroyed the entire pass.”

Tantai Xuan’s gaze lifted to the sky.

The unease that had gnawed at him these past months finally had a face.

So the crisis had come after all.

Dark clouds before the storm.

A year of peace had merely been the calm before the catastrophe.

An enemy capable of obliterating an entire fortress in one blow was terrifying beyond measure.

“Summon General Jiang Li.”

“Understood.”

An attendant bowed and hurried away.

The generals remained silent, faces ashen.

This was too big.

Tian Sai Pass had stood peacefully for so long—how could it fall to such calamity in an instant?

Boom!

Thunder cracked overhead.

Everyone looked up, expressions grim.

Jiang Li arrived clad in silver armor, footsteps ringing like iron.

He already knew what had happened at Tian Sai Pass.

A tragedy that made the heart bleed.

“My king... my deepest condolences.”

He drew a heavy breath.

He had entered the immortal relic half a year ago but left soon after. His talent was decent, but not exceptional. Without finding his own Dao, true breakthrough was impossible.

Heavenlock perfection might be the limit of this lifetime.

So he had left the relic to seek the Dao of the soldier.

Tantai Xuan looked at him, grief and fury burning in his eyes.

“My king, what is your will?”

Jiang Li asked calmly.

Facing such a foe, he needed to know Tantai Xuan’s decision.

An enemy who could erase Tian Sai Pass in one strike was likely Infant Transformation—or higher.

Jiang Li’s question silenced Tantai Xuan.

He stared at the blood-red deluge, his gaze gradually hardening.

“Years ago, when the Five Barbarians invaded Zhou... my creed was simple: those not of our race must harbor different hearts. Kill.”

“Today, demons from beyond the heavens invade and slaughter my Great Xuan soldiers. This is a blood debt.”

“My stance remains the same: whoever offends Great Xuan will be executed!”

His voice rang like hammered iron through the hall.

The generals’ blood surged.

“Whoever offends Great Xuan will be executed!”

Even the palace attendants and eunuchs clenched their fists, faces flushed, roaring the words with iron resolve.

Jiang Li inhaled deeply.

“If the king chooses war... then we war!”

His eyes blazed.

...

The blood rain continued to pour.

Jiang Li mounted his horse and rallied the troops.

Three thousand Xuanwu Guards—all Body Storage realm—assembled in the storm, armored and arrayed in perfect formation.

Tantai Xuan donned a straw raincoat and passed through the Dragon Gate, personally riding to Tian Dang Mountain in Southern Commandery.

He climbed to Plucking Star Peak.

In the bamboo tower, Xie Yunling greeted him. A year had added more white at his temples.

He seemed surprised by the emperor's visit.

"I greet His Majesty."

Now that Great Xuan ruled the world, Tantai Xuan was the Human Emperor, bearer of Imperial Dragon Qi—worthy of respect.

Tantai Xuan removed his raincoat and told Xie Yunling everything.

He wanted another jade talisman array forged.

“Does Your Majesty truly intend to return to the Bloody Battlefield?”

“What if we are only moths to the flame?”

Xie Yunling asked gravely.

“I will lead the campaign myself. They slaughtered hundreds of my soldiers. I cannot swallow this insult.”

Tantai Xuan clenched his fist until it trembled.

“Even if we cannot win, I must personally tell those fallen warriors that Great Xuan has not abandoned them.”

Xie Yunling fell silent.

After a long moment, he sighed softly.

“Your Majesty... why not summon help from the immortal relic?”

“Call upon Overlord and the others. Perhaps they could turn the tide.”

Tantai Xuan shook his head.

“Overlord and the rest entered an immortal-grade formation. They cannot break out easily, and we cannot reach them.”

“I have already requested aid from the Tian Yuan holy lands. They did not refuse—they sent many disciples and even Infant Transformation elders.”

“Protecting the Five Phoenixes is our duty.”

Xie Yunling nodded slightly.

“And... have you sought Bai Yujing?”

“Young Master Lu sees all beneath the heavens. If he wished to intervene, he would.”

Tantai Xuan shook his head again.

“But since Young Master Lu took Bai Yujing into seclusion, his intent was for us to learn to stand on our own. This crisis... we must face it ourselves.”

“Old Xie, I beg you.”

Xie Yunling did not refuse.

He entered the bamboo tower and, half a day later, emerged with a new jade talisman array.

“I will accompany Your Majesty.”

“As you said—when the world is at stake, every man bears responsibility.”

He smiled.

...

Southern Commandery.

The aging Tang Xiansheng read the message and surprisingly smiled.

“Lord, shall we notify the young mistress in the relic?”

A general asked solemnly.

“No. Do not disturb Yimo.”

“The king leads the campaign himself. These old bones cannot sit idle.”

Tang Xiansheng rose slowly from his rocking chair.

The general was stunned.

“Assemble the troops. Three thousand Southern Prefecture soldiers—march to support the king.”

The commander of the Southern Prefecture Army felt pressure rolling off the old man like he was young again.

...

Northern Commandery, Tai Ridge.

Torrential rain hammered down.

Cold droplets struck armor, splashing into red mist.

Iron-clad soldiers stood motionless in the downpour.

