

The Order 8921

Chapter: 8921

“Go!”

Zi Yuan shouted softly, and countless small green swords shot towards Mu Baiyi like a meteor shower.

The small swords collided with the demon soul phantom, emitting a deafening explosion. The demon soul phantom trembled under the attack of the small swords, and soon became covered with cracks.

“Crack!”

The demonic spirit’s phantom finally succumbed to the weight and shattered.

The remaining cyan swords continued to fly at Mu Baiyi. His face paled, and he hurriedly blocked them with his spear. But the swords were too numerous, and he couldn’t stop them all.

“Puff, puff, puff!”

Several swords pierced Mu Baiyi’s body, and he spat out a mouthful of blood, his body teetering on the brink of collapse.

He looked at Zi Yuan, his eyes filled with resentment and despair.

“I lost...” Mu Baiyi whispered, his body limp, and he fell to the ground.

Zi Yuan retracted her sword and breathed a long sigh of relief. She looked at the fallen Mu Baiyi, her eyes devoid of pity.

This was a life-or-death duel; win or die.

The monks halfway up the mountain erupted in cheers.

“We won! We won!”

“Zi Yuan is amazing!”

Wu Hao smiled with relief. “Great! Zi Yuan lived up to our expectations.”

Soul Devourer’s expression darkened. He looked at Zi Yuan, a hint of murderous intent in his eyes.

But he had already said that if the younger generation lost, he would lead his men away. It was too late to go back on his word now.

Xue Wuying discerned Soul Devourer’s thoughts and whispered in his ear, “Master, we still have some men. We can continue the fight. If we win, we can still force them to hand over the sacrificial manual.”

Soul Devourer nodded and said to the demon cultivators, “Who else is willing to challenge?”

The demon cultivators were silent for a moment, and then a figure flashed and arrived at the center of the battlefield.

It was a young man in a black robe, his face covered by a mask. His features were obscured, only a pair of cold eyes could be seen.

“I’ll do it.”

The young man’s voice was hoarse and low.

Zi Yuan looked at the young man before her, her heart trembling.

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She could sense an aura from this young man, even stronger than Mu Baiyi's, and eerily strange, as if emanating from hell.

"Who are you?" Zi Yuan asked.

"You don't need to know."

The young man said coldly, "Attack."

Zi Yuan didn't hesitate, longsword in hand, and attacked again.

The sword, like a green snake emerging from a cave, pierced the young man's throat.

The young man swayed, easily dodging Zi Yuan's attack.

He was even faster than Mu Baiyi, and his movements were incredibly strange, as if unaffected by gravity.

"Hmm?"

Zi Yuan, startled, quickly adjusted her sword moves, and attacked the young man again.

The young man continued to easily dodge Zi Yuan's attacks, occasionally even launching counterattacks.

His attacks were extremely strange, with no fixed pattern, but each one aimed directly at Zi Yuan's weaknesses.

Zi Yuan gradually fell into a disadvantage, her breathing becoming increasingly rapid and her face growing paler.

After the fierce battle with Mu Baiyi, her spiritual energy had been greatly depleted, and now facing a stronger opponent, she felt somewhat powerless.

"Zi Yuan is in danger!"

Wu Hao said anxiously.

Chen Ping also frowned. He could sense the youth's immense strength, and the eerie aura he exuded, unlike that of an ordinary demon cultivator.

On the battlefield, the youth's attacks intensified, forcing Zi Yuan back repeatedly.

Several wounds appeared on her body, and blood stained her clothes.

"It's time to end this," the youth said coldly. A black dagger suddenly appeared in his hand, emanating a thick aura of death, and he pierced Zi Yuan's heart.

A flicker of despair flashed in Zi Yuan's eyes; she no longer had the strength to dodge.

Just as the black dagger was about to pierce Zi Yuan's heart, a golden spiritual energy suddenly shot out from the side, striking the dagger with a clang and deflecting it.

At the same time, a figure flashed, blocking Zi Yuan's path.

He looked at the wound on Zi Yuan's body, a flicker of anger in his eyes: "Are you okay?"

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Zi Yuan shook her head: "I'm fine, thank you."

Chen Ping nodded, then turned to look at the young man in the black robe, his eyes as cold as a thousand-year-old ice: "You dare to hurt her? You're courting death!"

