

War God 731

Chapter 731 Godslaying!

"Lin Wudi and Adam... they're not human anymore!"

Blind Warrior's face turned pale as he retreated at top speed.

Only two people remained in the valley to watch the battle. One was Qin Luoli, Lin Mu's wife. She possessed a secret artifact that kept her completely unharmed amidst the aftershocks. The other was Frost Lady, who looked on in astonishment at the apocalyptic scene before her. The entire Miraculous Squad had been wiped out by the shockwaves from Adam and Lin Wudi's clash, yet she had sustained no injuries whatsoever. Every time a shockwave impacted, the collar around her neck would emit a faint glow, blocking the energy.

Lin Wudi... he casually took out an object with such terrifying defensive power. Is the Eastern path of cultivation truly the correct way?

Frost Lady was dazed, her heart filled with longing.

BOOM!

After a deafening collision, the two figures separated. A powerful gust of wind knocked Frost Lady to the ground.

In the sky, Lin Mu stood with his hands clasped behind his back, his face etched with disappointment. "Adam, is this all you've got?"

Even with his innate Dao Physique, after entering the Demonic Path, he couldn't even unleash ten or twenty percent of his body's natural talent. This greatly disappointed Lin Mu.

"How could you mortals possibly understand the might of a True God? Lin Wudi, you are the one who disappoints me," Adam retorted, his body shimmering with a lustrous light. "Is this all the 'living legend of our age' amounts to?"

The next moment, he transformed into a bolt of lightning and shot toward Lin Mu. His fist shone brilliantly, single-handedly causing an aerial nuclear explosion!

"Uninteresting," Lin Mu stated, his expression impassive. He casually pointed a finger. "Slaying Gods and Demons and Punishing Immortals Twelve Forms, the First Form! Godslayer Finger!"

Adam claimed to be a True God, so Lin Mu met him with a single finger meant to slay gods.

Adam's indestructible fist stopped abruptly, followed by a loud BANG. His finger, his fist, his entire arm—it all exploded, inch by inch. In a single strike, Adam's right arm was obliterated. His body flew backward, crashing through a mountain peak and burrowing more than ten meters into solid rock before finally coming to a stop.

White blood flowed from the stump of his arm. Adam stared blankly at the mangled limb, as if only just then realizing what had happened.

In the distance, Frost Lady's body trembled, her eyes wide with rage and disbelief. "Impossible! True God Adam... injured? But even a nuclear bomb can't harm his body!"

She couldn't believe it. The god she worshipped couldn't even withstand a single finger from Lin Mu. Are the Immortals of the East truly more powerful than the Gods of the West?

Blind Warrior could no longer hear anything; his ears had been deafened by the sonic booms from their clash. Yet, he could sense that Adam was injured. The familiar scent of white blood told him that True God Adam was bleeding.

Can the Martial Way truly slay gods? Living in the West, he knew that even a Martial Arts Grandmaster was suppressed by Ability Users. He had even begun to doubt the Martial Way himself. But now, a true expert was using the Martial Way to crush a so-called god of abilities right before him.

"You actually hurt me... You actually hurt me!" Adam's false smile finally vanished, replaced by incandescent rage. He snarled like a cornered beast. This was the real Adam.

"I... will... have... you... DEAD!" Adam spat out each word, then transformed into a streak of light and shot toward Lin Mu.

As his white blood boiled and his light flickered, Adam's speed soared to another level. He moved faster than the naked eye could follow. Even Qin Luoli could no longer track his movements.

"KILL!"

With an explosion of rage, the blood flowing from Adam's right arm coalesced into a long spear. He thrust it toward Lin Mu, a spear of blood powerful enough to sunder the heavens.

Frost Lady's vision went completely white, and she could see nothing. Then, a single word reached her ears, though she was blind: "Sword!"

The voice was as vast as heavenly authority, shaking the very void. Although Frost Lady could not see, she could feel that everything in the valley—the rocks, trees, buildings, even the snakes, insects, and all living creatures—had transformed into a single sword. It was a sword that soared to the sky, a sword that could sever the firmament itself. In her mind, only this one sword existed.

A terrifying amount of the world's vital energy swept through everything, coalescing into a longsword that cleaved down toward Adam.

The Martial Way... this is the true Martial Way! Blind Warrior's heart surged with passion. He cursed his own blindness, for he could not witness this pinnacle of the Martial Way—a single sword strike that could shake the heavens and move the earth.

Even before the colossal sword reached him, the mountain beneath Adam's feet had already burst asunder, completely leveled. The power was terrifying.

This was Lin Wudi. This was Emperor Zun Lin Mu. He embodied countless Dao Methods; his very actions were law.

The spear of white blood collided with the gigantic sword. Energy erupted, and blood scattered everywhere. Adam's spear disintegrated into nothingness. Though the spear was gone, the giant sword did not stop. It continued its descent, cleaving straight through Adam's body. It was an overwhelmingly destructive, irresistible force.

In a flash, his skull shattered, bones broke, and flesh flew everywhere. Adam's incredibly fortified body was split in half by that single sword strike.

RUMBLE!

After bisecting Adam, the giant sword continued downward. It cleaved a mountain several hundred meters high in two, carving a massive chasm hundreds of meters long into the earth.

He was dead. The strongest member of the Miraculous Squad, the god of Ability Users, True God Adam, was dead.

As the light dissipated, Frost Lady's sight returned. She stared at the place where Adam's presence had vanished, speechless for a long, long time. This was Adam, a being as mighty as a deity, a single drop of whose blood could create an Ability User. He had once created Silver Ultra, a being capable of rivaling the Thunder God. And yet, he had died just like that. Even though she had witnessed everything from start to finish, she still found it impossible to believe.

"A living legend, the world's number one, peerless under the heavens... I, Charles Brown, am willing to follow you, Immortal, and offer my humble service! I beg the Immortal to accept me!" Blind Warrior knelt on the ground, kowtowing with utmost sincerity.

"Come on. I'll take you to kill someone," Lin Mu said, ignoring Blind Warrior completely. He wrapped an arm around Qin Luoli's waist and flew toward the depths of the mountains.

Blind Warrior remained prostrate on the ground, not daring to rise or follow. Frost Lady, however, clenched her jaw and hurried after them.

「In the depths of the mountains, an underground base.」

"Adam is dead? My child... my most magnificent creation... Adam is dead?" Doctor Fein roared in agony, unable to believe what his sensors were telling him. "No! It can't be true! Adam is a god! How can a god die?! No...!" How could the True God he created possibly die?

"Doctor, bad news! That Lin Wudi is flying this way!"

BOOM! BOOM! BOOM!

His subordinate's warning had barely faded when two figures descended from the sky. They smashed through layers of rock and earth to land directly in front of Doctor Fein.

"You're the one who created Adam?" Lin Mu asked, looking at Doctor Fein's ashen face.

"Lin Wudi! I'll kill you!" Doctor Fein screamed and charged at Lin Mu.

But he was just an ordinary man. Lin Mu didn't even have to move. Doctor Fein tripped over his own feet and fell flat on his face. A pool of fresh blood spread out from under his body. The mad doctor had somehow managed to trip and kill himself.

"Well, this is..." Lin Mu had still wanted to ask him a few questions, but now he was dead.

Qin Luoli stifled a laugh. It had been a long time since she had seen Lin Mu so completely taken by surprise.

Chapter 732: Another Nine Tripod Fragment Acquired!

"Well then, if he's dead, he's dead. He wasn't my objective anyway."

Lin Mu turned and walked toward a passageway. The mercenaries in the underground base couldn't even touch his body; from seven or eight meters away, they simply exploded. Screaming "monster," the mercenaries scattered in all directions.

One of them tried to trigger the base's self-destruct sequence, but with a mere shudder of Lin Mu's Divine Sense, the man's soul was obliterated.

Proceeding along the corridor, Lin Mu arrived at a laboratory.

"Just as I thought. Luo Li, look. The energy here is turbulent, very similar to the space portal in the Bermuda Triangle," Lin Mu explained to Qin Luoli.

"Are you saying there's another Blood Sea in there? Then I'm not going in." Qin Luoli made a face of disgust. She couldn't stand the stench of the Blood Sea.

"Haha, don't worry. This isn't a Blood Sea. It should be some other strange realm. I'm guessing the Nine Tripod Fragments are inside."

While clashing with Adam just now, Lin Mu had sensed a familiar energy—the aura of the Nine Tripod Fragments. Adam, this so-called God of Ability Users, was a creation of the Nine Tripod Fragments. A scientist had actually managed to use the power of the fragments to create a being like Adam, which was why Lin Mu had wanted to speak with Doctor Fein. Unfortunately, Doctor Fein turned out to be too incompetent and had died from a simple fall.

"Here!"

Lin Mu waved his hand, and the massive, sealed iron door was instantly blasted open. The half-meter-thick door couldn't stop him at all.

Within a secret chamber in the laboratory, a blue, ethereal portal floated in mid-air. The leaking energy caused the walls of the chamber to crack, sending iron filings flaking off to be absorbed by the portal.

"Let's see what kind of strange realm this is."

Lin Mu took Qin Luoli's arm, and they stepped into the portal.

They were met with a flash of white light. All they could see was a vast, white expanse, completely different from the Blood Sea. Her first impression was one of cleanliness and purity.

"So this is where Adam was born." The aura Adam possessed was extremely similar to this place. Unfortunately, for some reason, Adam had become incredibly bloodthirsty. He killed at the slightest provocation, and despite being born with a natural Daoist physique, he had descended into the Demonic Path and ruined his own foundation.

The strange realm was utterly silent, devoid of any living creatures. Doctor Fein had probably exterminated them all after discovering this place.

