

War God 741

Chapter 741: The World Gate Opens for the First Time!

The Minor World Gate opened, spiritual energy overflowing and capturing the attention of every powerhouse in both the Eastern and Western Worlds.

Thirty years ago, the opening of the Minor World had also attracted the Western Deity Race to journey east to Huaxia, which marked the last time the Sword God, Shen Lang, intervened.

This time, the reopening of the Minor World drew even more people.

Countless powerhouses turned their gazes toward Changbai Mountain's Heavenly Lake.

「In Northern Europe, within the Dark Church」

"Darkness, you should not have awakened us."

"Our Lord has yet to return. Do you realize the enormity of your sin in waking us?"

"Darkness, you must give us an explanation."

Within the church, voices rose one after another, all of them questioning the Dark Church's sovereign, the Lord of Darkness.

"The Minor World Gate has opened again. Perhaps we need to alter our covert plans," the sharp voice of the Lord of Darkness echoed.

"The Minor World?"

The clamoring voices came to a halt, then, as if sensing something, they spoke again.

"After thirty years, the Minor World Gate has opened once more."

"Heh heh, Darkness, you've done well!"

"If we collect the energy dispersing from the Minor World, our master's return will be advanced by several years."

"Let's set out."

All the voices were filled with urgency.

"That Lin Wudi..."

"Lin Wudi?"

After a brief exchange, these newly awakened powerhouses were all apprised of Lin Wudi's exploits.

"Terrifying."

"Truly astonishing."

"Who would have thought that aside from Shen Lang, the East would produce another such formidable figure."

"What does it matter if he is a modern-day myth? Once our Lord returns, Lin Wudi will be no more than an ant."

"Glory to our Lord!"

"Glory to our Lord!"

"Heh heh... Darkness, you are overthinking things. We are heading to the East only to collect the energy of the Minor World, not to make an enemy of Lin Wudi."

"Indeed. We can feign friendship with the East, just like thirty years ago."

"Since that's the case, let us depart."

"Just in case, take the Dark Holy Artifact with us."

"The Spear of Darkness is our only remaining Dark Holy Artifact. If it gets shattered again..."

"When our Lord returns, why would we need to worry about a Holy Artifact?"

"Then let it be so."

Within the Dark Church, the voices faded away.

「Meanwhile, at the Sea of Divine Grace」

An elderly man clad in White Divine Robes, his face wrinkled and his hair and beard snowy white with age, was using trembling hands to light the candles in the monastery one by one.

"Brother Kean, this is a secret edict from the Pontiff," a younger man in cardinal robes said as he approached the old man, respectfully extending a wax pill.

The elder did not take the wax pill. Only after lighting all the candles did he set down the igniter wand. A white light flowed around his fingertips. The wax pill shimmered brilliantly, with arcane runes faintly visible within it. After a careful inspection revealed no abnormalities, the old man gently opened it.

A stream of light shot into the elder's forehead. The light in the elder's eyes vanished in a flash, and he once again appeared old and frail.

"Reply to the Pontiff that I am informed," he said.

The young cardinal bowed and began to retreat slowly.

"Oh, by the way, was the same order also delivered to the Prison of Divine Might?" the elder asked, as if it were an afterthought.

The young cardinal's body trembled. "Replying to you, Brother, such matters are beyond my station..."

The elder cast a faint glance at the young cardinal.

As if struck by lightning, the young cardinal quickly added in a hoarse voice, "I only know that Cardinal Carmen left the Papal Court, just as I did, and has headed to the Prison of Divine Might."

The light in the elder's eyes slowly receded.

"Truly an eventful time. May the glory of our Lord shine upon us."

The young cardinal did not dare respond to that. He was the youngest cardinal in the Pontiff's court and very likely the future successor to the Pontiff himself. But when facing this ascetic, he could only show respect and humility. The elder before him had practiced asceticism in the Sea of Divine Grace for two hundred years and was hailed as a living Saint. Even the Pontiff dared not treat him with anything less than the utmost respect.

The old man closed his eyes and said no more.

Only then did the young cardinal carefully take his leave.

"Changbai Mountain's Heavenly Lake... Lin Mu, Lin Wudi," the old man spoke again, this time in fluent Huaxia language.

WHOOSH!

The candle flames surrounding the old man's body flared up, with a faint white light flickering within them.

「Above the Western Ocean」

They flew by sword above the Western Ocean. Qin Luoli had finally begun to cultivate the heart method Lin Mu gave her. She did not want to be a burden to him anymore.

For the people of the Celestial Northern Dipper Pavilion to have valued Qin Luoli enough to cultivate her as a Cauldron, she naturally had exceptional abilities. A heart method that would take an ordinary person two to three years to make any progress in, she had managed to cultivate to the first level within a single hour.

Looking at the pale blue glow on Luo Li's spiritual platform, Lin Mu's lips curled into a smile.

With Luo Li's talent, she will definitely make rapid progress as long as she's willing to cultivate. Perhaps, not long from now, she can become a great master of Divine Skills with an unrivaled heart method. That way, when I complete my Foundation Establishment and leave this world in the future, I can take her with me. Moreover, by cultivating this heart method, she will also have the ability to protect herself.

Lin Mu possessed the Heavenly Dao Myriad Laws Record, so the heart method he offered was naturally no ordinary one. In the Immortal Realm, the Heart Zen Sect was unparalleled when it came to heart methods. However, Lin Mu did not like the Heart Zen Sect's approach to life. Therefore, the heart method he taught Qin Luoli was a Divine Sense heart method modified by the Heavenly Dao Myriad Laws Record. This method could help Luo Li protect her mind and spirit, refine the Seven Emotions and Six Desires, and possess incredible power. Even in the Immortal Realm, it was a top-tier heart method that only Immortal Kings and Immortal Emperors were qualified to practice.

「Qin Family Ancestral House」

Shi Potian was sitting in meditation with his eyes closed, concentrating on his cultivation.

Li Lingqing, Li Linglong, and the others had grown much stronger after receiving the magic artifacts bestowed by Lin Mu. This made Shi Potian vaguely uneasy. He was the number one war general under Emperor Zun. Now, he was no match for young Li Lingqing's insignificant Gu Insect; how could he be at peace with that? At this very moment, he was in secluded training, intensively practicing the Divine Demon Horizontal Training.

A voice suddenly rang in his ear.

"Calm your mind and focus on absorbing this."

Following the voice, a stream of black energy mysteriously appeared and poured into Shi Potian's body.

It's Elder Brother Mu! No sooner had this thought flashed through his mind than he was wracked by an excruciating, soul-shaking pain.

"Ah!"

The black energy spread throughout his body like a gnawing maggot, transforming his physique. The terrifying power it contained left Shi Potian utterly shocked. He knew this was an opportunity bestowed upon him by Lin Mu.

Hahaha, Elder Brother Mu certainly hasn't forgotten about me! Shi Potian was simple-minded. For a moment, his joy actually overwhelmed the pain.

BOOM!

A Divine Demon Phantom appeared behind him. Its head touched the heavens and its feet stood upon the earth. Radiating boundless heroic passion, it fought fiercely on all fronts. An overwhelming will to fight that knew neither death nor regret invigorated Shi Potian's body.

「Outside the secret room」

Lin Mu nodded.

The Blacklands Sorcerers aren't completely useless. The energy I extracted from them can indeed help Potian reach a new level in his Divine Demon Horizontal Training. Moreover, this trip to the Minor World may also serve as an opportunity for him.

Shi Potian was different from Li Lingqing, Leng Feng, and the others. Most of Li Lingqing's combat prowess lay in the Gu Insects she controlled. After absorbing the lifeblood of powerful cultivators like the Foundation Building Immortal Ao Guang and the Thunder God, her Gu Insects were already strong enough to match an average powerhouse at the Peak of Divine Communion.

Chapter 742: Flesh Regrows on White Bones, Limbs Regenerate!

As for Leng Feng, all he needed to do was follow the established process and develop the abilities of his Divine Pupil to become unrivaled in combat. Only Shi Potian required an extraordinarily vast amount of energy to support his Divine Demon Horizontal Training. For some time, Shi Potian had been in a state of constant craving, as his Divine Demon Horizontal Training had never been fully satiated. Therefore, Lin Mu planned to take him along to the minor world.

"Darling, when are you planning to leave?" Qin Luoli asked as she came over and took Lin Mu's hand.

From Lin Mu's memories, she saw a husband who was deeply in love with her, so she truly did not want him to leave her side.

Lin Mu gently smoothed a stray hair from Qin Luoli's temple and said with a smile, "I'll leave tomorrow. But don't worry, I'll be back soon."

"How soon?"

"A year at the longest, three months at the shortest."

Lin Mu stated a timeframe that utterly surprised Qin Luoli, and she subconsciously tightened her grip on his hand.

"It might not take that long," Lin Mu said with a smile. "But I have a sudden premonition that this trip to the minor world won't be smooth."

Then can't you just stay?

Qin Luoli desperately wanted to say this, but she couldn't bring herself to voice the words.

"Then take good care of yourself," she said finally, her countless worries distilled into that single sentence.

"Don't worry, I'm taking Potian with me," Lin Mu said.

Qin Luoli pouted. Shi Potian was a simpleton; it would be a feat if he could take care of himself, let alone Lin Mu.

"Why don't you take Ling Qing or Linglong with you? They're women, they can take better care of you."

"The most important thing for them right now is to advance their realms. Otherwise, having a Magic Artifact that is too powerful for their low Cultivation Level could lead to major problems."

With Lin Mu's explanation, Qin Luoli found it hard to insist. As for the remaining disciples, Li Xiaotian was too old and Leng Feng too young.

Perhaps...

"What about that girl, Morphy? I haven't seen her in a long time. Why don't you take her with you?" Qin Luoli suggested.

"Morphy?"

Lin Mu gave Qin Luoli an odd look. In the past, she never would have brought Morphy up on her own. After seeing his memories, Qin Luoli's attitude had truly changed completely.

"Alright, I'll take her with me."

Qin Luoli's reminder made Lin Mu recall that Morphy, the Queen of the Night, was from the Elf Tribe and possessed the keenest perception of life and plants. Taking her into the minor world might lead to some unexpected gains.