Jiang Li galloped through the ranks.

On the drill ground, Xie Yunling—clad in daoist robes—struck jade talismans one by one into the earth.

Thick mist surged upward like a vortex.

The improved jade talisman array linking to the Bloody Battlefield reappeared.

Tantai Xuan stood among the troops in full battle regalia, sword drawn, horse ready.

Boom! Boom! Boom!

Amid the roar of rain, war drums thundered.

Every raindrop bouncing off the drumheads seemed to roar with fury.

“Forward!”

Jiang Li bellowed from atop his horse.

Iron ranks advanced, banners snapping in the storm.

Hooves thundered, splashing water high.

Boom!

Jiang Li charged into the mist first.

Three thousand Xuanwu cavalry followed.

Tantai Xuan's war chariot, pulled by armored horses, carried him and Xie Yunling through the array.

Old Tang Xiansheng, hunched but resolute, rode another chariot at the head of three thousand Southern Prefecture troops.

Tian Yuan holy land cultivators—Infant Transformation elders leading Golden Core and Foundation disciples—stepped through the mist as well.

Killing intent soaked the air.

When the drill ground finally emptied...

The war drums still echoed in the sky.

...

Boundless sea.

A lone boat drifted silently.

Rain veiled the horizon.

Nie Changqing stood aboard in white robes, having emerged from ten years inside the relic.

He quietly sensed the changes in heaven and earth.

A black blade hung at his waist.

He closed his eyes.

Sea and sky merged into one gray.

After a long while, he opened his eyes and looked upward—cold light flashing within.

The blade at his waist shot skyward.

He leaped after it, riding the sword, tearing through the curtain of rain.

...

Bloody Battlefield.

The Heavenly Dragon Holy Son was growing irritated.

He had carved countless horrific gashes into the crimson earth, yet still could not breach the battlefield.

It infuriated him.

Suddenly, he stopped.

Standing atop his chariot, halberd in hand, he gazed into the distance.

“Oh?”

Interest flickered across his face.

His spiritual sense detected another jade talisman array activating.

The ants... were coming again.

“These ants dare take the initiative?”

A cruel smile spread across his lips.

In the void, the withered old man on the barren continent opened his deep eyes in faint surprise.

He peered through the bloody mist and saw the natives of the Five Phoenixes stepping out of the array.

Even he was taken aback.

These people dared face the Heavenly Dragon Holy Son head-on?

The blood in this world's veins ran hotter than he had imagined.

Mist rose from the jade talisman array.

Jiang Li charged out first on horseback.

Behind him poured ranks of Xuanwu Guards clad in dark iron.

He reined in, lifted his gaze, and finally beheld the enemy—a horned man standing on a bronze chariot, golden halberd gleaming.

So this was the butcher who destroyed Tian Sai Pass.

The Heavenly Dragon Holy Son watched with amused interest.

He did not strike immediately—just observed, curious what tricks these ants would try.

Three thousand Southern Prefecture troops, three thousand Xuanwu Guards, plus the Tian Yuan holy land cultivators.

An impressive force.

“The strongest among them is merely Infant Transformation... Truly nothing but ants.”

His spiritual sense swept over them; he yawned in boredom.

Tantai Xuan stood on his chariot, sword raised, staring at the holy son.

So this was the murderer who slaughtered his men.

“Kill!”

Jiang Li’s face was ice as he drew his sword and pointed it at the holy son.

The Infant Transformation elder from Martial Emperor City looked grave.

Too strong...

The pressure from this Tian Yuan holy son was suffocating!

“King of Northern Xuan, retreat at once! This battle is hopeless!”

The elder shouted.

“Hahaha! Since you came, none of you are leaving!”

The Heavenly Dragon Holy Son threw his head back and laughed.

Numbers meant nothing.

As he laughed, terrifying aura exploded from his body.

Rumble!

Crushing pressure blanketed the entire battlefield.

Every cultivator felt their breath seize.

The Infant Transformation elder from Martial Emperor City paled.

“My king, we cannot fight! He is at least as strong as a holy master! We must summon the holy masters from the relic!”

His body trembled beneath the Spirit Severing pressure.

On the chariot, Tantai Xuan shook his head.

He leaped down, seized the drum mallets, and began beating the war drums himself.

Boom! Boom! Boom!

The drums thundered.

Jiang Li's eyes sharpened.

He spurred his horse forward!

Three thousand Xuanwu Guards advanced under the holy son's crushing pressure, step by measured step.

Their unified footfalls rang across the battlefield like rolling thunder.

Hm?

The Heavenly Dragon Holy Son's brows rose in genuine surprise.

These Foundation realm ants... were resisting his pressure?

"Courting death."

Cold light flashed in his eyes.

The scarred bronze chariot groaned ominously.

He swept his halberd horizontally.

A tidal wave of golden energy surged forth.

“Form array!”

Jiang Li roared.

Boom! Boom! Boom!

Heavy shields slammed into the ground as the soldiers crawled forward.

Jiang Li charged at the vanguard, horse thundering.

Fierce light blazed in his eyes.

The Dao of the soldier!

He would carve his own path!

The battlefield was where he would prove his Dao!

