

War God 711

Chapter 711: Return to the World!

By the East Sea, in a small fishing village, it was the harvest season, and many fishermen took to the sea to fish.

Today, their catch was extraordinarily bountiful.

Dozens of miles off the shoreline, countless fish and shrimp floated on the sea's surface. Some were already cooked, while others were still alive.

The fishermen were overjoyed, hauling them all onto their boats. They ate the cooked ones on the spot and prepared the live ones to sell for money. The haul from this single trip could support them for years, and the seaside fish market was particularly bustling.

In the lively night market, a man and a woman leaned against each other, looking around curiously.

The woman was elegant, with a charming and sweet smile. The man was dapper, with a commanding presence. Although both were dressed in ordinary clothes, their innate refinement couldn't be concealed. They seemed somewhat out of place among the noisy crowd of the night market.

"Lin Mu, did you cause all this?"

The woman was none other than Qin Luoli. She observed the busy fishermen with great curiosity. Coming from a distinguished background, she had rarely visited places like this. Witnessing the joys and sorrows of these common people felt very novel to her.

Lin Mu, with his arm around Qin Luoli's waist, chuckled. "It has nothing to do with me. The Western European Thunder God and Thunder Mountain are the ones who stirred this up."

"Thunder Mountain, is that the deity you summoned? I heard you can have gods possess you." Qin Luoli blinked playfully.

"That's an Emperor's Decree, not some divine possession. Do you take me for some shamaness?" Lin Mu didn't know whether to laugh or cry.

Qin Luoli giggled. "You're a shaman, not a shamaness."

What else could Lin Mu say? He could only give a wry smile. Against the Martial Alliance Leader Ye Kuangren or the Celestial Northern Dipper Pavilion's Ao Guang, he could unleash a massacre. But in front of his wife, whatever she said was right.

"Wow, look, that shell is green! How strange."

"Lin Mu, come quick! This fish actually has four eyes."

"Lin Mu, squeeze this octopus. It's so soft."

"Lin Mu..."

Like a child on a spring outing, Qin Luoli was incredibly curious about everything. Lin Mu watched his wife, his eyes filled with doting affection.

Qin Luoli had first been imprisoned by the Qin Family and then kidnapped by Han Xiu, enduring one hardship after another. Today, Lin Mu had brought her to the night market precisely to help her relax.

"Lin Mu, are you leaving soon?" Qin Luoli asked suddenly as they reached the end of the night market.

"Why do you say that?" Lin Mu asked, surprised.

Qin Luoli scrunched up her nose and said softly, "I can't quite put my finger on it, but I feel like the mortal aura around you is fading, while the Immortal Qi is growing stronger."

Lin Mu was stunned. He hadn't even realized it until Qin Luoli had pointed it out.

Lately, when he wasn't cultivating, he was constantly engaged in battle, his realm advancing at a dizzying pace. Opportunities like today, to simply wander the mortal world, were becoming few and far between.

The mortal aura was fading, and the Immortal Qi was increasing. If this continued, wouldn't he just be retracing the path of his past life?

"Luoli, you are truly a wonderfully supportive wife!" Lin Mu planted a deep kiss on Qin Luoli's lips.

"Of course!" Qin Luoli declared with justified pride, then blinked again. "What did I help you with?"

Lin Mu burst into hearty laughter.

"I've heard the ice lanterns in Harbin City are beautiful. I'll take you to see them."

"Fly there?"

"Yes, fly there! I recently acquired a Divine Artifact and reforged it into a Flying Sword. We can ride it. I'll fly you there."

"Okay!"

When he was with Qin Luoli, Lin Mu was just a doting husband, the gentleman Lin Mu, not the undefeatable Lin Wudi.

In the night market of the fishing village, new legends of a Sword Immortal began to circulate. Some said they saw a white-robed Sword Immortal riding his sword to the heavens to embrace the moon. Others spoke of a brightly dressed fairy whose dance could topple cities and whose beauty put the moon and flowers to shame. Still others believed it was the celestial Cowherd and Weaver Girl, descending to the mortal realm for a secret rendezvous before their designated festival.

Lin Mu, accompanied by his wife Qin Luoli, traveled and enjoyed the life of ordinary people.

「Meanwhile, the Martial Arts World was in an uproar over the battle at Changbai Mountain.」

Huaxia's War God, Lin Wudi, had slain Heavenly Saber Song Kai and exterminated the Martial Alliance Elders at Changbai Mountain's Heavenly Lake.

He had defeated the Martial Alliance Leader, Ye Kuangren.

He had killed Ao Guang, a Foundation Establishment Immortal of the North Dipper Celestial Pavilion.

And over the East Sea, he had beheaded the Thunder God.

His name echoed throughout the world; he achieved godhood in a single battle. Lin Mu's act of slaying an immortal sent shockwaves across the globe. From then on, the title of the world's number one was his, by all rights.

The North American Hongmen, the Western Deity Race, the Island Country Ninja Crowd, and the Dark Continent Gold Alliance all went into hiding, daring not to cross swords with Lin Wudi.

The upper echelons of Huaxia were even more shaken.

Kong Lin resigned from his post that very night. He stated that it was his error that nearly cost Huaxia a War God, a mistake for which he could not be forgiven even in a hundred deaths.

Xiao Xuan immediately submitted a formal proposal, advocating for Lin Mu's commission into the Dragon Protection Hall to guard Huaxia. Given Xiao Xuan's status and Lin Mu's unparalleled combat achievements, he thought it was only natural for Lin Mu to be accepted.

Unexpectedly, his first application was rejected.

Furious, Xiao Xuan tore up the rejection notice on the spot and submitted the application again. Considering his standing in the military, a second submission was a grave protest. But to his surprise, his second application was also rejected.

Enraged, Xiao Xuan went to visit Huo Diange, an Elder of the Dragon Protection Hall, in the dead of night.

"Huo Diange, what the hell is your Dragon Protection Hall trying to pull?" Xiao Xuan slammed the table in front of him.

Huo Diange remained unhurried, leisurely sipping his tea.

"Huo, if you take one more sip of that tea, believe me when I say I'll rip your beard off," Xiao Xuan glared, his whiskers bristling.

Huo Diange sighed, setting down his teacup. "Xiao Xuan, yelling at me is pointless. I'm not the one stopping Lin Mu from joining the Dragon Protection Hall."

"Then who is it!" Xiao Xuan's gaze turned dangerous.

Huo Diange replied, "It doesn't matter who. Their reasoning is sound."

Xiao Xuan scoffed. "What a joke! A living legend cannot be admitted into the Dragon Protection Hall? What kind of sound reasoning is that?"

"In the battle at Changbai Mountain, Lin Mu annihilated the Martial Alliance, defeated Ye Kuangren, and executed Ao Guang of the Celestial Northern Dipper Pavilion," Xiao Xuan's tone was impassioned. "Furthermore, over the East Sea, he slew the Western European Thunder God, glorifying our nation and achieving godhood in a single battle! If he can't enter the Dragon Protection Hall, who can?"

If it were any other matter, he would have let it slide. But now someone within the Dragon Protection Hall was deliberately obstructing Lin Mu's entry, and he could not tolerate it. Hadn't he seen what happened to Kong Lin? Just for failing to take a stand when Lin Mu resigned last time, Kong Lin had to

take the blame and resign himself. Anyone who dared to obstruct Lin Mu was an enemy to Xiao Xuan and an enemy to Huaxia.

Huo Diange sighed. "The problem is that Lin Mu is too dominant. He killed a member of the Celestial Northern Dipper Pavilion. If we let him join the Dragon Protection Hall, we'll have a hard time explaining it to the Pavilion."

Xiao Xuan was taken aback, not having expected such a reason.

"Lin Mu is the chief instructor of our Divine Machine Camp. It was the Celestial Northern Dipper Pavilion that broke the rules first when Ao Guang attacked him. Are you suggesting that when someone from the Celestial Northern Dipper Pavilion tries to kill Lin Mu, he should just stand by and let himself be killed?"

Xiao Xuan's eyes were bloodshot. If that old coot Huo Diange dared to agree, Xiao Xuan would have smashed him to death on the spot.

"I already told you it has nothing to do with me! I voted in favor of him on the spot."

Xiao Xuan's voice was icy. "Then who was it? Who voted against?"

Chapter 712: Xiao Xuan's Request!

「Qin Family.」

Lin Mu and Qin Luoli were each busy with their own tasks.

Qin Luoli cradled a huge ball of red yarn, clumsily knitting a sweater. Seeing her furrowed brows, it was obvious that knitting was far more difficult for her than practicing martial arts and cultivation.

Lin Mu wasn't idle either; he was balancing their accounts with a pen in hand. If anyone had looked closely, they would have noticed that the problem this great God of War was racking his brains over was the household expenses he and Qin Luoli had incurred over the past few days.

Ever since Qin Luoli's pointed revelation, Lin Mu had stopped cultivating. Instead, he sought to engage in ordinary activities, immersing himself in the essence of mundane human life. Qin Luoli knitting a sweater while he balanced the books was just one example. In Lin Mu's own words, he was "finding emotional resonance in the ordinary and human warmth in the everyday."

Qin Luoli didn't understand any of this, but she was willing to accompany Lin Mu.

"Master, Xiao Xuan requests an audience," Li Linglong said as she cautiously walked in to ask for instructions. She nervously stole glances at her master and mistress, completely bewildered.

Ever since they had returned from their trip a few days ago, they had been acting strangely. Her mistress, the dignified president of Qin Corporation, wasn't managing the company's affairs but instead spent her days focused on knitting. Her master, a living legend and the world's strongest expert, was biting the end of his pen while calculating their daily household expenses. Li Linglong couldn't understand it, nor did she dare to ask.

"Can't you see we're busy? Tell him we're not seeing anyone," Lin Mu said without looking up.

Li Linglong suppressed the urge to make a sarcastic comment and slowly backed away. He's too preoccupied with the cost of groceries to even meet with Commander Xiao. If it were only Master acting like this, I would have entertained the heretical thought that he had suffered a cultivation deviation or gone mad.

"Wait, did you say Commander Xiao?" Lin Mu asked, seeming to snap back to reality.

"Yes!" Li Linglong replied, her gaze fixed on her own toes. She found her master was becoming more and more enigmatic.

"Then we should see him." Lin Mu put down his pen and turned to Qin Luoli. "Luo Li, yesterday we spent a total of 878.5 yuan, which is 1,336.5 yuan less than the day before."

Qin Luoli merely hummed in response without looking up, and it was unclear if she had even heard him.

Li Linglong was dumbfounded. What in the world was going on with her master and mistress?

「The living room.」

Xiao Xuan paced back and forth, unable to sit still.