"Then you contact her," Lin Mu said, leaving the task to Qin Luoli.

Qin Luoli shot Lin Mu a look, but a smile still graced her lips.

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「The next day.」

Lin Mu, Shi Potian, and Morphy set off as a trio toward Changbai Mountain's Heavenly Lake. Li Lingqing and the others remained in their closed-door cultivation and did not see them off.

"Brother, you finally remembered me! I was starting to think you'd forgotten all about me," Morphy pouted, looking displeased.

Although she had slain the Skeleton King and taken command of the assassin organization, the Blood Skeleton, she would much rather stay by Lin Mu's side. Unfortunately, after the battle at the Great Wall, Lin Mu and Qin Luoli had been inseparable, leaving Morphy to only watch with envy. Now that Lin Mu had finally summoned her, the young girl nearly clung to him.

"Behave yourself, or I'll have your sister-in-law put you in your place," Lin Mu said with a stern face. This girl would cause trouble if undisciplined, so he couldn't afford to be too soft on her.

Morphy playfully stuck out her little tongue.

When she had met Qin Luoli earlier, she was brimming with defiance, itching for a chance to test her skills against her. Having just ascended to the King Realm, which was a Martial Artist's Divine Communion Realm, the young girl's confidence was overflowing.

However, Qin Luoli quickly taught her a lesson in humility.

Qin Luoli's mind technique had already reached a stage of initial mastery. While it might not be enough to handle someone like Jin Shisan, who was half a step into the God Realm, dealing with a little girl like Morphy, who had just reached the Reaching the Divine stage, was a cakewalk.

In a moment of carelessness, Morphy's mind fell under Qin Luoli's control. She found herself not only serving tea and water to everyone but also massaging Qin Luoli's shoulders. Once she recovered her senses, Morphy ran as far away as she could, never daring to get too close to Qin Luoli again.

Deep down, she secretly felt that perhaps only such a woman was worthy of her brother. They were both peerless, generational talents, while she was just an ordinary girl with mediocre aptitude.

If Lin Mu knew what she was thinking, he would probably die laughing. The Elf Tribe was a considerable race in the Immortal Realm. Morphy's innate talent wasn't poor at all; it had merely been stunted by the Skeleton King.

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By this time, many people had already gathered at Changbai Mountain's Heavenly Lake.

A few miles from their destination, the rocks on a nearby mountainside suddenly exploded, and a figure shot out, rushing toward Lin Mu.

"Courting death!" Shi Potian roared angrily, unleashing the power of his Divine Demon Horizontal Training. Intricate black and white patterns appeared on his skin. After absorbing the energy from the Blacklands sorcerers and body cultivators, his technique had reached a new level.

"Hold back," Lin Mu said to Shi Potian, holding back an eager Morphy.

The figure rushed before Lin Mu and stumbled, barely able to stand.

PTOO!

Before the person could speak, they spat out a mouthful of blood.

"Lin Mu! Don't go to Changbai Mountain! It's a trap set by the Ancient Land Sect's world walkers!"

The newcomer was none other than Shangguan Shiming. She had barely escaped with her life thanks to her Sect's treasured artifact, but she had paid a terrible price. Not only had her Cultivation Level plummeted, but her internal organs were also severely injured. Without her Sect's sacred healing medicine, she might never recover in this lifetime. But as things stood, it was uncertain if she could even leave Changbai Mountain alive, let alone obtain that medicine.

"A trap? Interesting. So this is what my premonition was about," Lin Mu mused. An expert of his realm possessed a sixth sense, an instinct for danger that sometimes allowed them to foresee threats.

"Aren't you also one of the Ancient Land Sect's world walkers? Why are you here warning me instead of being with them?" Lin Mu asked with an amused look.

"I..."

Shangguan Shiming didn't want to admit that she was afraid of Lin Wudi. People like Nan Weiwo recklessly plotted against Lin Mu. If he died, it would all be over. But if Lin Mu survived, then Nan Weiwo and the others would undoubtedly die, and their actions might even implicate their respective Sects.

"Considering you didn't conspire with them and even came to warn me, I'll grant you a bit of fortune," Lin Mu said. As he spoke, he reached out and pointed a finger at Shangguan Shiming.

She felt a jolt run through her body as a surging Life Force erupted from within. Her injuries, which she thought were impossible to heal in this lifetime, recovered in an instant. Not only that, but an unusual sensation spread through the arm Lin Mu had severed.

At the stump, new flesh budded and extended, bones grew, and her arm slowly regenerated.

"Mmh..."

The stimulating sensation of her growing arm made Shangguan Shiming let out a soft moan, a crimson flush spreading across her cheeks. When she came back to her senses, she was horrified to find that her arm had been completely restored.

"This..."

Shangguan Shiming flexed her fingers. They were incredibly nimble, no different from her original arm. Even a scar on her wrist, a memento from her early days of cultivation, had vanished completely.

What incredible power! What an incredible Immortal Technique!

If Lin Mu had used an Elixir to heal her, she wouldn't have been so shocked. But he had done nothing more than point a finger, and she had experienced flesh growing on bare bone and a severed limb reborn. Such a miraculous ability was something not even a Foundation Building Immortal from her Sect could achieve.

Chapter 743: Offending the Whole World for You!

"I am Shangguan Shiming of the junior generation, and I pay my respects and offer my thanks to Master Lin!"

At this moment, Shangguan Shiming displayed none of the pride she held as a World-Walker of an Ancient Land Sect. Humbled and in awe, she knelt at Lin Mu's feet in sincere and heartfelt submission. Such an immortal was indeed worthy of her prostration.

"You may leave if there's nothing else. Heavenly Lake is a place of conflict, so do not linger," Lin Mu said with a wave of his hand, preparing to depart.

"Sir, Nan Weiwo of the Sword Control Sect has set a trap in the Heavenly Lake Minor World. That world is teeming with rampant Demonic Beasts. You..."

Shangguan Shiming didn't understand. She had clearly told him it was a trap, so why was Lin Mu still insisting on going?

Before Lin Mu could respond, Morphy made a face at Shangguan Shiming and said petulantly, "You wretched hag, hurry up and leave! With a cultivation level like yours, how could you possibly comprehend my brother's might? In his presence, all plots and schemes are nothing but illusions."

Morphy delivered this boast with flourish, and to her surprise, Shi Potian nodded in solemn agreement.

A vein throbbed on Shangguan Shiming's forehead.

Wretched hag? This girl is courting death!

Just as her anger flared, Shangguan Shiming suddenly realized that the young girl before her was a King Realm Powerhouse, the equivalent of a martial artist's Divine Communion Realm.

How is that possible? She's so young! she thought, completely stunned.

Then, she recalled the terrifying aura Shi Potian had emanated earlier. He, too, was a powerhouse whose presence was suffocating.

So the people around Lin Wudi are this powerful? Any one of them, chosen at random, is at the Divine Communion Realm.

For a moment, Shangguan Shiming was so shocked she forgot to be angry. By the time she came to her senses, she saw that Lin Mu and his two companions were already a good distance away.

Her thoughts churned. Gritting her teeth, Shangguan Shiming hurried after the trio. Even with her injuries healed, she was no match for Nan Weiwo. Descending the mountain now might still lead to a dead end. Following Lin Mu was her only path to survival. Besides, she wanted to see what gave Lin Wudi the confidence to knowingly walk into a trap.

「Heavenly Lake.」

Compared to the time of the last great battle, the place had undergone a heaven-and-earth-shattering transformation. The once desolate mountain peaks were now gathered with hundreds of people. There were Huaxia Martial Artists, golden-haired and blue-eyed Ability Users, and dark-skinned Wizards. These forces, which normally fought and killed one another, were now gathered in surprising peace.

Almost everyone was sitting in meditation, absorbing the spiritual energy that emanated from the Minor World. However, the cultivation levels of these individuals were generally not high. The Huaxia Martial Artists were mostly at the External Strength level, with very few Inner Strength Martial Artists, let alone Martial Arts Grandmasters. The Blacklands Wizards were merely a few dozen Wizard Apprentices, with no true Wizards or Great Wizards present.

The arrival of Lin Mu's group of four immediately drew everyone's attention.

"Lin Wudi!"

"Lin Wudi is here too!"

"Is that person with him Shangguan Shiming, the World-Walker from the Celestial Northern Dipper Pavilion?"

"Didn't they say Lin Wudi killed a Foundation Building Immortal from the Celestial Northern Dipper Pavilion?"

"That's right! The two sides are sworn enemies. How could they be together?"

Hearing the crowd's murmurs, Shangguan Shiming began to feel that she had been rash to accompany Lin Mu. At the very least, she shouldn't have walked so closely with him. But it was too late for regrets. She could only maintain a facade of composure as she walked on.

"Brother, is this the entrance to the Minor World? It's magnificent!" Morphy exclaimed, her eyes shining as she gazed ahead.

Not far in front of them, an orb resembling a bright moon hung suspended above the waters of Changbai Mountain's Heavenly Lake. Through the entrance, one could see orderly rows of towers and palaces, as well as lush green forests within the Minor World. It was as mysterious and beautiful as the ephemeral image of a palace on the moon. Even Shangguan Shiming was captivated by the splendid sight.

"Indeed. This is the entrance to the Minor World. Come, let's go in together."

Without lingering, Lin Mu rode his sword forward, leading Morphy and Shi Potian through the Minor World Gate.

Shangguan Shiming hesitated for only a moment before a surge of killing intent rose behind her.

"Lin Wudi, I'm coming with you!" she cried out, hurrying after them.

As Lin Mu's group of four vanished, Nan Weiwo, the World-Walker of the Sword Control Sect, appeared at the edge of Heavenly Lake, leading four other World-Walkers.

"Success! I didn't expect it to be so easy."

"Lin Wudi is truly arrogant, falling for it so easily."

"Strange. Shangguan Shiming was right there with him. Did she not warn him?"

Some were thrilled, others were puzzled. Just moments ago, seeing Shangguan Shiming standing beside Lin Mu had sent a cold sweat down the spines of Nan Weiwo and his four companions. They had thought their plan was exposed. Unexpectedly, Lin Mu had still entered the perilous Minor World, and that foolish woman Shangguan Shiming had even followed him in.