He clamped his legs around the horse and gripped his sword with both hands.

With a battle cry, the morale of three thousand Xuanwu Guards fused into one!

Rumble!

Behind Jiang Li, a colossal blood-colored war god materialized—forged from the combined spirit of every soldier.

Raising its massive sword, it slashed down.

The blood-colored sword energy collided with the golden halberd wave.

BOOM!

Pfft!

Every Xuanwu Guard coughed blood.

Cracks spiderwebbed across countless suits of armor.

The blood-colored sword seemed on the verge of shattering.

Jiang Li's eyes bulged with fury. Blood sprayed from every pore.

Yet he did not retreat—he held the line.

“Three thousand Southern Prefecture troops—merge with the formation!”

Tang Xiansheng watched the battlefield, his aged, hunched body suddenly straightening as though youth had returned.

Roar!

The Southern Prefecture troops poured their spirit into Jiang Li's formation.

Tantai Xuan, beating the drums, felt his blood boil.

“Great Xuan has no cowards!”

“I lend you my strength!”

Golden Imperial Dragon Qi erupted from him, coiling around the blood-colored war god.

The war god, moments from crumbling, suddenly solidified.

The Infant Transformation elder from Martial Emperor City stared in disbelief.

Something ignited within him.

“This... this is the courage I have always lacked! The reason I could never break through to Nascent Soul!”

His eyes blazed.

He shot into the sky, unleashing his strongest attack, merging it with the war god’s strike.

Unstoppable!

The golden halberd wave was forced back!

BOOM!!!!!!

A cataclysmic explosion rocked the Bloody Battlefield.

Crimson storms howled.

Even the Heavenly Dragon Holy Son could scarcely believe it.

A swarm of ants... had blocked a Spirit Severing strike?!

Chapter 369: Slay the Dragon and Bathe in Its Blood! (Part 2)

In the void.

The old man seated on the barren continent stared with faint astonishment in his deep eyes.

“This is a world with backbone.”

After a long silence, only a soft sigh drifted above the icy land—tinged with unmistakable envy.

Far away, the wanderers perched on their lifeless continents were equally stunned.

“They actually blocked it?”

“Golden Cores and Foundation Builders holding back a Spirit Severing strike... unbelievable.”

“We could never do that. If the cultivators of our worlds had possessed even half this courage, we would never have fallen so low.”

Many sighed with bitter regret.

Some even looked heartbroken.

But that was all it remained—sighs.

Because no one believed the Five Phoenixes could truly win.

The Heavenly Dragon Holy Son was a holy son of a high martial world, Spirit Severing realm, armed with multiple saint-tier artifacts.

Even if the entire world united, what chance did they have?

Some wanderers began to stir restlessly.

Qi Lijia's killing array still blocked their path, but greed was gnawing at their restraint.

Once the holy son slaughtered these ants, the world would destabilize. The origin would fluctuate.

That would be their moment to strike.

Even scraps from a holy son's table would be treasure.

Moreover, the way the Heavenly Dragon Holy Son had forced his way through the outer array gave many ideas.

Qi Lijia sensed their agitation.

But he did nothing.

Blocking everyone forever was impossible.

If they wanted to charge in and die, let them.

The earth-tier array protecting the Five Phoenixes itself was far deadlier anyway.

...

Bloody Battlefield.

Crimson storms howled.

Sand and gravel rolled across the frozen ground.

The Heavenly Dragon Holy Son stood atop his chariot, face dark as the abyss.

His golden halberd blazed with flowing light.

Far away, a horrific chasm stretched across the earth—carved by that single sweep.

Yet on the other side...

The ants still lived.

“They... blocked it?”

Disbelief twisted his features.

He felt his cheeks burn as though these natives had slapped him across the face.

Qi Liujia was watching.

All those wanderers were watching.

And he, a holy son of a high martial world, had been stopped by mid-martial ants.

Golden Core and Foundation realm ants!

“Hahaha!”

Amid the ranks, Jiang Li laughed—wild, exhilarated laughter.

His silver armor was shattered, cracks spiderwebbing across it.

They had held!

The Dao of the army formation!

This was his path!

High above, the Infant Transformation elder from Martial Emperor City stared in awe.

He looked down at the blood-soaked, laughing Jiang Li and drew a deep breath.

The Five Phoenixes... they really were miracle-makers.

Using army formations to fuse the power of six thousand Foundation and Golden Core cultivators into a strike that rivaled Spirit Severing!

Unthinkable!

Many hands make light work? That saying had no place in true cultivation—one expert could slaughter ten thousand.

But the Dao of the army formation was different.

It perfectly merged six thousand cultivators' strength and will into a terrifying whole.

Though the block had only been possible thanks to his own Infant Transformation outburst and the Human Emperor's Imperial Dragon Qi, there was no denying it.

Jiang Li had forged a path never before seen in the cultivation world!

“No matter how many ants there are... they are still ants.”

The Heavenly Dragon Holy Son slowly raised his halberd.

Killing intent boiled.

They had angered him.

His gaze swept the battlefield and locked onto the floating Infant Transformation elder.

Kill that one, and the ants would collapse.

Numbers meant nothing.