Following the familiar aura, they moved forward. Soon, a huge white mountain appeared before them.

BOOM!

A pure white creature with sheep horns landed from the mountaintop, blocking their path.

"Outsiders, answer my riddle. Answer correctly, and you may behold the Twilight King's treasure."

The creature's eyes were dull, suggesting it wasn't a living being but a Holy Spirit. Holy Spirits are the souls of Demonic Beasts or humans that ascend after death through worship, possessing inconceivable power. This Holy Spirit seemed to be the Guardian of the so-called Twilight King's treasure.

"Let me, let me! I'll answer!" Qin Luoli was eager to try.

Lin Mu smiled indulgently and stepped aside.

Qin Luoli stood before the creature. "Alright, you can ask your question now."

The creature spoke, "What animal walks on four legs in the morning, two at noon, and three in the evening? When it has the most legs, it is also at its slowest and weakest."

Qin Luoli was dumbfounded by the question.

Lin Mu laughed out loud.

"Are you the Sphinx?" Qin Luoli asked indignantly. It was just too frustrating. All along the way, Lin Mu had protected her. She had finally gotten a chance to help him, and this had to happen. She was utterly speechless.

"My name is indeed Sphinx, human. You are very clever. Outsider, answer my riddle. Answer correctly, and you may behold the Twilight King's treasure."

The Sphinx, somewhat lacking in intelligence, began to repeat itself. Qin Luoli was extremely disappointed.

"The answer is human."

Anyone who's ever heard of the myth probably knows the answer. How long has it been since the Sphinx updated its database? The riddle is so outdated it's not even a challenge.

"Wise human, your answer is correct. You may enter."

With that, the Sphinx transformed into a streak of light and returned to the mountaintop.

Qin Luoli returned to Lin Mu's side, pouting with an unsatisfied expression. She had the air of someone thinking, 'I didn't even use my full strength, and you already went down.'

Hand in hand, they entered the palace atop the white mountain, where Lin Mu immediately saw the Nine Tripod Fragment enshrined in the center. This fragment was incredibly intact; it was actually one of the Nine-Tripod Ding Legs.

Lin Mu reached out to grasp the fragment, but it didn't budge, as if it were fixed to the platform.

Interesting.

"Rise!"

Lin Mu tried again.

CLICK! CLICK! CLICK!

The vast palace began to shake, and a spine-chilling creaking noise came from the platform beneath the Nine-Tripod Ding Leg.

BOOM!

The platform shattered, and the Nine-Tripod Ding Leg fell into Lin Mu's hand.

HUM!

Another Nine-Tripod Ding Leg shot out from within Lin Mu's body, intertwining with the one in his hand and emitting a resonant hum. Scarlet and white light swirled together, finally merging into one before returning to Lin Mu's body.

I have a feeling that once the three Nine-Tripod Ding Legs gather, I might not be far from Foundation Establishment. Joy blossomed in Lin Mu's heart.

"Darling, don't you find this strange?" Qin Luoli had been looking around the palace, a puzzled expression on her face.

"What is it?"

"Have you noticed? This palace is actually in the style of the Pyramid Nation. Look here, this is the exclusive symbol of Pharaoh Taf, and over there, that's the family crest of the Pyramid Queen. Why would a strange realm of the Ancient Pyramid Nation appear in America?" After all, Qin Luoli was a company CEO with extensive knowledge and had spotted several issues.

"Not good!"

Lin Mu's expression changed. He wrapped his arm around Qin Luoli's waist and sped back the way they had come.

He found nothing. Still nothing. In the few minutes they had been flying, the spot where the portal of light should have been was now completely empty.

Could it be that the entrance to the strange realm changes over time?

As the Emperor Zun, Lin Mu understood all principles through one. After sensing something was amiss, he perceived that this strange realm was actually a formation. The location of the spatial portal, the formation's Gate of Life, was constantly changing. It would be difficult for anyone not versed in formations to find.

Doctor Fein seems to have had some tricks up his sleeve, managing to get out of here alive. A pity he died.

Once again, Lin Mu felt that the scientists of the secular world had their merits.

With a quick calculation, Lin Mu found the formation's Gate of Life and flew toward it. Minutes later, the portal of light appeared. Protecting Qin Luoli, he stepped through.

WEE-WOO! WEE-WOO!

The moment Lin Mu stepped out of the portal, an alarm that sounded like an air-raid siren blared in his ears.

"Enemy invasion! Enemy invasion! Kill on sight! Attention, red alert! Enemy invasion! Kill on sight!"

Gunshots erupted.

Countless bullets streamed toward Lin Mu and Qin Luoli, who was held in his arms.

"Freeze!"

Lin Mu uttered a single word of power, and all the bullets instantly halted in mid-air. Silence suddenly fell.

"It's an Ability User! A damn American Ability User! Quick, summon the Saints!"

After a moment, the crowd erupted into a frenzy again, but this time, no more bullets came.

WHOOSH!

A middle-aged man dressed in plain white clothes, barefoot, with long hair like an ascetic, soared through the air toward them.

"Who goes there? Why have you trespassed into our Vassa Divine Temple!"

Chapter 733: Slaughter of the Holy!

"Vassa Temple is one of the oldest Divine Temples in the Pyramid Nation, holding a supreme position. The Leader of the Pyramid Nation makes a pilgrimage here every year," Qin Luoli explained to Lin Mu.

Lin Mu nodded in understanding.

"People from Huaxia?"

At that moment, the ascetic spotted Lin Mu and Qin Luoli. He was taken aback for a moment, then flew into a rage.

"I thought it was the U.S. Miraculous Squad, but it turns out to be two reckless Huaxia tourists! Since you've discovered the secret of Vassa Temple, you can die!"

Upon realizing their identities, the ascetic's attitude changed drastically. He dropped all pretenses of civility and immediately unleashed a killing blow. Though called an ascetic, he was, in reality, a body-refining expert. Every ascetic was an extremely formidable powerhouse in body refinement.

With a single palm strike, he unleashed the might of one of Huaxia's Inner Strength Martial Artists.

"Those who insult Huaxia shall be executed!"

Lin Mu casually pointed a finger.

BANG!

The air exploded.

The ascetic was struck as if by lightning. His body shot backward like a cannonball, crashing heavily against the Divine Temple's wall. The sound of breaking bones was audible even from several meters away.

"The intruders have injured Habi! Attack! Continue the attack!"

Gunshots rang out once again. The first time could have been a misunderstanding, but not the second.

Lin Mu snorted coldly.

The air stirred, and the bullets reversed course, flying back into the barrels they were fired from at an unbelievable speed.

BANG! BANG! BANG!

The sound of exploding gun chambers erupted. The mercenaries wailed in agony. For a moment, no one else dared to fire.

"Lin Mu of Huaxia. I'm just passing through."

His voice vibrated through the air as he walked toward the exit along the Divine Temple's sacred path, with Qin Luoli on his arm. The mercenaries in his path scattered in terror, avoiding him like the plague, not daring to confront such a powerful expert.

"People of Huaxia, you've crossed the line."

When the two were just two steps from the Divine Temple's entrance, a voice called out. Not far away, four figures dressed in white robes approached slowly.

"The Saints."

"Greetings to the Saints!"

All the mercenaries fell to their knees, prostrating themselves in a display of extreme piety. The four Saints walked slowly through the crowd.

"People of Huaxia, why have you appeared in Vassa Temple, a sacred place in our nation?"

The lead Saint performed a one-handed salute. His tone was respectful and calm, but his body faintly radiated a powerful aura. It was as if he would strike with the force of a thunderbolt if Lin Mu's answer was unsatisfactory.

"I entered through a light gate in the laboratory of the U.S. Miraculous Squad's underground base," Lin Mu stated blandly.

The lead Saint's expression changed slightly. "You're lying! The Miraculous Squad is America's most powerful force. There is no way their laboratory would allow two people from Huaxia inside. If you don't tell the truth, don't blame us for being merciless."

The other three Saints' auras also shifted as their battle intent flared.

"Saints, the Habi Servant was injured by that man. He is still unconscious," a mercenary reported.

Hearing this, the four Saints were instantly enraged. "Outsiders, you dare to injure a Temple Servant of our Divine Temple! You deserve to die!"

Lin Mu waved his sleeve. "The Habi Servant was disrespectful, so I gave him a small punishment. If I had truly meant to act, he would already be dead."

"Arrogant!" the leading Saint roared. "You injured a Temple Servant of our Divine Temple and still speak so shamelessly. Don't blame us for being merciless! Faisal, kill him!"

A young Saint took a step forward, preparing to strike.

"Wait!" The oldest among the four Saints suddenly spoke.

"Elder Du Le, what do you have to say? Are you thinking of sheltering these attackers?" the leading Saint asked, his displeasure evident.

"Rahman, that is not my intention," Elder Du Le responded. He looked at Lin Mu, his expression shifting from disbelief to shock, and then to joy.

"I sense the aura of the Holy Relics on him," Elder Du Le declared.

"What? Are you serious?" Rahman, the leading Saint, exclaimed in shock.

The Holy Relics of Vassa Temple had been stolen by America seventy years ago during World War II. They had long thought them lost forever, but now, unexpectedly, they could sense their aura once more. Rahman's gaze toward Lin Mu suddenly turned dangerous.

"Outsider, tell me the whereabouts of the Holy Relics, and I will let you leave," Rahman said, his eyes glinting.

Lin Mu's expression shifted. "Are these the Holy Relics you're talking about?"

With a flick of his finger, the white Nine-Tripod Ding Legs appeared in his hand, ethereal yet discernible.

"The Holy Relics!"

"Kill him!"