"Heh, if I'm not mistaken, Shangguan Shiming probably did warn him," Nan Weiwo sneered. "But given Lin Wudi's overweening pride, he likely wasn't persuaded."

"Proud and arrogant. 'Knowing there are tigers on the mountain, yet insisting on going up'—this is the very path Lin Wudi has chosen for his demise."

"Haha, Brother Nan is right! Once Lin Mu enters the Minor World, his death is certain."

"Indeed. This Minor World can kill even a Foundation Building Immortal at full power, let alone a mere Lin Wudi."

"Congratulations, Brother Nan, on removing this thorn in the side of our Ancient Land Sects."

"Hahaha, after we return, Brother Nan will surely become the primary recipient of the Sword Control Sect's resources and training. We congratulate you in advance!"

Everyone was convinced that Lin Mu was doomed. Nan Weiwo was flushed with success, feeling that a brilliant future—and the Genius Cultivation Method—was now within his grasp.

Just then, a swirl of black smoke swept toward them.

"A King Realm Peak powerhouse!" Nan Weiwo's face changed dramatically.

The black smoke didn't linger; it plunged through the Minor World Gate and into the Heavenly Lake Minor World.

Nan Weiwo's expression turned grim. "Were those people from the Dark Church just now?"

One of the World-Walkers said worriedly, "If people from the Dark Church enter the Minor World, they will surely die. They won't hold us responsible, will they?"

"We should leave, quickly. The fact that we opened the Minor World must not be revealed to anyone else."

Causing Lin Wudi's death was one thing, but now members of the Dark Church had walked into the trap as well. If all of them died, the Dark Church might vent its anger on them. While the Ancient Land Sects were feared throughout the world and had no reason to dread the Dark Church, they themselves were just World-Walkers, not truly invincible beings.

As the group was about to leave, they saw a beam of white light rise from the forest and shoot into the Minor World. Now, all five of their faces turned dark.

"This has gotten out of hand!"

"That was someone from the Sea of Divine Grace, wasn't it? I saw that old coot, Keen!"

"If Keen dies in the Minor World, the Sea of Divine Grace will hunt us to the ends of the earth!"

Their original plan was merely to scheme against Lin Wudi, but now the situation was spiraling out of their control. More and more powerhouses were entering the Minor World. If word got out that they had opened it and caused the deaths of all these experts, the five of them would become public enemies of the world. Even the Ancient Land Sects would not be able to protect them.

Just as despair began to set in, a streak of golden light shot into the Minor World, rubbing salt in their wounds.

"The Prison of Divine Might! Someone from the Prison of Divine Might went in too!"

"Dammit! Have they all gone mad? Aren't they afraid of the dangers in the Minor World?" Nan Weiwo almost coughed up blood. It felt as if he was about to make an enemy of the entire world, all for the sake of taking down one man, Lin Mu.

BOOM!

Dozens of streaks of light shot into the Minor World, one after another.

Chapter 744: The Tiger's Cohort, a Bunch of Monsters!

Nan Weiwo and his companions were on the verge of cursing out loud.

They realized that the dozen or so streaks of light that had just entered the Minor World were all Huaxia Martial Artists. They had to be those Deity-like Strong Individuals who had remained in seclusion for many years, never showing themselves to the world.

"Shut the Minor World Gate immediately! We can't wait any longer!" By now, the five of them had thoroughly offended the powerhouses of both the East and the West.

Nan Weiwo was truly terrified. He feared that if they delayed any longer, Shen Lang—the former Huaxia Sword Deity who had just been defeated by Lin Wudi and retreated from the world—might also enter. If that happened, they would likely be hunted down and killed by the combined forces of the Dragon Protection Hall and the Huaxia military.

"Forcibly closing the Minor World Gate will severely injure all of us," someone hesitated.

"We don't have time to worry about that! If you don't want to make enemies of the entire world, do it now!" Nan Weiwo was on the verge of going insane. Aren't these people afraid of death?

In truth, Nan Weiwo hadn't realized that this was all a consequence of Lin Mu entering the Minor World.

Lin Mu was a living legend, the number one person in the world, and a famous Cultivator. Since he dared to bring his Sect Disciples into the Minor World, it proved that the world might not hold any significant danger. The people from the Dark Church, the Sea of Divine Grace, and the Prison of Divine Might had waited at the entrance to the Heavenly Lake Minor World for a day and a night, not daring to enter

rashly. Only after Lin Mu entered with his Sect Disciples did they all move together. This was the mythical effect of Lin Mu's reputation.

RUMBLE!

The air vibrated and energy spilled everywhere as the bright moon above Heavenly Lake slowly vanished. Nan Weiwo and his four companions all spat out blood, looking utterly miserable.

Just as the entrance to the Minor World closed, a white-robed figure appeared in the sky above Heavenly Lake.

"Am I too late? What a pity."

It was none other than the Divine Sword Saint, Shen Lang.

The five representatives from the Ancient Land Sects swallowed hard, their hearts still pounding with fear.

That was close.

The other four couldn't help but look at Nan Weiwo, thankful that Brother Nan had been so decisive. Otherwise, if Shen Lang had also entered the Minor World and died inside, none of them would have survived.

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「Within the Minor World.」

Morphy took a deep breath, her small face lighting up with a smile. "It's so comfortable! This place is wonderful. It feels just like coming home."

She spread her arms, embracing her surroundings. Spiritual Energy, visible to the naked eye, flowed from the heavens and earth into Morphy, nurturing her body.

Shangguan Shiming watched the scene unfold in complete shock.

Inside the Minor World, ancient trees soared into the sky. Every single tree here was at least a hundred meters tall—it was incredible. A single piece of fruit was the size of a human head and exuded a rich, almost suffocating aroma.

Compared to this Minor World, the one where the Ancient Land Sects resided could only be described as desolate.

"Let's go," Lin Mu said, waving his sleeve and flying forward.

The others hurried to follow.

After flying for several hundred miles, they were startled by a deafening tiger's roar. Immediately after, a cloud of white mist rose into the sky and rushed toward them. Within the mist was a giant white tiger. It had the character for "king" on its forehead, a pair of wings on its back, and a faint white light shimmering around its body. With each flap of its wings, the mist billowed, and it covered a hundred miles in a single breath.

"A Flying Swordtooth Tiger! I can't believe a creature that's been extinct for so many years has appeared in this Minor World!" Shangguan Shiming's face turned pale.

The records of the Ancient Land Sects contained a brief mention of it: The Flying Swordtooth Tiger, a high-level Demonic Beast, born with wings. Upon reaching adulthood, it would have the power of the Peak of Divine Communion and the might of Qi Cultivation Level Nine. It was skilled in demonic arts, and ordinary cultivators at Qi Cultivation Level Nine were no match for it. In the past, it had wiped out an Ancient Land Sect and even contended with a Foundation Establishment Immortal. It went extinct a thousand years ago.

Now, a great demon listed as extinct in the records of the Celestial Northern Dipper Pavilion had appeared right before her. She was beginning to understand why the previous expeditions from the

Ancient Land Sects had been completely annihilated. This single Flying Swordtooth Tiger possessed the power to fight a Foundation Establishment Immortal, and they were only at the entrance.

The Flying Swordtooth Tiger swooped down through the clouds and suddenly opened its cavernous mouth, letting out a ferocious roar. With its roar, a foul, bloody stench washed over them, nearly suffocating Shangguan Shiming.

At that moment, a phantom-like figure suddenly materialized beside Shi Potian.

"Slash!"

A black longsword appeared in the phantom's hand, solidifying from illusion to reality as it slashed at Shi Potian's neck.

"Get lost!" Shi Potian bellowed, swatting it away with his palm.

BANG!

The longsword shattered. Immediately after, the phantom itself was obliterated by Shi Potian's palm.

Shangguan Shiming's mouth twitched. That phantom likely possessed strength equivalent to the Reaching the Divine realm, yet Shi Potian swatted it to death with a single blow.

WHOOSH!

The instant the phantom dissipated, two more appeared from another direction, their blades descending on Shi Potian. At the same time, two similar figures materialized beside Morphy, swinging their blades at her.

"Hee hee, this is my home turf, you know," Morphy said with a playful smile, casually flicking her finger. A towering ancient tree beneath them seemed to awaken, transforming into a living creature. Countless branches whipped out like long lashes, striking the two phantoms.

BANG! BANG!

The phantoms shattered. But soon, four more phantoms appeared around Morphy, renewing the assault. These ghostly figures seemed to multiply the more they were killed.

Suddenly, Shangguan Shiming stared at one of the phantoms in shock. "Elder Mo!"

She instantly recognized the figure as an elder from the Celestial Northern Dipper Pavilion who had been missing for nearly thirty years. Now, he had appeared here in this Minor World, transformed into a phantom to attack them.

"Creating ghostly thralls... I never expected a mere beast from the Lower Realm to possess such a Divine Skill." Lin Mu didn't intervene, instead observing the distant Flying Swordtooth Tiger with great interest. He knew this wasn't the Flying Swordtooth Tiger Shangguan Shiming spoke of, but rather a Three-Eyed Demon Tiger that possessed a trace of the White Tiger bloodline. Three-Eyed Demon Tigers weren't rare, but for one to possess the Divine Skill to turn its victims into ghostly thralls that killed on its behalf—that was rather interesting. One of the reasons for entering this Minor World was to temper Shi Potian, so Lin Mu simply watched.

The phantoms multiplied endlessly. From one to two, then to four. Even Shangguan Shiming was forced to join the fight.

In the end, over a hundred ghostly thralls besieged Shi Potian, Morphy, and Shangguan Shiming. These thralls were not especially strong, only at about the Early Spirit Communication Stage. Furthermore, having been turned into phantoms, their attack power was diminished, putting their true combat strength on par with an ordinary Martial Arts Grandmaster. But their sheer numbers were overwhelming.

Against more than a hundred Martial Arts Grandmasters, even a trio of their strength was gradually becoming overwhelmed.

"Potian, why are you dodging? Do you really think they can kill you?" Lin Mu suddenly called out.