If numbers mattered, why cultivate at all?

Rumble!

The chariot wheels spun, carving deep scars into the blood-soaked earth.

BOOM!

The chariot shot skyward, straight for the elder.

The old man's face twisted with fury.

Jiang Li and the soldiers had ignited something inside him.

He would not retreat.

Fight!

Jiang Li, drenched in blood, roared again.

“KILL!”

His voice rolled like thunder across the heavens.

Three thousand Xuanwu Guards and three thousand Southern Prefecture troops bellowed as one.

“KILL!”

Murderous intent tore through the sky.

The colossal blood-colored war god reappeared, swinging a mountain-shattering sword.

“Hmph.”

The holy son sneered.

He tossed the dragon pearl skyward.

Dazzling light exploded from it. A golden dragon phantom coiled around him, forming an unbreakable shield.

The blood-colored sword struck the barrier—and left not even a scratch.

His halberd swept toward the elder.

BOOM!

Golden light flared. A ferocious beast phantom seemed to materialize along the blade.

The elder’s mind wavered for a fatal instant.

When he recovered, the halberd was already upon him.

Pfft!

Blood sprayed hundreds of meters through the air.

An Infant Transformation expert—bisected.

His mutated Nascent Soul barely escaped, but another golden flash chased it, intent on annihilation.

This fight had never been fair.

The Heavenly Dragon Holy Son was simply too strong.

Watching the elder fall, despair washed over the battlefield.

Even Jiang Li's furious roars and the combined might of thousands could change nothing.

The elder, knowing escape was impossible, revealed a savage grin.

His Nascent Soul lunged at the holy son.

BOOM!

A Nascent Soul detonation rocked the heavens.

The holy son swept his halberd coldly, scattering the blast.

He reveled in this.

He loved watching ants realize their helplessness.

In the void, Qi Liujia sighed.

His eyes flickered—should he intervene?

He glanced toward the Golden Body Continent, as if trying to peer through the void into the origin space.

“Should I do the kid a favor?”

“This boy activated the ‘Proximity’ array word and carries imperial blood...”

Then—

His gaze snapped back to the battlefield.

He had thought the Five Phoenixes were finished.

But perhaps... there was still hope.

...

The holy son’s halberd flashed again.

The blood-colored war god was cleaved in two.

The chariot thundered forward, ready to grind every ant beneath its wheels.

Jiang Li coughed blood. His silver armor had shattered completely, revealing blood-soaked white robes beneath.

Every pore wept crimson.

The army formation was still imperfect—he had only just comprehended it.

Bearing the full weight alone was tearing his body apart.

The war god's destruction wounded his spirit as well.

“A mob is still a mob. Boring.”

The holy son smiled faintly.

His halberd swept once more.

Pfft!

Xuanwu Guards holding shields were bisected, flesh and armor exploding.

Yet the formation did not break—fallen warriors were instantly replaced.

The holy son swept again and again, a meat grinder of golden light.

One after another, Xuanwu Guards fell, blood painting the battlefield.

Jiang Li could no longer hold.

He dropped to one knee, hair wild, blood pouring from mouth and nose.

His sword cracked, then shattered.

“I’m still too weak...”

Guilt filled his eyes.

Every fallen soldier was a knife in his heart.

If only he were stronger—if his body could withstand the power of a million, ten million soldiers—then one swing of the blood war god could have ended this monster.

Tantai Xuan aged ten years in an instant.

He beat the war drums with trembling hands.

But watching his men die one by one, rage and helplessness consumed him.

Imperial Dragon Qi poured from him, bolstering the survivors.

But it wasn't enough.

His dragon qi was still too weak.

Pfft.

Tantai Xuan coughed blood.

Suddenly he understood Young Master Lu's words.

The world needed to grow stronger.

They were all too weak.

Beside him, Xie Yunling frantically laid arrays, face growing paler with every shattered jade talisman.

The holy son laughed coldly.

His halberd pressed down like the judgment of heaven.

He drove his battered bronze chariot slowly toward the kneeling Jiang Li.

A rare genius who had pioneered the Dao of army formations.

What a pity—born in the wrong world.

He looked down from on high.

“You wanted to be the savior.”

“Unfortunately... you’re not qualified.”

“In this world, strength reigns supreme.”

His voice was soft, almost gentle.

Then the halberd fell.

A golden blur aimed to sever Jiang Li’s head.

Behind him, every soldier cried out in grief and fury.

On the chariot, Tantai Xuan shuddered, vomiting blood.

“No!”

Old Tang Xiansheng closed his eyes, unable to watch.

Despair blanketed the battlefield.

The holy son savored it.

This was how ants should behave.

Buzz...

Suddenly—a sonic boom split the air.

A streak of black lightning fell from the heavens.

A crisis sense screamed in the holy son's heart.

His halberd flicked upward.

Clang!

Sparks flew.

A black blade met his golden halberd.

The holy son stood unmoving on his chariot, hair whipping in the wind, staring at the newcomer.

White robes fluttering, stubbled and weathered.

Cold eyes gleaming with heart-stopping sharpness.

BOOM!

Terrifying blade intent erupted.

The bronze chariot was forced back a hundred li.