The young man looked at Chen Ping, a flicker of fear in his eyes, but he still feigned composure and said, "This is a duel between our demon cultivators and them. Why are you interfering?"

"A duel?"

Chen Ping sneered. "When Mu Baiyi wanted to kill Leng Yun just now, why didn't you say it was a duel? Now you want to kill Zi Yuan, and I can't interfere?"

The young man was speechless, unsure what to say.

Seeing this, the Soul Devourer said coldly, "You want to intervene?"

"I'm not needed now. When I take action, you'll be dead!"

After saying this, Chen Ping supported Zi Yuan and walked back. The young man could only watch, not dare to take action.

Chen Ping's aura intimidated him.

Zi Yuan leaned against Chen Ping's shoulder, deeply moved. No man had ever treated her like this before.

If it weren't for so many people, Zi Yuan would have wanted to give herself to Chen Ping right then and there.

Chen Ping had helped her so much, she had no way to repay him, so she could only repay him with her own body.

Chen Ping helped Zi Yuan back to the camp, and Wu Hao immediately sent for healing elixirs.

After taking the elixir, Zi Yuan's spiritual power gradually calmed down, but she still looked at the black-robed young man on the battlefield with a wary look.

The black-robed youth, silenced by Chen Ping's rebuke, watched Zi Yuan being escorted away. He was filled with anger and fear, but he dared not confront Chen Ping. He could only direct his wrath at the Sixth Heaven cultivators, roaring hoarsely, "A bunch of cowards! Just won a match, and you're getting carried away? Who else dares to come out and die?"

His words pierced the cultivators' hearts like a needle, and the morale that had just risen with Zi Yuan's victory plummeted.

Leng Yun's face flushed red. He tried to advance again, but was held back by those around him—his spiritual power hadn't recovered, and advancing would only add to his defeat.

Just as the camp fell silent, a hearty laugh suddenly rang out: "You young demon cultivator, you dare to speak so arrogantly? Let me confront you!"

Even before the words had finished, a crimson figure leaped into the center of the battlefield like a raging fire, sending up a cloud of dust as it landed.

The man who arrived was a burly figure, dressed in crimson garb, a broadsword slung from his waist. A reckless smile graced his face. He was none other than Han Lie, the "Red Flame Blade," ranked third on the Martial Arts Ranking.

"It's Han Lie!"

A sudden cry echoed from the hillside. "The third-ranked Red Flame Blade has finally made his move!"

“Han Lie reached the ninth level of the Earthly Immortal Realm many years ago, even stronger than Zi Yuan just now. That black-robed demon cultivator is doomed!”

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“Great! We can finally teach these arrogant demon cultivators a lesson!”

The cultivators’ chatter was filled with anticipation, and even Wu Hao’s face showed a hint of relief.

Han Lie was renowned among the younger generation of the Sixth Heaven Realm for his fierce fighting prowess. His “Red Flame Blade Technique” was unparalleled in its ferocity, having once cleaved a thousand-foot cliff with a single strike. His strength far surpassed Leng Yun’s.

The black-robed young man, observing the powerful aura emanating from Han Lie, a glint of solemnity flashed in his eyes, but his words remained unforgiving: “Another one seeking death? All right, let me take care of him too!”

“Stop talking nonsense and give me your life!”

Han Lie’s eyes blazed with fighting intent, and he swiftly drew the broadsword from his waist.

The moment the blade was unsheathed, a scorching aura washed over him, and even a faint layer of flame condensed on the blade. This was the Red Flame Blade’s innate spiritual power—the Burning Heaven Flame.

The black-robed young man didn’t dare to be careless. He formed seals with his hands, and demonic energy swirled around him. Quickly, two black scimitars condensed, hovering at his sides.

“Take it!”

He shouted softly, and the two black swords, like two shadows, pierced Han Lie’s heart with a sharp sound.

Han Lie sneered and swung his sword to block.

With two crisp clangs, the black knife was slashed away by the Red Flame Blade, its demonic energy instantly consumed by the Burning Sky Flame.

The black-robed youth was startled, having not expected Han Lie's strength to be so formidable. He quickly controlled the black knife and attacked again.

This time, the black knife no longer moved in a straight line, but instead circled in the air like two black bats, attacking Han Lie from all angles.

Han Lie remained unfazed. The Red Flame Blade danced impenetrably in his hands, forming a wall of fire that blocked all attacks.

"Is that all you're capable of?"