Shi Potian's spirits soared. He recalled the images from the Divine Demon Horizontal Training—of divine demons fighting to the death without regret, battling fiercely in all directions.

"Hahaha! I am Elder Brother Mu's number one battle general! Why would I cower!"

Shi Potian roared, abandoned all defense, and charged headfirst into the horde of ghostly thralls.

SPURT! SPURT! SPURT!

Blood flew as countless blade wounds appeared on Shi Potian's body. However, the Divine Demon Horizontal Training was unbelievably powerful. These thralls, only at the level of Martial Arts Grandmasters, could only manage to graze Shi Potian's skin; they were completely incapable of inflicting serious injury.

Caught up in the thrill of the slaughter, Shi Potian charged about recklessly, using his own body as a weapon. His sudden rampage greatly eased the pressure on Morphy and Shangguan Shiming.

Morphy was faring well. As a member of the Elf Tribe, she had a natural affinity for living things. Upon arriving in this Minor World, she found she could even control ancient trees that were thousands, or even tens of thousands, of years old. Her summoned branches danced wildly, easily holding their ground.

Shangguan Shiming, however, was in a much worse state. If not for Shi Potian's ferocious assault, she might have already been severely wounded by the ghostly thralls.

They're all monsters! Now, Shangguan Shiming was thoroughly convinced of the prowess of Lin Mu and his disciples.

Chapter 745: Slaying the Tiger Demon with a Single Finger!

Shi Potian fought with increasing vigor, thoroughly exhilarated.

Despite the growing number of wounds on his body, his Divine Demon Horizontal Training seemed to be advancing even further. He had only just absorbed all the energy in a rush the day before and was unable to fully unleash his suddenly increased strength. Now, these phantoms were not strong enough

to kill him, making them the perfect trial opponents. He gradually understood Lin Mu's intent and simply let go of all defense, engaging solely in uninhibited combat.

A few minutes later, the seemingly endless phantoms finally began to change. After being killed, the interval before they reappeared grew longer.

In the distance, anxiety showed in the eyes of the Three-Eyed Demon Tiger. Though not highly intelligent, it could sense that the enemies who entered this time seemed to be more troublesome than usual, especially that madly fighting giant.

"ROAR!"

The Three-Eyed Demon Tiger roared wildly as the character for "king" between its brows slowly cracked open, revealing a crevice. Black light shot out in all directions, terrifying to the soul. The "demon" in Three-Eyed Demon Tiger came precisely from this. Compared to the Immortal Realm's descriptive nickname for the creature, the Ancient Land Sect's appellation of Flying Swordtooth Tiger merely described its physical features.

The Three-Eyed Demon Tiger's third eye opened!

With the third eye open, heaven and earth transformed! The black light spread like the coming of night, enveloping the phantoms.

"Ah..."

The phantoms screamed in agony as if enduring some excruciating torture. Black light began to overflow from their eyes.

BOOM!

The Elder Mo whom Shangguan Shiming had mentioned unleashed a slash that changed the colors of the heavens and earth, stirring wind and thunder with an irresistible might.

"Wind Thunder Slash! That's Elder Mo's signature technique!" Shangguan Shiming recognized the attack, and her expression changed.

During her earlier engagement with the phantoms, she had discovered their intelligence was limited; they could only attack with simple reflexes. That was why the three of them could barely cope against over a hundred enemies at the Martial Arts Grandmaster level. But now, after being illuminated by the black light from the Three-Eyed Demon Tiger's third eye, the phantoms could actually use martial techniques and Dao Methods! This directly multiplied their combat power several times over.

BANG!

Shangguan Shiming blocked Elder Mo's slash but was then struck by another talisman. A Rune Sword nearly severed her thigh.

"Damn it!" Shangguan Shiming gritted her teeth in hatred, because the Rune Sword that had just attacked her was a Talisman Dao Method from her very own Celestial Northern Dipper Pavilion.

BOOM! BOOM! BOOM!

The ancient tree controlled by Morphy was not a true demonic beast, after all; faced with the martial techniques and Dao Method attacks of the phantoms, it was clearly outmatched. Branches continuously shattered. Morphy had no choice but to fight while retreating, searching for a more suitable battlefield.

CRACK!

A phantom's slash chopped deep into Shi Potian's muscle, striking bone and getting lodged in the tough skeleton. Shi Potian threw a punch, killing that phantom, but more had already pounced on him.

"That's enough," Lin Mu said lightly. With the Three-Eyed Demon Tiger's third eye open, the phantoms' strength had increased dramatically. Continuing the trial any further would be pointless.

At Emperor Zun's word, the phantoms seemed to be struck by lightning. The bodies of the hundred-odd phantoms trembled violently before they all disintegrated into ash.

In the distance, the Three-Eyed Demon Tiger let out an angry, agonized cry. Its third eye began to ooze blood.

"ROAR!"

The third eye on its brow opened to its widest extent. The black light grew even more resplendent as it shot toward Lin Mu.

"Kneel!"

Lin Mu pressed a hand downward.

The black light collided with an invisible aura and instantly disintegrated. Before the Three-Eyed Demon Tiger could even react, it was slammed down with a thud, forced to kneel in the void.

The Three-Eyed Demon Tiger lived up to the "demon" in its name. It was willful and defiant by nature. Being suppressed by a single palm strike only incited its ferocity. Its third eye bled crimson as it reignited the dark radiance. This time, the dark light loomed like a threat from heaven and earth itself, forcing Shi Potian, Morphy, and Shangguan Shiming to retreat continuously, their faces ashen.

Shangguan Shiming fared the worst. Her clothes fluttered, now showing dark stains of corruption. It wasn't just her clothes; black marks appeared on her skin as well. She was being corroded by the Three-Eyed Demon Tiger's terrifying dark light.

Morphy remained unafraid, as green light from the ancient trees below continuously gathered around her, shielding her. These ancient trees, thousands of years old, seemed to recognize Morphy as their master.

On Shi Potian's body, a Divine Demon Phantom flickered in and out of view as his earlier wounds rapidly healed. Not only did the dark light fail to harm him, it actually became nourishment for his Divine Demon Horizontal Training.

"Since you do not wish to live, then die!"

Lin Mu pointed a finger. The air ruptured and the dark light shattered. The blast of Qi transformed into Sword Qi, piercing through the third eye of the Three-Eyed Demon Tiger. The colossal body of the tiger plummeted from the sky.

Only then did Shangguan Shiming have the chance to use her True Qi to resist the damage from the dark light's corrosion. She finally understood how Elder Mo and the others had died. This dark light could erode all things: clothing, Magic Artifacts, the body, and even the soul. A moment ago, if Lin Mu had acted any later, she would have been consumed by the dark light and died, becoming one of the phantoms.

Such a terrifying Demonic Beast had been forced to kneel with a single word and was annihilated with a single strike from Lin Mu's sword! She was now completely incapable of judging Lin Mu's true strength. Compared to a month ago when he killed Ao Guang, the Foundation Establishment Immortal of the Celestial Northern Dipper Pavilion, Lin Wudi seemed even stronger.

What realm is he in? Could it be the Eleventh Level of Qi Cultivation, the realm of a Proud Son of Heaven? Perhaps... he's even stronger.

The phrase "Qi Cultivation Twelfth Level, exiled immortal of the extreme realm" was on the tip of her tongue, causing her delicate body to tremble.

She could hardly imagine the importance Lin Mu would have received if he had been born in the Ancient Land and showcased the talents of an exiled immortal of the extreme realm. The foremost Sect of the Ancient Land would probably have welcomed him with open arms and implored him to join their ranks. Yet, such an exiled immortal of the extreme realm had been pushed to oppose the Ancient Land Sects by fools like Ao Guang and Nan Weiwo. No, the true instigator was King Han Xiu!

At this moment, Shangguan Shiming wished she could dig Han Xiu out of his coffin and tear him to pieces. Alas, it was too late.

"Let's continue," Lin Mu said. "The Three-Eyed Demon Tiger and the Crimson-horned Blood Python are always found together. The python is probably nearby."

The Three-Eyed Demon Tiger held no value for alchemy or Artifact Refining, but the Crimson-horned Blood Python was different. Every part of the Crimson-horned Blood Python was a treasure. Its crimson horn could be used to create Magic Artifacts on par with the Ominous Artifact used by the Great Witch Doctor Gurodo. And its blood was the perfect substance for Shi Potian's Divine Demon Horizontal Training.

"Elder Brother Mu, you're so powerful now. You killed that Three-Eyed Demon Tiger in a single move," Shi Potian said, his expression conflicted as he lamented feeling like he wasn't pulling his weight as the top general.

Morphy's face was taut, also feeling the gap between herself and Lin Mu widening even further. Shangguan Shiming, however, was thinking of more.

Three-Eyed Demon Tiger. That wasn't what the Ancient Land Sects called this demonic white tiger. Did Lin Mu just casually name it, or was Three-Eyed Demon Tiger its true name? She felt that Three-Eyed Demon Tiger was a much more fitting name than Flying Swordtooth Tiger. Could it be that Lin Mu has received the complete inheritance of a past Immortal, which is why he knows the white tiger's true name and possesses such talent?

She felt as though she had uncovered an incredible truth.

「Ten minutes later.」

Three figures in white appeared beside the corpse of the Three-Eyed Demon Tiger.

"Lin Wudi is truly formidable. The Pontiff has miscalculated this time," said Keen, an ascetic cultivator from the Sea of Divine Grace. His voice was aged and imbued with a profound mystique. "Convey my orders: unless absolutely necessary, do not antagonize Lin Wudi."

Chapter 746 Changqing Immortal!

Onward they went.

Shangguan Shiming's scalp tingled as she truly began to realize the terror of this small world. Here, every Demonic Beast was at the level of Reaching the Divine. From time to time, beasts at the peak of Reaching the Divine would even appear.

At first, only Shi Potian was injured. As time went on, both she and Morphy were also covered in wounds.

Morphy might have seemed like a clueless young girl, but her willpower astonished Shangguan Shiming. Even covered in wounds, she never uttered a sound. Whenever she was injured by a Demonic Beast, as long as Lin Mu said, "Morphy did well," she would instantly forget the pain and continue to fight.