"Elder Xiao, I finally managed to get some free time. There isn't another mission, is there?" Lin Mu asked as he entered the hall.

"Hmm?"

Hearing Lin Mu's words, Xiao Xuan felt that something was off. When he finally saw him, he was shocked beyond measure. "You! How can you be... how..."

The great Commander Xiao was at a loss for words to describe the man standing before him.

Lin Mu smiled. "I took the wrong path before. Now I'm walking it again. Please, sit down, Elder Xiao."

The wrong path? If taking the wrong path made him a living legend, what realm will he reach now that he's on the right one?

Xiao Xuan finally understood how to describe the Lin Mu before him. Divine radiance withdrawn, a return to true simplicity! If, before the battle at Changbai Mountain, Lin Mu's brilliance was on full display, his aura of dominance unparalleled like a peerless treasured sword that could cleave through anything, then the Lin Mu of this moment was that same sword returned to its sheath, building power for the perfect strike. The battle at Changbai Mountain had sealed his divinity! Everyone assumed that even if Lin Mu didn't become complacent, he would at least enter seclusion to cultivate and polish his realm. Unexpectedly, he did the exact opposite—he abandoned cultivation to polish his state of mind instead. That air of casual indifference, that heart unperturbed by praise or blame, was simply peerless. This was a temperament Xiao Xuan had only ever seen in the older generation of leaders. It was the ultimate expression of a character that had weathered every storm, stripped away all vanity, and grasped the true self. He never expected Lin Mu could achieve this at such a young age. The shock this gave Xiao Xuan was even more profound than the awe inspired by Lin Mu's terrifying Martial Way cultivation, which had allowed him to slay a Foundation Establishment Immortal.

"It seems my visit today was born from needless worry," Xiao Xuan said with a wry smile, shaking his head.

"You seem troubled, Commander Xiao," Lin Mu observed, taking a calm sip of his tea.

Xiao Xuan said, "I had intended to bring you into the Dragon Protection Hall, but my request was rejected by its Elders' Council."

"The Dragon Protection Hall," Lin Mu savored the name. "Is that the organization established to oppose the Ancient Land Sects?"

Xiao Xuan nodded.

Lin Mu smiled. "Whether or not the Dragon Protection Hall can actually oppose the Ancient Land Sects is one thing, but it certainly seems to have perfectly mastered all of their worst habits."

"Worst habits? What do you mean?"

"An organization subordinate to the state has established an Elders' Council that can even defy orders from the Military Department. Isn't that a terrible custom?"

Xiao Xuan's brow furrowed slightly. In his previous life, Lin Mu was Emperor Zun and was no stranger to power struggles. Seeing that Xiao Xuan still didn't quite grasp it, he spelled it out for him. "What if, one day, the Ancient Land Sects attack and the nation needs the Dragon Protection Hall to act, but the Elders' Council, due to certain considerations, refuses the order? What happens then?"

"Impossible!" Xiao Xuan instinctively retorted.

But then he recalled how his two applications had been vetoed by the Dragon Protection Hall's Elders' Council, and his expression turned grim.

"The Dragon Protection Hall... it's becoming a force too great to control," Xiao Xuan finally managed to utter after a long pause.

There was a time when the Dragon Protection Hall was Huaxia's strongest power. Military organizations like the War Dragon Camp and the Divine Machine Camp couldn't even hope to compare. The nation had devoted nearly all its resources to supporting the Dragon Protection Hall, hoping it could contend with the Ancient Land Sects.

But this time, their reason for refusing Lin Mu was that by slaying Ao Guang, he had offended the Celestial Northern Dipper Pavilion, and they were worried about being held accountable. How utterly absurd! If the Dragon Protection Hall has to walk on eggshells around the Ancient Land Sects, then what purpose does it even serve?

Previously, Xiao Xuan had only thought the Elders' Council was full of old fossils set in their ways. Now, with Lin Mu's insight, he finally realized the gravity of the situation.

Xiao Xuan rose again and began pacing back and forth in the hall. "Teacher Lin, there's something I'd like to ask of you."

"If it's about fighting, you can forget it."

Lin Mu cut him off before he could even finish his sentence.

Xiao Xuan looked chagrined. He hadn't even noticed that his form of address for Lin Mu had grown increasingly respectful since the battle at Changbai Mountain. Now, having been refused so bluntly, he found it difficult to press the issue.

Seeing Xiao Xuan's expression, Lin Mu sighed in resignation. "Elder Xiao, I'm only considering this because it's you asking. Otherwise, I would absolutely refuse."

Xiao Xuan's face lit up with joy.

Lin Mu held up a hand. "Don't get too excited yet, Commander Xiao. I won't be acting personally this time. If you need people for a fight, I'll have Linglong and the others go in my stead."

"Linglong?" Xiao Xuan looked troubled. Their opponent is the Dragon Protection Hall. Can Li Linglong, Li Lingqing, and the others really handle it?

Lin Mu smiled. "You shouldn't underestimate them. Besides, I used the Three Sacred Treasures of the Western Deity Race to forge Magic Artifacts for them. They should be more than capable of taking on the Dragon Protection Hall."

"So, tell me. Who do you want beaten up?"

With Lin Mu putting it so bluntly, Xiao Xuan didn't know whether to laugh or cry. However, he didn't beat around the bush either. "The Dragon Protection Hall's Elders' Council!" he stated directly, a cold light flickering in his eyes.

"Since those old geezers in the Elders' Council have become so rotten, it's time for them to give up their positions to those with more courage. I want to ask you to take your people to the Capital City and clean house!"

Chapter 713: Visit and Challenge!

The next day, Lin Mu and his party arrived in the Capital City.

"Master, is this the Dragon Protection Hall? It looks quite desolate." Leng Feng looked at the dilapidated house in front of him, somewhat puzzled.

"True seclusion is found within the world. What would you know?" Li Linglong chided.

Leng Feng glared, as if trying to pierce Li Linglong with his gaze.

"Let's pay them a visit," Lin Mu said faintly.

Li Xiaotian was just about to step forward when Leng Feng said with a smirk, "Allow me."

Seeing that Lin Mu had no objection, Li Xiaotian respectfully stepped back.

Leng Feng took a step forward, his aura bursting forth.

He was like an ancient fierce beast unleashing its savagery.

"Audacious!"

"Arrogant!"

"How dare you disturb Elder Zhen Yuanzi's cultivation! A crime punishable by death!"

Several streams of power immediately rose from within the small courtyard, two of which were not much weaker than Leng Feng's.

"The Capital City is indeed full of hidden masters," Li Lingqing's eyes suddenly lit up, her fighting spirit surging.

Li Linglong was also eager for a fight. The disciples taught by the living legend were all battle-hungry.

「At Elder Zhen Yuanzi's seclusion retreat in the Dragon Protection Hall.」

WHOOSH!

A sword-light blossomed in the void. The empty chamber was filled with a brilliant white light.

Elder Zhen Yuanzi's Martial Way was approaching the Transformative Realm. When he opened his eyes, sword-light shot out from them.

"Congratulations, Master, on mastering this divine art."

In front of Zhen Yuanzi, a young man stood with his hands at his sides, extremely respectful.

"I have been in seclusion for months. Did I not say I was not to be disturbed? Why have you come today?" Zhen Yuanzi's voice was calm, yet there was veiled thunder in his words.

Should his thunderous rage erupt, the young man before him would be pulverized.

"Reporting to Master. The Chief Instructor of Shenji Camp, Lin Mu, has assumed the identity of Lin Wudi. During the battle at Changbai Mountain, he defeated Martial Alliance Leader Ye Kuangren and killed Ao Guang of the North Dipper Celestial Pavilion. Furthermore, he slew the Thunder God above the East Sea."

The young man bowed his head even lower.

Zhen Yuanzi said faintly, "I am already aware of these matters. Xiao Xuan once wanted to recruit Lin Mu into the Dragon Protection Hall, but I refused."

Only then did the young man understand the full story, and he hurriedly said, "Master, perhaps for that very reason, Lin Mu is leading four disciples this way. I fear they intend to harm you."

"Oh?" Zhen Yuanzi scoffed. "Does Lin Mu truly believe he is invincible, that no one can handle him? This is an annex of the Dragon Protection Hall. How dare he..."

Just as Zhen Yuanzi was speaking, a terrifying aura suddenly erupted outside.

"Such audacity!" Zhen Yuanzi roared in anger.

The young man was also somewhat astonished. He had assumed that if Lin Mu came to their door, he would observe formalities before resorting to force. The Dragon Protection Hall had stood watch over Huaxia for hundreds of years. Dynasties rose and fell, but the Dragon Protection Hall endured.

Yet now, Lin Mu was storming their gates directly.

This was far too arrogant.

"Qinghua."

Just as the young man thought his master would strike in anger, he heard Zhen Yuanzi say, "Go at once and invite Elder Ma and Elder Xie. Tell them Lin Wudi is here."

Qinghua accepted the order respectfully, but a hint of perplexity flashed through his eyes. It seems Master lacks confidence.

「Outside the small courtyard.」

A dozen or so figures leaped over the wall, blocking Leng Feng's path.

Leng Feng waved his hand dismissively. "You are no match for me. Stand aside!"

"Arrogant! Do you know what this place is? You're courting death by shouting here!"

A red-haired young man drew his sword and slashed directly at Leng Feng's neck.

Killing at the slightest disagreement. Such was the overbearing nature of the Dragon Protection Hall.

Leng Feng gave a disdainful smile and casually pointed a finger.

CLANG!

The sword in the red-haired young man's hand broke in two.

At this, the group finally realized their adversary was no simple character.

"You have some skill. Let me test you."

A young man wielding a saber vibrated its blade and stepped forward. This person was one of the two whose auras had matched Leng Feng's earlier.

"Senior Brother Mu Chen, kill him for me!" the red-haired young man shouted, enraged by his humiliation.

"Slash!"

Mu Chen's saber split from one to two, two to four, and four to eight.

The images layered one upon another, endless and boundless. What was more terrifying was that his blade-lights were not illusions; they were real blades. Incredibly, this man was using his qi to control innumerable blades simultaneously.

One slash became ten thousand.

Ten thousand slashes became one.

A single slash was unleashed, blotting out the sky and covering the earth.

Within the narrow alley, fierce winds howled and the air itself seemed to crackle.

Reaching the Divine! The Dragon Protection Hall truly deserved its reputation as Huaxia's foremost organization; even an elder's disciple had reached this realm!

"Well done!" Leng Feng bellowed. "First of the Twelve Forms of Slaying Gods and Demons and Punishing Immortals!"

"Godslayer Finger!"

A terrifying power manifested from Leng Feng's finger, instantly overwhelming the light of the saber. The clouds parted, buildings trembled, and a colossal finger construct descended from the heavens.