"Seize the Holy Relics!"

The expressions of the four Saints changed instantly. Surging with killing intent, they all charged toward Lin Mu.

Rahman threw a punch. The faint image of a pyramid formed over his fist, its apex pointing in the direction of his strike. As he punched, space seemed to freeze, and the dust in the air came to an abrupt halt. The ascetics' practice granted them the power of the Seal. Though not a Cultivator, he had attained a trace of a Cultivator's Divine Skills.

"Shu!" Elder Du Le called upon the name of a god. A blade of wind formed in his hand, spiraling as it shot toward Lin Mu. This was similar to the divine descent techniques of the East; by invoking a god's name, Du Le could temporarily borrow their power. Shu was the wind god from the legends of the Ancient Pyramid Nation.

"Send word to the Sanctuary at once! The Holy Relics have appeared! Ask the supreme Rui to come out of seclusion!" Saint Faisal shouted. A mercenary immediately took off, reporting via a communicator.

Inside the Divine Temple, the Habi Servant stumbled out, steadying himself against the wall. His eyes were filled with venom as he glared at Lin Mu.

"A mere Eastern Martial Artist dares to cause injury in the Divine Temple? Today, you will die!"

The four Saints attacked simultaneously, unleashing a storm of fists and palms. The four attacks carried apocalyptic power. The ordinary mercenaries could not withstand the pressure and scrambled to get away.

Lin Mu stood with Qin Luoli at his side, seemingly oblivious, as if he didn't even see the deadly attacks closing in.

BOOM!

The wind blade struck Lin Mu.

"Die!" Elder Du Le's eyes glinted with cold killing intent. He could already envision Lin Mu being sliced in half by the wind blade.

Rahman's punch, filled with the power of the Sun God, struck Lin Mu's head.

Droplets of death, howling like a Devil, pierced the void and struck Lin Mu's chest.

A giant palm of fire descended from the sky, smashing down on Lin Mu.

"Scram!"

The moment before all the attacks landed, Lin Mu's body shook, and an invisible shockwave of energy rippled out.

BANG!

The wind blade shattered.

BOOM!

The pyramid image shattered. With a crack, Rahman's arm snapped in two.

The droplets of death recoiled. The unnamed Saint who cast them was pierced by his own attack. His body shriveled, and in moments, he dissolved into a puddle of black liquid.

A beam of golden light shot toward the sky, instantly tearing the giant palm of fire apart. The golden light struck, and Faisal screamed in agony as his body trembled violently. His body, hardened by years of ascetic practice, was reduced to ash in the golden light within a single breath.

In just a single breath, of the four Saints who had besieged Lin Mu, two were dead and two were injured.

The mercenaries panicked, overwhelmed by shock and terror. Some dropped their weapons, while others lost control of their bladders. In their eyes, the Saints were the representatives of the gods—omnipotent and invincible. Now, these invincible experts had been effortlessly slain. Their worldview was turned upside down in that moment.

Weren't the Saints protected by the gods?

Why did they die?!

"Devil!"

"You are the incarnation of an Eastern Devil! You must be a God-Communicating Martial Artist from Huaxia!"

It was as if Elder Du Le had remembered something, and his face twisted in terror. Thirty years ago, he had witnessed the battle of the Divine Sword Saint, Shen Lang. In that battle, Shen Lang had vanquished the Western Deity Race with his overwhelming prowess, an image etched deep into his marrow.

The God-Communicating Martial Artists from Huaxia had since become Du Le's nightmare.

Today, that nightmare had come again.

Chapter 734: Do I, Lin, Dare Not Kill?

"Make way, or die!" Lin Mu's garments fluttered, his gaze icy cold. If someone sought death, he did not mind obliging.

Rahman's arm was broken, his previous arrogance gone. His gaze toward Lin Mu was now filled with a new level of fear.

Inside the Divine Temple, Habi's legs trembled and his teeth chattered. Only now did he realize how lucky he had been. If that last blow had been any heavier, his body would have been torn to pieces.

Eastern Martial Artists are indeed terrifying. Du Le stared at the ethereal Lin Mu, his heart filled with envy and resentment. The True God is so unjust. Why show such favoritism to that Eastern nation? First, there was the Divine Sword Saint Shen Lang of the Divine Continent. Then came Lin Wudi, the living myth. And now, another mysterious Eastern powerhouse has appeared. Every single one of them is a peerless talent.

And yet, the Sanctuary faces a future with no successors. After the supreme Rui, no one has been able to bathe in divine grace. The Sanctuary is doomed to decline.

CRACK!

Lin Mu took a step forward. The stone steps of the temple shattered beneath his foot, and fissures spiderwebbed over ten meters until they reached Du Le's feet.

Du Le sighed. "Shu!" He once again called upon the divinity.

Wind Blade, Wind Blade, Wind Blade! Countless wind blades converged around Du Le, as if the wind god himself had descended.

CRACK! CRACK! CRACK!

The wind blades howled as they sliced through the air, shattering the massive stones nearby.

"Elder Du Le..." Rahman's eyes filled with sorrow. This was Elder Du Le's final chant. He was sacrificing his own life—exchanging the indestructible body he had honed over ninety years of harsh cultivation for a single, devastating attack.

"Wind, roar!" Du Le's already withered body grew even more emaciated, yet his eyes blazed with divine light. At his command, all the wind blades swept toward Lin Mu.

The sound of them tearing through the air was like the shrieks of vengeful spirits, shredding the very atmosphere. One by one, the wind blades, each bearing a green divine seal, hurtled forward.

"Merely a False God." Lin Mu remained perfectly still. With a twist of his fingers, he cast a spell, and a golden shield materialized from thin air, protecting him and Qin Luoli.

BANG! BANG! BANG! BANG!

The wind blades slammed into the shield. Though powerful enough to rip through steel, the divinely sealed blades could not penetrate the barrier. Ripples spread across its surface, but the two people within remained completely unharmed.

"That's not how you use wind blades." Lin Mu flicked his finger, and a tiny vortex appeared at its tip. The vortex spun rapidly, its whistling sound growing louder as it coalesced into a wind blade.

The wind blade, initially no larger than a fingernail, began to expand. One inch. One foot. Ten feet. Then, just as suddenly, it began to shrink. Compressing, compressing, and compressing again. The ten-foot blade shrank back down to a single inch. The blade, which should have been green, was now an inky, jet-black color.

"Go." With a flick of his finger, the wind blade shot out.

"Elder Du Le!" Rahman roared. The phantom image of a pyramid appeared around his body as he charged toward Du Le, positioning himself between the elder and the incoming blade. "Aton!" A dazzling disk materialized above Rahman's head and collided with the wind blade.

Inside the Divine Temple, the terrified Habi finally regained a sliver of confidence. A semi-Holy Artifact! I can't believe Saint Rahman refined his Disk of Aton into a semi-Holy Artifact. He truly is a prodigy of the Sanctuary! No matter how strong that Eastern Martial Artist is, he can't possibly withstand the might of a semi-Holy Artifact.

CLANG!

The Disk of Aton struck the black wind blade.

CRACK!

The bizarre sound made the confidence on Habi's face freeze. It filled Elder Du Le's eyes with horror. It sent Rahman flying backward, spitting blood, his energy completely drained.

The semi-Holy Artifact, the Disk of Aton, trembled and wailed as cracks began to splinter from its edges. Finally, the Disk of Aton disintegrated. The semi-Holy Artifact couldn't even block a wind blade that Lin Mu had created so casually.

SPURT!

As the semi-Holy Artifact shattered, the wind blade passed through Rahman's body, kicking up a spray of blood without any resistance. After piercing Rahman, it shot through Du Le's head as well.

Infinite compression... So this is the true secret of the wind blade? This final thought surfaced in Elder Du Le's mind as his body slowly collapsed.

"Du Le!" On the brink of death, he heard a familiar voice but could not respond.

BOOM!

A fiery meteor descended from the sky, landing beside Du Le and catching his body just before it hit the ground.

"Du Le." A flash of grief crossed the newcomer's eyes. He gently laid Du Le down and looked up at Lin Mu.

"I had intended to let you leave if you just left the Holy Relics behind," he said. "But you were ungrateful and killed an Elder of my Sanctuary. You deserve to die."

"Why waste words? This is just a robbery," Lin Mu replied. The Nine Tripod's Base was a gift from heaven and earth, meant for those fated to possess it. Besides, he had obtained the White Tripod Foot from the Miraculous Squad after killing True God Adam. If the people from the Sanctuary wanted it, they would have to pay with their lives.

"I am Praka, a Saint of the Sanctuary. Easterner, leave your name. I will use you as a sacrifice to commemorate Elder Du Le." Praka, the one who had once knelt before the supreme Rui like a humble lamb, was also the Sanctuary's strongest warrior.

"Lin Mu," he replied, his voice as calm and still as water.

"Lin... Mu... Lin Wudi!" The Saints of the Sanctuary practiced asceticism and paid little mind to worldly affairs. Others might not recognize the significance of the name "Lin Mu," but Praka knew it all too well. It was a battle between this living myth and the Divine Sword Saint of the Divine Continent that had once disturbed the supreme Rui's meditation. He never expected that today, this god-like figure, Lin Wudi, would be standing right before him as an enemy of the Sanctuary.

"Leave the Holy Relics of the Divine Temple, and our Sanctuary will not interfere with your affairs." Even the proud Praka no longer dared to speak of killing Lin Mu. A living myth was not to be offended.

"An ownerless object goes to whoever is fated to have it." How could Lin Mu possibly hand over something he had already acquired? Furthermore, the Nine Cauldrons were creations of heaven and earth. What did they have to do with the Divine Temple's Sanctuary? Expecting him, Lin Wudi, to surrender the Nine Tripod's Base over mere words was a joke.