A few hours passed. The faces of both Shi Potian and Morphy had turned deathly pale. Shangguan Shiming fared even worse; eventually, she couldn't keep up and had to retreat to Lin Mu's side for protection.

Lin Mu didn't drive her away, but he didn't spare her a single glance. This indifference made Shangguan Shiming feel even more humiliated.

As the group advanced, the scenery of the small world slowly changed. Trees grew scarce, replaced by crumbling ruins. The architectural style was completely different from the outside world, as if from another realm entirely. These ruins were ancient, possibly thousands of years old.

Shangguan Shiming suspected that there might not be any humans left alive here.

"Up ahead," the usually silent Lin Mu said, his expression suddenly changing as he quickened his pace.

Shangguan Shiming groaned inwardly but forced herself to keep up. With her strength, she would be killed by Demonic Beasts in minutes if left alone in this small world.

After they crossed a mountain peak, the view changed once more. The forest vanished completely, replaced by countless grand and magnificent palaces. But just like the previous ruins, these too had long been abandoned.

While they were still puzzled, everyone clearly sensed intense energy fluctuations nearby.

Continuing forward, a tall and majestic Divine Temple appeared before them.

"Changqing Immortal!"

Shangguan Shiming was shocked to find an old man with white hair and a white beard sitting cross-legged before the grand Divine Temple. This man was none other than Changqing, the Foundation Building Immortal who led the last group from the Ancient Land Sect into this small world!

In addition to their daily affairs, every wandering disciple of the Ancient Land Sect was tasked with finding Changqing Immortal. Shangguan Shiming had also received this task. But she had never expected to find him here, and still alive after so many years.

Shangguan Shiming instinctively wanted to rush over, but she saw Lin Mu standing perfectly still. Since Lin Mu didn't move, Shi Potian and Morphy naturally didn't either.

Just then, Changqing Immortal opened his eyes.

His gaze sent a chill down Shangguan Shiming's spine. What kind of eyes are those? They're devoid of any immortal grace or bearing. His eyes held only madness and bloodlust.

ROAR!

Changqing Immortal let out a chilling, inhuman roar.

"Lin Wudi, what is going on?" Shangguan Shiming whispered, retreating to his side.

Lin Mu didn't answer her. Instead, he said to Shi Potian, "Punch forward."

Shi Potian happily complied, throwing a punch.

BOOM!

The force of the punch rippled outward as True Qi radiated in all directions. The attack struck a barrier, and a black membrane of light flickered for an instant. Just like that, an attack powerful enough to kill a Reaching the Divine Demonic Beast was effortlessly nullified.

"You mentioned that several groups of cultivators from the Ancient Land Sect entered this small world and disappeared without a trace?" Lin Mu asked, looking at Shangguan Shiming.

Shangguan Shiming's face darkened. If I hadn't seen Lin Mu stop, I would have charged right into that barrier and been reduced to dust.

"That's right. Three groups entered before, and none survived. However, this Changqing Immortal was the leader of the last group."

Immortal. A mere Foundation Establishment cultivator dares to call himself an Immortal. Lin Mu looked on indifferently at the deranged Changqing Immortal.

"Let's go in."

Lin Mu took the lead and strode forward.

Shangguan Shiming's eyes widened. Lin Mu didn't collide with the barrier. Instead, he passed through without any resistance, as if it didn't exist at all.

Shi Potian and Morphy followed him, just as unimpeded.

Not understanding what was happening, Shangguan Shiming cautiously stepped forward and found that the black barrier truly seemed to be gone.

Strange. Once inside, a puzzled Shangguan Shiming threw a probing punch backward.

HUM!

The black barrier appeared once again.

After the ripples subsided, she tried to step back out but was blocked by the energy field. She couldn't leave. She finally understood. The deranged Changqing Immortal wasn't choosing not to leave—he was unable to. They were all trapped by the black barrier.

"Your aura... You're from the Celestial Northern Dipper Pavilion?" The madness and bloodlust in Changqing Immortal's eyes faded considerably as he stared at Shangguan Shiming.

Shangguan Shiming said cautiously, "This junior is Shangguan Shiming from the Celestial Northern Dipper Pavilion, currently traveling the world."

"Shangguan Shiming... so you're a descendant of that old fart Shangguan Xue?" Changqing Immortal stepped toward her.

Shangguan Shiming's scalp tingled. She discreetly took two steps back toward Lin Mu and said, "Shangguan Xue is indeed my grandfather. Changqing Immortal, you..."

"Since you're Shangguan Xue's descendant, you must have Elixirs! Hand them over!" Changqing Immortal suddenly lunged, grabbing for Shangguan Shiming.

Here in the small world, a Foundation Building Immortal was not suppressed by the world's laws and could exert their full strength. Shangguan Shiming could not possibly resist the might of a Foundation Establishment cultivator. As Changqing Immortal reached out, an irresistible force pulled her toward his hand.

"No! Lin Wudi, save me!" Shangguan Shiming cried for help, but Lin Mu remained motionless.

THUD!

Changqing Immortal's hand closed firmly around her neck. He also snatched her Space Ring.

CRACK.

The mark Shangguan Shiming had left on the Space Ring shattered. A Foundation Establishment Stage cultivator's Divine Sense had broken it with ease.

What sent a true chill down Shangguan Shiming's spine was that the first Elixir Changqing Immortal took out was not a Healing Pill, nor one to enhance one's Cultivation Level, but a Fasting Pill.

Changqing Immortal's eyes lit up as he stuffed the Fasting Pill into his mouth, his expression turning rapturous. He looked not as if he were eating a bland, tasteless Fasting Pill, but as if he were savoring a worldly delicacy.

The unthinkable scene filled Shangguan Shiming with horror. How can this be!

Soon, she sensed something was wrong. After entering the black barrier, she had thrown a punch at it. Logically, given the dense Spiritual Energy in this small world, the True Qi she had just consumed should have recovered by now. But her spent True Qi showed no signs of returning.

Could it be?! A quick mental check confirmed her fears: she was unable to absorb Spiritual Energy here.

This meant that once her True Qi was depleted, she would be unable to nourish her body. Without food as a supplement, she could actually starve to death.

No wonder the first thing Changqing Immortal snatched was a Fasting Pill.

"Stand aside. You still have some use." Changqing Immortal nonchalantly tossed Shangguan Shiming aside.

His last glance sent a shiver down her spine. He wasn't looking at me as a person, but as a pile of food.

Noticing the few mangled corpses in front of the Divine Temple, Shangguan Shiming realized how Changqing Immortal had survived all this time.

Cannibalism.

Chapter 747: All Laws Follow the Heart, Irresistible Force!

"Which Sect do you belong to? Hand over your Space Ring, and I'll spare your lives."

The Changqing Immortal's eyes were bloodshot as he looked at Lin Mu and his companions.

"Brother, this place is so strange. I can't sense any Spiritual Energy," Morphy said.

"Me neither," Shi Potian added, both of them paying no attention to the Changqing Immortal.

Lin Mu's gaze turned to the Divine Temple. With a light smile, he said, "As I sensed, my fated opportunity is here."

With those words, Lin Mu stepped toward the Divine Temple.

"Youngster, answer me, or die!" the Changqing Immortal repeated his trick, reaching out to grab Lin Mu.

Lin Mu didn't move, his brows furrowing in displeasure as he looked at the Immortal. This man is blocking my entry into the Divine Temple.

"Hmm?" The Changqing Immortal's eyes showed a hint of surprise. "A complete and flawless aura... You're at the peak of Qi Cultivation. Interesting. Try to withstand this."

The Changqing Immortal's figure blurred, transforming into a bolt of lightning that shot toward Lin Mu. This was the fighting style within the Divine Temple's restricted area: keep consumption to a minimum. A Foundation Building Immortal would use neither talismans, nor Magic Artifacts, nor Dao Arts, instead fighting barehanded like a common warrior from the secular world. Clearly, this was not the first time the Changqing Immortal had cornered someone in these grounds.

"Scram!"

Lin Mu's eyes were cold, his killing intent flaring. He could feel that once he obtained the fated opportunity within the Divine Temple, he would be on the verge of Foundation Establishment. This damned Immortal dares to block my path to immortality. He deserves to die.

"You brat!" the Changqing Immortal roared in anger. How dare a mere cultivator at Qi Cultivation Perfection be so arrogant before him.

BOOM!

An Immortal's punch was like the collapse of heaven and earth, the reversal of the sun and moon. Even the simplest Martial Way, in the hands of an Immortal, could unleash a power that shook the heavens and moved the spirits.

"So terrifying... The Changqing Immortal has been trapped in this Ghost Land for so many years, yet his strength is still so formidable." Shangguan Shiming's eyes filled with terror.

Changqing. The name itself, meaning "evergreen," signified longevity. Two hundred years ago, this Changqing Immortal had already achieved Foundation Establishment, but he had been stuck at the Foundation Establishment Initial Stage for many years, unable to progress. That was why he had taken the risk decades ago, leading a team into this perilous small world. At this moment, Shangguan Shiming realized that everyone from the Ancient Land Sects had underestimated this Changqing Immortal. His strength had reached the peak of the Foundation Establishment Initial Stage. He was only a step away from breaking through to the Foundation Establishment Middle Stage.

BOOM!

Fist met fist. Lin Mu's body shook slightly, while the Changqing Immortal was sent flying back more than ten meters.

"Brat, which Sect's Proud Son of Heaven are you?! Your Sect was actually willing to let you enter this perilous small world!" he exclaimed. "I never expected that after I've been trapped in the Divine Temple for decades, the Ancient Land would see the birth of another Proud Son of Heaven. Are you from the Sword Control Sect or the Thunderclap Sect?"

One exchange was all it took. In a purely physical contest, the Changqing Immortal had actually lost by half a step. He realized that the person before him was not at the Ninth or even the Tenth Level of Qi Cultivation, but a Proud Son of Heaven at the Eleventh Level of Qi Cultivation.

"Enough nonsense. Die!" At this moment, Lin Mu's heart was set on the fated opportunity; he had no time to waste on this damned Immortal.

"Slaying Gods and Demons and Punishing Immortals, First Form! Godslayer Finger!"

