

War God 701

Chapter 701: Trouble at the Divine Machine Camp!

"Have you heard? Many experts have secretly joined forces to execute Lin Wudi!"

"That news spread through the Martial Arts World ages ago. Do you think we need you to tell us?"

"You only know half the story. I heard that even the Martial Alliance is making a move this time."

"What? The Martial Alliance is also going to kill Lin Wudi? He's definitely finished this time!"

Ever since Lin Mu slaughtered two families in Demon City, the matter had fermented and grown increasingly intense. Countless rumors sprang up, claiming that Lin Mu was vicious and cruel, a murderous tyrant who deserved to be put to death.

Of course, some people argued that the Qin and Han Families got what they deserved, and that King Han Xiu had been the most outrageous of all. Coveting Lin Wudi's wife was a grievance worthy of a duel to the death. He was killed by Lin Wudi because he was too weak, so on what grounds could anyone crusade against him? They were simply resentful that with Lin Wudi presiding over the current Martial Arts World, everyone else seemed dim and lackluster in comparison.

Hence, many people scoffed at the notion and cursed the Han Family. Some even said that if the Celestial Northern Dipper Pavilion were to get involved, they would have to speak a few words of justice. Others remained silent, choosing to wait and see.

Thus, the Martial Arts World was divided into three camps. One sought to punish Lin Wudi. Another supported him. The last faction remained neutral. Of course, even those who supported Lin Wudi only cheered from the sidelines; they wouldn't actually intervene. In contrast, many of those who sought to punish Lin Wudi truly planned to take action.

"Hehe, Lin Wudi is a dead man this time!"

In a certain secret domain, a figure shot to his feet and roared toward Changbai Mountain. Dust billowed in his wake as crimson clouds gathered in the sky.

"I'll use Lin Wudi as my stepping stone to fame in this return to the world!"

Within a gorge, an old man laughed heartily as a torrent of energy burst from his body, stirring the wind and clouds.

"Lin Wudi, Changbai Mountain will be your burial ground! Are you prepared?"

On an island, a one-armed man carried a long saber on his back. As he finished speaking, the saber shot from its sheath and into his hand. He gripped it tightly and unleashed a vicious slash. The saber's light, a hundred meters long, cleaved the sea in two.

"Hahaha, Lin Wudi, I've come for you!"

BOOM!

On an island overseas, a thunderous roar echoed as a saber light split the island in half, causing it to sink slowly into the sea.

"You from Huaxia, you've gone too far!" a voice bellowed. A figure flew out from the seawater, wielding a Long Spear and charging directly at another figure in mid-air.

"A swarm of ants is trying to make trouble for my master, and I don't have time to waste on you," the old man holding the red long saber replied, his expression frigid. "So, you might as well die!"

As his words fell, the red long saber in his hand slashed out.

CRACK!

The saber light whistled through the air, cleaving the Long Spear in two. Its momentum undiminished, the light instantly split the spear-wielding old man in half.

Li Xiaotian retracted his saber and stood firm.

The Dark Web is destroyed. It's time to go back and lend my master a hand.

Li Xiaotian turned to face east, his eyes cold and severe.

"Qin Family, Han Family! It's a good thing you're already dead. Otherwise, I would have made you understand the painful price for daring to insult my Master's wife!"

With that, Li Xiaotian vanished from the surface of the sea. And with his departure, the Dark Web—a superpower that had dominated for decades—was declared annihilated.

This was a land of chaos, incessantly ravaged by gunfire. At the very peak of this small country stood the supreme center of power for the nation.

"Morphy, you want to kill me?"

Within the gloomy palace, countless guards already lay on the ground, each with a bloody hole between their brows.

"Yes." The little girl lowered her head, killing intent gathering in her eyes.

"I'm quite curious. How did you figure out I was deceiving you?" said the person seated on the throne, who wore a skeleton mask. No one could have imagined that the supreme ruler of this country was also the leader of the world-shocking assassin organization, the Blood Skeleton.

The Skeleton King, Charlie Milton!

"I didn't know before, but I do now," the Queen of the Night, also known as Morphy, said as she looked up at the man on the throne.

The man was slightly startled, realizing his slip of the tongue. Then, he let out a sneer.

So what if she knows? This remnant must die!

"I taught you all your skills. Do you really think you can kill me?" The Skeleton King stood up, his aura erupting with a thick, bloody stench, as if he carried upon his back mountains of corpses and a sea of blood. "Reveal the secrets of your Elf Tribe, and I'll grant you an intact corpse."

Morphy shook her head. "I won't be the one dying."

As her words fell, an even more powerful aura erupted from her. Eerily, everything in the palace began to levitate.

"King Realm?" the Skeleton King cried out in shock. "I never expected you to break through to this realm! According to Huaxia's cultivation levels, that would be the Divine Communion Realm."

Morphy transformed into a black shadow, reappearing behind the Skeleton King.

"You..."

The Skeleton King shuddered and suddenly turned around, only to see the little girl now sitting on his throne. His body swayed before he collapsed to the ground.

Morphy paid no mind to the bodies strewn across the floor. Instead, she propped her chin on her small hand and gazed toward the horizon. Brother, you must not get hurt.

"Has Instructor Lin been contacted yet?"

As the great battle drew near, Yao Kuohai grew increasingly nervous. It was a nervousness born from excitement.

"He has been contacted. He said he will arrive on time tomorrow," Liang Yousheng said with a smile.

"Excellent! Tomorrow will be Lin Wudi's dying day!" Yao Kuohai sneered. "We've also received news from the Alliance Hierarch. He's expected to emerge from seclusion in the next two days."

"Really?" Liang Yousheng was even more delighted. "The Alliance Hierarch's emergence from seclusion must be because of Lin Wudi."

"Of course," Yao Kuohai chuckled. "That Lin Wudi is truly courting death, daring to kill a member of our Martial Alliance. Tomorrow's battle will be magnificent."

「Taishan.」

A figure suddenly appeared on the summit of Taishan and began hurrying toward Changbai Mountain.

"Lin Mu, I am now a Grandmaster. This time, I will kill you for sure!" Shen Cheng's eyes glinted coldly as he moved with extreme speed.

For the past two days, Lin Mu had acted as if he hadn't heard any of the rumors. Meanwhile, Qin Luoli had remained in a deep, unwakeable sleep. Thankfully, all her vital signs were normal, which set Lin Mu's mind at ease. It wasn't until he received a call from Liang Yousheng that a murderous glint flickered in his eyes.

Since you all insist on seeking death, then I will grant your wish!

The night before the decisive battle, Kong Lin arrived. He came for two reasons: first, to apologize, and second, to announce that Lin Mu's resignation request had been denied by the higher-ups.

"Instructor Lin, what happened before was my fault. I hope you won't take it to heart," Kong Lin said awkwardly, unsure how to face Lin Mu.

"Just call me by my name. I'm no longer an instructor," Lin Mu said. "And I have nothing to do with any of you anymore, so there's no need for you to come to me for anything."

Kong Lin could only manage a bitter smile.

"Instructor Lin, I know this was our fault, and we don't expect you to forgive us," Kong Ying said. "But there's something I must tell you: the Divine Machine Camp is in trouble."

Chapter 702: One Dead, Another Remains!

Two days later.

Changbai Mountain, Heavenly Lake.

This place was once a desolate wilderness, but today, powerful figures kept arriving. Lin Wudi, who had destroyed the Qin and Han Families and even slain King Han Xiu, had attracted the attention of the entire world. The Martial Alliance's challenge to Lin Wudi had become the most significant event in the Martial Arts World after the fall of the King of Men.

Numerous reclusive warriors emerged from seclusion just to witness this battle. The aura of the martial artists was tense and murderous. Around Heavenly Lake, the air was oppressive and deadly, silencing insects and birds, eradicating all traces of life. From time to time, even helicopters hovered over the lake.

"They're here!" a martial artist suddenly exclaimed.

The mists of Changbai Mountain dispersed, and figures robed in black raced over at high speed. They moved through the mountains and across the ridges as if on flat ground.

"Martial Alliance Elder Liang Yousheng!"

"Martial Alliance Advisor Yao Kuohai!"

"Is that the One-Armed Blade, Feng Biyuan, from the Heavenly Ranking's top fifty next to Yao Kuohai? He's been gone for years. I didn't expect him to show up today."

"The man carrying Paired Swords must be Thunderbolt Sword Song Kai. He was rumored to have died of illness, but it turns out he's still alive."

Many once-hidden experts of the Martial Alliance made their appearances, imposing and unbridled. The spectating martial artists couldn't help but take notice.

Yao Kuohai landed arrogantly on a huge boulder beside Heavenly Lake and swept his gaze indifferently around the area. "Has Instructor Lin from the Divine Machine Camp not arrived yet?"

Before his words fell, the sound of something tearing through the air echoed as hundreds of muscular men in tank tops rushed forward. Trees shattered beneath their feet, scattering branches and leaves. Their momentum was nearly as powerful as that of the Martial Alliance members. They were from the Divine Machine Camp.

Their leader was Jiaolong. They all exuded vigorous energy, showing no signs of distress.

Jiaolong glanced at Yao Kuohai and Liang Yousheng with a hint of mockery.

Yao Kuohai, failing to notice this, laughed heartily. "Instructor Lin indeed has an extraordinary reputation. Even the Divine Machine Camp has come to cheer for him."

A flicker of pride passed through Liang Yousheng's eyes. He was the one who had invited Instructor Lin to help them, a great merit. After today, his status within the Martial Alliance was sure to soar.

The observing martial artists also realized something was amiss. They hadn't thought the Martial Alliance would be so shameless as to invite the Chief Instructor of the Divine Machine Camp to join them. The Divine Machine Camp represented official power. Before the contest even began, the Martial Alliance already had the upper hand in terms of momentum.

"FIGHT!"

At that moment, a furious shout suddenly thundered from the sky, mighty enough to pierce the clouds, as if tens or even hundreds of thousands of elite troops were roaring in unison. The spectating martial artists were all shocked, their faces paling. Some of the more timid ones were already contemplating withdrawal.

RUMBLE! RUMBLE! RUMBLE!

The sky resonated with a deafening roar as the sound of helicopter rotors filled the air. At the peak of Changbai Mountain, trees were thrashed about by the hurricane-force winds kicked up by the rotors. Dozens of armed helicopters circled above Heavenly Lake. Higher still, fighter jets tore through the air, screeching as they passed.

This was enough to make even Yao Kuohai's complexion change.

"I hadn't expected Instructor Lin to garner such support from the Jinan Military Region!"