"A fine 'whoever is fated to have it.' It seems, Lin Wudi, that you have no intention of coexisting peacefully with our Sanctuary," Praka said, his gaze turning icy. Now that the Holy Relics had returned to the Divine Temple, they would not be allowed to be lost again.

Lin Mu smiled. "Your so-called Holy Relics were with the Miraculous Squad this whole time, yet I never saw any of you dare to retrieve them. Now that they are in my hands, you confront me with weapons, trying to seize them by force. Is it because you think I dare not kill? Or do you believe my blade isn't sharp enough to behead your Saints?"

Praka was left speechless.

"The Holy Relics were in America, and we did not retrieve them because we knew their location and could take them at any time," a weathered voice drifted in from the distance, drawing nearer. "Now that they are in your hands, Lin Wudi, you might refine them with your Cultivator methods. Therefore, I must ask you, Lin Wudi, to return our Divine Temple's Holy Relics."

The wind and sand fell silent. All was quiet except for the figure approaching from afar.

"The supreme Rui!"

"The supreme Rui!"

Praka, Habi, and all the surviving mercenaries immediately prostrated themselves on the ground in worship, completely unconcerned about a potential sneak attack. Perhaps, in their eyes, bowing to this old man was more important than their own lives.

"I am Rui, the Temple Sacrifice, here to greet the living myth, Lin Wudi." The old man clasped his hands in a formal greeting. His bearing was extraordinary, ancient, and pure. His voice was like the tolling of morning bells and evening drums.

This was the Temple Sacrifice, the living god of the Pyramid Nation, the Sun God, the supreme Rui.

Chapter 735 Why Serve the Gods!

"Do you also wish to seize the Holy Relics?"

Lin Mu's gaze was indifferent. In his eyes, the Habi Servants, the Saints, and the supreme Rui were all one and the same—mere ants.

Rui bowed with his hands clasped. "As you said, the Holy Relics are a grace from heaven and earth, to be obtained by those who are fated."

Lin Mu nodded. "You are at least sensible. Now, step aside."

"Rui, you..." Praka could not understand why the supreme Rui would act this way.

"However, our Divine Temple has served the Holy Relics for thousands of years," Rui continued. "Thus, I hope that Lin Wudi will be magnanimous enough to leave them with us, fulfilling our pious devotion."

Unlike other Saints who only knew austere cultivation and were ignorant of worldly affairs, Rui was rather eloquent.

"It seems you have witnessed much," Lin Mu said.

"Seas turn into mulberry fields, and times change. Martial Artists replaced Saints as the strongest in the world, and then firearms replaced Martial Artists to dominate the era. Such is the way of the world. Even the powerful are but passing clouds; only faith is eternal."

Rui's eyes were filled with wisdom and the weariness of ages, deeply marked by the long river of time. It was impossible to determine his age, but he must have been incredibly long-lived to speak so candidly about the transformations of the world.

"Enough of this boring wordplay. If you want to fight, then fight. Otherwise, step aside."

Lin Mu had no interest in continuing the conversation. No matter how long-lived Rui was, could he outlive an Immortal? To an Immortal, spring was but a day and summer a night. A mere century, in their eyes, was nothing more than the time it took for a single session of cultivation.

"Since you are unwilling to return our temple's Holy Relics, Lin Wudi, then this old one must be impolite." Rui still seemed remarkably courteous, even giving Lin Mu a bow as he spoke.

But after the bow, the aura around him changed suddenly.

He took a step forward, and his snow-white hair and beard turned to salt-and-pepper as the layers of wrinkles on his face smoothed out considerably. He took a second step, and his salt-and-pepper hair turned jet-black while the remaining wrinkles vanished, his complexion growing ruddy. Upon the third step, his essence, energy, and spirit overflowed as his age reversed to youth. The stooped, white-haired, withered old man transformed into a vigorous young man with a robust physique and surging vitality.

In appearance, he now seemed even younger than Lin Mu. His brows were sharp, his eyes were as bright as the sun, his lips were as red as blood, and on his forehead, a golden mark faintly shimmered.

"The supreme Rui!" Witnessing what seemed like a miracle, Praka and his men knelt once more, prostrating themselves on the ground in utmost devotion, remaining there for a long time.

Amidst everyone's prostration, Rui took a fourth step and uttered a single word. "Light!"

At his command, a dazzling brilliance descended from the void. The light was vast, searing, and seemed capable of incinerating everything. Though it descended from the heavens, it was suddenly omnipresent, bathing everyone in its glow. The devotees of the Divine Temple had their wounds instantly healed, their bodies becoming light and strong. Praka's transformation was the most dramatic;

his aura surged, elevating him from a mid-phase Saint to the peak, rivaling the Thunder God of a short time ago.

In stark contrast were Lin Mu and Qin Luoli, who were not devotees. They were repelled by the light, like darkness loathed by the day, destined to be dispersed. Light! Dispel! Grandeur! Countless voices echoed in Lin Mu's ears, like Divine Spirits humming sacred hymns or punishing sinners.

SZZZT! A sizzling sound arose as Lin Mu's clothes began to show signs of scorching. This was the first time such a thing had happened since he began his journey west. Even the True God Adam had failed to so much as scorch a corner of his robes.

"Petty tricks. Since you like light so much, I'll give you light!" Lin Mu performed a Hand Sealing Technique, his voice cold. "Light!"

As the space behind him began to ripple, the omnipresent light seemed to be driven back wherever the undulations spread. Then, the colossal head of a Divine Spirit slowly appeared before everyone. As the Divine Spirit manifested, its own light shone forth, far purer and more dominant than Rui's. The light Rui had summoned was completely dispersed by this new radiance. Head, neck, torso, and limbs appeared in succession until the fierce and majestic, three-headed, six-armed Divine Spirit was fully present. At that moment, only one color remained between heaven and earth: its light. Even the Vassa Temple was completely submerged in its brilliance.

The golden mark on Rui's forehead flashed violently. He staggered back seven or eight steps, a trickle of blood spilling from the corner of his mouth. The mercenaries, who had just recovered, screamed in agony under the Divine Spirit's light before turning to ash. Praka's surging aura plummeted instantly, falling so far that he was nearly knocked out of the Saint realm entirely. His face was pallid and blood oozed from the corners of his eyes, which had been burned blind by the light. Such was the terrifying might of the Divine Spirit.

"Impossible!" Rui shrieked. "Lin Wudi, you are not a worshipper! You don't serve any Divine Spirit, so how can you wield their power? What kind of Devil's art is this?!"

For the first time, Rui's expression changed, his eyes filling with a terror that suggested his entire faith was collapsing. He had toiled his whole life in ascetic practice—eating once every three days, drinking once every five, never marrying, abandoning home and career—dedicating his entire being to his god in exchange for the power he now possessed. But Lin Wudi was clearly not an ascetic, not a worshipper, so

why could he wield the power of a Divine Spirit? Rui did not understand. He couldn't comprehend it. His faith was shattered.

"Serve a Divine Spirit?" Lin Mu scoffed, his hands behind his back, his tone as placid and aloof as an Immortal's. "How ignorant. Human potential is limitless. We can move mountains, fill seas, and hold down the sun and moon. A person is their own god. Why would they need to serve another?"

"Greetings, Emperor Zun!" The majestic, vast, and blindingly radiant Divine Spirit of Light knelt at Lin Mu's feet and bowed respectfully.

POP! At the sight of this, the golden dot on Rui's forehead shattered. He spat out a mouthful of blood, his spirit instantly withering. "Devil! Lin Wudi, you are a Devil!" The once serene and courteous Rui was now vicious and enraged.

"Great Divine Spirit, grant me strength!" Rui cried out to the heavens.

BOOM!

In the next moment, radiance descended once more. A brilliant light shot out from within the Divine Temple, striking Rui's body. Rui's eyes narrowed, turning a golden hue, his pupils becoming cat-like and incandescent. A Vestment robe, a Scepter of Authority, and a Crown formed around him out of pure light. In that instant, Rui became like a Divine Spirit walking the earth, the mortal representative of his god.

"For offending divine might, you will die." Now elevated above all, Rui clutched the Scepter of Authority and pointed it at Lin Mu.

The heavens and the earth trembled as the Divine Temple unleashed an infinite light that gathered at the tip of the scepter. An arcane rune of the Ancient Pyramid materialized on the Scepter of Authority, pressing down toward Lin Mu.

Of the three-headed, six-armed Divine Spirit of Light, one head remained bowed toward Lin Mu while another turned to glare at Rui. "Audacious!"

The Divine Spirit's rage seemed capable of destroying heaven and earth. With that one word, the space before it shattered and the void exploded. Golden ripples of light swept toward Rui.

BOOM! BOOM! BOOM!

The ripples collided with the rune from the Ancient Pyramid, producing a deafening roar. The first ripple disintegrated. The second followed.

BOOM!

The arcane rune was finally suppressed by the waves of light and shattered. The golden ripples swept forward, crushing the Divine Rune of the Ancient Pyramid.

"Lin Wudi, you forced my hand!" Rui declared. "Judgment!"

He pointed forward once more. A magnificent and majestic set of scales materialized as a phantom in the air above Lin Mu.

The Scales of Judgment.

This was Rui's strongest technique. Beneath the Scales, all beings were equal.

Chapter 736: You Dare to Interrogate Me?

The Scales of Judgment of the Grim Reaper Anubis.

In the mythology of the ancient pyramids, the jackal-headed, human-bodied Anubis was the ruler of the afterworld. He used the feather of Thoth to weigh the hearts of the deceased.