Lin Mu smiled faintly.

Li Linglong said angrily, "That detestable Leng Feng! That's clearly my cultivation technique."

Li Xiaotian and Li Lingqing also saw that Leng Feng was intentionally imitating Lin Mu's combat style. The effect was astonishing.

With a single strike, Mu Chen's saber attack was shattered.

CRACK!

Countless blades spun out of Mu Chen's control, sent flying by the Godslayer Finger.

The blade formation was broken.

But it wasn't over.

The colossal Godslayer Finger continued to press down.

Mu Chen slammed to his knees, the concrete beneath them shattering into dust.

"Senior Brother Mu Chen!"

"Junior Brother Mu!"

Everyone exclaimed in shock. They had never imagined that Mu Chen would be defeated in a single move.

"The Godslayer Finger! That's Lin Wudi's signature technique!" someone recognized the martial technique Leng Feng had used.

"Lin Wudi is here? Who is Lin Wudi?"

"Why is Lin Wudi attacking us?"

"We're a national power too."

"Is that old man supposed to be Lin Wudi? Wasn't it said that Lin Wudi is a young man?"

Some were shocked, others confused.

Having cultivated his spirit and returned to a state of primal simplicity, Lin Mu was completely unrecognizable.

Realizing his opponent was the disciple of Lin Wudi, the red-haired young man no longer felt humiliated. There was no shame in being defeated by the disciple of a living legend.

"Haha..."

Kneeling on the ground, Mu Chen suddenly burst into laughter.

Everyone was bewildered, thinking he had gone mad from being defeated in a single blow.

Mu Chen said proudly, "I survived a single blow from the Godslayer Finger, the signature technique of a living legend! Of course I'm going to laugh!"

Damn it. He's got a point.

The other disciples looked as if they wanted to try, their gazes burning as they stared at Leng Feng. Mu Chen was right; this was a golden opportunity to make a name for oneself. To withstand a blow from the Godslayer Finger and survive.

What glory, what honor.

Leng Feng's fighting spirit began to waver. He felt as if he were surrounded by a pack of hungry wolves.

"Worthless trash!"

The courtyard gate was pushed open, and Zhen Yuanzi walked out. He strode forward and kicked Mu Chen, sending him flying.

"A noble Deity-like Strong Individual, and you kneel before another. You feel no shame, only pride. I, Zhen Yuanzi, have no disciple like you!" Zhen Yuanzi's gaze was icy.

Mu Chen looked at his master, aghast.

"Are you Lin Wudi?" Zhen Yuanzi ignored him, his gaze piercing Lin Mu instead.

After just one look, Zhen Yuanzi's brow furrowed.

He doesn't look the part!

How could this perfectly ordinary-looking young man possess the air of a living legend? If Leng Feng hadn't defeated Mu Chen in a single move, he would have dismissed them as impostors.

"Your aura is very strange," Zhen Yuanzi said.

Lin Mu ignored him, saying only, "Leng Feng, he's all yours."

"Arrogant!" Zhen Yuanzi was furious. "Lin Wudi, how dare you humiliate me! Today, one of us will die!"

Chapter 714 Invincible Disciple is Also Invincible!

"You want to kill my Master? Die!"

Zhen Yuanzi's words instantly enraged Leng Feng.

To Leng Feng and the others, Lin Mu was like the heavens. Anyone who insulted Lin Mu must die!

Zhen Yuanzi sneered disdainfully. "Young man, do you really think I can't tell? Your Cultivation Level is merely that of a Martial Arts Grandmaster. If you weren't relying on the power of a Magic Artifact, do you think you could have defeated Mu Chen?"

"A Magic Artifact?" Upon hearing this, Mu Chen's expression subtly changed.

Leng Feng said coldly, "Old fool, how long has it been since you came out of seclusion? Your thinking is so outdated. What does it matter if I rely on a Magic Artifact? As long as it can kill, that's all that counts. Why care about anything else!"

Before his words faded, Leng Feng had already made his move. His figure flashed like lightning, and when he reappeared, he was already behind Zhen Yuanzi.

"Insignificant tricks!" Zhen Yuanzi remained unmoved.

BANG!

Leng Feng's claw struck Zhen Yuanzi's back. The very same attack that could rip out the hearts of the Impermanence failed to penetrate Zhen Yuanzi's defense.

"So-called speed is nothing but self-deception. When facing an opponent with an equal or stronger Cultivation Level, only attack power is fundamental," Lin Mu suddenly interjected, offering guidance.

Leng Feng seemed to have an epiphany. "Disciple understands."

Zhen Yuanzi's face turned ashen. Was Lin Wudi really using him for a live demonstration? Did he really think the Dragon Protection Hall wouldn't dare kill his disciple?

Zhen Yuanzi's killing intent was ice-cold as sword light flickered in his eyes.

"Slash!"

With his fingers as a sword, Zhen Yuanzi thrust forward. Before the sword light even reached him, Leng Feng felt a piercing pain in his chest. If it weren't for the Magic Artifact Lin Mu had given him, he would have already been defeated. I can't even take a single sword strike from him?

Leng Feng's body trembled, seething with rage. "I am a disciple of this era's living myth! I am Leng Feng! Break!"

With a twisted expression, Leng Feng let out a piercing roar as his eyes suddenly shone with a terrifying light. A snowflake pattern flickered in and out of sight within his pupils. A chilling aura spread from his eyes, freezing everything it touched and solidifying the very air.

"A Pupil Skill!" Zhen Yuanzi was taken aback.

The eyes are arguably the most vulnerable part of the human body. Even for a powerhouse like himself, who had cultivated the Martial Way to the Divine Communion Realm, the eyes remained a critical weak

spot. Only legendary Proud Sons of Heaven with innate gifts possessed Pupil Skills. Every single one of them had unlimited potential and could effortlessly become invincible among their peers. To think that today he would witness the legendary Pupil Skill in a disciple of Lin Wudi.

"Let me experience your Pupil Skill!" Zhen Yuanzi formed a sword-finger seal and slashed through the air.

BOOM!

The sword light collided with the brilliance shooting from Leng Feng's pupils. The sword light shattered, and the force recoiled. Zhen Yuanzi frowned and retreated, his expression solemn.

"Again!" Leng Feng bellowed as another beam of golden light shot from his pupils.

Leng Feng was already strong, and the Magic Artifact Lin Mu had crafted for him using the Zeus Tri-God Artifact increased his strength by thirty percent. His current attack power was comparable to a Middle Divine Communion Stage Martial Artist. Paired with his Supreme Divine Pupils, he could even battle someone in the Late Divine Communion Stage. Zhen Yuanzi had been careless and lost the upper hand.

BOOM! BOOM! BOOM!

Sword light scattered in all directions while the Pupil Skill dominated the space. Bricks crumbled and cement flew as the ancient alley was torn apart by the two fighters in moments.

Mu Chen smiled bitterly. This was no mere reliance on the power of a Magic Artifact. If Leng Feng had used this terrifying Pupil Skill earlier, I would already be dead. Truly a disciple of a myth of this era!

Li Lingqing and Li Linglong watched Leng Feng battle fiercely with Zhen Yuanzi, their hearts filled with envy. Although both were exceptionally talented, their time in Cultivation was still short. A month ago, Li Linglong was only at the sixth level of Qi Cultivation. Among everyone, only Leng Feng had progressed at such a miraculous speed, far surpassing the others. The Supreme Divine Pupils are indeed as extraordinary as their reputation suggests!

"Enough," Lin Mu said indifferently.

Leng Feng was reluctant to stop, but a command from his master could not be disobeyed. He could only step back. The corners of his eyes were torn, and his face was streaked with blood and tears. He feared he might go blind if the battle continued.

Leng Feng had not won, but Zhen Yuanzi had also suffered greatly. After repeated attacks from the Supreme Divine Pupils, half of Zhen Yuanzi's body had lost sensation. If the fight had continued, it would have been hard to say who would have won.

"Lin Wudi, you truly live up to your reputation," Zhen Yuanzi said, his expression dim. He had practiced martial arts for decades, yet he'd almost lost to a teenager. This realization left him somewhat disillusioned and disheartened.

"Content with stagnation, stubbornly ignorant, and jealous of the talented—you are not fit to be an Elder of the Dragon Protection Hall. Step down," Lin Mu said lightly, as if discussing something very ordinary.

"Lin Wudi, have you lost your mind? Do you know my master's status..." Zhen Yuanzi's disciples were enraged, momentarily forgetting the terrifying power of a myth of this era.

"Enough." Zhen Yuanzi waved his hand to stop his shouting disciples and sighed. "Lin Wudi isn't wrong. I've been in seclusion for many months and only heard about his past through the grapevine. I rushed to judgment and rejected his entry into the Dragon Protection Hall. Indeed, I was irresponsible."

"From today onward, I am no longer an Elder of the Dragon Protection Hall," Zhen Yuanzi stated decisively.

His disciples knelt on the ground, pleading bitterly.

Zhen Yuanzi ignored them, turning his gaze to Lin Mu. "I've already sent my eldest disciple to invite Elder Xie and Elder Ma. They won't be as easy to talk to as I am. Lin Wudi, you should leave."

Lin Mu smiled. "If they don't listen, just kill them."

His words were as calm as a gentle breeze, without a hint of murderous intent, yet they sent a chill down everyone's spine.

Zhen Yuanzi lost his composure and exclaimed, "Lin Wudi, are you planning to attack the Dragon Protection Hall? Do you know that the Dragon Protection Hall is the guardian of Huaxia... Do you know..."

Lin Mu interrupted him. "Do you know the reason the Dragon Protection Hall rejected my entry?"

Zhen Yuanzi was silent for a moment before saying, "I do not. My reason for rejecting your entry was simply because you have destroyed families and exterminated clans. Your nature is too murderous."

"Too murderous?" Lin Mu chuckled derisively. "The Buddha manifests as a wrathful King Kong to suppress external Evil Demons. If even the Buddha can feel anger, how can a mortal man not?"

Zhen Yuanzi fell silent once again. After a long while, he said bitterly, "What a line, 'If even the Buddha can feel anger, how can a mortal man not!' I have learned my lesson."

Zhen Yuanzi bowed deeply to Lin Mu.

Just then, the sound of tearing air echoed from afar as several figures flew rapidly closer.

Zhen Yuanzi sighed. "I don't know if I've just doomed Elder Xie and Elder Ma."

Now that they had arrived, whether these people lived or died was no longer in his control. Who lived and who died depended entirely on a single thought from Lin Wudi.

"How audacious, Lin Wudi, to dare attack the Dragon Protection Hall! Are you seeking death?"

"The Dragon Protection Hall is here! Stand down!"

Two of the Elders projected an arrogant and overbearing presence that swept over the area before they even arrived.