Liang Yousheng also didn't expect such a grand display before Instructor Lin had even appeared. However, the grander the spectacle, the more it benefited the Martial Alliance. Those reclusive experts of the Martial Alliance now looked at Yao Kuohai with a bit more admiration.

"Everyone," Yao Kuohai began, puffed up with pride, "today, our Martial Alliance will act on behalf of heaven and challenge the shameless rogue Lin Wudi. To have so many peers from the Martial Arts World present, it is truly..."

Before he could finish, he was interrupted by a streak of sword light.

RUMBLE!

Thunder roared. The mist over Changbai Mountain was swept away by the sword's radiance, vanishing completely. Amidst the deafening scream of a sword, six figures arrived, soaring through the sky.

The woman was enchantingly beautiful. The man was unrestrained and carefree. The leader was especially intimidating, exuding a vast and fearsome aura. He alone suppressed the agitated momentum of hundreds of martial artists at Changbai Mountain's Heavenly Lake.

"Lin Wudi!" someone shouted.

"Hahaha, Lin Wudi, I didn't expect you to actually dare to show up," Yao Kuohai said, his hands behind his back and his sleeves fluttering, looking incredibly dashing. "Since you had the audacity to come, today will be the day you die!"

"Noisy!" Lin Mu's cold shout burst out like a thunderclap.

Around Heavenly Lake, martial artists with weaker cultivation levels retreated one after another, unable to resist the force of his voice.

"Arrogant!" Yao Kuohai roared furiously, spreading his arms. "Lin Wudi, you are cruel and merciless! You destroyed the Qin Family, annihilated the Han Family, angering both gods and men! Today, we who walk the same path have gathered here to kill you. Faced with such might, how dare you be so rude!"

Behind Yao Kuohai, the experts from the Martial Alliance released their auras in an attempt to suppress Lin Mu.

"Greetings, Teacher Lin!"

As Lin Mu landed, Jiaolong knelt on one knee, saluting him respectfully.

"Greetings, Teacher Lin!"

All the soldiers of the Divine Machine Camp knelt on one knee, paying Lin Mu their highest respects.

"Greetings, Teacher Lin!"

From the dense forests of Changbai Mountain, the voices of tens of thousands roared in a shocking and overwhelming wave of sound. Even the noise of the armed helicopters was drowned out.

"Lin Wudi is the Chief Instructor of the Divine Machine Camp?!" Yao Kuohai was shocked beyond belief.

Liang Yousheng felt a chill crawl down his spine, his hair standing on end. It turned out that the Divine Machine Camp, which he thought was there to support the Martial Alliance, was actually under Lin Wudi's command. The hundreds of thousands of fierce troops cheering them on were actually here to support Lin Wudi!

The momentum had instantly reversed.

Yao Kuohai glared maliciously at Liang Yousheng, who was so stunned he didn't dare speak.

"Since you've challenged me, come out and meet your death!" Lin Mu swept his sleeve, his aura locking onto Yao Kuohai.

Yao Kuohai's face went pale. He didn't dare make a rash move. Lin Wudi was the invincible powerhouse who had killed King Han Xiu; he was no match for him alone.

"If you won't come... then I will."

Lin Mu reached out his hand. An irresistible suction force emanated from him, and Liang Yousheng, unable to resist, was pulled into his grasp. It was an irresistible technique of a Grandmaster.

"No... you can't kill me! I'm an Elder of the Martial Alliance—"

CRACK!

Before Liang Yousheng could finish, Lin Mu's fingers squeezed, snapping his neck. He killed with a flick of his wrist, effortlessly and casually. The onlookers finally realized the kind of existence the man who killed King Han Xiu truly was.

Lin Mu casually tossed the corpse aside and spoke indifferently, "One down. One to go."

Because of Luo Li's poisoning, he had a fire of suppressed anger burning in his heart. The Martial Alliance's challenge had just stumbled right into the line of fire. Today, he would leave no survivors.

"With the Evil Fiendish Way, there's no need for any so-called chivalry!" Yao Kuohai's face contorted with fury as he screamed, losing his composure. "Everyone, attack together! Act on behalf of heaven and eliminate this vile villain!"

CLANG.

A blade rang out. The One-Armed Blade, Feng Biyuan, unexpectedly made the first move. His blade moved like a dragon, his aura like a cloud. The dragon soared through the clouds, tearing through the sky as the long blade crossed the distance in an instant, aimed straight for Lin Mu's neck.

RUMBLE.

Thunder exploded. Thunderbolt Sword Song Kai's Paired Swords transformed into streaks of lightning, shooting toward Lin Mu with lethal force. Everywhere they passed, the clouds dissipated, the wind howled, and the vegetation withered. There was even a faint, acrid smell of burning air.

"Thunderbolt Sword Song Kai and the One-Armed Blade, Feng Biyuan... their reputations are well-deserved. Both are Martial Arts Grandmasters!" The surrounding martial artists were stunned by the power of their attacks.

"I will kill him... Who... can... stop... me!"

Lin Mu swept his sleeve, and it was as if a celestial phenomenon was born within it. As the vision collided with the incoming attacks, the blade light shattered and the sword light was extinguished. The combined assault of two Martial Arts Grandmasters was broken with ease.

"The first of the twelve 'Slaying Gods and Demons and Punishing Immortals' styles!"

"Godslayer Finger!"

Lin Mu pointed. A terrifying power burst forth from his fingertip. A beam of incredibly concentrated light cut through the air, shooting straight at Yao Kuohai. Its speed was incredible, its might unparalleled. It was unstoppable.

Chapter 703: Battle of the Martial Alliance!

Someone had once witnessed Lin Mu's Godslayer Finger. That day, it had been like a towering pillar, obscuring the sun and seemingly unstoppable.

Today, this finger strike was as subtle as an antelope hanging by its horns—elusive and without a trace.

By the time people realized where the radiance was headed, it was already too late.

PFFT!

A finger penetrated Yao Kuohai's brow.

Yao Kuohai's body swayed, his face a mask of disbelief. To think he had actually died while under the protection of two Martial Arts Grandmasters. He died so effortlessly, with the serenity of a light breeze and drifting clouds.

In front of Lin Mu, he was as fragile as an ant.

"To so deftly break through my slash... it seems the rumors about Lin Wudi were greatly exaggerated. Very good!" Song Kai declared. With his saber in hand, a sharp light flashed in his eyes, his fighting spirit boiling over.

"I, Zhu Feng, have just stepped into the Grandmaster realm. I was seeking a worthy opponent to announce my return to the world, and you are qualified!" Around Zhu Feng, his Paired Swords danced, exuding a chilling murderous intent.

Instead of being dismayed by Yao Kuohai's death, the two were spurred into a greater fighting spirit.

Lin Mu, however, paid them no mind. He looked at Jiaolong and said indifferently, "Where are the other members of the Divine Machine Camp?"

Jiaolong's face was a mixture of embarrassment and reluctance. He looked as though he wanted to speak but couldn't.

"Speak!" Lin Mu's voice was icy, like a steel blade scraping against bone.

Jiaolong, as if being flayed alive, let out a stifled grunt as a trickle of blood seeped from the corner of his mouth. Yet, he remained silent.

"It seems you no longer regard me as your Teacher Lin." Lin Mu stood with his hands behind his back, his eyes filled with frost.

Kong Lin had rushed over a few days ago to give him a message: half of the Divine Machine Camp's soldiers had left without a word, vanishing without a trace and without consulting the Military Department. Even Jiaolong had tossed aside his phone, cutting off all contact with the outside world.

Kong Lin's intention was to ask Lin Mu to contact Jiaolong and find out what had happened. However, even Lin Mu couldn't reach him. That was why Lin Mu had agreed to come to Changbai Mountain; he knew Jiaolong would surely come to support him. Otherwise, Lin Mu would rather be enjoying a leisurely time with Luo Li than bother with these clowns from the Martial Alliance.

"Lin Wudi! Do you truly think you're invincible, turning your back on us? After being in seclusion for so long, have the young people of today become this arrogant?"

"Since that's the case, take another slash from me!"

Heavenly Saber Song Kai unwound the iron chains wrapped around his right arm, revealing a blackish-purple limb.

"Demon Slayer Slash!"

Song Kai's arm swelled instantly, ferocious and terrifying like a Black Jiao coiled around it. With a swing of his saber, a wave of malevolent black blade qi surged forth. Wherever the blade's light passed, trees, sand, and even rocks withered away.

"What a terrifying strike! Could Heavenly Saber Song Kai be on the verge of Reaching the Divine?"

The spectating crowd turned pale. They felt a legendary power in Song Kai's attack—the terrifying power of annihilation said to be possessed only by those above the Grandmaster level, those who had begun to Reach the Divine.

Even Zhu Feng showed a hint of wariness, never having expected Song Kai to be so strong. He has surpassed me. With that one strike, Song Kai has already taken half a step toward Reaching the Divine!

Hearing this, the Martial Alliance Elders all showed expressions of delight, while the surrounding crowd was filled with envy.

The Martial Way progressed through External Strength, Inner Strength, Grandmaster, and finally, Reaching the Divine. Ninety-nine percent of martial artists were stuck at the threshold between Inner Strength and Grandmaster. Those who managed to become a Grandmaster were few and far between, and every Martial Arts Grandmaster was a Proud Son of Heaven in their generation. As for the Divine Communion Realm, it was the stuff of martial myths, occupied by beings akin to immortals. For Heavenly Saber Song Kai to have taken half a step toward Reaching the Divine, how could they not be envious?

Alas for Lin Wudi, so renowned and esteemed, yet he's become nothing more than a whetstone for Song Kai.

"Noisy."

Sensing the blade qi approaching from behind, Lin Mu's brow twitched. With a flick of his hand...

BANG!

The blade energy shattered with a casual strike from Lin Mu. Immediately after, his strike transformed into a huge handprint that charged toward Heavenly Saber Song Kai.

"No!"

The giant handprint descended. It was like the furious glare of King Kong, powerful enough to collapse heaven and earth. Before it even made contact, Song Kai's saber-wielding arm began to tremble violently.

CRACK!

Song Kai's clothes burst open, and his chest caved in abruptly.

BOOM!

Internal Energy surged through his body, pulverizing the mountain rock behind him and leaving behind a deep palm impression. Song Kai's seemingly invincible momentum slowly dissipated as he collapsed.

With a single, casual strike, a warrior who was half a step from Reaching the Divine lay dead.

An absolute silence fell. Over the vast expanse of Heavenly Lake, no one dared to make a sound. Everyone watched, dumbstruck, wondering if they were dreaming.