He struck with a killing move from the very start. A gigantic finger materialized out of thin air. Even the restrictive power of the Divine Temple's grounds could not suppress the might of Lin Mu's Godslayer Finger.

"Hahaha, you fool!" the Changqing Immortal cackled. "To use such a powerful Dao Method in the Divine Temple's restricted area... I'd like to see how many more moves your True Qi can sustain."

The Changqing Immortal didn't counter with a Dao Art. Instead, he took out and activated a handful of talismans, which formed a protective shield around him. The Godslayer Finger's giant digit descended from the sky, pressing down on the shield.

POP! POP! POP!

The talismans on the shield were pierced one by one. The Changqing Immortal's expression changed as he scattered another handful of talismans. "You whelp, you've made me suffer heavy losses! Soon, I will skin you alive and pull out your tendons!"

There were no supplies in the Divine Temple's restricted area. Each talisman used was one that couldn't be replaced. Now that Lin Mu had destroyed two of his talismanic shields, his fury was palpable.

BOOM! BOOM! BOOM!

But the two layers of talismanic defenses still failed to block the colossal finger. The Godslayer Finger pierced the shield and descended upon the Changqing Immortal. He could no longer afford to be stingy and violently spat out a Flying Sword, shooting it toward the Godslayer Finger.

BOOM!

The Magic Artifact, his Flying Sword, collided with the Godslayer Finger. The Godslayer Finger trembled once before dissipating into the air, but the Flying Sword let out a mournful cry as tiny cracks appeared on its surface.

"What kind of Dao Arts are these?! They can break a Magic Artifact with a single finger!" After two exchanges, the Changqing Immortal still couldn't identify the young man's Sect. There were no such domineering Dao Arts among the Ancient Land Sects.

Just then, three white figures suddenly rushed into the restricted area, heading straight for the Divine Temple.

How audacious! They're trying to snatch my, Lin Wudi's, fated opportunity!

Lin Mu's fury erupted. He threw a punch, blasting the Changqing Immortal back, and then rushed toward the three white figures.

"Lin—"

The white figures hadn't expected Lin Mu to be so decisive, abandoning his opponent to charge them. One of them seemed to want to explain, but it was too late. Lin Mu, filled with rage, struck like a thunderbolt. With all techniques at his command, his every move was law.

The three white figures were cultivators from the Sea of Divine Grace. Facing a living legend, the number one person in the world, they naturally didn't dare to be careless. The three of them struck as one, combining their power to form a colossal cross in the void in an attempt to block Lin Mu's punch.

BOOM!

The cross shattered, but the force of the punch continued toward them, undiminished. A cultivator from the Sea of Divine Grace hurriedly shouted, "Lin Wudi, we'll withdraw immediately! We won't contend with you for the treasures anymore!"

Too late. The instant the cultivator spoke, Lin Mu's fist had already arrived. It was like crushing dry weeds and smashing rotten wood. The defense formed by the three cultivators from the Sea of Divine Grace was as fragile as paper before him. With a single punch, he shattered their defense and slammed it into the chest of the cultivator in front. The man couldn't withstand the domineering force and was instantly obliterated. The other two tried to retreat but were pinned by the intent of Lin Mu's punch, unable to move. They exploded into gore. Both were killed.

He had killed three people with a single punch. After doing so, Lin Mu didn't linger and rushed toward the Divine Temple.

Watching from a distance, the Changqing Immortal felt his heart clench with dread. The punch from this unknown Proud Son of Heaven was even more powerful than the Godslayer Finger.

"Young Miss Shangguan, which Sect is this young Proud Son of Heaven from?" he asked. "The Thunderclap Sect, or the Sword Control Sect?"

The Thunder God Sect was ranked first among the Ancient Land Sects, and the Sword Control Sect was second. If Lin Mu belonged to either of these two major Sects, the Changqing Immortal might have waited instead of rushing to kill him.

Shangguan Shiming's expression was conflicted; she didn't know how to answer.

"Old man, my brother isn't from any Ancient Land Sect. He's a Cultivator from the secular world," Morphy declared proudly. "What have your Ancient Land Sects ever done to be worthy of producing an invincible powerhouse like my brother?"

Shangguan Shiming gave a bitter smile. This young girl is still so naive.

Sure enough, upon hearing Morphy's words, the Changqing Immortal's eyes turned ferocious. "I thought he was a Proud Son of Heaven from an Ancient Land Sect, so I held back, not wanting to cause too much offense. I can't believe he's just a commoner from the secular world. How laughable that their kind could produce a Proud Son of Heaven. In that case, it seems I, Li Changqing, will have the honor of slaying a Qi Cultivation genius and killing a Proud Son of Heaven today."

At that moment, Lin Mu's foot had already crossed the threshold of the Divine Temple's main gate.

BOOM!

A torrent of black energy surged toward him, its power comparable to a full-strength strike from a cultivator at Foundation Establishment Peak.

"Hahaha! Junior, if the Divine Temple were so easy to enter, do you think I'd still be trapped here today?" the Changqing Immortal taunted, his eyes gleaming with amusement. "The Divine Temple's counterattack is quite something. Have a taste. I hope you don't die too easily."

Chapter 748: The Seven Emperors!

Almost as soon as Changqing Immortal finished speaking, Lin Mu's figure flickered and entered the Divine Temple.

"Impossible! How could he possibly enter the Divine Temple?!" Changqing Immortal's eyes widened in disbelief. "Could it be that the temple's restrictions have disappeared?"

Ignoring Shangguan Shiming, Changqing Immortal transformed into a streak of light and shot toward the temple's grand entrance.

BANG!

He was thrown back just as fast as he charged in.

The black light screen violently ejected him. A mouthful of fresh blood sprayed from his lips, his spirit instantly sapped and his face turning a deathly pale. Clearly, his injuries were severe.

He hastily retrieved some Healing Pills from Shangguan Shiming's Space Ring and swallowed them.

"Why? Why can he go in! Why can't I!" The flames of jealousy burned within Changqing Immortal, his face twisting in a grotesque mask.

He had been trapped in this place for decades, his life force nearly exhausted. Every single day he had tested the barrier, yet he had never once succeeded.

Now, a commoner from the secular world who had just arrived had entered with ease.

How utterly unfair!

"Could it be that only those below the Foundation Establishment realm can enter? You, Shangguan girl, go and try!" Changqing Immortal pointed a finger at Shangguan Shiming.

A chill ran down Shangguan Shiming's spine, but she had no choice but to brace herself and move forward. She didn't dare to charge headlong like Changqing Immortal. Instead, just as she had done before, she threw a punch.

A torrent of black energy surged toward her.

BOOM!

Shangguan Shiming was sent flying backward, spitting out a mouthful of blood while still in mid-air. Her arm, which Lin Mu had only just reattached and had barely begun to heal, burst apart once more. If not for her quick thinking in severing the limb herself, the force would have likely reduced her entire body to dust.

Terrifying. That's equivalent to an attack from a Genius Level, Eleventh-Level Qi Cultivation expert. she thought, horrified. Lin Wudi... how did he get in?

Having learned her lesson the hard way, Shangguan Shiming now truly understood the horror of the Divine Temple's restrictions. The same question that plagued Changqing Immortal now ignited in her own mind.

"The restrictions are still there? Then why could that secular whelp get in?" Changqing Immortal clutched his head, on the verge of madness.

"Shangguan girl, tell me everything you know about this boy from the secular world! Now!" Changqing Immortal grabbed Shangguan Shiming once more.

Already severely wounded, her insides were injured anew from his rough handling. Shangguan Shiming wished she could simply die on the spot.

This undying old geezer, Changqing, is too cruel.

「...」

"He actually managed to slay a Foundation Establishment cultivator in the secular world, killing Ao Guang of the North Dipper Celestial Pavilion?"

"Hmm, that's not so surprising. With an Eleventh-Level Qi Cultivation and a Genius Level cultivation, overcoming the Foundation Establishment realm wouldn't be too difficult for him."

"But what secret does this kid possess that would make the Divine Temple accept him?"

After hearing about the battle at Changbai Mountain's Heavenly Lake, Changqing Immortal paid no mind to the Huaxia Martial Artists. He only asked twice about the death of Ao Guang, a fellow Foundation Building Immortal. In his view, Ao Guang wasn't so much killed by Lin Mu as he was crushed by the suppression of the world itself. The pressure on a Foundation Building Immortal in the secular world was simply too immense.

"Hmm? More people are coming."

Changqing Immortal's expression shifted slightly as he released Shangguan Shiming. She collapsed to the ground, overcome with unbearable pain. She felt she was the victim of a cruel fate, her luck having hit rock bottom.

A dozen or so figures appeared not far from the Divine Temple's protective barrier.

One group of five consisted of cultivators from the Sea of Divine Grace, led by a man named Keen. He glanced at the three corpses of his fellow cultivators on the temple plaza, his brow furrowing slightly.

Another group of seven was clad in gold-threaded black robes, each with a large white cross embroidered on the back. They were completely shrouded in their robes, their faces hidden from view.

"Keen, your men were killed. Aren't you going to take a look?" the leading black-robed man asked in a hoarse voice, his tone dripping with sarcasm.

"Ruo Wang, the affairs of the Sea of Divine Grace do not require the Prison of Divine Might's intervention," Keen replied, his gaze flat, his composure already restored.

The black-robed men were cultivators from the Prison of Divine Might. Their leader, Ruo Wang, held a revered position and was specially tasked with hunting down the Dark Species.

The last group consisted of Huaxia Martial Artists. Compared to the pristine teams from the Sea of Divine Grace and the Prison of Divine Might, they were in much worse shape. Every single one of them was injured.

Their leader, a man carrying a golden saber, glanced at the temple plaza and spoke. "Is that Shi Potian up ahead?"

Shi Potian shot the man a glare but said nothing.

The man with the golden saber clasped his fist in his palm. "I am Gold-Blade Feng Yue. I have long admired the great name of Lin Wudi. Might I have the honor of meeting him?"

"Your surname is Feng? What is your relationship to the one-armed, bald man killed by Elder Brother Mu?" Shi Potian's killing intent flared, a dangerous light entering his eyes.