"Noisy," was all Li Lingqing said, waving her arm as the Nine-Star Bloodshadow Worm instantly flew out.

"A mere Gu Insect! You dare use it against me?" one of the Elders sneered. He waved his sleeve, and a streak of cold light shot toward the barely visible Nine-Star Bloodshadow Worm.

PFFT!

The Flying Dagger launched by the Elder was immediately punctured by the Nine-Star Bloodshadow Worm. With a buzz, the worm burrowed into the Elder's Protective Divine Light.

"Impossible! How could such a Gu Insect penetrate my Flying Dagger?" The Elder tried to channel his energy to suppress the creature, but he found it was a futile effort. The Nine-Star Bloodshadow Worm swiftly drilled into his body.

It was only at the final moment that he realized the Nine-Star Bloodshadow Worm, which was supposed to be white, had somehow turned blood-red.

Chapter 715: Lin Someone Only Kills, No Sparring!

"A Gu Emperor! A Gu Emperor that can break through the defense of a God-Communicating Martial Artist! How is that possible? How can such a terrifying Gu Insect exist in this world?"

The elder's body trembled, his face turning deathly pale. A moment later, he plummeted from the sky. Curled into a ball, he screamed incessantly, his plight truly wretched.

"Ling Qing, your Nine-Star Bloodshadow Worm is this formidable now?" Li Xiaotian's face was also a mask of shock.

Not long ago, Li Lingqing's Nine-Star Bloodshadow Worm had been easily captured by the Martial Arts Grandmaster Han Xian. Now, in just one month, it had evolved into an emperor, capable of controlling a God-Communicating Martial Artist. Its rate of advancement far surpassed that of the Gu Emperors refined by the ancestors of the Jiuli Tribe.

Li Lingqing shot Leng Feng a smug smile before saying in a sweet voice, "This is all thanks to Master's efforts."

Li Xiaotian grew thoughtful. He recalled the Fire God and the Thunder God, killed by Lin Mu not long ago, as well as Ao Guang, the Foundation Building Cultivator from the Celestial Northern Dipper Pavilion. The Fire God and Thunder God were martial artists at the peak of Divine Communion with incredibly resilient bodies. Ao Guang was even a Foundation Building Immortal, his body brimming with high-level energy.

Those three must have become food for the Nine-Star Bloodshadow Worm. That's the only way it could have advanced so quickly.

"Witch! How dare you harm an elder of my Dragon Protection Hall! You will pay with your life!" an elder roared, spewing a black mist from which a golden light shot toward Li Lingqing.

"You're mine!" Li Xiaotian laughed, drawing his blade.

The Heavenly Punishment Blade was unsheathed, unleashing a storm of blood! Its radiance shook the heavens and shattered the sky! The might of a single strike could sunder Heaven and Earth!

"A top-tier Magic Artifact! No, it even contains the power of lightning... this..." Staring at the Heavenly Punishment Blade in Li Xiaotian's hand, Zhen Yuanzi was shocked. He felt a strange sense of familiarity.

SLASH!

Li Xiaotian struck, the Heavenly Punishment Blade transforming into a bolt of lightning that vanished in an instant. The elder's black mist was dispersed, and his arm went flying. In a single move, he had lost, despite having a higher cultivation level than Li Xiaotian.

"The Lightning Sword!" the elder gasped, clutching his stump as he retreated, his eyes filled with dread as he stared at the Heavenly Punishment Blade.

The Lightning Sword!

Everyone finally understood why the Heavenly Punishment Blade looked familiar. It had been fused with the Sword of Zeus, also known as the Lightning Sword—one of the Three Sacred Treasures of the Western Deity Race! They were all utterly stunned.

Lin Wudi truly had guts. He had dared to destroy one of the Three Sacred Treasures of the Western Deity Race. It seemed the Divine Race and Lin Wudi were now in a fight to the death!

The contingent of elders had arrived full of bluster, only to have two of their own defeated in an instant by Lin Mu's disciples. One lost an arm, the other was infected by a Gu. None of the remaining elders dared to make a sound.

It seems it's not just Lin Wudi himself who will rise to prominence, one elder thought, his gaze toward Lin Wudi and the young men and women around him now filled with renewed reverence.

"I hear some people do not approve of me joining the Dragon Protection Hall. Do any of you elders know about this?" Lin Mu asked calmly.

Several elders felt their faces burn. Not only did they know about it, but they were also among those who had vehemently opposed Lin Mu's entry.

"Lin Wudi, even if you are a modern-day legend, you allowed your disciple to injure an elder of the Dragon Protection Hall! This matter will not be settled so easily!" one elder declared furiously.

The moment he spoke, the elder infected by the Gu let out another agonizing howl. He had clearly become a hostage in Li Lingqing's hands.

"Audacious!"

"Stop it!"

Seeing their old comrade humiliated, the other elders seethed with rage.

Li Lingqing's elegant eyebrows rose as she once again activated the Nine-Star Bloodshadow Worm. The afflicted elder spat out a mouthful of blood, the vital glow on his face dimming noticeably.

"You vicious witch! You're using a Gu Insect to forcefully drain Elder Liu's blood essence!"

"Our Dragon Protection Hall exists to protect Huaxia!"

"Lin Wudi, having taught such a disciple, what right do you have to enter our Dragon Protection Hall!"

The elders were filled with righteous indignation.

"It seems some people still haven't grasped the reality of the situation," Lin Mu said, clasping his hands behind his back and saying no more.

Li Xiaotian made his Heavenly Punishment Blade tremble lightly and announced boldly, "I, Li Xiaotian, disciple of Lin Wudi, challenge the elders of the Dragon Protection Hall. Who dares to fight!"

His words sent an uproar through the crowd. Previously, when Li Xiaotian and Li Lingqing had injured two of their members, those were merely skirmishes. This, however, was a direct challenge to the authority of the Dragon Protection Hall. If they were to back down now, their reputation would be utterly destroyed.

"A mere Martial Arts Grandmaster who relies on the power of a magic artifact dares to be so insolent before us? I, Liu Zongyu, will fight you today!" An elder's upper garments exploded as a ferocious aura surged toward the heavens. His body was covered in profound mystical runes that flowed across his skin like living creatures.

"The union of the Martial and Daoist Ways? I thought it was just a legend. I'm fortunate to witness it today. I must experience it for myself!" Li Xiaotian's blade intent flared as he swung the Heavenly Punishment Blade forward.

Liu Zongyu was fierce while Li Xiaotian was domineering. Their intense battle ended in a stalemate.

Liu Zongyu's realm was higher, and his external techniques were immensely profound, his body nearing an indestructible state. Ordinary martial artists couldn't even breach his defenses. Although Li Xiaotian's strength was slightly inferior, his Heavenly Punishment Blade had been merged with the Sword of Zeus. This combination of Eastern and Western divine and magic artifacts gave it astonishing destructive power. One combatant was stronger, the other had a superior weapon; one fought bare-handed, the other wielded a blade. The fight was a draw.

Li Lingqing stood barefoot on the ground, a coy smile on her face. "That old man just now wasn't much of a challenge. Which of you wants to try next?"

As she spoke, she jingled her bell, and another streak of blood-red light shot out. The elders recoiled as if from a viper, retreating in unison. Not a single one dared to accept her challenge. Li Lingqing's own power was mediocre, but her Gu Insect had feasted on the blood essence of three powerful experts and undergone a perfect transformation. It was now at its absolute peak. At this moment, she had unexpectedly become the strongest of Lin Mu's disciples.

Li Linglong pouted. What's there to be so arrogant about? It's all thanks to Master's help.

Lin Mu had fused the Sword of Zeus with the Heavenly Punishment Blade. He had used the Shield of Zeus to refine a Defensive Magical Artifact for Leng Feng. He had fed the Gu Insect with the blood essence of three powerhouses. Li Lingqing, Li Xiaotian, and Leng Feng had all seen their strength soar, while Li Linglong had been left at the bottom.

"The Dragon Protection Hall has a thousand-year legacy, so it's full of treasures. Are you worried you won't get your share?" Lin Mu teased.

Li Linglong's face immediately lit up. "Thank you, Master."

The elders nearly exploded with rage.

That Lin Wudi is an absolute bully! He hasn't even joined the Dragon Protection Hall, and he's already coveting its treasures? Truly domineering and greedy!

"Lin Wudi, I will fight you!" an elder yelled, stepping out from the crowd to challenge Lin Mu directly.

Losing to Lin Mu's disciples was a terrible disgrace. However, losing to Lin Wudi himself was not so unacceptable. After all, Lin Wudi had defeated Ye Kuangren, slain the Thunder God, and executed Ao Guang! To be defeated by a living legend was, in a way, an honor. Rumors were already spreading that Ye Kuangren's survival after his defeat was a testament to his title as the Martial Alliance Leader.

"I only kill. I don't spar," Lin Mu stated, taking a single step forward.

BOOM! BOOM! BOOM!

The very air roiled as shockwaves of energy erupted, sending shattered stones flying. The power of this one man was so overwhelming that none of the six elders from the Dragon Protection Hall dared to meet his charge.

"There's no need to use a cleaver to kill a chicken. Master, let me!" Leng Feng, brimming with fighting spirit, blurred into motion and rushed into the group of elders.

"Brother Xie, Brother Ma, let it go. I have already admitted defeat. Lin Wudi is chosen by destiny; we should not continue to be a praying mantis trying to stop a chariot," Zhen Yuanzi tried to reason with them.

Unfortunately, no one was listening.

"Zhen Yuanzi, I never expected you to be such a coward who fears death! Today, I sever all ties with you!" Elder Xie roared. He flicked his sleeve, and a piece of it tore away and fluttered to the ground.

BOOM!

At the exact moment he ripped his sleeve, a brilliant light shot from Leng Feng's Divine Pupil, piercing directly toward Elder Xie.

Chapter 716: Abdicate, or Die!

"Pupil Skill!" Elder Xie turned pale with shock. He recognized the legendary martial technique, but it was too late to avoid it. Amid a booming sound, the Pupil Skill from the Supreme Divine Pupils collided with Elder Xie's Protective Body Technique. Blood splattered everywhere as the air itself seemed to explode. Elder Xie grunted, his face instantly turning ashen.

Not one to let an advantage slip, Leng Feng took another step forward. Another burst of Godlight shot from his eyes. Even though the corners of his eyes were torn and streaming blood, he showed no fear.

"Sky-Breaker Fist!" Elder Xie roared, throwing a punch that seemed to pierce the atmosphere. A gout of flame shot toward Leng Feng like a fiery serpent.

Leng Feng didn't dodge or evade. The fiery fist struck his body, but a watery ripple of light shimmered across him, completely dissipating the force of the blow.