The one who was half a step toward Reaching the Divine, destined to make history, even to replace Han Xiu as the King of Men—Heavenly Saber Song Kai—was dead?

The spectating martial artists were stunned. The Martial Alliance Elders shivered uncontrollably, as if facing an unfathomable terror. The male and female Paired Swords whirling by Zhu Feng's side froze for a moment, nearly falling to the ground.

"Speak. Where did the other Divine Machine Camp soldiers go?" Lin Mu asked without even turning back after casually swatting Song Kai down.

With a heavy thud, Jiaolong fell to his knees. Still, he remained silent.

"If he won't talk, you will." Lin Mu turned his gaze toward the other soldiers from the Divine Machine Camp.

BOOM!

All of them knelt down, but not a single one spoke. The loyalty of the Divine Machine Camp made Lin Mu sigh internally. By now, he had already vaguely understood the truth behind their disappearance.

He looked at Jiaolong and asked, "Did a formidable enemy appear? Did you think I was no match for them, so you went to intercept them on my behalf?"

Jiaolong hung his head, not saying a word. Before, he didn't want to speak. Now, he dared not. If he were to affirm Lin Mu's words, he feared Lin Mu would beat him to death on the spot.

Lin Mu smiled. "It's not your fault; it's mine. I failed to show you my true strength, which led to your concerns."

"Teacher Lin, we would never doubt your strength..." Jiaolong hurried to explain.

Lin Mu did not let him finish, instead turning to face the members of the Martial Alliance. A single, indifferent glance made them all fall silent like cicadas in winter; some even retreated a few steps involuntarily. No one dared to meet Lin Mu's eyes.

He killed Liang Yousheng with a flick of his fingers, struck down Yao Kuohai with overwhelming force, and slew Song Kai with a single slap. Since arriving at Changbai Mountain, Lin Mu had only killed three people, but those three deaths had shattered the courage of everyone in the Martial Alliance.

Even Zhu Feng was afraid. A warrior half a step from Reaching the Divine was no match for Lin Wudi in a single exchange, let alone him.

What kind of monster has that bastard Yao Kuohai provoked for the Martial Alliance?

This was especially true for the Martial Alliance Elders who had once been inclined toward Lin Mu, wishing to recruit him. Now, they were regretting their decision so much they could spit blood. If only we had been more forceful that day, if only we had insisted a little longer, then...

"I didn't want to kill any more people, but to make the Divine Machine Camp understand my strength, I'm afraid I'll have to trouble the members of the Martial Alliance to serve as targets," Lin Mu said indifferently.

Targets? The Martial Alliance Elders were initially stunned, but then the more astute among them realized what he meant.

"Run!" one Elder shouted, turning to flee.

He was fast, but Thunderbolt Sword Zhu Feng was faster. He shot away on his Flying Sword like a true Sword Immortal... a Sword Immortal using his power to flee.

"The Third of the Twelve Forms of Slaying Gods and Demons and Punishing Immortals!"

"Deicide Palm!"

Lin Mu unleashed his palm strike.

Above, the very air seemed to burn, blossoming like fiery clouds. An ethereal palm impression emerged in the sky as the wind and thunder shifted and the air currents surged violently. The waters of Heavenly Lake began to boil.

In the center of the palm, two ancient seal characters shone brilliantly.

"Godslaying!"

BOOM!

A massive palm impression, like a court of heaven falling from the sky, smashed down toward everyone from the Martial Alliance.

"No..." an Elder screamed in despair. Before the palm even arrived, the sheer pressure of its energy caused his body to crack inch by inch, turning him into pulp.

More Elders attempted a desperate final struggle.

Saber.

Sword.

Fist.

Palm.

All sorts of weapons and cultivation techniques bloomed at once, a dazzling and chaotic display.

The Martial Alliance... it truly lived up to its name. Any one of the martial techniques used by these Elders could have been passed down for a hundred years as a peerless art in the outside world.

Chapter 704: The Madman Appears, Thunder God Emerges!

"As expected of the Martial Alliance!"

The onlooking martial artists all revealed looks of envy. The martial tomes they might fight their whole lives and never obtain seemed to be commonplace within the Martial Alliance.

Their sighs had barely formed before they were replaced by silence. Because Lin Mu's Deicide Palm had already descended.

Under Deicide, all else was illusion.

Under the Deicide Palm, the dazzling array of martial techniques vanished like smoke, shattering one after another.

Wails.

Screams.

Struggles.

Despair.

Indignation.

After the palm imprint fell, all of it turned to nothingness.

Beside Changbai Mountain's Heavenly Lake, only a giant palm imprint remained. All the Martial Alliance Elders within it had met a tragic end. Even Zhu Feng couldn't struggle for another moment.

In the face of Lin Mu's absolute divine might, cultivators of External Strength, Inner Strength, and even Grandmasters were all nothing but ants.

In the cold, biting wind of Changbai Mountain's Heavenly Lake, only Lin Mu's voice echoed.

"Now, do you understand your mistake?"

His robes billowed, his figure as imposing as a mountain. At this moment, Lin Mu truly was Lin Wudi, unrivaled in all the world!

Jiaolong's complexion was deathly pale as he prostrated on the ground.

"Teacher Lin, I understand my mistake."

"Teacher Lin, we understand our mistake."

Only now did the soldiers of the Divine Machine Camp truly realize just how formidable Lin Mu was. The enemies they considered unbeatable were, in Lin Mu's eyes, nothing more than bugs to be squashed at will.

"Take me there. You'd better pray that your brothers from the Divine Machine Camp are unharmed. Or else!" Lin Mu let out a cold snort.

A bitter expression crossed Jiaolong's face. He had truly been worrying for nothing. If something had happened to his brothers from the Divine Machine Camp, not only would Lin Mu refuse to spare him, but Jiaolong would never forgive himself either.

"Teacher Lin, the Military Department can arrange for a helicopter!" A muscular man in camouflage strode over and respectfully saluted Lin Mu.

"A helicopter?" Lin Mu's lips curved into a smile. "Too slow."

Before the officer could comprehend what was happening, he saw Lin Mu grab Jiaolong by the neck.

BOOM!

The rock beneath Lin Mu's feet shattered, leaving a deep footprint. A fierce gust of wind slammed into the officer, making him stagger as if he had taken a heavy blow to the chest.

Just the shockwave is this powerful. Teacher Lin truly is Lin Wudi.

Despite the sharp pain in his chest, the admiration in the officer's eyes grew even more intense. In the military, the strong were revered. Was there any soldier in the world stronger than Lin Mu?

No!

"Poor Jiaolong."

"Teacher Lin is really angry this time."

"Let's have a moment of silence for Jiaolong. Who knows if he'll survive the trip."

With Lin Mu gone, the Divine Machine Camp soldiers relaxed, starting to joke and laugh. In the past, during their rigorous training under Lin Mu, some of them had been 'fortunate' enough to experience the terror of being carried by him on the move. Being carried by a Lin Mu who had yet to unleash his full power was a lesson they would never forget for the rest of their lives.

This time, Jiaolong's experience would only be worse.

「Changbai Mountain.」

On a mountain ridge hundreds of miles away, nearly a hundred soldiers of the Divine Machine Camp stood in silence, encircling a single person. This individual was clad in white, his hands behind his back, gazing up at the sky as if waiting for something.

"You have broken the rules," the man in white said casually.

He looked extremely young, like a boy from next door, but his eyes were filled with ancient vicissitudes, making his entire presence seem jarringly out of place. His tone was flat, yet it sent a chill down the spines of all the Divine Machine Camp soldiers, as if they were being watched by an Ancient Fierce Beast.

"Master Ye is an unrivaled expert. Surely, you wouldn't take advantage of the situation to ambush our Teacher Lin?" one of the Divine Machine Camp soldiers spoke up. "We don't dare to obstruct you, Master Ye. We only ask that you wait for a moment. Once Teacher Lin deals with those scumbags, he will come to meet you."

Before them, this white-robed individual who looked to be only seventeen or eighteen was, in fact, the long-famous Martial Alliance Leader, Ye Kuangren.

Returning to simplicity, reverting to one's youth. Ye Kuangren had already stepped into the Divine Communion Realm.

"How sad. What a pity!" Ye Kuangren said indifferently.

The Divine Machine Camp soldiers glared at him, and one shouted, "Ye Kuangren, what do you mean by that? Do you really think we're afraid of you?"

Ye Kuangren was not angered. "Whether you are afraid or not is your own business. I am merely lamenting for Lin Wudi and feeling sorrow for you."

A soldier retorted, "Ye Kuangren, if you want to kill us, then do it! Why bother with all this nonsense? If you want to gang up on Teacher Lin, you'll have to step over our dead bodies!"

"It's only death!"

The soldiers of the Divine Machine Camp bristled with fighting spirit, fearless even though they knew they were outmatched.

Ye Kuangren's tone remained indifferent. "As disciples of Lin Wudi, you fail to comprehend the state of mind of an unrivaled powerhouse like him. Do you think Lin Wudi would fear being surrounded? Do you think that I, Ye Kuangren, would join hands with others to attack someone?"

His eyes flashed with an extraordinary light, his expression filled with pride.

"In this vast world, who is worthy of joining hands with me, Ye Kuangren! To kill Lin Wudi, I alone am enough! The unrivaled state of the Divine Communion Realm is not something you ants can even hope to glimpse. How tragic that you are so self-righteous, completely unaware of your mistake. And what a pity for Lin Wudi. Dragged down by you, his momentum was weakened. He had a chance to fight me, but you ruined it."

This was a clash of auras between masters of the Martial Way, something the Divine Machine Camp soldiers, with their lower cultivation, could not understand. Their interception of Ye Kuangren had inadvertently diminished Lin Mu's invincible aura.

Therefore, Ye Kuangren neither left nor killed anyone.

He was waiting.

The longer he waited, the more Lin Mu's aura of invincibility would be eroded. When Lin Mu arrived and found that not a single soldier of the Divine Machine Camp was dead, he would inevitably feel a trace of goodwill toward Ye Kuangren.

In a battle between unrivaled powerhouses, that small trace of goodwill would be a fatal flaw.

"Ye Kuangren. Interesting!"

A figure slowly descended, carrying no aura, not stained by a single speck of dust.

It was Lin Mu.

He casually tossed the half-dead Jiaolong aside and faced the Martial Alliance Leader, Ye Kuangren. Jiaolong could not even stand; he barely managed to crawl a few meters away to get clear of the battlefield. He retched, his face drained of color as he vomited. He would rather fight Yao Kuohai, or even Heavenly Saber Song Kai, than be dragged by the neck by Lin Mu ever again.