Those who were kind-hearted, with hearts lighter than the feather, would ascend to heaven. Those who were evil, with foul hearts heavier than the feather, would be devoured by the Grim Reaper.

The Scales of Judgment manifested in the world, disregarding all rules to measure the good and evil within Lin Wudi. In Rui's eyes, Lin Wudi had slaughtered countless people and was undoubtedly evil. An evildoer destined to be devoured by the Grim Reaper was certain to die.

"Thoth!"

A pure white feather descended from the heavens, landing on one end of the scales. On the other end was Lin Mu, Lin Wudi.

"Judging my good and evil?"

A smile touched Lin Mu's lips. He stood perfectly still, allowing the Grim Reaper Anubis's Scales of Judgment to weigh him.

Good, or evil.

Qin Luoli watched the scene with curiosity. The Scales of Judgment weighed all living beings. What about Lin Mu?

Whether he's good or evil, I'll love him just the same. Qin Luoli thought.

CRACK!

As the feather of Thoth landed, the scales emitted a strange, cracking sound. The next moment, they began to tremble violently. Before Rui's horrified eyes, a fissure loudly split across the Scales of Judgment of the Grim Reaper Anubis.

Immediately, the crack widened, and the light radiating from the scales dispersed. The Scales of Judgment of Anubis, which seemed capable of weighing the world itself, were now covered in cracks, unable to bear their load.

BANG!

Finally, with a deafening report, the scales shattered into pieces.

The feather of Thoth fluttered in the air before finally dissipating from view.

"A mere minor god dares to judge the good and evil of an Emperor Zun. How utterly absurd."

In his past life, Lin Mu was Emperor Zun, a being whose karma was immense. How could a trivial deity born from the faith of the ancient pyramids possibly be qualified to judge him? The result of this forced judgment was the shattering of the scales.

As the Scales of Judgment broke, Rui suffered a backlash from the divine power. Blood trickled from his mouth and nose, his Crown shattered, and the Scepter of Authority in his hand crumbled. His radiant form was sullied, losing its former purity.

"The Scales of Judgment couldn't even judge you... Lin Wudi, what in the world are you?"

The Scales of Judgment were Rui's ultimate Divine Skill, one that cost him a portion of his life force. He had only used it twice.

The first time, he had weighed the Lord of All Deities of the Western Deity Race. The Lord of All Deities fell, and for the next hundred years, the Western Deity Race dared not invade the Pyramid Nation. This also explained why the Thunder God was so easily slain by Lin Mu. He had been caught off guard and accepted the Three Sacred Treasures in a panic, leaving him unable to properly refine them.

This time, the very scales that could judge the Lord of All Deities had failed to judge Lin Wudi.

How could Rui accept this? How could he believe it?

"You knew my name, Lin Wudi, yet you still dared to challenge me. I thought you possessed some true ability, but it turns out you were merely relying on the power of your Divine Skills," Lin Mu said, his voice indifferent as he gazed at Rui floating in the air. "Now that your Divine Skill is broken, what do you have left to say?"

At that moment, the Godlight on Rui's face was slowly fading. His body became hunched once more. With each breath he took, he aged, and his strength waned.

"Lin Wudi, this is all due to the sin of my greed. I beg for your great mercy—please spare my innocent disciples and their descendants."

These were the last words of Rui, the supreme leader of the Vassa Temple's Sanctuary.

But it was too late.

"In this world, no one is innocent."

Lin Mu stretched out his hand and clenched it into a fist.

BOOM!

Before the disbelieving eyes of all his followers, Rui was crushed to death by Lin Mu's grip, leaving not even a corpse behind.

"Ah... the supreme Rui!"

"Avenge the Temple Sacrifice! Kill the demon!"

Praka descended into madness, charging frantically toward Lin Mu. Under his lead, the mercenaries also raised their guns and began firing, a crazed look in their eyes.

"This is what I meant. In this world, no one is innocent."

Lin Mu flipped his palm over.

The wind howled, and the heavens and earth trembled. An impossibly huge palm suddenly materialized in the void.

Near the Divine Temple, countless citizens of the Pyramid Nation looked up at the sky in terror, witnessing a scene akin to Divine Punishment. The giant palm was so vast they could clearly see the lines etched into it.

BOOM!

The giant palm crashed down.

Saint Praka and all the mercenaries were dead.

The Divine Temple collapsed, the Sanctuary destroyed. With this single strike, the Saints of the Pyramid Nation were almost entirely wiped out.

「Northern Europe, the Dark Church」

A sharp voice echoed from a Shadow floating in the darkness.

"Lin Wudi left Huaxia for the Vassa Temple?"

"Reporting to the Lord of Darkness, that is correct."

The Dark Church fell silent. After a long pause, the voice spoke again.

"Order all members of the Dark Race to withdraw their forces. Do not engage Lin Wudi. Transgressors will be killed."

"We shall await our master's return."

「Western Europe, Olympus」

"The Temple Sacrifice, Rui, is dead?"

"Terrifying. Lin Wudi actually managed to kill Rui near his own Divine Temple."

"Within his Divine Temple, Rui was supposed to be supreme, yet he still died at Lin Wudi's hands."

"The Scales of Judgment that could judge our king failed against Lin Wudi. He's a true monster."

"Stop pursuing the matter of the Three Sacred Treasures. Lin Wudi is too powerful right now; we shouldn't make an enemy of him."

"So we're just supposed to endure this?"

"We wait. The World Tree is about to revive. When the World Tree appears, it will be the day Lin Wudi dies."

"Hera is finally awakening? Hahaha! Our Divine Race will no longer have to cower in Western Europe! Just you wait, the world will soon know of our greatness!"

「Huaxia」

At Changbai Mountain's Heavenly Lake, several figures appeared at the water's edge.

One of them, pale-faced and with only one arm, was none other than Shangguan Shiming, a Master from the North Dipper Celestial Pavilion. She had lost an arm to Lin Mu. While the physical injury was secondary, her pride as a Master from an Ancient Land Sect had been crushed to bits.

Even now, her expression remained dim. After the Foundation Establishment Immortal from her Sect, Ao Guang, was killed by Lin Mu, her state of mind had deteriorated even further. With a Foundation Establishment Immortal slain under her watch, she would be punished by her Ancient Land Sect, whether it was her fault or not. The day she could receive her advanced Cultivation Technique and return to the Sect would likely be delayed yet again.

There were two types of Masters from the Ancient Land Sects who walked the world. The first consisted of those with limited talent whose Cultivation Level had stagnated for years. They descended to the mortal world under the title of Master to enjoy its riches and luxuries. The other type, like Shangguan Shiming, possessed sufficient talent but lacked the background to acquire the necessary resources. As Masters, they patrolled the mortal world, carrying out secret orders from the Sect. Upon completing their tour of duty, they would return to the Sect, where they would be rewarded with merit and receive dedicated support for their training.

Now, Shangguan Shiming had nearly lost all hope of earning the merit required for that support. A Foundation Establishment Immortal was killed under her watch; she could not escape the blame.

"If you have something to say, then speak. I haven't fully recovered from my injuries and am in no mood for an idle stroll through this desolate wilderness," Shangguan Shiming said, her expression flat.

"Master Shangguan, we understand how you feel," said a richly dressed middle-aged man with a smile.

"We invited you here today precisely to offer you a chance to vent your frustrations."

As he spoke, the air around him vibrated, revealing a formidable Martial Way Cultivation Level. This man was also a Master from an Ancient Land Sect.

"Vent my frustrations?" Shangguan Shiming scoffed. "Lin Wudi severed my arm and killed an Immortal from my North Dipper Celestial Pavilion. Don't tell me you can actually help me deal with him?"

A moment later, she noticed that everyone was looking at her with strange expressions.

"You intend to take action against Lin Wudi?"

Chapter 737: You Will Die a Horrible Death!

The other five remained silent.

"Have you all lost your minds? Lin Wudi is a living legend, the number one person in the world, who once even slew a Foundation Building Immortal!"

Shangguan Shiming was in disbelief, feeling these people were outrageously bold.

They were merely Worldly Wanderers; by what right did they dare to conspire against Lin Wudi? Did they really think he wouldn't kill?

"Master Shangguan, you haven't been scared out of your wits by Lin Wudi, have you?" someone scoffed.

Shangguan Shiming didn't respond, instead taking a step back. She had no life-or-death grudge with Lin Mu—the man known as Lin Wudi—and didn't want to get involved with these madmen.

The five of them were all Worldly Wanderers from the Ancient Land Sects. The one dressed like a wealthy merchant, Nan Weiwo, was even the Worldly Wanderer from the second-ranked sect in the Ancient Land, the Sword Control Sect.

But even so, Shangguan Shiming had no confidence in their so-called plan.

While Foundation Building Immortals are formidable, entering the secular world subjects them to the suppression of the Heavenly Dao's rules, leaving them barely able to exert a fraction of their power. Ao Guang was a perfect example, heavily sealed and unable to use his full strength. By the time he was on the verge of death and tried to break his seals to take Lin Wudi down with him, it was already too late. If even a Foundation Building Immortal couldn't kill Lin Wudi, what makes these people think they can?

Nan Weiwo chuckled. "It's not surprising that Master Shangguan would think that. Lin Wudi is overwhelmingly powerful, and no one can rival him. Just a short while ago, I received news that Lin Wudi killed that old monster, Rei, at the Vassa Temple."

"Rei of the Temple Sanctuary is dead?"

The other four Worldly Wanderers were clearly unaware of this news and looked visibly shocked.

Shangguan Shiming's slender frame trembled as well.

Rei of the Vassa Temple's Sanctuary, who was revered as a supreme being, was someone even they, as Worldly Wanderers, had to be wary of.