"Aegis, the Shield of Zeus," Elder Xie muttered, recognizing the Magic Artifact in Leng Feng's possession.

Leng Feng laughed heartily, unleashing his Pupil Skill once more.

Damn it! Lin Wudi acquired the Three Sacred Treasures, but he didn't keep them for himself. He passed them on to his disciples! The elders of the Dragon Protection Hall found this completely beyond comprehension.

The Zeus Tri-God Artifact was the strongest set of Divine Artifacts the Western Deity Race relied upon to survive and contend with the Ancient Land Sects. And yet, Lin Mu was willing to give them away. Such broad-mindedness and magnanimity earned the admiration of all the elders.

What a pity, Li Linglong thought, the terrifying power of the Sword of Zeus and the Shield of Zeus making her feel a pang of sadness. Why didn't Master hold back then? Why did he have to shatter the Rod of Zeus?

"Magic Artifacts are ultimately external objects, Linglong. You are too attached," Lin Mu said indifferently.

Li Linglong's body trembled. She bowed respectfully and said, "Thank you for your guidance, Master. I nearly succumbed to my inner demons."

Lin Mu simply nodded.

Witnessing this scene, Zhen Yuanzi was once again deeply moved.

"Be defeated!" Li Xiaotian roared, bursting forth with the vigor of a young man. Blood trickled from the corner of his mouth and the webbing between his thumb and forefinger was torn, but he didn't retreat a single step. He unleashed a slash surrounded by crackling thunderbolts, looking as if the Thunder God himself had descended.

BOOM! BOOM! BOOM!

A massive phantom, somewhat resembling the Thunder Mountain of the Eight Thunder Gods, flickered into existence behind Li Xiaotian.

"Zeus!" an elder cried out, recognizing the phantom's identity.

From the fragments of the Lightning Sword, Li Xiaotian had actually comprehended a trace of Zeus's thunderous true meaning, summoning a phantom of the god to the Lower Realm. Even the former Thunder God had never reached such a state.

Liu Zongyu was sent flying by the thunderbolt, coughing up blood while still in midair. The blood was instantly vaporized by the searing lightning. Nearly half of the Profound Mystical Runes on his body dissipated.

He was defeated.

Liu Zongyu, a man renowned for years and whose cultivation level had reached the Divine Communion Realm, had just been defeated by a disciple of Lin Wudi. He struggled to his feet but didn't continue the fight.

Li Xiaotian choked, spitting another mouthful of blood, yet his will to fight didn't waver in the slightest. "I, Li Xiaotian, disciple of Lin Wudi, am here! Who dares to fight me!"

The elders fell silent.

"How boring," Li Lingqing muttered. The bell on her wrist vibrated, sending out three more blood-red shadows. Four Nine-Star Bloodshadow Worms now buzzed menacingly, their wings beating furiously. The four elders of the Dragon Protection Hall before her retreated in a fluster, some dodging, others resisting. None had the breathing room to attack Li Lingqing herself. Facing four opponents at once, she was incredibly imposing. Even as the Saintess of the Jiuli Tribe, Li Lingqing had never felt so commanding. To single-handedly overpower four God-Communicating Martial Artists was an absolute display of dominance.

Lin Mu's expression shifted slightly, but he didn't make a move. In the next moment, a streak of light shot from Elder Ma's mouth, aiming straight for Li Lingqing's face.

Li Lingqing, who had been reveling in her power just a moment ago, was caught completely off guard. She barely avoided a fatal blow, but the hidden weapon still grazed her face, leaving behind a bloody gash and nearly blinding her.

"I'll kill you!" Li Lingqing shrieked in fury.

"Lingqing, that's enough," Lin Mu spoke coldly.

Li Lingqing's body trembled as she quickly retreated and knelt on one knee before him.

"Do you realize your mistake?" Lin Mu's tone was icy. Instead of praising her for taking on four opponents single-handedly, he was scolding her.

"Disciple knows her mistake. Please punish me, Master," Li Lingqing said, hanging her head low in honest admission.

"Oh? And where did you go wrong?"

"I became arrogant and careless while facing four opponents whose cultivation levels are an entire realm higher than my own."

A Cultivator at Qi Cultivation Level Nine is equivalent to a Martial Artist in the Divine Communion Realm. Li Lingqing was still far from reaching this state. She only seemed to have the upper hand because she was relying on the power of the Nine-Star Bloodshadow Worms. A single moment of carelessness on her part, and any one of the four Dragon Protection Hall elders could have killed her with a casual strike. Yet, she had let her guard down. Worse, instead of reflecting on her mistake after being injured, she had been easily provoked by anger.

"When you return, go into seclusion for three months. Do not emerge until you have reached Qi Cultivation Level Nine."

"I will heed Master's command," Li Lingqing replied, her face a mask of pitifulness as she hung her head low, not daring to talk back.

The Nine-Star Bloodshadow Worms flew back to her. The four elders who had fought Li Lingqing glanced at each other, an overwhelming sense of frustration making them feel like they could spit blood. Li Lingqing fought the four of us to a standstill all by herself, forcing us into a humiliating retreat, and *she's* the one getting punished with three months of seclusion? What about us? If we had any pride, we'd have to hide our faces in shame for the rest of our lives!

"Alas, we truly have grown old. It is best we no longer interfere in this matter," Elder Ma sighed, turning to leave.

"Halt!" Lin Mu uttered a single word. It rang out like a command from the Heavenly Emperor, nailing Elder Ma to the spot. The expressions of the other elders changed in unison.

"Lin Wudi, we have already yielded and decided not to interfere. What more do you want?" one of the elders demanded.

Lin Mu replied indifferently, "You think you can come and go as you please? Who do you take me, Lin Wudi, for?"

Just then, the first elder who had been afflicted by a Nine-Star Bloodshadow Worm struggled to his feet. He glanced at Li Lingqing with a wary eye before speaking. "Lin Wudi, we admit our skills were lacking and we lost to your disciples. We have no complaints. Must you be so relentless?"

Lin Mu said, "The Dragon Protection Hall was established to protect Huaxia and oppose the Ancient Land Sects. It is a critical asset of the nation. For you to manipulate it now, barring me from entry out of fear of the Celestial Northern Dipper Pavilion, is utterly absurd!"

"You decrepit old men are complacent, inept, and incapable. You are no longer suitable for the position of elder. All of you, step down."

A single word to decide the future. With one sentence, Lin Mu sought to dismiss every elder present.

Elder Xie, who was still bleeding from the corner of his mouth after taking Leng Feng's attack, stepped out of the fray and said coldly, "Lin Wudi, you aren't even a member of the Dragon Protection Hall. What right do you have to demand we step down?"

Making these elders step down was indeed Xiao Xuan's intention, but Lin Mu didn't bother to elaborate. He simply said, "Step down. Or die."

"Lin Wudi, you dare kill an elder of the Dragon Protection Hall?" another challenged.

"If you kill one of us, there will be no place left for you in this world, Lin Wudi!"

The elders, confident in their status, all believed Lin Mu wouldn't dare to act.

"Truly, rotten wood cannot be carved. They lack even the basic ability to gauge the situation," Lin Mu snorted coldly. "Linglong!"

Li Linglong had been waiting, restless with impatience.

"Suppress!"

At Lin Mu's command, Li Linglong waved her fingers lightly. Talismans fluttered through the air, shooting toward every Dragon Protection Hall elder present.

"Not good! It's the Zhenyuan Talisman! Scatter!"

"Disperse!"

The Zhenyuan Talisman from the Ancient Land Sects was the natural nemesis of Martial Artists. Under its suppressive power, the elders had no chance to flee. They were trapped like birds in a cage.

BOOM!

Just as the elders of the Dragon Protection Hall were suppressed by the Zhenyuan Talismans, their power to fight back nullified, and just as Li Xiaotian's group began to relax, a piercing blade of light tore through the air. A long, sharp howl accompanied it.

"Lin Mu! Stop the charade! Others may not know, but I do! You must be seriously wounded, or you wouldn't be letting your disciples do all the fighting! Today, I, Feng, will slay a legend and make my name known to the world!"

A one-armed man appeared, his long sword cleaving through the sky. The strike created sonic booms, a slash that seemed to have been unleashed from Hell itself.

Chapter 717: Returning to Purity and Simplicity, Above Reaching the Divine!

Li Lingqing and the others were stunned, then playful smiles appeared on their faces.

Master is seriously injured?

This person must have misunderstood something.

Ten meters.

Five meters.

One meter!

The long saber was mere inches from Lin Mu's face, yet he remained perfectly still.

Could it be that Lin Wudi is truly injured? the elders of the Dragon Protection Hall wondered, their expressions filled with suspicion.

Thinking back, Lin Mu's behavior today had indeed been abnormal. His entire aura had changed, lacking any of the presence of a powerhouse. He didn't even intervene when his disciples exhausted themselves to their limits, their eyes bloodshot with strain.

Could it be that during the battle at Changbai Mountain, Ao Guang, the Foundation Building Immortal from the Celestial Northern Dipper Pavilion, actually managed to severely wound Lin Mu?

On that day, when the spectating martial artists had looked over, the battle was already nearing its end. Aside from the soldiers of the Divine Machine Camp, no one had truly witnessed the process of the fight between Lin Mu and Ao Guang.

If Lin Mu truly is seriously injured, then...

"Lin Mu, you annihilated my Shen Family! This is a blood feud, and we cannot exist under the same sky! Die!"

Clearly, more than one person shared this thought. A flash of sword light erupted from the alley's depths, arriving first despite being launched second. The swordsman's cultivation level was obviously stronger than that of the one-armed man with the saber.

"Shen Cheng! He's actually broken through to the Martial Arts Grandmaster realm!" someone cried out, recognizing the newcomer.

Normally, a Martial Arts Grandmaster who dared to attack a living myth would be courting death. But today, Lin Mu was still suffering from grave injuries.

Perhaps a sneak attack could succeed.

The swordsman had yet to arrive, but his blade was already there!

A saber and a sword, both mere inches from Lin Mu.

"How dull."

Lin Mu flicked his fingers, sending two talismans shooting out.

Silently, the saber and the sword froze in mid-air.

THUD!

The two attackers' heads were pierced through, and their bodies fell to the ground.

Lin Mu had instantly killed both assailants, including Shen Cheng of the Dragon Protection Hall, but this only made the elders' minds churn with new schemes.

Lin Mu actually resorted to an external tool. He's no longer as domineering as before. He really **is** seriously injured.

"What coward dares to use Zhenyuan Talismans in the Capital?"

Just then, a voice as majestic as a god's resounded from a distance.

"Vice-Chief!"

"Chief Jin, hurry and slay this monster!"

The elders of the Dragon Protection Hall were overjoyed.