"So young. Such a shame," Ye Kuangren said, assessing Lin Mu.

"The Martial Alliance Leader? You're not as impressive as they say," Lin Mu replied, sizing him up as well.

"Let's fight." Ye Kuangren's eyes surged with battle intent, his aura stirring.

Just as the two were about to make their move, thunder roiled across the heavens and dark clouds gathered. A figure arrived, riding the lightning. He was like a figure from Greek mythology—Zeus, the Lord of All Deities.

"The Thunder God!" Ye Kuangren recognized the newcomer as the Western European Thor.

"Haha, Ye Kuangren! So, after our battle twenty years ago, you also reached the Divine Communion. Congratulations," the Thunder God said, riding a thunderbolt to land beside them.

Ye Kuangren ignored the Thunder God's taunt, saying coldly, "Why have you come to the East instead of cowering in the West like a turtle in its shell?"

The Thunder God's golden hair fluttered, with flickers of lightning weaving between the strands. "To kill someone!"

He flicked his finger, and a bolt of lightning shot toward Lin Mu.

"He's mine!" Ye Kuangren broke the Thunder God's lightning with a casual strike.

The two of them seemed to regard Lin Mu as nothing but fish on a chopping block.

"No need to argue. Both of you, come at me together," Lin Mu said with considerable impatience. It was just a matter of killing someone. What was all the nonsense for?

"Lin Wudi!" Ye Kuangren's eyes seemed to split with rage. "You dare to humiliate me!"

"To name yourself 'Unrivaled,' truly arrogant," the Thunder God also erupted in a thunderous rage.

BOOM!

Lin Mu lashed out with a palm, attacking both men simultaneously.

Chapter 705: The Rod of Zeus? That's All?

"To defy the might of the Thunder God is to court death!"

The Thunder God considered himself a divine being. He already felt the sting of shame from when Lin Mu had destroyed his divine avatar. Now that Lin Mu dared to attack his true form, the Thunder God felt utterly scorned.

"You ant! Do you think that by destroying one of my avatars, you can confront the majesty of a god? Today, I will show you what a true god is!" the Thunder God's voice boomed, haughty and ice-cold.

As he spoke, thunderbolts turned dark as they entwined around his body. The ground disintegrated where the lightning struck, sending rubble flying in all directions. In his eyes, lightning converged and

flashed. Devoid of any human emotion, he was indifferent and merciless, a deity gazing down upon all living things.

BOOM!

A ball of lightning shot forth to meet Lin Mu's fist. The very air was pierced through, emitting a deafening roar. This terrifying power was far beyond anything the possessed King Jiasuo could have produced. A True God had descended, and his power was dreadful.

"Break!"

Lin Mu just smiled faintly. With a casual strike, he tore the ball of lightning in two.

At the same time, Ye Kuangren's attack arrived. His target was not Lin Mu, but the Thunder God. His arrogant nature disdained joining forces with anyone. If the Thunder God wanted to steal his prey, he would kill the Thunder God first, then deal with Lin Mu.

"Ye Kuangren, have you lost your mind?" the Thunder God roared in fury.

"Step aside, and I might spare you," Ye Kuangren said proudly.

"Kill me? You're welcome to try!"

Enraged, the Thunder God abandoned his attack on Lin Mu and turned his full force on Ye Kuangren.

The Thunder God's thunderbolts carried a vast and boundless divine authority! Ye Kuangren's aura was just as dominating, with white radiance shooting in all directions! The cultivation technique he practiced was formidable; each strike emitted a white light that shattered everything it touched, from mountains to thunderbolts. Worthy of the Martial Alliance Leader, his destructive power was no less than the Thunder God's!

"Interesting. You two still have the heart to be at each other's throats!"

Lin Mu found the situation laughable, but he didn't want to delay any longer. He unleashed a move from the Twelve Forms of Godslaying, Demon Slaying, and Immortal Execution—the Deicide Fist!

BOOM!

A terrifying power, capable of destroying heaven and earth, erupted from Lin Mu's fist. This force was ancient and desolate, filled with a chilling intent to kill. It was suffused with an Aura of Death, as if it had once truly slain gods.

Ye Kuangren was fine, but the Thunder God suddenly felt an unprecedented sense of crisis, as if the twilight of the gods had arrived and all deities were doomed to fall.

"An ant dares to attempt godslaying? Perish!"

The Thunder God took a deep breath. A dark glow swirled around his body as a throne constructed from black thunderbolts slowly took shape behind him. With the Thunder God seated upon his throne, his divine authority surged, and the power of his thunderbolts grew even more terrifying.

Ye Kuangren's pupils contracted, and he ceased his attack.

BOOM! BOOM! BOOM!

The Deicide Fist collided with the Thunder God's throne. The ancient script on the phantom image of the fist flickered rapidly, as if absorbing some profound and mysterious energy.

CRACK.

A fissure appeared on the throne. The Thunder God's expression changed drastically.

"A mere insect dares to destroy my throne? Die, wretch!"

Black lightning seemed to flash from the Thunder God's eyes. From the swirling thunderbolt between his brows, a Scepter of Authority suddenly shot forth.

Glorious! King of All Gods!

Majestic! Deity of All Deities!

The moment the scepter appeared, the air seemed to resound with the hymns of angels. Oppressive might, terror, and divine authority—all these incredible forces manifested from the divine weapon.

Changbai Mountain fell utterly silent. Hundreds of miles of mountain ranges seemed to be enveloped in divine might. All living creatures were subjugated, daring neither to move nor to make a sound.

"The Rod of Zeus! It's the Thunder God! He actually came!"

"Did Lin Wudi leave in such a hurry to intercept the Thunder God?"

"How terrifying! After eradicating the Martial Alliance, Lin Wudi has now provoked the Western Deity Race. Does he truly intend to make an enemy of the entire world?"

"Quickly! A divine battle like this is a once-in-a-century event! We have to go watch!"

When Lin Mu had departed with the Jiaolong, the Martial Way experts around Heavenly Lake had followed. But Lin Mu's speed was far too great for them to keep up. Before they could even get close, the great battle had already begun. This time, Lin Wudi's opponent was the Western European Thor. To their even greater terror, the Thunder God had brought out the Rod of Zeus, a treasure of the Western Deity Race.

In the West, the Rod of Zeus was hailed as a miracle, the equivalent of a Magic Artifact or Immortal Artifact in the East. Wielding the Rod of Zeus, the Thunder God could rival true deities, surpassing even those at the stage of Reaching the Divine.

It was a battle of gods. A true battle of gods.

"A god? A Divine Artifact?" Lin Mu burst out laughing. "It's merely the Magic Artifact of some minor Foundation Establishment cultivator, yet you present it with such grandeur. How ridiculous. Very well, I shall let you witness the majesty of a true deity."

"Thunder Mountain!" Lin Mu called out lightly.

Behind him, a giant figure over twenty feet tall slowly materialized, coalescing from thunder and wrapped in lightning. The lightning energy surrounding the Thunder God began to flow uncontrollably toward the immense figure behind Lin Mu.

"The Eastern Thunder God!"

When he had possessed Kaso, the Thunder God had once faced Thunder Mountain of the Eight Thunder Gods. At that time, the mere appearance of one of the Eight Thunder Gods had forced him to abandon Kaso's body and flee as a beam of black light. In the end, not even his remnant soul had escaped.

Now, facing one of the Eight Thunder Gods again, the Thunder God realized just how terrifying this Eastern Thunder God truly was. This was a power countless levels above his own. With this being's appearance, he completely lost control over all lightning. If not for the protection of the Rod of Zeus, he would have been incinerated by his own power.

Terrifying! Dreadful!

Watching this scene, Ye Kuangren felt a sense of apprehension for the first time. This Lin Wudi has not only Reached the Divine through the Martial Way, but he is also adept at Dao Arts for the Invocation of the Gods, having summoned one of the Eight Thunder Gods to possess him.

Daoist tradition had long included the art of inviting gods to possess one's body. The lesser form, known as "divine descents," was often used by charlatans to deceive the ignorant masses. The higher form, however, was a secret of the Daoist sects, capable of summoning a True God to inhabit a body, granting astounding power.

"I am the Lord of All Deities, the Deity of All Deities! Eastern Thunder God, kneel before me!" the Thunder God thundered, wielding the Rod of Zeus. The shockwaves from his voice destroyed countless trees and forests, and the ground looked as if it had been plowed by bombers.

BOOM!

Thunder Mountain knelt.

But he knelt not to the Rod of Zeus, but to Lin Mu.

"Greetings, Emperor Zun!" Thunder Mountain knelt on one knee, paying his respects.

Ye Kuangren's pupils contracted violently. A god is kneeling! Who on earth is this Lin Mu, to make a god kneel! What has he possibly done to deserve such reverence!

It was true that Dao Arts could be used for the Invocation of the Gods. However, the invoker was typically humble and reverent, serving the deity with body and soul to borrow their power. This was why few God-Communicating Martial Artists used this art; it would shatter their invincible will.

But now, the god who had been summoned was kneeling to Lin Mu!

"Kill him!" Lin Mu ordered, pointing forward.

"I obey the Emperor's command!" Thunder Mountain's voice boomed like clashing metal and cracking thunder.

BOOM!

Thunder Mountain's form blurred as he charged at the Thunder God, who frantically wielded the Rod of Zeus, using the Divine Artifact's power to resist the hierarchical pressure from a true god. As they were both masters of lightning, the moment he faced a being of a higher order like Thunder Mountain of the

Eight Thunder Gods, he completely lost his own command over the element. The Rod of Zeus was his only hope.

RUMBLE! RUMBLE! RUMBLE!

Thunder Mountain crashed into the black shield generated by the Rod of Zeus. The shield trembled violently, rippling like water but not breaking. Thunder Mountain's body, composed entirely of lightning, spread its arms and locked onto the shield. The collision between the lightning body and the shield produced a deafening thunderous roar.

"Interesting. A mere mortal, able to draw upon the power of a deity. But that is all."

Suddenly, a mocking voice echoed from the sky.

Chapter 706: The Difference Between Immortals and Mortals!

The voice came so abruptly it startled both Ye Kuangren and the Thunder God. They were among the world's most powerful experts, yet someone had managed to approach them without a sound. Was this person friend or foe?

"Seal!"

Before the person even appeared, a voice spat out the single word. As it echoed, a Golden Talisman shot from the sky, slapping onto the body formed by the combined thunderbolts of the Thunder Mountain of the Eight Thunder Gods.