Han Lie laughed heartily, suddenly leaping to his feet, grasping the knife with both hands and slashing down fiercely: "Red Flame Blade Technique First Move – Fiery Flames!"

The moment the knife fell, countless flames erupted from the blade, sweeping towards the black-robed youth like a tidal wave.

Where the flames passed, the ground instantly scorched black, and even the air became incomparably scorching. The black-robed young man's face changed drastically, and he hurriedly mobilized his demonic energy to condense into a black shield.

"Bang!"

The flames collided with the shield, making a loud noise.

The black shield continued to melt under the flames, and blood flowed from the corner of the black-robed young man's mouth, clearly suffering internal injuries.

“Impossible! How can your spiritual power be so strong?”

He roared in disbelief.

“Because you’re too weak!”

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Han Lie attacked again after landing, swinging the Red Flame Blade faster and faster. The blade shadows were heavy, and each strike carried the scorching power of the Burning Heaven Flame, forcing the black-robed young man back repeatedly.

“Red Flame Blade Technique Second Form – Burning Heaven Slash!”

Han Lie roared, and the blade suddenly expanded to several feet in length, slashing towards the black-robed young man with devastating force.

The black-robed young man’s pupils shrank sharply, knowing he couldn’t resist. He could only use all his strength to block the two black blades in front of him.

“Crack!”

The black knife was instantly severed, and flames engulfed his entire body. The black-robed youth let out a shrill scream, his body struggling in the flames, and was soon reduced to a ball of black ash.

“Brilliant!”

A deafening cheer erupted from the mountainside. The cultivators brandished their weapons, their faces beaming with excitement.

“Han Lie is amazing! He reduced this demon cultivator to ash with a single strike!”

“I’ve always said the top three on the martial arts list aren’t undeserved. These demon cultivators are nothing compared to me!”

“Keep fighting! Take care of the remaining demon cultivators!”

Wu Hao couldn’t help but clap his hands and laugh. “Well done, Han Lie! You truly deserve to be number three on the martial arts list!”

Zi Yuan gazed at Han Lie in the center of the battlefield, her eyes filled with admiration. She had just fought Mu Baiyi for over a hundred rounds before narrowly winning, yet Han Lie had dispatched the even stronger black-robed youth so swiftly and efficiently. His strength was truly unfathomable.

However, even as the cultivators cheered, a cold laugh echoed from the demonic cultivator camp.

Soul Devourer, seated on the lion’s head, glanced at Han Lie through his hollow eye sockets, his tone filled with undisguised sarcasm: “Interesting, but your abilities aren’t impressive enough.”

He slowly turned his head, looking at the demonic soul team behind him, and said calmly: “Your turn.”

As his words fell, a figure slowly emerged from the demonic soul team.

The man, dressed in a dark robe, had a handsome face, yet his face was pale. A faint soul mist lingered around him—clearly not a physical form, but a spirit.

He slowly walked towards the battlefield, each step leaving no trace on the ground. He was clearly a formidable figure among the hundred thousand demonic souls.

“Soul?”

Han Lie frowned, a hint of doubt flashing in his eyes.

A soul lacks a physical body, making it difficult for ordinary attacks to inflict damage. Moreover, to be able to maintain such a solid state in soul form, his strength must be considerable.

The cultivators halfway up the mountain also fell silent, their smiles fading.

“It’s a soul-body demon cultivator! This is trouble! Soul-bodies are the most difficult to deal with!”

“Han Lie’s Red Flame Blade is powerful, but its flames primarily burn physical bodies, and the damage to soul-bodies is likely limited.”

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“What should we do now? Are we going to lose?”

The black-robed young man walked to the center of the battlefield, bowed slightly to Han Lie, and spoke calmly: “I am Zhao Mu, one of the Hundred Thousand Demon Souls. Your swordsmanship is exquisite, and I admire you.”

His voice was clear and cold, like the clash of jade, completely different from the hoarse voices of other demon cultivators.

Han Lie put away his smile, his expression solemn: “I am Han Lie. Enough of the nonsense, attack!”

Knowing the difficulty of soul-bodies, he dared not be careless. He channeled his spiritual energy to its fullest, and the flames on the Red Flame Blade burned even more vigorously.

Zhao Mu nodded, and his figure suddenly flashed, transforming into a shadow, appearing behind Han Lie in an instant.