Jin Shisan.

He rose to fame thirty years ago, having challenged eight of the top ten masters on the Heavenly Ranking in a single day, achieving seven victories and one defeat. After his defeat, he vanished from the public eye. The world believed he had suffered incurable injuries and perished. In truth, he had simply returned to the Dragon Protection Hall.

Thirty years ago, he was a Proud Son of Heaven of the Dragon Protection Hall.

Thirty years later, he was one of the four Vice-Chiefs of the Dragon Protection Hall, commanding a region with his immense power and revered status. Amidst the recent turmoil following the battle on Changbai Mountain, he had been summoned back to the Capital to oversee the center of Huaxia's power. This alone was a testament to his standing within the Dragon Protection Hall.

At his appearance, all the elders regained their vigor. They immediately went back on their word, completely denying the promises they had just made in defeat. They clamored for Jin Shisan to defeat Lin Wudi. Jin Shisan might not be a match for Lin Mu, but if Lin Mu dared to fight openly in the Capital, any chance of him joining the Dragon Protection Hall would be utterly destroyed.

Li Xiaotian, being the most worldly-wise, immediately saw through their insidious plot and shot a worried glance at Lin Mu.

Lin Mu just gave a faint smile and spoke a single word.

"Scram."

It was said lightly, without a hint of aggression or worldly emotion. It carried no intimidating presence, no earth-shattering power, not even the domineering aura of invincibility that a living myth should possess. Just one plain, simple word. It was like an old farmer in a field telling his grandson, "Go fetch my pipe."

There was a profound silence.

Jin Shisan, the Vice-Chief of the Dragon Protection Hall, said nothing for a long time. Finally, his voice echoed once more.

"As expected of the living myth of our era. To have already reached the state of returning to one's true nature... I am in awe."

"Lin Wudi, once today's affairs are concluded, I will personally visit your home to offer my apologies and receive your teachings."

With that said, the voice vanished without a trace, as if it had never been there at all.

Offer apologies!

Receive teachings!

Each phrase was heavier than the last. Even though Lin Mu was a living myth, it was unbecoming for a man with Jin Shisan's esteemed status as a Vice-Chief of the Dragon Protection Hall to speak of offering apologies. Let alone receiving teachings.

Jin Shisan had shockingly placed himself in the position of Lin Wudi's disciple.

What virtue or ability did Lin Mu possess to command such respect?

"Returning to one's true nature..." Zhen Yuanzi murmured, savoring the phrase. Suddenly, his expression changed dramatically.

"Lin Wudi, you... you've reached the pinnacle of Qi Cultivation! You're only a single step away from the immortal realm of Foundation Establishment?"

"Returning to one's true nature" is a Daoist concept. The Dao De Jing says: "Reveal simplicity, embrace purity, reduce selfishness, and have few desires." It signifies embracing the Dao and preserving the truth, nourishing life's True Yuan so that it is not seduced by material wants or shackled by selfish distractions. When a cultivator reaches this state, they are on the cusp of Foundation Establishment.

In the sects of the Ancient Lands, Foundation Establishment meant becoming an Immortal!

The world knew Lin Wudi as the pinnacle of the Martial Way, but no one imagined his Dao Methods were so profound that he was only one step away from becoming an Immortal. One more step, and he would cross the threshold separating mortals from immortals.

Upon hearing this, the other elders' faces changed in unison.

Foundation Establishment! Lin Wudi was on the verge of Foundation Establishment!

This meant they had just rejected a future Foundation Building Immortal—one who came from the mortal world, was born in Huaxia, grew up among the common people, held the world's populace in his heart, and had limitless potential.

"We are all sinners!"

THUMP! Liu Zongyu dropped to his knees, performing a disciple's formal bow.

"Instructor Lin, please quell your anger."

Elder Ma knelt.

"We will abdicate our positions! Please, Instructor Lin, quell your anger."

"Instructor Lin, forgive us!"

All the elders of the Dragon Protection Hall, including Zhen Yuanzi, were kneeling at Lin Mu's feet. However, their choice of address was intriguing.

"We martial artists do not kneel to heaven or earth, and certainly not to so-called immortals. Your actions prove how antiquated you truly are."

Lin Mu turned and walked away.

On this day, Lin Wudi graced the Capital with his presence.

His four disciples humbled Zhen Yuanzi, broke Qi Mu's arm, and defeated four Great Elders. His magnificence at that moment was peerless.

Lin Wudi: with a single word, he made Jin Shisan retreat. Half a step from Foundation Establishment, with Immortality in his future.

First a living myth, and now, a future Foundation Building Immortal.

Another Chapter was added to the legend of Lin Mu, "The Invincible."

...

"Master, should we head back now, or should we go look around for a while?" Li Linglong asked boldly, perhaps sensing that the Lin Mu who had 'returned to his true nature' was easier to talk to.

Li Lingqing and even Leng Feng seemed tempted by the idea. After all, they were still just young people in their late teens and early twenties.

Lin Mu looked up at the sky. "We won't go sightseeing, but I can take you to witness a true master at the pinnacle of the Martial Way."

"The pinnacle of the Martial Way?"

"Someone at Ye Kuangren's level?"

"Even stronger than Thunder God?"

Now that all four were cultivators, they were merely curious about the so-called pinnacle of the Martial Way. In their minds, Ye Kuangren, the Martial Alliance Leader, was a preeminent figure in the Eastern Martial Realm, while Thunder God was the representative of the Western Martial Realm.

"Them?" Lin Mu flicked a finger. "They are merely at the Peak of Divine Communion. They are still a great distance from the true pinnacle of the Martial Way."

"Just the Peak of Divine Communion? Still far from the pinnacle of the Martial Way? Master, does that mean there are realms in the Martial Way beyond Divine Communion?" Li Xiaotian, the most experienced of the four, was the first to grasp the implication.

Lin Mu nodded.

The four of them gasped.

Chapter 718: The Sword Saint in White, Shen Lang!

External Strength, Inner Strength, Grandmaster, and Reaching the Divine. These are the four great realms that have been passed down for a thousand years in the Martial Arts World, unchanging through the ages. Even the historical records of the Jiuli Tribe, the oldest of clans, mention only these four realms.

Lin Mu said, "It's not hard to guess. The Dragon Protection Hall was established to guard Huaxia and contend with the Ancient Land Sects."

"The Worldly Walkers of the Ancient Land Sects are already Martial Arts Grandmasters, or even Deity-like Strong Individuals."

"In that case, if someone like Ao Guang from the Celestial Northern Dipper Pavilion, a so-called Foundation Building Immortal, were to descend to the Human Realm, how could the Dragon Protection Hall possibly resist?"

"If it cannot stop a Foundation Building Cultivator, the Dragon Protection Hall would be a complete laughing stock."

The disciples finally understood.

"And..." Lin Mu pointed forward. "Up ahead, there is a Martial Artist beyond the realm of Reaching the Divine waiting for us."

The disciples were shocked.

"Master, is it an enemy?"

"Could it be someone from the Dragon Protection Hall?"

Leng Feng and the others grew wary.

Lin Mu simply smiled. "Let's go. Accompany me to meet the pinnacle of the Martial Way in this Human Realm."

With a single step, he was a hundred meters away. The disciples hurried to keep up.

...

「Suburbs of the Capital City」

On the East Mountain, atop the Great Wall.

A man in white robes stood on the ancient and majestic ramparts, his clear eyes gazing out into the sea of clouds. His very figure was as sharp as a sword; just by standing there, he seemed capable of piercing the heavens.

By his side were three others. One was a one-eyed man with a single saber, his gaze filled with a chilling murderous intent. Another, with eyebrows like hooks, held a longsword and stood by the white-robed man's side, his head bowed in utmost respect. The last man, however, was lounging lazily against the crenellations, sipping wine while tossing peanuts into his mouth one by one.

"Shen Lang, it's not my place to lecture you, but I advise you not to meddle. Lin Wudi's invincibility is his business. What does it have to do with us? Isn't it better to just cultivate in seclusion and strive for a higher realm?" the languid middle-aged man said listlessly, his eyes fixed on the wine jug in his hand, never once looking at the others.

Shen Lang, Master of the Dragon Protection Hall, the Huaxia Sword Deity. Fifty years ago, he had already reached the Peak of Divine Communion. To this day, no one knew his true cultivation level.

"Thirteen, my battle with Lin Wudi is not a matter of pride, but a chance to take that final step," the white-robed Shen Lang said, looking out at the sea of clouds. His expression was somewhat melancholic, yet it seemed to blaze with fighting spirit. Two completely opposite qualities were intricately fused within him.

Neither Shen Lang nor Lin Mu had publicized their intentions. However, even with a hundred miles between them, the pull of their auras was already shaking the world.

「Dragon Protection Hall, Capital City Branch」

Including Zhen Yuanzi, fifty-four members of the Capital City branch and twelve Elders of the Dragon Protection Hall were gathered in one hall. As the strongest organization in Huaxia, the minimum cultivation level for a Dragon Protection Hall member was Martial Arts Grandmaster. Those like Shen Cheng, who had not yet reached the Grandmaster realm, were merely reserve members.

This time, half the members of the Dragon Protection Hall had gathered to address Lin Wudi's sweeping victory over their Capital City branch.

"If you ask me, this is all on Zhen Yuanzi. And you, Liu Zongyu, and the rest of you trash! Venerable Elders of the Dragon Protection Hall, yet you lost to Lin Mu's disciple," said Deng Yuanjue, one of the Elders from the southern six provinces. He was a member of Vice Hall Master Mo Ran's faction, the very one that had insisted on barring Lin Mu.

Zhen Yuanzi raised his eyes but said nothing.

Liu Zongyu scoffed, "Deng Yuanjue, if you think you're so great, why don't you go test the edge of the Lightning Sword for yourself!"

Deng Yuanjue was rendered speechless. The fame of the Zeus Tri-God Artifact was legendary; how could he not know of it? The Divine Race had relied on these three Divine Artifacts to contend with the Ancient Land Sects for hundreds of years.

"So, are we just going to let it go? The resignation of nine Elders is no small matter," another person, Li Siguang, a direct subordinate of Vice Hall Master Jin Shisan, spoke up.

"What else can we do if we don't? Is there anyone here who can stand against Lin Wudi?" Elder Ma sneered.

At that moment, Vice Hall Master Mo Ran, who had been sitting silently in the main seat, suddenly spoke. "I will report to the Hall Master and request the Hall Towns Artifact!"

The Hall Towns Artifact was the ultimate treasure of the Dragon Protection Hall. Nourished for hundreds of years by the providence of the Capital City Royal Court, it had gained sentience. Its power far exceeded that of ordinary magic artifacts. It could even be used to slay a descending Foundation Building Immortal.