Jiang Li lived.

The soldiers roared with sudden hope.

They looked toward the lone figure standing tall.

White robes, gripping a crude black butcher's blade.

"Nie..."

"It's Nie Changqing—the pride of the Human List!"

"Young Master Lu's disciple!"

Many soldiers flushed with excitement.

Hadn't Nie Changqing been trapped inside the immortal formation?

He was the first to break free?

Nie Changqing sheathed his blade and glanced at the broken Jiang Li.

“You okay?”

If anything happened to Jiang Li, that chicken-raising girl would lose it.

Jiang Li shook his head and exhaled.

“It’s yours now.”

He had done all he could.

Nie Changqing smiled.

“Got it.”

Simple words rang across the battlefield, carried by wind and rolling sand.

A promise between men.

He turned back to the distant holy son.

The overwhelming aura rolling off the enemy made him narrow his eyes.

“Good. My blade... is thirsty.”

The words fell.

Nie Changqing vanished, leaving only afterimages as he charged straight at the holy son.

“Spirit Severing?”

The Heavenly Dragon Holy Son laughed.

He wasn't surprised the world possessed a Spirit Severing cultivator.

A world on the verge of becoming high martial would be a joke without one.

“But a native is still a native!”

Killing intent surged.

Why send ants first if they had a Spirit Severing?

Were they looking down on him?

BOOM!

His halberd swept out, sharp enough to slice the heavens.

Nie Changqing drew with one hand from low to high.

Their edges clashed—perfectly matched.

The holy son stood unmoving.

Nie Changqing drifted backward.

One exchange, and the gap was clear.

The holy son was stronger.

Nie Changqing shook his head.

“Ten years of bitter training, countless battles inside illusions... but nothing replaces real life-or-death combat. I’m a little rusty.”

Then his aura exploded.

A blooming lotus of spiritual sense unfurled around him.

Yin Spirit Realm!

Ten years inside the immortal formation had pushed him into the Yin Spirit stage!

“You are no match for this holy son. Wait your turn—I’ll take your head soon enough.”

The holy son sneered, utterly confident.

He didn't think Nie Changqing was strong enough.

Early-stage Spirit Severing—how could he possibly stand against a mid-stage holy son armed with two saint-tier treasures?

Even suppressed by the world's protective power, he was still mid-stage!

BOOM!

Nie Changqing attacked relentlessly, blade light raining down.

His spine arched like a dragon, roaring with every strike.

Nine Heavenly Locks gave him an unshakable foundation—raw power far beyond ordinary cultivators.

The holy son met him blow for blow, but shock grew in his heart.

This man's foundation was absurdly solid—stronger than his own Nine-Revolution Golden Core!

Greed flickered in the holy son's eyes.

No wonder this world could challenge high martial.

If he could seize their foundation-building methods, the Nine Dragons Minor World would rise another level!

Their clash sent shockwaves tearing across the battlefield, grinding the ground to dust.

“Blade Control.”

Black blades hovered around Nie Changqing.

He sent them streaking across the sky in sweeping arcs.

His face was resolute, eyes burning with unyielding will.

Ten years sealed in illusions.

He had relived everything—remembered that rainy night he met Young Master Lu.

The night of his rebirth.

The beginning of his path.

Since then, he had chased Lu Fan's footsteps.

He wanted strength.

He wanted to be among the strongest, to bring his wife home from the Daoist sect.

He had succeeded.

After that, only the pursuit of the blade remained.

He wanted Young Master Lu's recognition.

He wanted to see genuine awe in those ever-calm eyes when he swung his blade.

So he trained.

One slash.

For ten years, he trained only one slash.

In the tenth year, he shattered the illusion and walked out of the formation.

Now, a true enemy stood before him.

Nie Changqing sheathed every floating blade into one.

He gripped it at his waist and looked up—past the blood clouds, as if gazing straight at Young Master Lu.

He didn't know where the Young Master was.

But he believed Lu was watching.

As a disciple of Bai Yujing, he would not bring shame.

The holy son suddenly felt crushing pressure.

He could not believe it.

Why did this white-robed native make him feel threatened?

Even suppressed, he was mid-stage Spirit Severing with two saint-tier artifacts!

On what grounds?!

BOOM!

Invisible shockwaves exploded outward.

On the barren continent, Qi Liujia's dim eyes suddenly blazed.

"This feeling..."

"Dao Intent?!"

Rumble!

Nie Changqing's aura kept rising.

Hair dancing, robes snapping in the wind.

His eyes burned brighter.

The holy son's unease spiked.

Roar!

He hurled the dragon pearl skyward.

Golden light erupted.

A massive golden dragon phantom coiled around him, forming an impenetrable defense.

With a saint-tier defensive treasure active, he relaxed slightly.

Then fury followed.

He—a holy son—had been frightened by a mid-martial native?!

His face twisted with killing intent.

His halberd swept out in a world-shattering arc.

On the Bloody Battlefield.

Nie Changqing moved.

BOOM!

He drew the blade at his waist.

The ground beneath his feet exploded into rubble.

Amid flying dust and debris, his low voice rang like thunder.