In today's world, there were three places that even the Worldly Wanderers from the Ancient Land Sects had to tread carefully.

The first was the headquarters of the Dragon Protection Hall. The Dragon Protection Hall possessed the Hall Towns Artifact and had accumulated a vast amount of dynastic fortune over the past millennium. Its destructive power was immense. Even a Foundation Building Immortal at full power might not be able to withstand it.

The second was the former Western Deity Race. The Lord of All Deities from the Western Deity Race, armed with the Zeus Tri-God Artifact, could combat a Foundation Building Immortal, which made the Ancient Land Sects wary. However, a hundred years ago, the Lord of All Deities traveled west to the Pyramid Nation and was killed by Rei, leaving the Three Sacred Treasures without a master. Thus, this second place was struck from the list.

The third was the very Temple Sanctuary where Rei, the killer of the Lord of All Deities, had resided. Rei's Judgment Balance was unstoppable; even a Foundation Building Immortal, facing its judgment of good and evil, could hardly escape death.

Cultivators, by their very nature, defy the heavens, with notions of good and evil residing solely within their own hearts. A truly benevolent person would likely never achieve a profound cultivation level, as they would probably be schemed against and killed by their peers while their cultivation was still weak.

For Lin Wudi to have killed Rei in the Divine Temple... the idea seemed unthinkable to Shangguan Shiming. Could it be that Lin Wudi is actually a truly benevolent person? She herself didn't believe it. Hundreds of Martial Artists have died at Lin Wudi's hands, haven't they? For such a person to withstand the Judgment Balance and kill Rei...

The implications made Shangguan Shiming shudder. She wanted even less to do with the affairs of Nan Weiwo and his group.

"Gentlemen, I will not participate," she said, turning to leave.

Nan Weiwo's figure flickered, blocking her path.

"Nan Weiwo, what is the meaning of this? Are you planning to attack me?" Shangguan Shiming's voice was icy.

Nan Weiwo chuckled. "Master Shangguan, you misunderstand. We all belong to the Ancient Land Sects. How could I possibly attack you and break the rules?"

"Then what do you want?" Shangguan Shiming stood her ground.

Nan Weiwo smiled. "I just wish to borrow something from Master Shangguan."

Shangguan Shiming watched him warily.

Nan Weiwo pointed to Changbai Mountain's Heavenly Lake. "Does Master Shangguan know what this place is?" Without waiting for an answer, he continued, "This is an entrance to a Minor World."

At this revelation, Shangguan Shiming's face paled in shock.

A Minor World... The Ancient Land that housed her own North Dipper Celestial Pavilion was a Minor World itself. And Nan Weiwo was claiming this was an entrance to another one... This...

"Isn't Master Shangguan curious why, knowing this is a Minor World, we haven't entered?"

Shangguan Shiming remained silent.

Nan Weiwo said, "I believe Master Shangguan should be aware of the disaster that occurred eighty years ago."

Eighty years ago, the Worldly Wanderers of the Ancient Land Sects met with a great calamity. That year, of the eight Worldly Wanderers abroad, six died mysteriously. The two who survived were gravely injured and perished soon after. Following that, the Ancient Land Sects dispatched no more Worldly Wanderers for ten years, only resuming after the world had stabilized and a new nation was established. Of course, Shangguan Shiming knew of this disaster; it was the first lesson taught to all prospective Worldly Wanderers.

"Actually," Nan Weiwo declared, "those Worldly Wanderers didn't die in the chaos of war. They died within this Heavenly Lake Minor World of Changbai Mountain!"

His words nearly made Shangguan Shiming lose her composure.

"It's just as you're thinking, Master Shangguan. The two survivors killed the other six, used their essence blood as a sacrifice, and opened the Minor World Gate."

Shangguan Shiming shot back rapidly, her voice sharp. "Are you all mad? You plan to do the same to me!"

Nan Weiwo took a few steps back, looking exasperated. "Master Shangguan, you misunderstand. If we truly intended to harm you, we wouldn't have told you all this."

She glanced at the others; they didn't seem to be lying.

"A few days ago, at Changbai Mountain, Lin Wudi killed dozens of Elders from the Martial Alliance and even a Foundation Building Immortal. Their essence blood is more than enough to open the gate to the Minor World," Nan Weiwo explained with a smile. "What we lack now is the key: the Ancient Land Token in your possession, Master Shangguan."

Her pupils contracted. Shangguan Shiming suddenly remembered that the sects of the six Worldly Wanderers who had died eighty years ago were the very same six whose representatives, including herself, were gathered at the Heavenly Lake right now.

"What exactly is inside this Minor World?" she couldn't help but ask.

"A Demonic Beast capable of slaying Foundation Building Immortals!" Nan Weiwo's eyes flashed dangerously. "In the seventy years since that disaster, the Ancient Land Sects have entered this Minor World twice. The first time, a Qi Cultivation Level Nine led the team, and they were all annihilated. The second time, a Foundation Building Immortal led the team, and still, no one survived."

"So, what we must do is open the gate to the Minor World and await Lin Wudi's arrival!" He finished, a mocking smile curving his lips.

Shangguan Shiming was silent.

Nan Weiwo was truly worthy of his title as the Worldly Wanderer of the Sword Control Sect; he was ruthlessly cunning. He had seen through Lin Wudi's mindset. Now, Lin Wudi was the living legend, the number one person in the world. When a Minor World appeared in the secular world, a man with his temperament would definitely choose to enter in search of treasures. Then, his death would be certain. She had never expected that Nan Weiwo and the others had truly devised a plan that could ambush and kill Lin Wudi. Kill Lin Wudi?

A scar on her arm throbbed painfully.

Gritting her teeth, Shangguan Shiming declared, "I will not be involved in this!"

With that, her figure swept backward, flying toward the foot of the mountain.

"You've heard our secret and still think you can leave? Seize her!"

The five of them, Nan Weiwo included, attacked at once with thunderous momentum.

An angry and resentful voice echoed out.

"By opposing Lin Wudi, you will all die a miserable death!"

Chapter 738: Ambush and Kill Lin Wudi!

Meanwhile, in a desolate region of the Blacklands.

Inside a dilapidated mud hut, which had nothing but walls and its broken doors and windows, a skinny black man with long limbs and golden rings on his wrists and ankles was examining a photograph by the light of an oil lamp.

"Great Witch Doctor Mosa, the news has been confirmed. Lin Wudi does indeed have the Holy Relics of the Vassa Temple."

The photograph depicted the moment Lin Mu showed the White Tripod Foot to the Saints.

"Lin Wudi."

The black Great Witch Doctor, Mosa, uttered the name awkwardly, his expression stiff.

"Great Witch Doctor, what do you wish to do? Great Witch Doctor Gurodo has already united with eight other Great Witch Doctors to prepare an ambush for Lin Wudi to seize the Holy Relics."

Kneeling before Great Witch Doctor Mosa was a young black man. A sharp glint shone in the youth's eyes, and he also wore golden rings on his wrists and ankles, though he only had four—eight fewer than Great Witch Doctor Mosa.

"Gelang, do you know what the Holy Relics of the Divine Temple signify?" Great Witch Doctor Mosa's ageless face remained expressionless, yet his gaze grew increasingly fervent.

"I do not," Gelang replied honestly.

Great Witch Doctor Mosa patted Gelang's head. "You're a good boy. Mo Luo has taught you well."

After the word of praise, he continued, "Have you ever heard the name True God Adam?"

Gelang still looked bewildered.

Not angered, Great Witch Doctor Mosa asked, "How about Silver Ultra?"

Gelang's eyes suddenly lit up. "I know him! I fought him once. He has a Steel Body and is difficult to injure."

Great Witch Doctor Mosa said, "What if I told you that Silver Ultra gained that ability by obtaining just a drop of True God Adam's blood? Would you believe me?"

Gelang's eyes widened in disbelief.

A single drop of blood created a warrior with the combat strength of a top Black Wizard. Was Adam truly a True God?

"True God Adam was a lifeform born from the Holy Relics," Great Witch Doctor Mosa said, revealing the astonishing truth.

Gelang's heart was instantly set ablaze. If that's the case...

Great Witch Doctor Mosa's tone shifted abruptly. "Go back and tell Mo Luo not to get mixed up in Gurodo's foolishness. We can't afford to provoke Lin Wudi."

"Great Witch Doctor Mosa, why would you..." Gelang was puzzled.

Mosa stated coldly, "Adam is dead. He was killed by Lin Wudi."

A chill ran down Gelang's spine, a cold dread rising from the soles of his feet to the crown of his head.

"Furthermore, in the Temple Sanctuary, that old undying bastard Rui is also dead."

Mosa added indifferently, "Gurodo has been blinded by desire. What makes him think he has the ability to snatch something from Lin Wudi's hands?"

Gelang realized that Great Witch Doctor Mosa wasn't acting out of fear; rather, he understood Lin Wudi's true strength and had chosen to avoid conflict.

"Great Witch Doctor Mosa, I know what to do."

Gelang bowed respectfully and backed out of the dilapidated hut.

No sooner had he left than countless scorpions emerged from the ground, crawling toward Great Witch Doctor Mosa.

The Great Witch Doctor picked up a scorpion and popped it into his mouth, murmuring, "My foolish brother, I hope you don't do anything stupid."

「On the Blacklands Great Prairie.」

Lin Mu stood with his hands behind his back on an elephant, gazing into the distance.

Nearby, Qin Luoli was wielding a whip, driving away a pack of hyenas.

The hyenas of the Blacklands were a peculiar species.

Individually, they were frail and couldn't even hunt zebras.