Feng Yue gave a bitter smile. "If I were to say that I don't know that other Feng at all, that it's just a coincidence that we share a surname and both use blades, would you believe me, Brother Shi?"

The few Martial Artists beside Feng Yue chuckled. He was truly an innocent victim in this, often teased by his companions about the unfortunate coincidence.

Shi Potian was about to say more, but Morphy jabbed him in the side. She then waved a hand. "See that line up ahead?"

Feng Yue and his men looked, and indeed, they saw a white line drawn on the ground.

"Cross that line and die!" Morphy declared, her voice filled with domineering arrogance.

The cheeks of Feng Yue and his companions twitched. They recognized the Dark Queen Morphy. She had only just entered the King Realm, which was merely the Early Spirit Communication Stage, yet she was acting so presumptuously. Wary of Lin Wudi, however, the men kept silent.

On the other side, Keen of the Sea of Divine Grace spoke up. "Lady Morphy, were the three cultivators from my Sea of Divine Grace killed simply for crossing that line?"

Just as Morphy was about to continue her bluff, Shi Potian grabbed her by the scruff of her neck and pulled her back.

"You big oaf, you dare grab me by the neck? Believe it or not, I'll kill you!" Morphy flushed with shame and anger. She was already short, and being manhandled by Shi Potian like that completely shattered the domineering aura she had just managed to build.

"Don't cause trouble for Elder Brother Mu," Shi Potian rumbled.

"Hmph. Some 'First War General' you are. Timid as a mouse," Morphy scoffed disdainfully.

"I would die for Elder Brother Mu without regret, but that is no reason for you to proactively cause trouble for him," Shi Potian said, his tone more serious than ever before.

Morphy just snorted and fell silent. This big guy isn't as dumb as he looks, she mused.

"Are you enemies of Lin Wudi?" Changqing Immortal suddenly interjected.

All three parties remained silent.

Changqing Immortal pointed at the Divine Temple. "Lin Wudi has already entered to seize his opportunity. If you want a piece of the fortune, time is of the essence."

A few of the Huaxia Martial Artists looked eager to try.

However, neither the group from the Sea of Divine Grace nor the one from the Prison of Divine Might made a move. They weren't fools. They could easily see Changqing Immortal's attempt to sow discord among them. To make an enemy of the world's living myth was a decision one had to weigh very carefully.

A smile suddenly played on Changqing Immortal's lips. "This place is sealed by the Divine Temple's restrictions. One can enter but cannot leave. Furthermore, you cannot replenish your Spiritual Energy here. This is the perfect chance to kill Lin Wudi. Miss this day, and you will never have such an opportunity again."

At these words, the expressions of those from the Prison of Divine Might and the Sea of Divine Grace began to change.

The living myth, the number one person in the world, was like a Sword of Damocles hanging over all their heads. As long as Lin Wudi lived, they would never have their day in the sun. They could only lurk in the shadows.

Even so, no one made a rash move.

"Heh, let me see if that's true!"

Just then, a black shadow streaked in from the distance, landing right in the temple plaza.

BOOM!

The figure threw a punch, and energy exploded in all directions. A moment later, the person opened his eyes, which were filled with utter disbelief.

"He's telling the truth!"

WHOOSH! WHOOSH! WHOOSH!

Six more figures descended into the Divine Temple plaza without a moment's hesitation.

"The Seven Great Emperors of the Dark Church... You've all awakened?" Keen of the Sea of Divine Grace recognized the seven newcomers, his composure finally breaking.

Chapter 749: Enemies All Over the World!

The main enemies of the Prison of Divine Might and the Sea of Divine Grace were the Blood Clan. However, their relationship with the Dark Church was not harmonious either. It was not a matter of faith, but of conflicting interests.

The seven Emperors of the Dark Church were opponents on par with Keen and Ruo Wang in strength. This time, the sudden appearance of all seven Emperors was beyond Keen and Ruo Wang's expectations.

"You want to kill Lin Wudi?" Keen asked thoughtfully.

"Jye jye jye... Keen, don't you want to as well?" the Lord of Darkness cackled, seemingly mocking Keen's hypocrisy.

While Keen was still hesitating, the Changqing Immortal spoke. "Those three people dressed like you were killed by Lin Wudi."

Hearing this, Keen remained composed, but Ruo Wang of the Prison of Divine Might practically exploded with rage.

"He dared to kill members of our Holy Court? Lin Wudi must die!"

As he spoke, his figure flickered and entered the Divine Temple's square. Sensing the change in the surrounding Spiritual Energy, Ruo Wang's eyes gleamed. "Hahaha, I thought we would need a Saint to descend before we could kill Lin Wudi, but who would have thought we'd get an opportunity like this."

"Keen, what are you waiting for!"

Keen sighed and led several people from the Sea of Divine Grace into the square. He approached the three corpses and began to pray in silence.

Over on the side of the Huaxia Martial Artists, everyone's expression shifted. Morphy and Shi Potian watched everything unfold quietly, not saying a word.

Instead, it was the gravely injured Shangguan Shiming on the ground who unexpectedly spoke up. "Anyone who steps into this Prohibited Land today is Lin Wudi's enemy. You'd all better think this through and not let someone else use you as a weapon."

"You wretched girl, you're courting death!" The Changqing Immortal reached out to grab Shangguan Shiming.

Shangguan Shiming gave a cold smile and closed her eyes, ready for death. She refused to give the Changqing Immortal the satisfaction; at this moment, her hatred for him surpassed even her hatred for Lin Mu.

BANG!

Shi Potian extended a hand, blocking the Changqing Immortal's attack.

BOOM!

As if struck by lightning, Shi Potian was sent flying dozens of meters away. He crashed into the black barrier and coughed up a large mouthful of blood, his arm clearly broken. Even his Divine Demon Horizontal Training could not withstand the might of a Foundation Establishment Immortal.

"An Immortal!"

"You're a Foundation Establishment Cultivator from the East!"

The Dark Church, the Prison of Divine Might, and the Sea of Divine Grace all recognized the Changqing Immortal's strength and felt a pang of regret. A Foundation Establishment Immortal, free from the world's suppression, could likely crush them all.

"It seems we must use the Holy Artifact." The Lord of Darkness's Divine Sense fluctuated, and the other six Emperors nodded silently in agreement. If it meant they could kill Lin Wudi, it would be worth it.

Just then, Ruo Wang's expression suddenly changed. He took several quick steps toward the edge of the square and threw a casual punch.

BOOM!

A ripple of black light flared, and his attack was blocked.

"Damn it! We can only get in, we can't get out!" Ruo Wang whirled around to face the Changqing Immortal, his eyes turning dangerous.

The Prison of Divine Might had spent years fighting the Blood Clan, and their perception of danger was far sharper than that of the Sea of Divine Grace. Only now did Keen and the others realize something was wrong.

However, Keen didn't panic. "If our martyrdom could eliminate Lin Wudi and rid the Holy Court of this great threat, then death would come without regret."

His state of mind far surpassed that of an ordinary person, but the seven Emperors of the Dark Church did not share his composure. All seven of them transformed into streaks of light and shot toward the edge of the square.

BANG! BANG! BANG!

Every one of them was thrown back. The expressions on their faces immediately turned ugly. It wasn't that they were foolish, but their intense focus on Shi Potian, Morphy, and the prospect of dealing with Lin Wudi had made them subconsciously overlook the danger of their situation.

"You're courting death!" The seven Emperors' gazes turned deadly as they stared at the Changqing Immortal.

The Changqing Immortal just chuckled. "Instead of directing your anger at me, you should all be thinking about how to kill Lin Wudi. He received a fortuitous opportunity in the Divine Temple. Perhaps he can break this restriction."

Everyone's expression flickered, and they fell silent.

Outside the square, the Huaxia Martial Artists wiped away their cold sweat. That was a close call.

Shi Potian struggled to his feet, the fighting spirit in his eyes undiminished. Morphy was already by his side, and the two of them formed a defensive posture, covering each other.

"Those two are Lin Wudi's disciples," the Lord of Darkness said, his gaze as cold as ice as he swept it over Shi Potian and Morphy. "Why don't we kill them first?"

Everyone remained silent, and no one made a move. If Lin Wudi could be killed, then dispatching these two would be a trivial matter. But if Lin Wudi survived and they had killed his disciples, the Sea of Divine Grace and the Prison of Divine Might would face his thunderous wrath.

The Lord of Darkness let out an ominous cackle. "Of course, we won't be the ones to do it." He pointed at the Changqing Immortal. "Old man, you said you wanted to join forces against Lin Wudi, but you tricked us into coming here. If you want to regain our trust, kill Lin Wudi's disciples!"

"Otherwise, we don't mind killing you first, even if you are a Foundation Establishment Immortal."

The Lord of Darkness's words were utterly arrogant. Outside of this restriction, he would never dare speak to a Foundation Establishment Immortal this way. But in here, no one could replenish their Spiritual Energy. The Changqing Immortal might be able to kill seven or eight of them, but once his True Qi was depleted, he too would surely die. Besides, he still had a Holy Artifact: the Spear of Darkness. It was an Ominous Artifact capable of slaying even those at the Foundation Establishment level.

The Changqing Immortal's expression shifted.

Having just been saved by Shi Potian, Shangguan Shiming spoke with a cold sneer, "Changqing Immortal, you'd better think carefully. If Lin Wudi doesn't die, your actions today will bring annihilation upon the Gate of Eternal Life!"

The Changqing Immortal laughed. "I may not be able to kill those two, but I can certainly kill you! You talkative wench!" Amidst his laughter, the Changqing Immortal attacked Shangguan Shiming again.

"Fight!" Shi Potian roared, launching another punch at the Changqing Immortal.

"You're asking to die! A mere Qi Cultivation ant dares to attack me!" The Changqing Immortal was already unhinged, and being provoked twice by Shi Potian sent him into a rage. He slammed his palm toward Shi Potian!

BANG!

The Changqing Immortal's robes fluttered as he struck, his bearing as ethereal as ever. Shi Potian was sent flying once more, shattering several more of his bones.

And yet, he stood up again.

"Hm? There's something strange about this kid," the Changqing Immortal muttered.