“Fourth-tier Sequence Dao Intent: Unsheathe...”

“Dragon Slayer.”

The next instant.

A simple, unadorned blade light emerged from the dust.

It grew, becoming a titanic edge that blotted out the sky.

“Dao Intent?!”

And no ordinary Dao Intent!

The Heavenly Dragon Holy Son’s expression shattered.

Now he understood his dread.

Damn it all!

Why did a mid-martial world have a monster who comprehended Dao Intent?!

Pfft!

The plain blade light flashed past.

The golden dragon phantom exploded!

The holy son roared, twisting into a soaring dragon.

Yet the blade still carved through him—scales flying, blood raining down!

For one heartbeat, the entire Bloody Battlefield fell deathly silent.

Tantai Xuan, Jiang Li—everyone stared in stunned awe at the lone figure standing tall.

One man.

One slash that shook the heavens.

Slew the dragon.

Bathed in dragon blood.

Chapter 370: Old Nie Slays a Dragon, the True Calamity Approaches

One slash rang through the heavens, cleaving the colossal dragon and unleashing a torrent of blood-rain.

The entire Bloody Battlefield fell deathly silent; you could hear a needle drop.

Everyone stared in stunned disbelief at the white-robed Nie Changqing standing amid the carnage. That peerless slash had branded itself into every soul present.

What a breathtaking strike!

One year in the Immortal Relic—ten years inside the great formation—and Nie Changqing had grown to such terrifying heights that a single slash could birth such brilliance.

Dao Intent!

Fourth-tier Sequence Dao Intent!

Only then did the crowd understand how he had produced such a stunning slash.

Dao Intent was monstrously powerful. Back when Overlord was merely Heaven Lock realm, he had used Dao Intent to fight Nascent Soul experts across an entire major realm.

Now, Nie Changqing—also Spirit Severing—faced the Heavenly Dragon Holy Son on equal footing. With Dao Intent empowering his blade, such a slash was only natural.

Nie Changqing sheathed Dragon Slayer and exhaled slowly.

He stood motionless like an immovable mountain.

This was his ultimate strike: the Unsheathe Dao Intent, a single slash drawn in the instant the blade left its scabbard.

He had succeeded.

This slash had shaken the world.

He had not shamed the Young Master.

Whoosh...

Dragon blood poured down like a crimson storm.

Scales shattered, blood mist billowing.

The silent battlefield suddenly erupted with a heaven-shaking howl of agony.

The Heavenly Dragon Holy Son!

He had nearly been cleaved in two!

“Damn you!”

“I’ll kill you!”

Roar!

A furious dragon bellow shook the heavens.

The holy son revealed his true form—not a heavenly dragon, but a massive winged lizard-dragon, ferocious and grotesque. Spiral horns crowned his head, fangs filled his maw.

Without question, this was his true body.

The thrashing dragon whipped up storms of crimson sand, as though the very earth and sky were collapsing.

The holy son's heart pounded with lingering fear, but rage drowned it out.

Even protected by the dragon pearl, that slash had nearly killed him!

A saint-tier treasure had failed to fully protect him!

Part of it was the world's suppression, but... a strike infused with Dao Intent was simply too terrifying.

“Dao Intent... How does a native possess Dao Intent?!”

“What a waste of a heaven-defying prodigy—born in a world doomed to fall!”

The holy son staunched his bleeding wounds.

Killing intent exploded from him.

On the Bloody Battlefield, the cultivators of the Five Phoenixes were stunned.

In the void, the wanderers were equally shaken.

One slash to silence the heavens.

That single strike had left every onlooker breathless.

“Dao Intent...”

Qi Liujia, seated on his barren continent, gazed with complex emotions—admiration mixed with regret.

He shook his head slowly.

“Such a heaven-blessed genius... If he had been born anywhere else, he would have shaken the heavens, become a holy son of a sacred ground. What a pity...”

The wanderer wreathed in flames stared with burning eyes.

“What a slash!”

“This world actually hides such a monster!”

The snake-tongued woman felt her heart tremble. She thanked the heavens it had not been them who entered.

Without saint-tier treasures, any of them would have died to that blade.

Weaker wanderers paled with fear.

“That was the Heavenly Dragon Holy Son! Descendant of a high martial honored one—how could he lose?! To some unknown native from a mid-martial world?!”

Many refused to accept it.

On the Bloody Battlefield, the Five Phoenixes cultivators erupted with exhilaration.

Tantai Xuan, coughing blood, clenched his fists and roared.

Jiang Li, carried back half-dead, saw the slash and cracked a pained smile.

Yet no one relaxed.

The battle was not over.

“So what if you have Dao Intent?!”

“A native is still a native!”

“This holy son possesses saint-tier treasures—what can you do? How many times can you swing that blade?”

The holy son roared, his draconic body gleaming, blood seeping from cracked scales.

He struck first, unease gnawing at him.

Even he, the holy son of the Nine Dragons Minor World, had never comprehended Dao Intent.

Yet this native wielded fourth-tier Dao Intent!

The boost to combat power was immense.

He could not underestimate this foe.

BOOM!

The holy son vanished.

His halberd carved the earth as he closed in for melee—preventing another full-powered Dao Intent slash.