With the Hall Towns Artifact, Lin Wudi's death was certain.

Deng Yuanjue was clearly tempted.

But Zhen Yuanzi and the others urgently protested, "Lin Wudi has already reached the state of returning to simplicity and truth! He's just one step from Foundation Establishment. If he succeeds, he will become an Immortal on the side of our Dragon Protection Hall!"

"Lin Wudi is arrogant, domineering, and looks down on everyone," Mo Ran snorted coldly. "If he reaches Foundation Establishment and is no longer bound by the world's constraints, he will become a dire threat to our Dragon Protection Hall!"

"This man must die!"

When Foundation Building Cultivators from the Ancient Land Sects descend to the Human Realm, they are suppressed by its rules and can only exert a thousandth of their true strength. If they forcibly use power that exceeds the limits of the Human Realm, they will be crushed to death by the world itself. Ao Guang was a prime example.

However, if Lin Mu were to achieve Foundation Establishment within the Human Realm, he would not be subject to this suppression. At that point, Lin Wudi would truly live up to his name—invincible.

The Elders fell silent.

"Say no more. We will do as I have decided!" Mo Ran declared domineeringly, sealing the fate of the living legend, Lin Mu, with a single sentence.

Just then, the expressions of everyone in the great hall changed in unison.

"This aura... it's the Hall Master's!"

"The Hall Master has come out of seclusion?"

"Why is the Hall Master at the East Mountain Great Wall?"

"Wait, that other aura clashing with his... it's Lin Wudi!"

"The Hall Master is going to fight Lin Wudi?!"

Everyone was aghast, their faces paling. That included Mo Ran.

The Sword God, Shen Lang, was the Dragon Protection Hall's Sky-supporting White Jade Pillar and its Sea-spanning Purple Gold Beam. Every member of the Dragon Protection Hall worshipped the Huaxia Sword Deity, Shen Lang. In their eyes, as long as Shen Lang emerged from his seclusion, slaying Lin Wudi would be a matter of a single sword strike.

But Shen Lang had been in seclusion for many years, seeking to break through the shackles of Reaching the Divine. No one had dared to disturb him.

And now, Shen Lang had actually emerged. His aura was clashing with Lin Wudi's. This...

"Let's go! To the East Mountain Great Wall," Mo Ran's figure vanished in a flash.

All the members of the Dragon Protection Hall followed close behind.

...

The contemporary War God, Lin Wudi, and the Huaxia Sword Immortal, Shen Lang, were set to battle atop the Great Wall. The world was shaken.

Lin Wudi: A living legend who had slain the Thunder God, defeated the Martial Alliance, and even killed the Foundation Building Immortal, Ao Guang of the Celestial Northern Dipper Pavilion. His momentum was unstoppable, his combat strength unparalleled.

Shen Lang: The Huaxia Sword Deity, famed for fifty years without a single defeat. In his final battle thirty years ago, he defeated the number one on the Heavenly Ranking and swept through the Worldly Walkers of the six great Ancient Land Sects. Hailed as the number one, he had never met his match.

The battle between these two immediately caused an uproar. All the powerful martial artists were drawn to it. Unfortunately, since the two had not announced their duel in advance, many experts were too far away and could only sigh in regret.

For a time, helicopters, private planes, and sports cars filled the roads and skies. There were those who used Sword Flight Across the Sky, those who left no trace in the snow, and those who crossed rivers on a single reed. The martial arts experts all showed off their divine skills as they converged on the East Mountain Great Wall.

Even the old monsters who hadn't been stirred by the battle on Changbai Mountain came out in full force.

The battle on Changbai Mountain, between Lin Mu and Lin Wudi, had been merely a clash between juniors. This time, however, it was a formal confrontation between the new generation of experts, represented by Lin Wudi, and the pinnacle of the older generation, represented by Shen Lang.

Was the new generation's invincible champion truly peerless, or was the older generation's pinnacle even stronger?

Today, perhaps, the answer would be revealed.

Chapter 719: Borrowing, A Thousand Miles of Green Mountains for One Use!

Blacklands, in the middle of the desert.

An elderly man staggered through the whirling sands, looking as though he was in his final years and about to pass away.

A figure tore through the air and arrived.

"Rui!"

The newcomer prostrated on the ground, kissing the old man's toes.

"Praka, it's you. Why do you disturb my arduous cultivation?" The old man, Rui, stroked the newcomer's head, a benevolent smile gracing his wrinkled face.

Praka said respectfully, "Most exalted Rui, in the East, the Shen Lang you have been observing has left his seclusion."

"Oh? Has he broken through? No, that's impossible. If he had succeeded, the power would be so vast that I would have surely sensed it." Rui was puzzled.

Praka said, "All-knowing Rui, you are truly peerless in your wisdom. Shen Lang has not broken through. He has left seclusion to challenge the contemporary myth, Lin Wudi."

"When?"

"Today. Right now."

"What a shame. I am going to miss the pinnacle battle of our time."

"Your inability to watch is their loss, O supreme Rui."

"Haha, perhaps."

Rui, in the Ancient Pyramid language, is the name of the Sun God.

「Western Europe, Olympus.」

A streak of water shot into the heavens.

"Fire God, Thunder God was slain by Lin Wudi. Perhaps this is our chance to retrieve the Zeus Tri-God Artifact."

「Northern Europe, the Dark Church.」

A dark shadow hovered above the church, looking down on the Satan worshippers inside.

"The day of our Lord's return will be the day of the East's demise."

「America, Area 51.」

"Marvel! Quick! Redirect all satellites to Huaxia, to the East Mountain Great Wall!"

"Captain, what's happening?"

"The contemporary myth, Lin Wudi, is facing the Huaxia Sword Deity, Shen Lang, in a decisive battle atop the Great Wall!"

"Ah! I have to call Jack and Super Green! We can't miss this ultimate confrontation."

The battle between Lin Mu and Shen Lang was too abrupt.

Ninety-nine percent of the world's powerhouses were unable to witness it. Only a handful of mighty beings closest to the borders of the Huaxia Country forcibly broke through, rushing toward the East Mountain Great Wall near the Capital City.

"Master, is that Shen Lang up ahead?" Li Xiaotian, Li Lingqing, and Li Linglong all wore expressions of shock.

They had practically grown up listening to the legends of the Huaxia Sword Deity, Shen Lang. In contrast, the youngest among them, Leng Feng, seemed rather indifferent.

"I don't care if he's Shen Lang or Shen Tide, we just have to knock him down."

Lin Mu patted Leng Feng on the head.

"Master, can you please stop patting my head? I'm not a kid anymore." Leng Feng tried to dodge but failed.

"When you can finally dodge my hand, I'll stop."

That day feels impossibly far away, Leng Feng thought. I'll probably never see it in this lifetime.

BOOM!

Atop East Mountain, Lin Mu's figure soared into the air, his robes fluttering as gracefully as an immortal's.

On the Great Wall, Shen Lang unsheathed his longsword. Its brilliant radiance blazed like the sun as the Sword God descended upon the mortal world.

Lin Mu's celestial might was as vast and boundless as the ocean.

Shen Lang, dressed in white purer than snow, possessed a divine might as sharp as a sword!

The two occupied opposite sides of the heavens and earth, their auras equally astounding.

"Lin Wudi, I believed I had gained some insight from watching your battle with Zhang Daoyun. However, despite my seclusion, I have failed to take that final step!" Shen Lang declared. "To battle you today is truly one of life's greatest joys!"

"If I win, I shall break through to Reaching the Divine and achieve the God Realm."

"If I lose, I shall die by your hand, and you will take control of the Dragon Protection Hall."

Shen Lang spoke with complete candor, openly stating his intent to use Lin Mu for his breakthrough. He didn't even mention the destruction of the Shen Family or the death of Shen Cheng.

"Shen Lang, you have, in fact, already broken through. It is simply a pity that you are constrained by your own heart and have failed to grasp the true essence of this level. The God Realm is merely an extension of the Martial Way. You already stand at its pinnacle, just one step away from attaining immortality!"

Lin Mu floated through the air, his words deliberate and measured. His tone was calm, yet his statement was earth-shattering.

Already broken through to Reaching the Divine? Constrained by his own heart? Are Lin Mu's words meant to disturb Shen Lang's focus, or does he have another motive?

On the Great Wall, Jin Shisan's gaze flickered. I always felt the Hall Master's aura was strange... could it be...

But Shen Lang's martial heart was resolute; he would not be swayed by a few words from Lin Mu.

"Since you claim I have reached the God Realm, I shall let you see if my strike possesses the might of one."

Shen Lang's white robes danced in the wind, his presence as overwhelming as a rainbow. A sword-shaped mark slowly materialized on his forehead.

"Sword, come!"

In the sky above, clouds began to gather. As Shen Lang waved his hand, countless white clouds condensed into swords. They were grand and lofty, spanning the sky as they traveled for miles to smash down upon Lin Mu.

Where the sword light passed, the air ruptured, rocks were sent flying, and the winds churned violently, creating a scene of apocalypse.

Watching this, Jin Shisan muttered to himself, "Lin Wudi was right. This isn't the God Realm. This isn't a Martial Artist Reaching the Divine... this is clearly the work of an Immortal."

BOOM! BOOM! BOOM!

A thousand cloud swords plunged directly toward the mountain peak where Lin Mu stood.

"The First of the Twelve Forms for Slaying Gods, Demons, and Punishing Immortals!"

"Godslayer Finger!"

Previously, against Han Xian, Lin Mu's Godslayer Finger had borrowed the power of the sky, using the clouds to form the finger. This time, against Shen Lang, he used the mountain's rocks.

The colossal finger formed from stone clashed with Shen Lang's thousand cloud swords.

Three hundred cloud swords shattered.

The Godslayer Finger cracked.

Six hundred cloud swords shattered.

The Godslayer Finger was whittled down.

A thousand cloud swords broke into pieces.

The Godslayer Finger dissipated into nothingness.

In the distance, Li Xiaotian, Li Lingqing, Li Linglong, and Leng Feng all stared, their eyes wide with shock. For the first time in their lives, their master Lin Wudi's Godslayer Finger had failed to defeat an opponent.

"Excellent!" Shen Lang roared to the heavens. "You are truly worthy of your title, 'Wudi'! Lin Wudi, now take this sword!"

Shen Lang struck once more. This time, he truly drew his sword.

It was slim, edgeless, and entirely pitch-black. He thrust it forward with a simple, unadorned motion that looked like a fencer's lunge in a sporting match.

Yet, this thrust struck Li Xiaotian and the others with an inexplicable sense of familiarity.

"Master's 'Returning to Simplicity'," Li Linglong, who had seen Lin Mu settle accounts and Qin Luoli knit sweaters, blurted out.