ROAR!

Thunder Mountain tilted its head to the sky and let out an agonized roar, as if suffering immense pain.

"You insignificant Thunder God, how dare you descend to the Human Realm at will? Today, I will destroy this incarnation of yours and show you the true power of the Human Realm."

The voice continued, spitting out another word.

"Destroy!"

Another Golden Talisman shot forth.

"I didn't expect the Human Realm to still have a lineage of Dao Arts. Quite interesting." Lin Mu suddenly offered a slight smile and flicked his finger.

A sharp burst of Internal Energy flared from his fingertip, transforming into a streak of light that shot toward the Golden Talisman. The two collided, and the talisman shattered as the Internal Energy dissipated.

At the same time, Lin Mu let out a soft cry, his left hand forming a sigil as he pointed at Thunder Mountain. The blue lightning surrounding Thunder Mountain's body was suddenly tinged with white, growing increasingly dazzling. The talisman stuck to its body was scorched by the white electricity, turning to ash.

The person in the distance let out a surprised cry. Then, the clouds rolled back, the wind howled, and the sky filled with flames as a figure floated down as if from the heavens.

This person wore a green robe and rode upon a cloud of fire. He carried himself with the air of an immortal, his face a mask of haughty pride. He looked at Lin Mu, Ye Kuangren, and the Thunder God as one would gaze down upon all living beings, as if examining ants. His expression was one of pure amusement.

"Celestial Northern Dipper Pavilion!" Ye Kuangren's expression shifted slightly as he recognized the insignia on the man's robes.

The Celestial Northern Dipper Pavilion was an Ancient Land Sect that hardly ever involved itself in worldly affairs. Even the representatives from the Ancient Land Sects who walked the earth only possessed cultivation levels at the Reaching the Divine realm. Yet, Ye Kuangren could not see through the youth before him.

"To break two of my talismans, you must be Lin Wudi, the one who killed that trash Han Xiu."

A so-called King of Men was nothing but trash to him. This alone revealed the arrogance of someone from the Celestial Northern Dipper Pavilion.

"I am. Are you here for revenge?" Lin Mu asked calmly, his interest piqued as he observed the man. From him, Lin Mu sensed the faint aura of a Cultivator. The talismans used earlier were indeed a method only a Cultivator could employ.

So, Cultivators still exist in the Human Realm. How interesting.

"Hand over my Cauldron, and I will grant you a quick death," the youth said. He didn't even deign to look at Lin Mu, his tone lofty as if bestowing a great favor.

"Cauldron?" Lin Mu's expression tightened. "It was you who poisoned Luo Li with the Seven-Star Darkening Scatter!"

On the day he had destroyed the Han Family and killed Han Xiu, Lin Mu had been puzzled. Although Han Xiu was known as the King of Men, the techniques he used were the martial skills of the Human Realm's Martial Artists; he knew nothing of Cultivation. How could such a person have possessed the ability to use the Seven-Star Darkening Scatter to secretly harm Luo Li?

Now he finally understood. The youth before him was the true culprit. Lin Mu's robes began to flutter, though there was no wind. His calm composure vanished, replaced by a surging, murderous aura.

"You deserve to die," Lin Mu stated, his gaze icy.

The youth chuckled scornfully, his eyes full of amusement. "You wish to kill me? You're nothing but a wretched mortal, scrabbling for a pathetic existence in the secular world. A frog in a well, daring to harbor malevolent thoughts toward me."

"Go on, take your shot. Don't say I didn't give you a chance. If you can so much as touch a single hair on my head, I won't be stingy..."

SMACK!

Before the youth could finish speaking, Lin Mu's figure vanished, reappearing at his side in the next instant. He swung his arm, and his palm connected with a resounding crack. Unable to dodge, the youth took the blow squarely. He spun like a top for seven or eight rotations before stumbling to a halt, his face already turning a mottled shade of purple and blue.

"You... dare... harm... my... FACE!" the young man ground out, his expression turning hard as iron, his voice as cold as ice. Having come from the Ancient Land, he had always considered himself superior and untouchable. All beings of the secular world were beneath his notice. To be injured by an insignificant ant now... was an absolute, shameful disgrace.

"A satisfying sound. You really are thick-skinned," Lin Mu remarked, standing with his hands clasped behind his back as if nothing had happened.

"Good! Good! Good!" the young man snarled, his eyes practically splitting with rage. "You want to die now? Fine! I'll grant your wish!"

"First Seal, release!"

As the young man spoke the command, his body suddenly erupted with a terrifying aura. Golden rings of light flickered around his body.

CRACK!

The final ring shattered, and his aura surged once more, making him seem like an Ancient Fierce Beast descending upon the world. His power overshadowed the Thunder God, surpassed Ye Kuangren, and completely crushed the presence of the Thunder Mountain of the Eight Thunder Gods. The very air for hundreds of meters around them seemed to scorch.

The soldiers of the Divine Machine Camp had no choice but to retreat further.

"We're too weak! We can't help Teacher Lin at all," one of them said.

"Train!" another roared. "When we get back, we train until we drop! Better to die training! If we survive, maybe then we can actually help Teacher Lin!"

"Someone contact the Commander-in-Chief! The Celestial Northern Dipper Pavilion is ignoring the rules and attacking our military's Chief Instructor! Send reinforcements immediately! Even if we have to use a nuke, we have to kill this bastard!"

"That's right! Use a nuke! Kill the son of a bitch!"

The men of the Divine Machine Camp roared, not caring in the slightest about escalating the situation. Without a second thought, Jiaolong snatched the satellite phone from a communications soldier's back and contacted Commander-in-Chief Xiao Xuan.

If the Celestial Northern Dipper Pavilion dared to break the rules, then they shouldn't blame the military for getting rough. The Ancient Land was to keep to the Ancient Land, and the secular world to the secular world. If that rule was broken, it would no longer be a simple matter of Lin Mu's life or death. It would be a crisis concerning the lives of everyone in the Human Realm. Without rules, given the disposition of the Ancient Land, they would surely enslave ordinary people and work them like cattle.

The young man thought he was avenging Han Xiu, but he didn't realize that Lin Wudi had another identity: Chief Instructor of Shenji Camp, under the command of the Military Department. The youth had crossed the line.

"Mortal! Today, I will make you understand the gulf between mortal and Immortal!" With his seal released, even if only a thousandth of his power had returned, the youth felt invigorated, as if he could command heaven and earth.

"Immortal? Mortal?" Lin Mu chuckled. "You're just a minor Cultivator in the Foundation Establishment Stage. Who gave you the audacity to call yourself an Immortal?"

At these words, the youth's expression changed in shock. "You know about Foundation Establishment? Have you met other Cultivators?" A trace of his arrogance actually receded.

"There's no point in talking," Lin Mu said indifferently. "Let's begin. Luo Li is waiting for me to make her egg noodles. I have to be back before she wakes up."

"Egg noodles? Wakes up?" The youth's face twisted in disbelief. "Mortal! Are you mocking me?"

Lin Mu shook his head and cut him off. "You talk too much."

Before his words faded, Lin Mu had already transformed into a streak of light, shooting toward the youth.

"Zhenyuan!" the youth yelled, scattering a handful of talismans. Golden light flashed as the talismans formed a cage that swooped toward Lin Mu.

"Hahaha! You crude Martial Artist! You think that just because you've learned a few rudimentary tricks and reached the so-called 'Reaching the Divine' realm, you can flaunt your power before an Immortal? Let's see how you struggle under my Zhenyuan Talismans!" The youth was practically bursting with pride.

Killing intent surged in Ye Kuangren's eyes. As the Martial Alliance Leader, he knew all too well how formidable the Zhenyuan Talisman was. Zhenyuan meant to suppress a Martial Artist's True Qi and True Yuan. Under the effects of a Zhenyuan Talisman, a Martial Artist could not use their Inner Strength, True Qi, or True Yuan, rendering them no different from an ordinary person. For millennia, the Zhenyuan Talisman was a key reason why the Ancient Land Sects could stand so high above the rest of the world.

Lin Wudi is finished!

Chapter 707: The Trio Alliance!

The Great Thousand Worlds are truly full of wonders.

Even though Lin Mu had once been Emperor Zun, he could not possibly be all-knowing and all-powerful.

This was the first time he had ever seen a Zhenyuan Talisman, one specifically designed to be used against Martial Artists.

Sensing the talisman's mystique, Lin Mu ceased his attack, standing quietly within the cage it had formed. While Lin Mu was comprehending the Zhenyuan Talisman, the young man thought he had already been trapped by it.

"I thought that by killing Han Xiu, you might offer me a surprise. I didn't expect you to be a mere mortal martial artist after all," the youth sneered. "How boring. In that case, just die."

With a wave of his hand, a Sword Talisman transformed into a streak of light, shooting toward Lin Mu within the Zhenyuan Talisman's Great Array.

"So that's how it is," Lin Mu mused. "Crude, but not without some merit."

In the time it took to speak that single sentence, Lin Mu had already deciphered the mysteries of the Zhenyuan Talisman.

"Block!"

Lin Mu flicked his fingers in rapid succession, tapping against the talismans that formed the Great Array.

CLANG!

A clear chime rang out.

The Sword Talisman the youth had launched was unexpectedly blocked by the Zhenyuan Talisman's Great Array, returning to him having accomplished nothing. The Sword Talisman buzzed and hummed as it flew back to the youth's side like a petulant child that had been wronged.

"Impossible! How could my clan's Zhenyuan Talisman Array block my own Sword Talisman?" the youth exclaimed, a look of genuine surprise appearing on his haughty face for the first time.

Ye Kuangren and the Thunder God also wore puzzled expressions. Both were powerful experts of the Martial Way and had been intimidated by the Zhenyuan Talisman on more than one occasion. Yet now, Lin Mu was somehow able to alter its very rules. This was simply inconceivable.

"A trivial art of talismans, nothing more," Lin Mu remarked.

With a point of his finger, the Zhenyuan Talisman flashed with light. It abruptly detached from the space around Lin Mu and shot toward the youth, enveloping him instead. As control of the talismans was wrested from him, the young man's face turned pale.

"Audacious!" he roared, a white light flaring at his waist. A legion of Sword Talismans swarmed out like a hive of hornets. The deafening buzz of the blades filled the air. Heaven and earth themselves seemed to wail and howl. The Sword Qi was like a rainbow, the light from the blades was like blood, shearing through the sky.