His draconic body was monstrously strong; he was confident he could crush Nie Changqing in close combat.

The air exploded.

The halberd strike was vicious enough to pulverize an Infant Transformation expert.

The Bloody Battlefield quaked violently.

Nie Changqing planted his feet and slashed with simple, ancient strokes.

Clang! Clang! Clang!

Sparks flew like lightning across the battlefield.

BOOM!

Hair whipping wildly, Nie Changqing's eyes burned with resolve.

Dragon Slayer met halberd again and again; their bodies nearly collided.

Killing intent blazed in the holy son's eyes—ice-cold defiance in Nie Changqing's.

Shockwaves erupted, hurling mountains of earth skyward.

A battle to shake the world!

The Five Phoenixes cultivators cheered.

The wanderers in the void watched in stunned awe.

Someone from this world could actually fight a high martial holy son!

“Your foundation is rock-solid, your spiritual energy endless, and you possess Dao Intent... You truly are a monster!”

“For a world to birth someone like you—it is no wonder you have the qualifications to challenge high martial!”

The holy son snarled as they locked eyes.

“But you lack saint-tier treasures!”

“Today, I slay you and prove my Dao!”

His halberd blazed with golden light, transforming into a roaring golden dragon that lunged at Nie Changqing.

The ground exploded in its wake.

Nie Changqing’s expression remained calm.

“Saint-tier treasure?”

He smiled faintly.

“This blade was forged by the Young Master himself.”

“He once told me: tier means nothing. What matters is whether the weapon suits the wielder.”

“If heart and blade are one—even saint-tier treasures can be broken!”

He gripped Dragon Slayer with both hands.

His spine roared like a dragon.

Nine segments of bone blazed with blood and qi—the unbreakable foundation of the Nine Heavenly Locks!

“My blade is named Dragon Slayer!”

“Today, I cut down a false dragon!”

Hair flying, Nie Changqing spoke with solemn coldness.

He assumed the unsheathing stance once more.

This time, he poured everything into it—blood, qi, spiritual energy, soul.

All three forces converged into a blooming lotus.

“Arrogant!”

The holy son roared in fury.

When had he ever suffered such humiliation?

A native dared call him a false dragon?

He was the descendant of the honored one of the Nine Dragons Minor World—pure dragon blood!

And this native thought himself worthy to slay dragons?

“DIE!”

The holy son unleashed everything.

Even suppressed by the world’s protection, his aura was overwhelming.

The dragon pearl erupted with blinding light, forming a massive golden dragon shield.

His halberd became bolts of golden lightning that lashed the void.

The two forces collided!

Nie Changqing's slash detonated the battlefield in blinding light.

White robes snapping, he flicked his wrist.

A blood-colored jade bottle appeared.

He poured out a rolling pill that released an intoxicating medicinal fragrance.

He swallowed it in one bite.

The depleted energy within him surged back like a tsunami.

In the distance, the holy son's pupils contracted.

He's doping?!

Nie Changqing truly could not unleash too many fourth-tier Dao Intent slashes in succession.

The consumption was simply too great.

But...

The holy son had never imagined a mid-martial world could produce such pills.

Crunch...

The sound of the pill breaking between teeth echoed like the shattering of the holy son's heart.

BOOM!

Nie Changqing's aura exploded once more.

Unsheathe—slash!

Clang!

The holy son blocked desperately.

Pfft!

This time, scales shattered and dragon blood sprayed.

He nearly died!

Only the saint-tier halberd saved him.

Nie Changqing didn't pause.

Another pill.

Same motion—doping, unsheathing, slashing!

Clang! Clang! Clang!

Slash after slash.

Eight slashes.

Eight pills.

The dragon pearl dimmed.

The halberd grew too heavy to hold.

Every scale bled.

Crunch...

The heart-shattering sound of another pill.

Silence fell across the Bloody Battlefield.

The blood-soaked halberd crashed to the ground.

Dragon blood fountained ten li high.

The Heavenly Dragon Holy Son's head was split open!

A Dao Intent slash sent his head flying, blood arcing through the air.

Fury and disbelief froze on his severed face as it rolled across the ground.

The next instant, his soul shot skyward in a streak of light, fleeing for his life.

He abandoned both halberd and pearl.

Nie Changqing's veins burned, his head spinning from pill overdose.

But he would not let the soul escape.

Cut the grass, remove the roots—this was the Young Master’s teaching.

Enduring the backlash, he merged with his blade and chased the fleeing soul.

Think you can run?

Ask my blade first!

Ni Yu’s latest super-enhanced Qi Gathering Pills were terrifyingly effective—but the side effects were brutal.

Nie Changqing shook his dizzy head; his pursuit slash lost some of its edge.

The holy son’s soul shot out of the Overturning Sky Array, fleeing madly into the void.

On the barren continent, Qi Liujia—who had seemed half-dead—formed a hand seal.

The killing array shifted.

Rumble!

The holy son's soul suddenly found the void transformed.

“Qi Liujia—you dare?!”

BOOM!

The array roared.

It delivered the soul straight in front of Nie Changqing.

Nie Changqing blinked.

Then, without hesitation—slash.