Han Lie, startled, quickly turned and swung his sword, but missed—Zhao Mu had already vanished.

“What a rapid speed!”

Han Lie, startled, glanced around warily.

Unbound by physical form, souls are naturally much faster than ordinary cultivators, and Zhao Mu's speed was even more absurd, practically reaching the point of teleportation.

Just then, Zhao Mu's voice boomed from above Han Lie: "Watch out!"

Han Lie looked up suddenly and saw Zhao Mu forming hand seals. Soul mist swirled around him, condensing into countless black soul needles that rained down upon him like a torrential rain.

Han Lie, not wanting to be careless, swung his sword, unleashing a wall of fire.

The soul needles collided with the wall with a sizzling sound. Most of them were consumed by the flames, but a few still managed to penetrate the wall and shoot towards Han Lie.

Han Lie hurriedly channeled his spiritual energy to protect his entire body. The soul needles struck the spiritual shield with a soft thud. While they didn't break through the shield, they did cause his spiritual energy to fluctuate.

"Soul bodies are indeed formidable!"

Han Lie gritted his teeth and launched an attack. He leaped up, his sword grasped in both hands, and slashed towards Zhao Mu: "Red Flame Sword Technique Third Form – Flame Dragon Emerges from the Sea!"

The instant the sword fell, the flames condensed into a massive fire dragon, which pounced upon Zhao Mu with bared fangs and claws. Zhao Mu remained calm. With a flicker of his body, he transformed into a shadow once again, avoiding the fire dragon. He simultaneously formed hand seals: "Soul Lock!"

Countless black soul chains emerged from the soul mist, wrapping around the fire dragon like venomous snakes.

The fire dragon roared, attempting to break free from the soul chains, only to find them tightening ever tighter.

Soon, its struggles weakened, and it was finally completely bound by the soul chains, dissipating into tiny sparks in the air.

“What?”

Han Lie’s pupils constricted, a look of disbelief on his face.

“Flame Dragon Emerging from the Sea” was his signature move, but he hadn’t expected Zhao Mu to break it so easily.

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Zhao Mu’s voice rang out again: “Fellow Daoist Han Lie, while your swordsmanship is powerful, it’s useless against me. Admit defeat, lest you bring humiliation upon yourself.”

“Admit defeat? Impossible!”

Han Lie roared, charging at Zhao Mu once more.

This time, he eschewed wide-area attacks, concentrating his spiritual energy on the blade, unleashing the most exquisite technique in the Red Flame Sword Technique—“Pointing Flame.”

A brilliant flame condensed from the tip of the Red Flame Sword, shooting toward Zhao Mu like a meteor.

This move was incredibly fast and concentrated, making it difficult even for a spirit to dodge. A flicker of admiration flashed in Zhao Mu’s eyes, but he remained calm. With a flick of his right hand, the soul mist surrounding him condensed into a soul shield.

“Puff!”

The flames touched the soul shield, causing it to dent, but it didn't shatter.

Zhao Mu's body swayed slightly, evidently impacted, but he quickly regained his composure.

"Nice move, but it's still not enough."

As soon as Zhao Mu finished speaking, he suddenly vanished again.

Han Lie's heart sank with alarm, and he frantically looked around, but he could find no trace of Zhao Mu.

At that moment, he suddenly felt a chilling presence from behind him. Crying inwardly, he quickly turned and swung his sword.

However, it was too late. Zhao Mu's palm had already pressed down on Han Lie's back, and a chilling spirit energy instantly surged into him.

Han Lie felt his entire body stiffen, his spiritual energy instantly disrupted, and the Red Flame Blade fell to the ground with a clang. He tried to struggle, but found his body no longer responsive. He could only watch helplessly as Zhao Mu's palm rose again, aimed at his head.

"Han Lie!"

The cultivators halfway up the mountain cried out in alarm. Wu Hao leaped to his feet, attempting to step forward to help, but was stopped by Chen Ping.

"Lord, this is their duel. We cannot interfere."

Chen Ping's voice was low, but a hint of worry flashed in his eyes.

He knew Han Lie had already lost. Even intervening would be futile and would only betray the Soul Devourer, further complicating the situation.

Han Lie stared at Zhao Mu's cold gaze, his heart filled with resentment.

In his entire battle life, he had never been so embarrassed. But facing Zhao Mu's spirit form, his swordsmanship was completely hampered, leaving him powerless to even fight back.