Ye Kuangren's expression changed slightly. A God-Communicating Martial Artist possesses formidable offensive power, and in single combat, their strength is not inferior to that of a Cultivator. But Cultivators can use talismans, allowing one to fight a hundred. It's no wonder they look down on Martial Artists. I could break these Sword Talismans from the Celestial Northern Dipper Pavilion, but not easily.

The Thunder God's gaze flickered, lightning roiling in his eyes as he silently contemplated his options.

Dozens of Sword Talismans coalesced into a dazzling dragon and collided with the Zhenyuan Talisman. The impact was completely silent. There was no sound of a crash. The swarm of Sword Talismans seemed to have been swallowed whole by the array.

This Lin Wudi... there's something strange about him. The youth's elegant figure drifted back. For the first time since his appearance, he retreated. The inconceivable scene sent a tremor through his spirit.

He watched as the Zhenyuan Talisman turned against him, its counterattack about to descend upon his own body. The youth didn't dare to take the risk. He bit the tip of his tongue, spitting out a mouthful of essence blood.

"Saber!"

The blood, rich with Spiritual Energy, gathered in the air, forming a complex and ancient character.

ZING!

The sharp ring of a blade echoed as a ray of golden light shot from the youth's waist. It was a small golden dagger. The moment the dagger appeared, space itself trembled, and the area around it seemed to visibly collapse. The blade was jet-black, seemingly wreathed in countless resentful spirits. The dagger's aura was bone-chilling, as if it could sunder heaven and earth.

"Break!"

The youth formed a spell with his hands. The golden dagger vibrated, striking the Zhenyuan Talisman Array with the Power of Death. A Martial Artist's strike shatters the earth. An Immortal's blade is silent and traceless. Its power was perfectly contained, with not the slightest bit leaking out. In terms of power control, Cultivators were far superior to Martial Artists.

The golden dagger collided with the talisman array. The first talisman dimmed and decayed into darkness. The second talisman trembled and shattered into dust. The third talisman disintegrated. Before the golden dagger, a true Magic Artifact, the talismans were utterly helpless.

"Zeus's Divine Might!"

Just then, the Thunder God, who had been observing the battle in silence, suddenly bellowed. The Rod of Zeus radiated a brilliant white light, becoming a towering jade pillar that spanned the heavens. Atop the massive column of white Thunderbolt, the faint images of gods from Western European mythology appeared. Some deities played the harp, some sang with booming voices, and angels danced gracefully. Those who heard it grew dizzy, and those who saw it were utterly mesmerized. Even the soldiers of the Divine Machine Camp, miles away, showed dazed expressions upon seeing the spectacle atop the pillar of light.

BOOM!

The pillar of white Thunderbolt, carrying a supreme divine might, smashed down toward Lin Mu. The Western European Thor, who styled himself a god, took advantage of the situation to launch a despicable sneak attack. He thought that Lin Mu, tied up with the Cultivator from the Celestial Northern Dipper Pavilion, would be too preoccupied to defend himself. He believed the might of his Divine Artifact was enough to kill Lin Wudi.

"Shameless!" Ye Kuangren cursed loudly. Yet, he simultaneously launched a devastating punch, powerful enough to shatter mountains and rivers, aimed right at Lin Mu's head.

Before the youth from the Celestial Northern Dipper Pavilion had appeared, Ye Kuangren, full of pride in his status, would have disdained joining forces with anyone. But seeing Lin Mu single-handedly break the Zhenyuan Talisman and neutralize the Sword Talismans with a mere flick of his finger made Ye Kuangren realize that Lin Wudi was an even more terrifying existence than the youth. This man had to die. Even if it meant teaming up, he had to be killed.

"Hahaha..." Lin Mu laughed heartily. "First of the Twelve Styles of Slaying Gods, Demons, and Immortals! Godslayer Finger!"

Lin Mu pointed a single finger, striking the divine pillar of Thunderbolt formed by the Rod of Zeus.

CRACK!

In that instant, the pillar of light, a representation of supreme divine might, emitted a sharp cracking sound as fissures spread across its surface. A moment later, it exploded.

But it wasn't over. After shattering the Thunderbolt column, the Godslayer Finger continued onward with terrifying power, striking the Rod of Zeus itself.

"A mere half-finished Magic Artifact. Shatter for me!"

With Lin Mu's sharp cry, the Rod of Zeus disintegrated before the Thunder God's utterly horrified eyes.

RUMBLE!

The destruction of the Divine Artifact created a terrifying shockwave that sent the Thunder God, who was closest, flying. His body was torn apart. Bright red blood had only just begun to flow before it was instantly vaporized by the searing Thunderbolt.

"You call yourself a god, yet you still bleed red blood. How laughable," Lin Mu said coldly. "Thunder Mountain, kill him."

With a final glance, he paid the Thunder God no more mind, turning to throw a punch that met Ye Kuangren's attack head-on. It was like a storm tearing through dead wood. Only now, facing Lin Mu directly, did Ye Kuangren finally comprehend just how powerful Lin Wudi truly was.

Bones broke and his arm shattered. With just one strike, Ye Kuangren—the Martial Alliance Leader who had emerged from his seclusion to avenge his junior brother—was left with a severed arm. The power of the Deicide Fist, holding no flair or flourish, struck him squarely in the chest. Ye Kuangren's Protective Body Technique, which he had refined for nearly a century, was shattered in an instant. His chest caved in, and half his body was nearly pulverized by that single punch.

"Whatever your reasons, you did not kill the men of the Divine Machine Camp earlier. For that, I will spare your life today. Do not squander it."

Having landed the blow, Lin Mu did not press the attack. Instead, he turned and rushed toward the man from the Celestial Northern Dipper Pavilion.

Ye Kuangren's face flushed crimson with humiliation, so much so that he nearly took his own life. He had been so arrogant, so self-important, viewing Lin Wudi as nothing. But when they truly fought, he was defeated by a single, casual blow. His grand ambitions of dominance turned to dust, his peerless Martial Way all for naught.

"Hahaha... So it turns out I was the pathetic, laughable one all along!" Ye Kuangren laughed madly as he stumbled back and vanished without a trace.

"A nice little toy. Let me play with it," Lin Mu said, extending his hand.

The golden dagger, which moments ago had been peerless in its power, shattering the talismans, now landed gently in his hand.

The expression on the youth from the Celestial Northern Dipper Pavilion changed drastically. He finally realized the man before him was no ordinary mortal warrior. Ye Kuangren, at the peak of the mortal Martial Way, and the Thunder God, wielding a Divine Artifact, were not his match for even a single exchange. Talismans, the flying dagger—they were like playthings in this man's hands.

If this man doesn't die today, then I'm in grave danger.

"Lin Wudi, for forcing my hand to this extent, you deserve to die a thousand deaths!" the youth roared. The rings of light around his body shattered inch by inch as another layer of his seal was broken.

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"Block!"

Lin Mu flicked his fingers in rapid succession, tapping against the talismans that formed the Great Array.

CLANG!

A clear chime rang out.

The Sword Talisman the youth had launched was unexpectedly blocked by the Zhenyuan Talisman's Great Array, returning to him having accomplished nothing. The Sword Talisman buzzed and hummed as it flew back to the youth's side like a petulant child that had been wronged.

"Impossible! How could my clan's Zhenyuan Talisman Array block my own Sword Talisman?" the youth exclaimed, a look of genuine surprise appearing on his haughty face for the first time.

Ye Kuangren and the Thunder God also wore puzzled expressions. Both were powerful experts of the Martial Way and had been intimidated by the Zhenyuan Talisman on more than one occasion. Yet now, Lin Mu was somehow able to alter its very rules. This was simply inconceivable.

"A trivial art of talismans, nothing more," Lin Mu remarked.

With a point of his finger, the Zhenyuan Talisman flashed with light. It abruptly detached from the space around Lin Mu and shot toward the youth, enveloping him instead. As control of the talismans was wrested from him, the young man's face turned pale.

"Audacious!" he roared, a white light flaring at his waist. A legion of Sword Talismans swarmed out like a hive of hornets. The deafening buzz of the blades filled the air. Heaven and earth themselves seemed to wail and howl. The Sword Qi was like a rainbow, the light from the blades was like blood, shearing through the sky.

Ye Kuangren's expression changed slightly. A God-Communicating Martial Artist possesses formidable offensive power, and in single combat, their strength is not inferior to that of a Cultivator. But Cultivators can use talismans, allowing one to fight a hundred. It's no wonder they look down on Martial Artists. I could break these Sword Talismans from the Celestial Northern Dipper Pavilion, but not easily.

The Thunder God's gaze flickered, lightning roiling in his eyes as he silently contemplated his options.

Dozens of Sword Talismans coalesced into a dazzling dragon and collided with the Zhenyuan Talisman. The impact was completely silent. There was no sound of a crash. The swarm of Sword Talismans seemed to have been swallowed whole by the array.

This Lin Wudi... there's something strange about him. The youth's elegant figure drifted back. For the first time since his appearance, he retreated. The inconceivable scene sent a tremor through his spirit.

He watched as the Zhenyuan Talisman turned against him, its counterattack about to descend upon his own body. The youth didn't dare to take the risk. He bit the tip of his tongue, spitting out a mouthful of essence blood.

"Saber!"

The blood, rich with Spiritual Energy, gathered in the air, forming a complex and ancient character.

ZING!

The sharp ring of a blade echoed as a ray of golden light shot from the youth's waist. It was a small golden dagger. The moment the dagger appeared, space itself trembled, and the area around it seemed to visibly collapse. The blade was jet-black, seemingly wreathed in countless resentful spirits. The dagger's aura was bone-chilling, as if it could sunder heaven and earth.

"Break!"

The youth formed a spell with his hands. The golden dagger vibrated, striking the Zhenyuan Talisman Array with the Power of Death. A Martial Artist's strike shatters the earth. An Immortal's blade is silent

and traceless. Its power was perfectly contained, with not the slightest bit leaking out. In terms of power control, Cultivators were far superior to Martial Artists.

The golden dagger collided with the talisman array. The first talisman dimmed and decayed into darkness. The second talisman trembled and shattered into dust. The third talisman disintegrated. Before the golden dagger, a true Magic Artifact, the talismans were utterly helpless.

"Zeus's Divine Might!"

Just then, the Thunder God, who had been observing the battle in silence, suddenly bellowed. The Rod of Zeus radiated a brilliant white light, becoming a towering jade pillar that spanned the heavens. Atop the massive column of white Thunderbolt, the faint images of gods from Western European mythology appeared. Some deities played the harp, some sang with booming voices, and angels danced gracefully. Those who heard it grew dizzy, and those who saw it were utterly mesmerized. Even the soldiers of the Divine Machine Camp, miles away, showed dazed expressions upon seeing the spectacle atop the pillar of light.