But when they gathered in a pack, they feared nothing.

Hunting zebras and wild buffalo was just routine for them. When driven mad by hunger, they even dared to prey on lions, the kings of the prairie.

Even a fierce and powerful lion would be no match for a pack of fifty or sixty, or even a hundred, hyenas.

Just moments ago, a pack of hyenas had been hunting a lone lioness.

The lioness had just given birth, and Qin Luoli, overwhelmed by a surge of maternal instinct, had appointed herself the protector of the cubs, driving away the frenziedly howling hyenas.

Lin Mu didn't stop her, nor did he tell her that the lioness had little chance of survival.

This was because these were no ordinary hyenas, but semi-demonic beasts that had been tamed by someone.

Hyenas are nocturnal; they hide during the day and become ferocious at night.

For them to be out hunting in broad daylight was highly unusual.

Moreover, Lin Mu could clearly sense that each of these hyenas possessed a terrifying strength equivalent to a human External Power Martial Artist.

They could do more than just tear apart lions and tigers; even an Inner Strength Martial Artist would be no match for them.

Is someone testing me? Interesting.

Lin Mu simply watched Qin Luoli from a distance, not taking the hidden spy seriously.

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"Is that Lin Wudi?"

In the distance, ten Great Witch Doctors, clad only in animal skins and adorned with twelve golden rings on their hands and feet, were gathered around a well.

On the surface of the water, the images of Lin Mu and Qin Luoli were reflected. Judging by the angle, the image was clearly from the hyenas' perspective.

"He looks no different from an ordinary person, yet he possesses an incredible power that can rival the gods. Eastern Cultivators are truly remarkable," one of the Great Witch Doctors exclaimed.

"Mo Luo, are you afraid?" a Great Witch Doctor with a goatee and three vertical white lines painted on his forehead asked coldly.

"Gurodo, I am not my cowardly brother," Mo Luo said calmly, as if he had no regard for his own life. "I came because you promised to share the Holy Relics of the Divine Temple afterward. Now, my life is in your hands."

Gurodo was the one who had initiated this ambush.

"Relax," Gurodo declared. "May the Wilderness God bear witness! If I, Gurodo, break my word, may scorpions eat my brain, and may my descendants for all generations be nothing but lambs!"

The Great Witch Doctors believed in the Wilderness God and that humans possessed souls that lingered after death. If a descendant ate the brain of the deceased, the spirit of the deceased would live on with them, achieving immortality. Thus, Gurodo's vow was an extremely vicious curse.

Mo Luo nodded.

"Gurodo, are you certain you can kill Lin Wudi?" another Great Witch Doctor asked, visibly uneasy. "You must remember, Lin Wudi is a living legend, the number one person in the world. If you aren't sure, don't lead us to our deaths."

"Heh, Kado, don't worry. I won't disappoint you," Gurodo said, pulling out a spearhead polished from a white bone.

"The Ominous Artifact, Exor! You actually found it."

All the Great Witch Doctors' expressions changed, and several even stumbled back a few steps in panic.

"Oh-ho," Gurodo said, looking at those who had retreated. "It seems Karuna still has a tender heart... and a lover."

Karuna's expression soured.

Mo Luo urged, "Since you have the Ominous Artifact, Exor, let's begin!"

Gurodo nodded, brought the white bone fragment to his lips for a kiss, and then placed it on a stone in front of them.

"AWOO! LALALALA..."

Gurodo hopped up on one foot, beginning to dance around the Ominous Artifact, Exor, in a series of strange postures. As he moved, waves of mysterious energy from the ancient Blacklands emanated from his feet, spreading toward the artifact.

"AWOO! LALALALA..."

The other nine Great Witch Doctors mirrored his actions exactly.

The wind began to shift and the air currents grew agitated. Ominous energies started to separate from the white piece of bone.

Under the control of the ten Great Witch Doctors, these energies spread silently toward Lin Mu.

Chapter 739: The Deeper the Love, the More Painful the Hurt!

Qin Luoli drove away the hyenas before returning contentedly to the lion cub's side. The little lion could now only barely stand. It looked up at Qin Luoli with its big, watery eyes and let out a plaintive mewl.

Qin Luoli's heart melted.

ROAR!

The mother lion roared and stepped forward to drive Qin Luoli away.

Qin Luoli walked away with a smile, yet her eyes lingered on the adorable little lion, unwilling to part with the sight. She had always been so busy with her company's affairs that she had almost no leisure time. Let alone getting this close to wild animals, she had never even been to a zoo. The experiences of the past few days excited her, as if she were living a completely different life.

The elephant leisurely nibbled on tree branches, completely unaware that it was carrying a living legend, the world's number one person, on its back.

Lin Mu watched Qin Luoli's figure, his heart brimming with love. After two lifetimes, his life was finally complete.

"Hmm?"

Lin Mu frowned slightly. Just now, he had sensed a strange energy sweeping over his body.

That was...

HUM!

Suddenly, an eerie white energy appeared in Lin Mu's mind. It took the shape of a unicorn antelope with blood-red eyes, giving it an extremely sinister look. The antelope silently roared at the Divine Sense in Lin Mu's mind.

The next moment, Lin Mu's Divine Sense trembled, and a sharp, slashing pain emerged. However, it was immediately suppressed by his supreme Divine Sense.

Using the Seven Emotions and Six Desires as the means of attack... is this a Black Wizard?

Just as Lin Mu was pondering this, he heard Qin Luoli let out a painful moan in the distance.

Not good!

Lin Mu's figure flashed. He appeared in front of Qin Luoli and supported her by the waist.

"Darling, I..." Qin Luoli opened her mouth to say something, but she was in too much pain to speak.

"It's a love poison, harming people invisibly with love as the medium. The Black Wizard deserves to die!"

Having mastered countless forms of magic, Lin Mu immediately diagnosed the nature of this bizarre energy. The Ominous Artifact, Exor, used the human concept of love as a medium. The deeper one's love, the greater the damage they suffered. Moreover, this sinister energy could extend from the target through their love to their beloved, killing them from afar.

Such a perverse Magic Artifact was almost the perfect weapon against Lin Mu. His Mana was boundless and his physique was robust; his only weakness was the love he held in his heart for Qin Luoli. Gurodo had targeted this, accurately seizing upon Lin Mu's flaw.

However, Gurodo had underestimated the love Lin Mu held for Qin Luoli, a love that spanned two lifetimes. His love had transcended human desire and evolved into a higher-level emotion that Gurodo could never comprehend.

Therefore, Lin Mu was unharmed.

But Qin Luoli didn't possess Lin Mu's state of mind, so she was severely injured.

The deeper the love, the heavier the injury!

"Humph!"

Lin Mu snorted in anger, his killing intent flaring. For the first time since his rebirth, he felt such an immense desire to kill an enemy.

You're seeking death!

Holding Qin Luoli, Lin Mu's figure vanished in a flash. When he reappeared, he was hovering in the air above Great Witch Doctor Gurodo and the nine other Great Witch Doctors.

Impossible! How can he be unharmed?! Gurodo couldn't understand. Even the most wicked person has some love in their heart, yet Lin Mu is unscathed! Could it be that this person has no feelings at all?

"Die!" Lin Mu commanded, stretching out a hand and pressing down heavily.

"No!"

All the Great Witch Doctors were panic-stricken. They unleashed their Forbidden Techniques, desperately counterattacking. Scorpions, Poison Snakes, black mists, and deadly vapors—all sorts of vicious and ruthless entities erupted from the ten Great Witch Doctors, rushing to meet the descending giant hand.

This hand seemed to eclipse the sun and shatter the very sky. Before such absolute power, all their attacks were nothing but illusions.

BOOM!

The Twelve-Fold Towers appeared behind Lin Mu. For the first time since his battle with the Foundation Building Immortal Ao Guang of the Celestial Northern Dipper Pavilion, Lin Mu unleashed his full might. The ferocious power instantly submerged the ten Great Witch Doctors. Only now did they understand the true might of heaven and earth.

BOOM! BOOM! BOOM!

The giant palm fell, and all the venomous creatures were obliterated. The ten Great Witch Doctors, unable to even dodge, were smashed to death on the spot.

WHOOSH!

Two streams of black smoke shot out from beneath the giant palm, fleeing toward the horizon.

Mere remnant souls think they can escape from me?

Lin Mu stretched out his hand, and the two streams of black smoke reversed course, flying back into his palm.

"No... Lin Wudi, don't kill me! I can serve you..." one of the remnant souls, none other than Gurodo, shrieked, begging for mercy.

But Lin Mu had no intention of showing any. With a clench of his fist, Gurodo's soul was nearly dispersed entirely. Before Gurodo could even wonder why he wasn't dead, a flash of light engulfed him, and his remnant soul was pulled into a ring.

"AAHHH..."

As soon as he entered the ring, he heard another soul next to him letting out an utterly blood-curdling scream.

"Lin Wudi, I know I was wrong! Kill me, please, just kill me!" that soul cried in torment, but no one paid it any mind.

A chill went down Gurodo's spine. He never expected that Easterners could manipulate souls, keeping them in a state between life and death to be tortured for eternity in this hellish place. What terrifying power.

"Lin Wudi, I..." Gurodo wanted to beg for mercy, but it was too late.

A nameless flame began to burn from within his soul. The agony, like being sliced apart inch by inch, made Gurodo scream louder than he ever had before.

...

"Luo Li, how are you feeling now?" Lin Mu asked, placing an Elixir into Qin Luoli's mouth.

Qin Luoli slowly awoke, blinking in confusion. "What happened to me?"

Before Lin Mu could answer, she continued, "I just had such a strange dream. I dreamt that you..."