Inside the restriction, one couldn't replenish True Qi, so the Changqing Immortal had been conserving his power and had not yet unleashed the full might of the Foundation Establishment Stage. But Foundation Establishment was still Foundation Establishment. A casual strike should have been enough to swat a God-Communicating Martial Artist dead, yet Shi Potian refused to die. Not only that, but after several attacks, his aura hadn't weakened. Instead, it seemed to be growing stronger.

"Body Refining! The technique Shi Potian cultivates is a Body Refining art!"

"Inside the Prohibited Land, we can't replenish True Qi, but a Body Refining technique has no such drawback!"

"Kill him, and eliminate a future threat!"

Realizing he was using the Divine Demon Horizontal Training, everyone felt a sense of dread. In an instant, twenty streams of killing intent focused on Shi Potian.

"If you dare kill Shi Potian, just wait for Brother Mu to annihilate your sects!" Morphy threatened. There were no trees in the Divine Temple square, so her strength was greatly reduced. With her current power at the early stage of the King Realm, she was no match for these old monsters.

"Die!"

After two failed attempts to kill Shi Potian, the Changqing Immortal acted out of shame and fury. This time, the air stirred violently as a Sword Talisman shot toward Shi Potian, radiating a chilling killing intent.

Shi Potian was brimming with fighting spirit, completely unafraid.

"Harm my disciple? Die!"

A giant fist imprint descended from the sky, crashing down on the Changqing Immortal. On the fist, two ancient seal characters for "Godslaying" shone with brilliant light.

Chapter 750: Qi Cultivation Twelve, Exiled Immortal of the Extreme Realm!

"Impudent! To use such power so recklessly even in a Prohibited Land, you are truly courting death!" the Changqing Immortal sneered coldly. He gave up on attacking Shi Potian and retreated as a green light appeared above his head.

Upon closer inspection, it was a small, tree-shaped Magic Artifact. It emitted a faint green light, forming a protective shield that enveloped the Changqing Immortal.

"Lin Wudi, be careful! This is the Defense Artifact of the Gate of Eternal Life; it can absorb the power of attacks. Unless it's broken in one strike, it will grow stronger the more it is attacked!" Shangguan Shiming was determined to see the Changqing Immortal dead, even exposing the secrets of the Gate of Eternal Life to do so.

"You wretched wench, you're looking for death!" the Changqing Immortal burst with rage before speaking with arrogance. "So what if you tell him? The Tree of Everlife is my Sect's ultimate treasure. How could a mere Cultivator from the secular world possibly break it—"

The Changqing Immortal was cut off mid-sentence as Lin Mu's Deicide Fist had already arrived.

BOOM!

The Deicide Fist, domineering and peerless, tore through the sky. It was a fist mark composed of countless streams of Internal Energy, each groove containing unparalleled destructive power.

With a single punch, the protective shield shattered!

The Emperor's Fist was no trivial matter!

As the shield collapsed and the green light disintegrated, even the body of the Tree of Everlife itself developed fine cracks. Its roots snapped, and its leaves withered and yellowed. In the next moment, the Magic Artifact, the Tree of Everlife, disintegrated before the Changqing Immortal's horrified eyes.

THUMP!

The might of the Deicide Fist, still unabated, slammed into the Changqing Immortal's body. It sent him flying back dozens of meters until he finally collided with the black light barrier, barely stopping his momentum.

"Impossible! Even a Qi Cultivation Genius at the Eleventh Level of Qi Cultivation couldn't possibly be this formidable!"

With a ripping sound, the Daoist Robe on the Changqing Immortal tore apart, revealing his chest, where a clear, black fist mark was branded onto his skin. A Foundation Building Immortal who could unleash their full strength without the world's suppression was truly terrifying. To think, this punch hadn't even killed him.

"Repelling an Immortal with one punch... has Lin Wudi really become that strong?"

Within the Divine Temple's barrier, the seven Emperors of the Dark Church watched with apprehension. This wasn't a crippled Foundation Building Immortal like Ao Guang, who was suppressed by the world and could barely use a fraction of his true strength. This was a true Foundation Building Immortal, capable of unleashing his full power, who had just been sent flying by a single punch from Lin Mu.

"Lin Wudi must die!"

The seven Emperors exchanged a glance, their killing intent now more resolute than ever. If Lin Wudi was already this powerful in the Qi Refinement Realm, would they even have a chance to survive if he advanced further and reached Foundation Establishment? How could the mighty Dark Church live at the mercy of another?

At the same time, Monk Ruowang from the Prison of Divine Might watched with a cold, murderous glint in his eyes. Lin Mu was too strong. So strong he could suppress the world all by himself. If Lin Mu didn't die, both the Prison of Divine Might and the Sea of Divine Grace would be crushed.

"Keen!" Monk Ruowang called out, looking toward Keen of the Sea of Divine Grace.

Before they entered this small world, Keen had warned them not to make an enemy of Lin Wudi unless it was absolutely necessary. But now, Lin Wudi's power had become a threat to everyone. He had to die.

Keen stepped forward. "Lin Wudi, could you please explain why a cultivator from my Sea of Divine Grace died at your hands?"

With his hands clasped behind his back, Lin Mu stood before Shi Potian and said nonchalantly, "If you're not dead, stand up."

"I'm not dead!" Shi Potian scrambled to his feet, his expression ferocious.

Lin Mu nodded and turned his cold gaze toward the Changqing Immortal. In the next moment, to everyone's astonishment, he completely ignored Keen's question. As if oblivious to the potential crisis of being surrounded, he attacked the Changqing Immortal once more.

BOOM!

Slaying Gods and Demons and Punishing Immortals—Twelfth Style!

Deicide Palm!

A colossal palm print materialized from the void, eclipsing the sky. Like the hand of Buddha, it seemed capable of suppressing everything in existence. Underneath it, the very atmosphere shifted, and even the black barrier of the Divine Temple began to tremble violently, as if it could be shattered at any moment.

"Qi Cultivation Twelfth Level! You're an exiled immortal of the extreme realm!" For the first time, a look of pure horror crossed the Changqing Immortal's face. He had finally realized Lin Mu's true realm.

How could this be possible? How could the secular world produce an exiled immortal of the extreme realm at the Twelfth Level of Qi Cultivation?

Whether he believed it or not, Lin Mu's palm print was upon him.

Beneath the immense palm, the very air within the Divine Temple's barrier seemed to have been sucked away. The ground emitted a dreadful, creaking groan. It shattered and burst apart. The very same ground that had remained uncracked despite the Changqing Immortal's multiple attacks was now being crushed under Lin Mu's palm!

"Such a terrifying palm technique... Is this the true strength of Lin Wudi?"

「Outside the Divine Temple's barrier,」

The Huaxia Martial Artists stood agape, their eyes filled with terror as they watched the giant palm descend from the sky. If that palm had been aimed at them, they would have been utterly annihilated.

"During the battle at Heavenly Lake, wasn't this the same palm Lin Wudi used to obliterate the Martial Alliance Elder?"

"He's too powerful! He's crushing an Immortal with a single palm!"

The Changqing Immortal finally felt the dreadful pressure from an exiled immortal of the extreme realm.

"Break!" he roared in fury. No longer caring about the consumption of his True Qi, he threw a punch toward the sky. A phantom of a giant tree materialized behind him. Its roots bored deep into the plaza's ground, while its canopy surged upward to meet the Deicide Palm.

CRACK! CRACK! CRACK!

As the phantom tree's roots dug into the ground, black energy from the barrier surged up through them, rushing to collide with the imprint of the Deicide Palm. This was a Foundation Building Immortal going all out, even capable of borrowing power from the temple's barrier.

The seven Emperors and the members of the Prison of Divine Might and Sea of Divine Grace all revealed expressions of utter shock.

"A mere glimmer of light dares to contend with the bright moon!" Lin Mu shouted coldly. He flipped his hand, and the giant palm pressed down.

BOOM! RUMBLE!

The colossal black tree clashed with the Deicide Palm.

"So what if you're an exiled immortal of the extreme realm? You dare to fight the Divine Temple's barrier? You'll still die!" the Changqing Immortal shrieked, his face twisted with hysterical ferocity.

CRACK!

Before his words could fade, a tremendous shattering sound, like muffled thunder, echoed in everyone's ears.

The next instant, vast energy ran rampant and black streams of air flew wildly! The Giant Tree Supporting the Sky, the culmination of the Changqing Immortal's lifetime of cultivation, was utterly disintegrated by that single palm!

One strike! He had defeated a Foundation Building Immortal!

BOOM!

The palm imprint annihilated the phantom tree and slammed squarely into the Changqing Immortal. His body was almost smashed flat into the ground. His skin cracked and split apart as blood flowed freely. His head took a direct hit from the palm, and his skull was shattered to pieces.

"Are you still not going to make a move? Do you want to wait for Lin Wudi to pick you off one by one?" the Changqing Immortal cried out, now in a wretched state. He realized that, alone, he was no match for Lin Wudi.

Terrifying! This man's strength is too fearsome. Even though I'm trapped in this Prohibited Land with only thirty percent of my power, I should still be able to crush an exiled immortal of the extreme realm! Yet, he managed to injure me with one strike! This man must die!

The Changqing Immortal realized that Shangguan Shiming's previous words might turn out to be a prophecy. He might have just made a formidable enemy for the Gate of Eternal Life.

Monk Ruowang of the Prison of Divine Might looked at Keen of the Sea of Divine Grace, a flicker of anxiety in his eyes.

"Lin Wudi, you killed a cultivator of the Sea of Divine Grace without cause. If you refuse to provide an explanation, I will have to take action myself to seek justice." Keen stepped forward, and a brilliant white light surged from his body. For a moment, the entire area before the Divine Temple was bathed in its glow. Under the white light, the wounds on the Changqing Immortal's body began to heal with visible speed. The Healing Power of the Sea of Divine Grace was unparalleled in the world.

"Noisy!" Annoyance crossed Lin Mu's face as he nonchalantly struck out with his palm.

BOOM! RUMBLE!

The world shook and air currents blasted outwards. A wave of mighty Internal Energy shot out like a volley of sharp swords, flying directly toward everyone from the Sea of Divine Grace.