BOOM!

The pillar of white Thunderbolt, carrying a supreme divine might, smashed down toward Lin Mu. The Western European Thor, who styled himself a god, took advantage of the situation to launch a despicable sneak attack. He thought that Lin Mu, tied up with the Cultivator from the Celestial Northern Dipper Pavilion, would be too preoccupied to defend himself. He believed the might of his Divine Artifact was enough to kill Lin Wudi.

"Shameless!" Ye Kuangren cursed loudly. Yet, he simultaneously launched a devastating punch, powerful enough to shatter mountains and rivers, aimed right at Lin Mu's head.

Before the youth from the Celestial Northern Dipper Pavilion had appeared, Ye Kuangren, full of pride in his status, would have disdained joining forces with anyone. But seeing Lin Mu single-handedly break the Zhenyuan Talisman and neutralize the Sword Talismans with a mere flick of his finger made Ye Kuangren realize that Lin Wudi was an even more terrifying existence than the youth. This man had to die. Even if it meant teaming up, he had to be killed.

"Hahaha..." Lin Mu laughed heartily. "First of the Twelve Styles of Slaying Gods, Demons, and Immortals! Godslayer Finger!"

Lin Mu pointed a single finger, striking the divine pillar of Thunderbolt formed by the Rod of Zeus.

CRACK!

In that instant, the pillar of light, a representation of supreme divine might, emitted a sharp cracking sound as fissures spread across its surface. A moment later, it exploded.

But it wasn't over. After shattering the Thunderbolt column, the Godslayer Finger continued onward with terrifying power, striking the Rod of Zeus itself.

"A mere half-finished Magic Artifact. Shatter for me!"

With Lin Mu's sharp cry, the Rod of Zeus disintegrated before the Thunder God's utterly horrified eyes.

RUMBLE!

The destruction of the Divine Artifact created a terrifying shockwave that sent the Thunder God, who was closest, flying. His body was torn apart. Bright red blood had only just begun to flow before it was instantly vaporized by the searing Thunderbolt.

"You call yourself a god, yet you still bleed red blood. How laughable," Lin Mu said coldly. "Thunder Mountain, kill him."

With a final glance, he paid the Thunder God no more mind, turning to throw a punch that met Ye Kuangren's attack head-on. It was like a storm tearing through dead wood. Only now, facing Lin Mu directly, did Ye Kuangren finally comprehend just how powerful Lin Wudi truly was.

Bones broke and his arm shattered. With just one strike, Ye Kuangren—the Martial Alliance Leader who had emerged from his seclusion to avenge his junior brother—was left with a severed arm. The power of

the Deicide Fist, holding no flair or flourish, struck him squarely in the chest. Ye Kuangren's Protective Body Technique, which he had refined for nearly a century, was shattered in an instant. His chest caved in, and half his body was nearly pulverized by that single punch.

"Whatever your reasons, you did not kill the men of the Divine Machine Camp earlier. For that, I will spare your life today. Do not squander it."

Having landed the blow, Lin Mu did not press the attack. Instead, he turned and rushed toward the man from the Celestial Northern Dipper Pavilion.

Ye Kuangren's face flushed crimson with humiliation, so much so that he nearly took his own life. He had been so arrogant, so self-important, viewing Lin Wudi as nothing. But when they truly fought, he was defeated by a single, casual blow. His grand ambitions of dominance turned to dust, his peerless Martial Way all for naught.

"Hahaha... So it turns out I was the pathetic, laughable one all along!" Ye Kuangren laughed madly as he stumbled back and vanished without a trace.

"A nice little toy. Let me play with it," Lin Mu said, extending his hand.

The golden dagger, which moments ago had been peerless in its power, shattering the talismans, now landed gently in his hand.

The expression on the youth from the Celestial Northern Dipper Pavilion changed drastically. He finally realized the man before him was no ordinary mortal warrior. Ye Kuangren, at the peak of the mortal Martial Way, and the Thunder God, wielding a Divine Artifact, were not his match for even a single exchange. Talismans, the flying dagger—they were like playthings in this man's hands.

If this man doesn't die today, then I'm in grave danger.

"Lin Wudi, for forcing my hand to this extent, you deserve to die a thousand deaths!" the youth roared. The rings of light around his body shattered inch by inch as another layer of his seal was broken.

Chapter 709: The Myth of Our Times, The Immortal Legend!

AWOO!

The black dragon shrieked in agony as its horn shattered, its dark aura disintegrated, and its vital blood gushed out. A single sword strike had broken it.

But the Sword Qi did not stop there.

The horn, the head, the claws, the tail.

The terrifying Gigantic Dragon was cleaved in two by the greatsword.

The boundless dark aura spread in all directions, causing every mountain and forest it touched to wither instantly.

Such horrific destructive power, yet it was shattered by a single sword strike from Lin Mu.

Ao Guang's expression twisted in horror as a premonition of death washed over him.

There's such a powerful Cultivator in the secular world? Twelve-Fold Towers... an exiled immortal of the extreme realm. The secular world, the Ancient Land... which is the true cradle of Cultivation? Between myself and Lin Wudi, who is the true Immortal?

No, I can't die! I'm a Cultivator from the Ancient Land! How could I die in the secular world? I... I have to escape!

Terror filled Ao Guang's face as he ripped a talisman, harnessing the light of his sword and channeling all his Mana to flee toward the horizon.

"I have a sword that can slay Immortals."

Lin Mu's killing intent surged; he had no intention of letting Ao Guang escape.

A blade of light manifested in Lin Mu's hand. In a flash, it seemed to tear through space itself, appearing behind Ao Guang.

"No!"

Ao Guang wailed in despair, trying to break his final seal. He would rather be crushed to death by the world's external pressure than miss this final chance to kill Lin Mu.

Unfortunately for him, his speed at undoing the seal was far slower than Lin Mu's blade of light.

PFFT!

The light pierced through him. His head was run through, and his body froze in mid-air.

A moment later, a streak of white light shot out from Ao Guang's body. It fled toward the horizon, moving even faster than he had on his Sword Talisman.

"A mere Foundation Establishment Divine Soul thinks it can escape from me? Get back here!"

With a wave of Lin Mu's hand, the white light reversed course and flew back, landing in his palm.

The white light converged, revealing a miniaturized Ao Guang.

He pleaded bitterly, "Lin Wudi, a clean death is the most one can ask for! You've already destroyed my physical body; must you annihilate my Divine Soul as well? Spare me, and I can recommend you to an Ancient Land Sect."

"With your talent, it won't take many years for you to become the foremost expert in the Ancient Land. Why languish in the cage of the secular world?"

How arrogant he had been, and how pathetic he was now. It was both pitiful and laughable.

"Rest assured," Lin Mu said faintly, "I will not destroy your Divine Soul."

Ao Guang's Divine Soul was overjoyed, thinking he had a chance to survive.

Once I return to the Ancient Land and restore my body, I'll think of a way to torture this fool Lin Mu! So much for 'Lin Wudi'... he's just an idiotic Mortal, foolish enough to release a tiger back into the mountains.

Lin Mu's voice turned icy. "You poisoned Luo Li, intending to refine her into a Cauldron. How could I possibly let you die so easily? My hatred will not be appeased until I have tormented your Divine Soul for a thousand years."

"No, you can't do this! I am a great Foundation Establishment Cultivator from the Celestial Northern Dipper Pavilion! You can't... AHHH!"

With a few flicks of his fingers, Lin Mu used Samadhi True Fire to refine the Ao Guang's Golden Sabre he had acquired into a ring-shaped Magic Artifact, into which he cast Ao Guang's Divine Soul. The ring was filled with Samadhi True Fire, and Ao Guang's Divine Soul would be burned by it day after day, unable to die even if it wished to.

He had won. Lin Mu, Lin Wudi, was victorious.

At that moment, not only the Divine Machine Camp but also the martial arts powerhouses who had been observing from Changbai Mountain's Heavenly Lake had just arrived.

They arrived just in time to witness Lin Mu, Lin Wudi, defeat Martial Alliance Leader Ye Kuangren, suppress the Western Deity Race's Thunder God, and kill a Foundation Building Immortal from the Celestial Northern Dipper Pavilion.

Even seeing it with their own eyes, they still found it hard to believe.

That Lin Wudi was so terrifyingly powerful. He could defeat those in the Reaching the Divine realm and strike down those in the Foundation Establishment realm.

A god! A deity! Only a true god could achieve such legendary feats.

From this day forward, Lin Mu was a living myth, the number one person in the world.

Previously, by crushing the Qin Family and wiping out the Han Family, Lin Mu had already become the top figure in the Martial Arts World. After today, even the gods of the West and the Immortals of the Ancient Land would have to bow their heads before him.

All the Martial Artists were filled with reverence and bowed respectfully. How fortunate they were to have personally witnessed the birth of a Martial Way legend.

"Do as you please. I'll be back shortly."

Lin Mu rose into the air and vanished from sight.

"Is he going to kill the Thunder God?"

"The Thunder God dared to offend the divine might of Lin Wudi. Does he not deserve to be killed?"

"The Thunder God? Hah, what a joke. If Lin Wudi doesn't call himself a god, who dares to?"

「Above the East Sea.」

The Thunder God furiously commanded the Thunderbolt, desperately trying to escape. The power of the Thunderbolt was formidable in attack, and its speed was exceptional when used for fleeing. Before he

became famous, the Thunder God had relied on the speed of his Thunderbolt to escape from countless powerful enemies.

Today, however, he could not get away.

Because the one pursuing him was Thunder Mountain of the Eight Thunder Gods.

The Thunder God had merely stolen the Rod of Zeus and called himself a god. Thunder Mountain, however, was a True God, summoned by Lin Mu from the Upper Realm. Furthermore, with a single touch from Lin Mu, he had broken through the suppression of the Human Realm and could now unleash even greater power.

The Thunder God had nowhere to run.

The Thunder God tried to provoke him, hoping for a slim chance of survival. "Thunder Mountain! For shame! You are a True God from the Upper Realm, yet you take orders from a mere Mortal in the Human Realm. What right do you have to call yourself a god?"

Thunder Mountain's cold snort sounded like a muffled clap of thunder.

The muscles on the Thunder God's back exploded, exposing the stark white bone beneath. He gritted his teeth in fury.

"You savage Eastern god!" the Thunder God cursed. "You understand nothing!"