Yes, Returning to Simplicity. Shen Lang's strike possessed the same profound subtlety as Lin Mu's technique.

"The Huaxia Sword Deity is truly worthy of his name."

Far away, atop a mountain ridge, a figure dressed in ninja attire with a covered face exclaimed with sincere admiration in the language of the Island Country.

This single strike from Shen Lang fully displayed the grace of a Sword God.

Jin Shisan was completely dazzled, wishing he could be the one in Shen Lang's place. A sword thrust with no fanfare, its killing intent perfectly concealed within. What incredible power.

"Hahaha! A fight like this is worth breaking my self-imposed restraints and making a move!" Battle intent flared in Lin Mu's eyes. This was the most exhilarating fight he'd had since his rebirth, even though it was only the second exchange.

Between masters, a mere clash of auras could shake the heavens and earth.

This Shen Lang... what a pity he was born in the wrong place. If he were in the Immortal Realm, a genius like him could have become an Immortal King as easily as reaching into a bag.

"I shall borrow a thousand miles of these green mountains!"

Lin Mu stomped on the ground and clawed fiercely at the empty air. As if by an Emperor's Decree, heaven and earth submitted.

All across East Mountain, the trees instantly withered, their life force gone. Rocks crumbled and collapsed. The very peak beneath Lin Mu's feet was shaved down by ten feet.

The might contained in his words was terrifying.

The phantom of a mountain range gradually took shape in Lin Mu's hand. The hundreds of miles of East Mountain were seemingly condensed between his fingers.

"Borrowing a thousand miles of green mountains" was a literal name for a literal technique.

"Lin Wudi has drained all the Spiritual Energy from a thousand miles of East Mountain with just a single declaration! Such power... I'm afraid not even a Foundation Establishment Immortal could manage that!" Mo Ran, the Deputy of the Dragon Protection Hall, was utterly dumbfounded.

Chapter 720: Sword God Becomes a Disciple!

Shen Lang's methods were still comprehensible to some, who could discern the faint shadow of the Martial Way within them. Lin Wudi's technique, however, had already transcended the martial and entered the realm of the Way itself.

With a single word, he drained the Spiritual Energy from a thousand miles around!

How profound!

How tyrannical!

RUMBLE!

Shen Lang's slender, formless sword finally materialized. It appeared as a strand of void-black light, as faint as a silken thread, yet it radiated an extreme sense of danger.

For Martial Arts Grandmasters like Li Lingqing and Li Linglong, a single glance was enough to make their eyes feel as if they were being sliced open, the pain causing tears to stream down their faces.

Even experts of the Reaching the Divine realm, like Jin Shisan and Mo Ran, felt their very souls tremble.

I cannot block this attack. The thought surfaced in Jin Shisan's mind.

After thirty years of training, he had believed the gap between himself and Shen Lang was but a hair's breadth. But now, witnessing this sword strike, he finally understood that the Huaxia Sword God was truly worthy of his title.

Shen Lang's sword was the epitome of hardness and yang energy, its sharpness unparalleled, capable of sundering all things.

Lin Mu's Azure Mountain, on the other hand, was divinely profound and anciently simple, capable of suppressing all evil.

One was a brilliant, piercing edge; the other, a boundless divine might. Their collision felt as if it could topple heaven and earth.

Shen Lang's sword tore through the mountain's phantom, leaving a deep gash at Lin Mu's feet. The very peak of the mountain was ripped apart, creating a new cliff face.

Lin Mu's Azure Mountain overwhelmed the sword's edge and smashed down upon Shen Lang's head. Shen Lang's body vibrated as he dissipated the force, allowing the mountain to pass straight through him. Below on the Great Wall, wind and thunder surged, nearly suffocating Jin Shisan.

It didn't break! The force of Lin Mu's Azure Mountain was contained within inches, not damaging the Great Wall in the slightest. Shen Lang's power, however, had raged out of control and sliced the mountain in two. From this perspective alone, Lin Mu had won the exchange by a slight margin.

The spectating elders of the Dragon Protection Hall were all aghast, their faces pale. Lin Wudi still had strength to spare while fighting Shen Lang. The thought was simply terrifying.

"Excellent! Now, face my Embrace the Moon!"

Shen Lang flicked his wrist, and the slender sword in his hand hummed and trembled. The fine blade of light split from one into two, then from two into four, weaving a net that blotted out the sky.

"Sword Qi as fine as silk! Shen Lang has truly refined his Sword Qi to such a state. He is indeed worthy of the title, Sword Saint in White!"

The ninjas from the Island Country who were watching this scene had a cold glint in their eyes. In their homeland, only the absolute greatest Sword Emperors could achieve Sword Qi as fine as silk. The last Sword Emperor in the history of the Island Country had lived two hundred years ago. Ever since firearms replaced blades as the main theme of the era, the Island Country had not produced a single new Sword Emperor. Yet today, this ninja witnessed the Sword Qi unique to a Sword Emperor from the Huaxia Sword God himself.

Damn it! Why won't the heavens bless our great Island Country! Both of these men must die. The ninja's eyes filled with venomous hatred.

"Sword Qi as fine as silk, taking the sword as the Way... Shen Lang, and you still claim you haven't broken through!"

A smile touched the corner of Lin Mu's lips. Shen Lang has a good mind and is exceptionally talented. It's a pity he has taken the wrong path. Otherwise, his accomplishments would be far greater.

"Very well. Today, I shall let you witness what it truly means to have Sword Qi as fine as silk, to take the sword as the Way!"

Lin Mu raised a hand, and Sword Qi rose from his fingertips. Shen Lang's Sword Qi possessed the power of severance; its destructive force was focused inward, simple and unadorned. Lin Mu's Sword Qi, however, was grand and majestic, vast and authoritative.

Both wielded Sword Qi as fine as silk. But in comparison, Lin Mu's was like that of royalty, righteous and majestic in its might. Shen Lang's, in contrast, was like an assassin's blade in the shadows—sharp, but lacking a domineering presence.

"How can this be?" Confusion filled Shen Lang's eyes.

In their previous two exchanges, they had seemed evenly matched. But this time, Lin Mu used the exact same sword art as him. It was the same Sword Qi as fine as silk, yet the effect was worlds apart.

Like a flicker of candlelight trying to rival the brilliance of the full moon! This was the first thought that rose in Shen Lang's mind.

Lin Mu's strength had far exceeded his expectations.

Is the gap between a mortal and an immortal truly insurmountable? Shen Lang's expression grew dim.

"This sword of mine is both Martial and the Way!"

Lin Mu pressed his hand down, and the colossal net woven from silky threads of Sword Qi descended upon Shen Lang.

Before Lin Mu's net, Shen Lang's own construct was as fragile as paper. It was crushed effortlessly, disintegrating completely.

With his sword net shattered, Shen Lang's spirit was wounded. He spat out a mouthful of blood and, losing control of his body, plummeted like a stone.

"Hall Master!"

Jin Shisan shot into the air to catch Shen Lang, only to find that the sword mark on his master's forehead had already vanished. Shen Lang's face had taken on a golden hue; he was at death's door.

With a single sword strike, the Huaxia Sword God, undefeated and unassailable for a century, had been vanquished. He was now gravely wounded and on the verge of death.

"Lin Wudi, you..." Jin Shisan was baffled. They were both sons of Huaxia; why would Lin Mu deliver such a devastating blow?

Mo Ran's face was ashen, a deathly chill creeping through his body. As he looked at the Sword Qi still lingering in the sky, a hair-raising fear washed over him.

The elders of the Dragon Protection Hall were simply dumbfounded. Defeated? The Hall Master of the Dragon Protection Hall was defeated... just like that?

The ninjas from the Island Country were even more stunned. Another master of Sword Qi as fine as silk. Another Sword Emperor.

Huaxia is truly a vast land teeming with peerless talent. The ninja felt a strong urge to flee. He took a step back, silently vowing never to set foot in Huaxia again. This place was far too dangerous.

Within a dense forest, a streak of green flowed quietly away within a mountain stream.

Lin Wudi is truly invincible under the heavens. We will not be getting the Three Sacred Treasures back. The Western European Water God dissolved into the water and vanished.

The invincible champion of the older generation, Sword God Shen Lang, had fallen in battle. The invincible champion of the new generation, Lin Mu—Lin Wudi—had taken the throne. From this day forward, the Martial Arts World, not just in Huaxia but across the globe, would see the dawn of a new age: the Age of Lin Mu, Lin Wudi.

Just as everyone believed the great battle was over, a voice rang out.

"Shen Lang! Have you still not awakened?"

"What is the Martial, and what is the Way? The Martial **is** the Way, and the Way **is** the Martial!"

"You stand at the pinnacle of martial artists, yet you sought to abandon the Martial Path to walk the path of Cultivators. Is that not forsaking the root for the branch?"

"How laughable! How lamentable!" It was Lin Mu's voice.

His words enraged the elders of the Dragon Protection Hall. Even killing has its limits. Lin Wudi, you've gone too far!

At that very moment, nestled in Jin Shisan's embrace, the dying Shen Lang's eyes suddenly snapped open.

The Martial is the Way... and the Way is the Martial? So... I have been on the wrong path all this time!

BOOM!

A surge of Sword Qi erupted, blasting Jin Shisan tens of meters away. He smashed through a hilltop, getting a mouthful of dust for his troubles.

At this moment, however, he couldn't care less. Shen Lang had already soared into the heavens.

He ascended, climbing higher and higher! Sword Qi crisscrossed around him, coalescing into a colossal blade that pierced the sky, shattering the Heavenly Gate.

Peak of Divine Communion!

God Realm!

Peak of the God Realm!

RUMBLE!

A tower composed of Sword Qi, eleven levels high, manifested in the sky.

Shen Lang had entered the Way through the Martial Path, achieving the Eleventh Level of Qi Cultivation. In all the world, he was now second only to Lin Mu.

Li Lingqing, Li Linglong, Leng Feng, and Li Xiaotian could only gape, staring blankly at the incredible scene unfolding before them.

Enlightened by a single statement from Lin Mu, the Huaxia Sword God, Shen Lang, had entered the Qi Cultivation realm in a single day, even reaching the supreme eleventh level.

In the Ancient Land Sects, reaching ten levels made one a Genius, eleven levels made one a Proud Son of Heaven, and twelve levels made one an Exiled Immortal of the Extreme Realm.

Today, Shen Lang had become a Proud Son of Heaven in a single step.

"Greetings, Master Lin!"

After entering the Way, Shen Lang descended from the sky and knelt before Lin Mu.

Thus concluded the battle at the Great Wall, watched by thousands. With a single sword, Lin Mu defeated the Sword God; in defeat, Shen Lang entered the Way and acknowledged his Master Lin.