"I... lost." He uttered those three words with difficulty, closing his eyes and waiting for death to come.

However, the expected attack never came.

Zhao Mu withdrew his hand and said calmly, "I won't kill you. Go back and tell your people not to overestimate their abilities."

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Han Lie's eyes suddenly opened, staring at Zhao Mu in disbelief.

He hadn't expected Zhao Mu to let him go, and for a moment he froze in his tracks.

"Why don't you leave?"

Zhao Mu's voice was tinged with impatience.

Han Lie finally came to his senses, picked up the Red Flame Blade from the ground, and retreated awkwardly back to the cultivator camp.

He lowered his head, not daring to meet their gazes, his face etched with shame.

The cultivators halfway up the mountain fell silent. The cheers and excitement of earlier had long since vanished, replaced by solemnity and fear.

Even Han Lie, third on the Martial Ranking, was defeated so completely, and to a seemingly disadvantaged spirit, this made everyone realize that the Demonic Soul's strength far exceeded their imagination.

"How could this happen? Han Lie actually lost..."

Someone murmured, their voices filled with despair.

"Zhao Mu is too strong. The spirits can't handle him at all. What should we do?"

"Do we really have to hand over the sacrificial manual and get out of the Sixth Heaven?"

Wu Hao's expression also grew grave. He looked at Zhao Mu, who stood calmly on the battlefield, then at the silent crowd around him, and a sense of powerlessness welled up in his heart.

He knew that sending more men would be futile, but he couldn't bear to admit defeat just yet—the people of the Divine Capital were still waiting for his revenge, and the creatures of the Sixth Heaven were still waiting for his protection.

Zhao Mu stood in the center of the battlefield, his dark robes fluttering slightly in the mountain breeze, a shroud of soul mist lingering around him. His cold gaze swept across the cultivator camp halfway up the mountain.

He said nothing, but his calm demeanor was more jarring than any mockery.

Laughter echoed from the demonic cultivator camp, and Soul Devourer even caressed the lion's mane with amusement, his hollow eyes filled with amusement.

"Anyone else dare to come?"

Zhao Mu finally spoke, his voice clear yet carrying an undeniable pressure. "If no one accepts the challenge, then obediently hand over the sacrificial manual and leave the Sixth Heaven."

The cultivators' faces flushed and paled, but no one responded.

Han Lie, third on the Martial Ranking, had returned disastrously defeated. Who among the younger generation could possibly rival Zhao Mu?

Many instinctively thought of Half-Beast Ming Wang, number one on the Martial Ranking, but his whereabouts were elusive and he was nowhere to be seen.

Despair surged through everyone like a tide, making even their breathing heavy.

Just then, a clear yet resolute voice rang out: "I will fight you!"

Everyone looked in the direction of the voice and saw Zi Yuan emerging from the camp. Though her face was still pale, her eyes burned with an unyielding fire.

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She had just taken a healing elixir, and her spiritual power had only recovered by 30{4a30793f4387cdfdf2a195445d9318630d29840a0899dd4e0fbff5948e41cea4} or 40{4a30793f4387cdfdf2a195445d9318630d29840a0899dd4e0fbff5948e41cea4}. But seeing Zhao Mu's arrogant demeanor, she simply couldn't sit idly by.

"Zi Yuan, no!"

Wu Hao hurriedly intervened, "Your spiritual power hasn't recovered yet. You're no match for Zhao Mu!"

"Yes, Lady Zi Yuan, you've already won one battle. There's no need to take another risk!"

Ao Lie stepped forward to offer his advice.

Han Lie's face was filled with guilt. "It's my incompetence that's keeping you fighting. Retreat now, I'll find a solution!"

Zi Yuan shook her head, breaking free from the crowd, and walked towards the battlefield. "Thank you all for your concern, but as a cultivator from the Divine Kingdom, how can I stand by and watch the demon cultivators act so arrogantly? Even if I die in battle, I will never let them underestimate us!"

As she spoke, she once again condensed her azure sword in her hand. Though her spiritual power wasn't as strong as before, it carried a resolute determination to face death head-on.

Zhao Mu looked at Zi Yuan approaching, a flicker of impatience in his eyes. "Just because you managed to win against Mu Baiyi just now, do you think you're invincible? I advise you to return, or you'll end up utterly shattered."

"Stop talking nonsense and attack!"