Thunder Mountain's voice boomed like a drumroll of thunder. "You are but a Western False God who has stolen a sliver of a Divine Artifact's power. How could you possibly comprehend the majesty of Emperor Zun?"

Emperor Zun. This was the second time the Thunder God had heard Thunder Mountain refer to Lin Mu by that title. Previously, he had just assumed it was a term of respect used in Eastern arts of godly invocation, what the summoned spirit called its host. Now, it seemed it wasn't so simple.

"Thunder Mountain, I hold no great grudge against your Emperor Zun. In fact, he killed one of my avatars. I'm willing to let the matter drop. Can you just let me go?"

At this moment, the Thunder God's once haughty demeanor from claiming to be the Deity of All Deities was nowhere to be found.

"Emperor Zun has ordered your death. That is your fate. Whether or not you hold a grudge is irrelevant."

Thunder Mountain said no more. White sparks of Thunderbolt flickered around his body as he increased his speed yet again.

Thunder God and Thunder Mountain. One black, one white. The two bolts of lightning continued their chase across the sea.

The shockwaves from the two gods' Thunderbolts made the ocean's surface explode. Countless marine creatures floated on the surface, their bodies charred and reeking. From tiny fish and shrimp to giant whales and sharks, whether they were at the bottom of the food chain or the apex predators of the sea, none could escape the might of the Thunderbolt.

"Well done, Thunder Mountain."

Suddenly, a voice resounded beside him.

The Thunder God was so terrified his soul nearly fled his body.

Impossible! How could Lin Wudi have possibly caught up? What about Martial Alliance Leader Ye Kuangren? Wasn't he boasting that he'd kill Lin Wudi himself? And what about that arrogant Immortal from the Celestial Northern Dipper Pavilion, the one who turned talismans into swords and looked down on all creation? Couldn't those two useless fools even slow Lin Wudi down?

The Thunder God's teeth itched with hatred.

"Lin Wudi! Don't push me!" he shrieked hysterically. "Zeus's Lightning Sword Thunder is still sealed within me! If I release it, you will die without a doubt!"

"Oh? Then by all means, bring it out and let me have a look," Lin Mu replied, intrigued.

The Thunder God felt utterly frustrated.

How he wished he could strike Lin Mu down.

But the power of Zeus's Lightning Sword Thunder was far too terrifying, and he had never been able to control it. For years, he had used the Aegis—the Shield of Zeus—to suppress the Lightning Sword. If he used it rashly, even if he managed to kill Lin Mu, he would die from the backlash of the Lightning Sword Thunder.

In ancient Greek mythology, almost all Divine Artifacts were ill-omened.

They would turn on their masters!

Chapter 710 Extinguish the Fire God, Slay the Thunder God!

The Zeus Tri-God Artifact.

The Rod of Zeus, symbolizing the supreme authority of the Lord of All Deities. The Lightning Sword Thunder, representing the divine lord's power of punishment, was indomitable. Aegis, the Shield of Zeus, possessed unparalleled defensive power.

If Thunder God could fully control the Three Sacred Treasures, he could even battle a Foundation Establishment Immortal from the East. Unfortunately, the aptitude required to wield the Three Sacred Treasures was too high. Even someone as powerful as Thunder God could only barely control the Rod of Zeus.

"Lin Wudi, since you wish to die, let's die together! Killing you, Lin Wudi, will make this deity's trip to the mortal realm worthwhile."

Facing Thunder Mountain, another of his kind, Thunder God could have fled for his life. But facing Lin Wudi, a human, Thunder God's dignity would not allow him to run.

"Die!" Black thunder surged in Thunder God's eyes as a sword light slowly emanated from between his brows. His body trembled and his eyes turned bloodshot in extreme pain.

"Thunder God, stay your hand!" Just then, a voice suddenly rang out across the sky. Following the voice, a streak of fire swept in from the horizon.

BOOM!

Bright red flames exploded, revealing a heavily muscled, bearded man who exuded an aura of strength. He appeared not far away. With golden hair and blue eyes, he spoke fluent Chinese. "Greetings to the living myth of our age."

"Are you trying to stop me?" Lin Wudi asked indifferently.

The bearded man laughed. "You jest, Lin Wudi. I am merely a Western Pseudo-God. How would I dare to offend your celestial might?"

Although the battle at Changbai Mountain had just concluded, the news of Lin Mu defeating Ye Kuangren and killing the Foundation Establishment Immortal Ao Guang had already spread across the world. Naturally, the bearded man did not dare to offend Lin Mu.

"Then move," Lin Mu said coldly.

The bearded man replied respectfully, "Although Thunder God is crude and ignorant, he has not caused you any harm, Lin Wudi. I hope you will spare his life for the sake of the Western Deity Race."

Thunder God felt incredibly aggrieved but didn't dare to speak. Lin Mu was simply too strong.

"Are you threatening me?" Lin Mu asked, a slight smile playing on his lips.

"Not at all, I am just—"

The bearded man tried to explain, but Lin Mu cut him off. "My patience is limited. If you don't move, I will cut you down along with him."

A wave of sorrow washed over the bearded man. He was the Western Fire God, a being who could dominate the powerful. Now, before Lin Mu, he didn't even have the right to say more than a few words.

Glancing quickly at Thunder God, the bearded Fire God spoke urgently, "Thunder God offended your celestial might; if he must be killed, then so be it. I only hope that after you slay him, Lin Wudi, you will allow me to take the Zeus Tri-God Artifact from his body."

"Fire God!" Thunder God roared in anger.

He had been moved when he saw the Fire God arrive, thinking he was there to rescue him. Who would have thought he was only after the Three Sacred Treasures? But then again, it wasn't surprising. Considering the nature of the Western Deity Race, saving someone would be the strange part; it was a small miracle they weren't already killing each other.

"Fire God, the Rod of Zeus has already been destroyed by Lin Wudi," Thunder God revealed with a derisive smile.

The Fire God's expression changed drastically, his gaze toward Lin Mu filling with even greater reverence.

Lin Wudi, truly a living myth, to have destroyed one of the Zeus Tri-God Artifacts. Even if the Rod of Zeus's power wasn't defensive, this level of destructive force was terrifying.

"Three Sacred Treasures? So there are still two artifacts left?" Lin Mu showed a flicker of interest and smiled. "I'll be keeping them. You can leave."

The Fire God's face instantly darkened.

The Rod of Zeus was destroyed, and now Lin Wudi intended to keep the Sword and Shield of Zeus as well? Without the Three Sacred Treasures, the Western Deity Race's ability to deter the immortals from the Eastern Ancient Land Sects would vanish. Lin Wudi was trying to sever the very roots of the Western Deity Race.

"Lin—"

"Get lost!" Lin Mu said coldly, wasting no more words. "If you don't, you'll be staying behind as well."

"Lin Wudi, do you truly wish to make an enemy of our Divine Race!" the Fire God bellowed, on the verge of declaring open war.

BOOM!

The moment the Fire God spoke, Lin Mu's aura erupted. The terrifying might was so immense it nearly suffocated the Fire God.

What celestial power was this! This modern-day myth, Lin Wudi, was even more formidable than the legends described. No wonder he was able to kill a Foundation Establishment Immortal from the Celestial Northern Dipper Pavilion.

"The Sword of Zeus! Our Western Deity Race only asks for the Sword of Zeus! As long as you leave it to us, Lin Wudi, we can swear an oath that for the rest of your life, the Western Deity Race will never set foot in Huaxia!" the Fire God pleaded desperately. Without the Three Sacred Treasures, the Western Deity Race would be a toothless tiger. Even if Lin Wudi didn't kill them now, they would eventually be crushed and annihilated by the Ancient Land Sects.

"It seems you truly don't wish to live."

A violent and domineering aura surged skyward, pressing down on the Fire God until his bones began to crack. He tried to resist but found he couldn't even move his body.

Strong. Too strong. Unimaginably strong.

CRACK!

Lin Mu pointed a finger. The Fire God's eyes widened in fury as flames erupted around his body, but he was powerless to dodge. With that single gesture, Lin Mu shattered his skull. The mighty Western Fire God had been effortlessly killed without making a single move.

"Good! Good! Good! Since I'm going to die either way, bring it on!" Thunder God, too, succumbed to despair. He once again activated the Sword of Zeus, intending to take Lin Mu down with him.

"Ignorant!" Lin Mu's figure vanished. When he reappeared, he was standing directly in front of Thunder God, their eyes locked. Thunder God's eyes stung, and he couldn't bear to meet Lin Mu's gaze.

BANG!

Lin Mu tapped Thunder God's forehead, sealing the Sword of Zeus within. "Since it's my property now, how could I let you destroy it?" Lin Mu flicked his fingers, tracing an array on Thunder God's forehead. "Arise!"

At Lin Mu's command, a Divine Sword wreathed in lightning slowly rose from the black thunder on Thunder God's forehead. The Lightning Sword was being forcibly extracted.

Thunder God howled in agony as his skull fractured inch by inch. The arcs of lightning bursting from the sword directly vaporized his eyes. The destructive power of the Sword of Zeus was on full display.

"Not bad. I have no use for it, but I can let my disciples borrow it for a while."

CLANG!

With a clear ring, the Lightning Sword instantly submitted. It danced around Lin Mu with joyous energy, like a child who had found its father.

Hearing the sword's cry, Thunder God's mind completely shattered.

He had nurtured the Lightning Sword for decades, but this Sword of Zeus had always been defiant and untamable. He had even been forced to use Aegis, the Shield of Zeus, to suppress it just to keep his body from exploding. Yet, in Lin Mu's hands, it had completely submitted within moments.

"Aaaah...!" Thunder God screamed in despair.

"Arise again." Lin Mu pointed once more, and an earthy-yellow shield pulsating with Life Force flew out from between Thunder God's brows.

Finally unable to withstand the repeated destruction, Thunder God's body disintegrated. He had been played to death by Lin Mu.

DANG!

Lin Mu gently flicked Aegis, the Shield of Zeus. The shield hummed and vibrated before sending out a wave of submission, presenting a pitiful and humiliating display of willingness to be controlled.

"The Western Deity Race are merely False Gods, and even their Artifact Spirits have no integrity. Of what use are you?" A flash of golden light from Lin Mu's eyes exploded against the Shield of Zeus.

The Shield of Zeus let out a mournful cry as its light dimmed significantly. The nearby Lightning Sword trembled in fear.

"Go!"

Lin Mu tapped his foot, and the Lightning Sword immediately flew beneath him, obediently serving as his transport.