Pfft!

Dragon Slayer carved through the soul, tearing it apart.

Buzz...

The black blade erupted with terrifying energy.

The soul fragments were sucked into the blade.

Dragon Slayer grew deeper, more profound.

A flash of light rippled across its surface.

Nie Changqing stared at his blade in shock.

Rumble!

Overwhelming aura surged from Dragon Slayer.

By devouring the holy son's soul, Dragon Slayer... had advanced!

It had become an earth-tier spirit weapon.

A saint-tier treasure in the holy son's terms!

Nie Changqing was stunned.

He had never known Dragon Slayer could absorb dragon souls!

On the barren continent, Qi Liuji's eyes flickered.

He glanced warily at Nie Changqing and the black blade.

An ultimate murderous weapon.

The nemesis of dragons.

"Thank you."

In the void, Nie Changqing sheathed his blade and glanced at the seemingly dying old man.

Enemy or not, the old man had delivered the holy son to his blade.

That was a debt.

“Don’t celebrate yet...”

“The true calamity has not arrived.”

“High martial worlds are strictly ranked—from Ninth Derivative to First. The Heavenly Dragon Holy Son came from a Ninth Derivative high martial world—far from the strongest among holy sons and maidens.”

Qi Liujia’s hoarse voice transmitted directly into Nie Changqing’s mind.

Nie Changqing’s soul trembled.

There were ranks even among high martial worlds?

He wanted to ask more, but the old man lowered his head again, returning to deathly stillness.

Nie Changqing swept a cold gaze across the distant wanderers seated in the void.

Then he flashed back to the Bloody Battlefield.

He collected the dragon pearl and halberd into his storage ring.

Then sat cross-legged, spiritual energy swirling as he recovered.

“Ni Yu’s so-called super-enhanced Qi Gathering Pills—‘Eternal Spring Pills’—are truly terrifying. Without them, killing that so-called holy son would have been impossible.”

Nie Changqing exhaled slowly.

Dragon Slayer lay across his knees like a statue as he entered meditation.

No trace of excitement after slaying a dragon.

In his eyes, the Heavenly Dragon Holy Son was no true dragon.

Not even comparable to the Red Dragon.

The Heavenly Dragon Holy Son was dead.

Utterly destroyed in the void.

Every wanderer felt chills crawl up their spines.

They had thought this was just another weak mid-martial world to plunder.

Yet such a monster had emerged.

Still, none fled.

The holy son's death only made the situation more dire.

They understood: the Five Phoenixes was no pushover, but one Nie Changqing could not change the final outcome.

Qi Liujia remained seated on his continent.

On the Bloody Battlefield, Jiang Li and the others sat in recovery, the oppressive atmosphere nearly suffocating.

Days later...

When the entire void had fallen into oppressive silence...

A terrifying grinding sound tore through the emptiness.

Wanderers seated on barren continents opened their eyes.

They looked toward one end of the void.

Dazzling radiance bloomed!

Magnificent, resplendent light poured forth.

“They’re here!”

Every wanderer’s gaze sharpened.

Solemn Buddhist chants echoed from the depths of the void.

Then streaks of light shot forward.

Opulent bronze warships crossed the emptiness.

Colossal winged beasts blotted out the stars.

Black-and-white immortal cranes danced on the wind.

Spirit boats sailed the void.

One after another, auras no weaker—many far stronger—than the Heavenly Dragon Holy Son's wove through the darkness.

The holy sons and holy maidens of high martial worlds...

Had arrived.

Nie Changqing opened his eyes, hair whipping in the wind.

He stared at the magnificent scene.

Every muscle tensed.

Now he understood what the old man meant by the true calamity.

Qi Lijia opened his eyes, deep as black holes, gazing at the peerless figures.

He sighed softly.

But as he sighed...

His heart stirred.

He looked toward the Golden Body Continent.

...

Origin Space.

Rumble!

Violent tremors continued without end.

Three radiant origin stars floated within the vortex, forming a miniature galaxy.

The Tian Yuan origin drifted among them, maintaining delicate balance.

The vortex did not spin—held still by the pressure of the three supreme origins.

Beneath the vortex, Lu Fan sat upon the Thousand Blades Chair and exhaled slowly.

“Finally done.”

One year.

He had poured endless effort into fusing the Tian Luo and Prajna origins.

Now, ninety percent was complete.

The Five Phoenixes origin had grown colossal, on the verge of bursting.

Only one final step remained.

Stir the vortex.

Revitalize the origin space.

Then the fusion would be complete.

And the Five Phoenixes origin would break the limits of mid martial and ascend to high martial.

But Lu did not move yet.

The time was not right.

...

Golden Body Continent.

The clay avatar of Qi Liujia seated atop the mountain peak looked up in shock.

The pressure from the origin was becoming heart-stopping; the void itself seemed on the verge of collapse.

“He actually succeeded?!”

“What kind of method is this?!”

Fusing a weaker origin with three supreme origins at once...

A miracle!

Buzz...

Suddenly, the old man turned.

Unnoticed, a white-robed figure had appeared beside him like a ghost.

An unfathomable aura rolled off the newcomer, nearly shattering the clay body!