Zi Yuan gripped her sword tightly, ready for battle.

Just as the two were about to fight, Taoist Wuji suddenly looked at Chen Ping beside him and asked, "Chen Ping, are you confident you can defeat Zhao Mu?"

Everyone's eyes instantly focused on Chen Ping.

He was the only being of immeasurable strength, and everyone's last hope.

Zi Yuan also stopped and turned to look at Chen Ping, a hint of anticipation in her eyes.

Chen Ping smiled faintly and shook his head, "I don't have to do anything; someone will naturally take care of him."

As he spoke, he looked up into the void, a meaningful smile curling his lips.

Confused, everyone followed his gaze and saw a golden streak of light suddenly appear in the sky, plummeting towards the battlefield like a meteorite.

The moment the streak of light hit the ground, it stirred up a cloud of dust, and a tall figure emerged from it.

The man, clad in a golden brocade robe, had a handsome face and emanated a powerful spiritual energy. It was none other than the genius of the Divine Kingdom, ranked second on the Martial Arts Ranking—Fan Tianyou!

He had been traveling through the Six Heavens for years, his whereabouts elusive. It was unexpected that he would appear at this moment.

“Fan Tianyou!”

Wu Hao was surprised and delighted, and hurried forward. “You’re finally back!”

Fan Tianyou bowed to Wu Hao, his face filled with guilt. “Your Majesty, please forgive me. I was traveling and was unable to return in time to help. This led to the fall of the Divine Capital and the suffering of the people. I deserve death!”

“It’s good that you’re back, it’s good that you’re back!”

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Wu Hao patted his shoulder excitedly. “Now is the time to use you. Your presence is truly a blessing from heaven!”

Fan Tianyou stood up, his gaze sweeping across the battlefield at Zhao Mu. A cold glint flashed in his eyes. “Your Majesty, rest assured. I will slay this beast and avenge the people of the Divine Capital!”

With this, he leaped and landed beside Zi Yuan, whispering, “Lord Zi Yuan, thank you for your hard work. Leave the rest to me.”

Zi Yuan, observing the spiritual energy emanating from Fan Tianyou, which far surpassed her own, knew he was no match for Zhao Mu. She nodded and retreated back to her camp.

Zhao Mu looked at the suddenly appearing Fan Tianyou, a flicker of alarm in his eyes. “Who are you?”

“Fan Tianyou of the Divine Kingdom.”

Fan Tianyou spoke calmly, his spiritual energy slowly flowing through him, a golden glow as dazzling as the sun. “I’ve heard you’re quite formidable, so I’ve come to seek your advice.”

“Fan Tianyou, the second-highest ranked martial artist?”

Zhao Mu frowned. Although suppressed for ten thousand years, he had heard of the Sixth Heaven rankings after his rebirth. “Very well, let me see just how powerful the so-called second-highest ranked martial artist is.”

Before he finished speaking, Zhao Mu’s figure flashed, transforming into a shadow again. He instantly appeared behind Fan Tianyou, his palm laced with a thick soul mist, striking him in the back.

This move was identical to the one he used against Han Lie, its speed reaching extremes.

“Be careful!”

Zi Yuan couldn’t help but exclaim.

But Fan Tianyou seemed to have eyes on his back. He calmly dodged to the side, his right fist clenched, and struck Zhao Mu with golden spiritual energy.

The fist roared, carrying a whistling sound as it pierced the air.

Zhao Mu, startled, quickly stepped back, avoiding the blow.

He hadn't expected Fan Tianyou's reaction to be so quick, more than a level stronger than Han Lie's.

"Interesting."

A flicker of fighting spirit flashed in Zhao Mu's eyes. He formed hand seals, and soul mist swirled around him, condensing into countless black soul blades that rained down upon Fan Tianyou like a torrential rain.

Fan Tianyou snorted coldly, and golden spiritual energy surged around him, forming a massive light shield.

The soul blades collided with the light shield, making a clanging sound, but were unable to break through it.

"Is that all you're capable of?"

Fan Tianyou scoffed, his tone echoing Zhao Mu's earlier.

He leaped up, forming hand seals: "Golden Sky Divine Fist First Move – Golden Light Breaking Formation!"

Golden spiritual energy coalesced into a massive fist in his hand, smashing down upon Zhao Mu with devastating force. Before the fist even landed, a powerful pressure made Zhao Mu's breathing difficult.