Lin Mu cut her off, silencing her with a kiss.

「At dusk.」

Qin Luoli nestled beside Lin Mu, her face flushed red. With a flick of his finger, Lin Mu summoned a stream of black smoke before him.

"Lin Wudi, please spare me! I realize my mistake. Don't kill me," the soul pleaded. This remnant soul was not Gurodo's, but Mo Luo's. His soul had also been captured by Lin Mu.

"Take me to Gurodo's Tribe," Lin Mu commanded.

His single sentence made Mo Luo wish he were already dead.

"No! Lin Wudi, you can't do that! The people of Gurodo's Tribe are innocent! They haven't harmed you..." Mo Luo shouted in a panic. He hadn't expected Lin Mu to be so ruthless, not satisfied with just killing his enemies but also intending to annihilate their entire tribe.

"They're innocent? Then was my wife not innocent? When Gurodo attacked my wife, he should have known what the consequences would be," Lin Mu's voice was ice-cold.

Mo Luo was speechless.

"Take me there. Otherwise, I will annihilate your tribe as well!" Lin Mu's killing intent was terrifyingly real.

Qin Luoli was his Ni Lin (Scale Reverse). Since Gurodo dared to attack her with the Ominous Artifact, he shouldn't blame Lin Mu for being merciless.

Mo Luo's remnant soul trembled violently, on the verge of collapsing. He had no choice but to lead the way. He knew that Great Witch Doctor Gurodo was famous in the Blacklands; if Lin Mu wanted to, he could find his tribe anytime. If that happened, his own tribe would be doomed as well. Only now did Mo Luo finally understand the cruel consequences of provoking a living legend.

「Nightfall.」

Deep in the Blacklands, a powerful tribe thrived. This was the home of Gurodo, the strongest Great Witch Doctor in the Blacklands. Thanks to Gurodo's power, the tribe was extremely prosperous, with dozens of Wizards and nearly a thousand practitioners. Even the ordinary tribal warriors were extraordinarily strong, far surpassing the elite special forces of various nations.

In the dark of night, the Wizards of Gurodo's Tribe were dancing around a bonfire, awaiting the return of their Great Witch Doctor.

Chapter 740: Wherever the Eyes Go, There You Are!

"I have sensed it!"

A Wizard, dancing an eerie dance, spoke at a breakneck pace. It was more like a chant than speech.

"I have sensed someone watching from atop the elephant; I have sensed the young lion lingering on the edge of death.

"I have sensed the hyenas drawing near; I have sensed the woman wielding the whip.

"I have sensed the Great Witch Doctor taking action; I have sensed the enemy's agonized wails.

"I have sensed... ah... no..."

The Wizard shrieked as if he had seen something terrible, clutching his eyes.

Blood streamed from between his fingers.

"Ji An..."

The other Wizards started forward to help him.

BOOM!

Terrifying flames suddenly erupted from Ji An's body. The scorching heat even melted the stone beneath his feet.

"No, do not destroy my tribe!" Ji An shrieked, stretching a hand toward the sky in a desperate plea.

With a final, agonized wail, he collapsed violently to the ground and turned to ash.

Everyone looked in the direction he had been gazing.

Across the horizon, streaks of golden light were speeding toward them.

The air quivered. Thunder boomed. The dreadful sound gave every Wizard a splitting headache.

They were getting closer.

The Wizards could finally see what the golden light was. They were golden greatswords, each one several meters long, radiating a brilliant light that seemed to tear through the void itself. The greatswords were densely packed, filling the entire sky.

A terrifying, suffocating pressure instantly swept through the camp, turning the earlier joy of song and dance into fear and despair. Some tried to flee, but under the intimidating aura of the greatswords, they found themselves unable to move a single inch. Even the strongest Wizard besides Gurodo felt as if he were facing the raw majesty of the heavens.

"Gurodo! You deserve to die! You brought this calamity of annihilation upon our tribe, you—"

BOOM!

The powerful Wizard was pierced by a greatsword before he could even finish his sentence. The massive blade cleaved him in two, utterly destroying even his Divine Soul.

In the moment before his death, he heard the thudding of the greatswords hitting the ground. The sound was continuous. Each impact meant another of his tribespeople had been brutally killed. The unending thuds were the notes of a death march.

No one could survive this cataclysm.

「Up in the sky」

Mo Luo's Remnant Soul looked down at the horrifying scene, his heart dead as ashes.

The Gurodo Tribe was finished.

Admittedly, Lin Wudi had not slaughtered the innocent. But with a single strike, all the Body Forgers and wizard seeds of the Gurodo Tribe were wiped out. From this day forward, the Gurodo Tribe's lineage was severed. No more Body Forgers would rise from their ranks, nor would any more Wizards. It was only a matter of time before this once-powerful tribe was devoured by others.

All because of a single decision. A tribe that was once among the most powerful in the Blacklands had vanished, just like that.

That devil! This Cultivator from the East is a devil!

"Let's go to the next tribe," the Devil spoke.

Mo Luo wanted to refuse, but he didn't dare. He knew that if he did, the same calamity would befall his own tribe.

In the night, two figures turned into streaks of light, flying across the sky on their swords.

Within the ring, the flame-scorched Gurodo clearly saw the pitiful fate of his tribe.

"Ahhh..."

Gurodo wailed in agony, his heart utterly ashen.

My tribe is finished. I am a sinner for all time.

The flames continued to burn him. The dual torment of his mind and soul made Gurodo long for death.

This torment... it feels as if it will last for all eternity.

That night, on the Blacklands Mainland, the wizard seeds of all nine major tribes were exterminated. The power of the Wizards in the Blacklands was now in irreversible decline.

「Mo Sa Tribe」

From afar, Great Witch Doctor Mosa watched the overwhelming greatswords rain down like a natural disaster upon the camp of his brother, Mo Luo's, tribe. His eyes were filled with terror.

His younger brother's tribe was finished, too. The only saving grace was that Lin Wudi's strike had only eliminated the wizard seeds. There were still Body Forgers in Mo Luo's tribe. This was the last shred of dignity Lin Wudi had left Mo Luo.

Watching the flames in the distant tribe, Mo Luo cried out in agony as his soul burned away into nothingness.

Lin Wudi is not to be provoked!

Great Witch Doctor Mosa's conviction grew ever stronger. As for avenging his brother Mo Luo, his brother had simply been asking to die.

What a pity for that child, Gelang. A wizard seed who might have advanced to become a Great Witch Doctor was now dead, all because he was implicated by Mo Luo.

"In my name as Great Witch Doctor Mosa, I command all Blacklands Sorcerers: any who dare to provoke Lin Wudi shall have their tribes annihilated!" Mosa's gaze was as cold as ice.

Behind him, the Wizards of the Mo Sa Tribe were utterly dispirited. The terrible plight of the ten Great Witch Doctors' tribes resonated deeply with them. Before Lin Wudi, this Cultivator from the East, their lives were so fragile. The black witchcraft they so relied on had proven laughably weak. All their poisons and all their curses were nothing before him, easily swept aside with a flick of his fingers.

"We obey the command of Great Witch Doctor Mosa."

Great Witch Doctor Mosa had rejected the temptation of the Divine Temple's Holy Relics and had not participated in the ambush against Lin Wudi. This decision added to his reputation for wisdom and, before long, allowed him to become the leader of all sorcerers in the Blacklands—an outcome he himself had perhaps never anticipated.

「In the sky above」

Qin Luoli nestled in Lin Mu's embrace. Gazing at the bright moon, the twinkling stars, and the vast grasslands that were exceptionally beautiful at night, her thoughts drifted.

"Luoli, let me teach you a Heart Method. If you practice it, you can refine your emotions and no longer suffer the torment of the Seven Emotions and Six Desires."

"Like you?"

"Yes."

"Then I won't learn it."

Lin Mu knew Luoli was angry.

Damn that Gurodo!

Lin Mu decided he would torture Gurodo's soul for a few hundred more years.

"Luoli, let me show you something."

Lin Mu took Qin Luoli's hand and pressed it to his own forehead. Qin Luoli was puzzled for a moment before a flood of information poured into her mind.

It contained all the feelings Lin Mu had for her, from their past life to their present one. Their first meeting, their marriage, the opposition from her family, his tender care, and their mutual support through thick and thin.

Qin Luoli had always known Lin Mu loved her, but this was different. This time, she was truly seeing it from his perspective, reliving their entire love story through his eyes.

No more words were needed. She now understood just how deeply the man before her loved her—how profound that love was. From his perspective, she finally realized how much he had sacrificed for her.

"Lin Mu, I'm sorry..." Qin Luoli wept, tears streaming down her face.

"Silly girl." Lin Mu drew her into his arms, his voice gentle. If anything else exists for me on the Great Path, it is you. It can only be you! "I'm already completely content just being with you."

"Yes, my love. I will treat you well for the rest of my life, through every life to come, and I will never forget."

Under the moonlight, the two figures snuggled together in sweet, warm bliss.

「After a long time」

The moon set and the sun rose, painting the sky a brilliant red.

"Luoli, we need to return to Huaxia," Lin Mu said, his body suddenly tensing as he gazed toward the east.

"What happened?" Qin Luoli asked, still somewhat groggy. She and Lin Mu had spent the night opening their hearts to each other. That night had deepened their bond, and they were now inseparable.

"Something big has happened back home," Lin Mu said with a smile.

A small world had opened at Changbai Mountain's Heavenly Lake. Spiritual Energy flooded out, shaking the entire world.

Across the globe, the attention of countless powerful experts was drawn to the East. Experts from the Heavenly Rankings and God-Communicating Martial Artists alike began to converge on Changbai Mountain's Heavenly Lake.