

War God 751

Chapter 751: Unbeatable Might, Heart Aspires to It!

With a single word—"Noisy"—Lin Mu attacked the Sea of Divine Grace, taking everyone by surprise.

Lin Wudi truly was formidable!

The Changqing Immortal might not have understood it all, but he too felt the overwhelming aura emanating from Lin Mu.

An enemy to the world? So be it!

With that one strike, Lin Wudi declared his stance to everyone present.

If a fight is what they want, then a fight is what they will get! Why bother with such pretentious excuses!

"The might of the invincible... my heart yearns for it!"

Outside the barrier, the Huaxia Martial Artists were overcome with emotion.

They were all unparalleled experts who had remained hidden among the mountains and great rivers for many years.

Every one of them had reached the Divine realm.

Every one of them was a titan in their own right.

But when their strength was compared to Lin Wudi's, they were no more than ants from some insignificant kingdom.

Their mettle, their courage—the difference was immeasurable.

A single strike had demonstrated the gap between them and the living myth, the number one person in the world.

"Arrogance! Lin Wudi, do you really believe you are unrivaled? Today, I will show you the meaning of a god!"

Keen's white robe fluttered, and his hair and beard moved without a wind as strands of white light shot from his eyes, ears, nose, and mouth.

The next moment, his body emitted the clang of striking metal, and the phantom of a great coffin materialized above him.

No, not a coffin! It was a Sacred Coffin!

As a cultivator from the Sea of Divine Grace, Keen was accustomed to lying in a coffin filled with sharp spikes every day, torturing his body to temper his will.

After countless years, he had fused with the coffin that tormented him, and it became the Sacred Coffin.

The Sacred Coffin was a symbol of devout faith, but also of a terrifying mindset rooted in ordeal and self-mutilation.

What ordinary person could endure constant agony, bleeding day and night for years on end?

Only a cultivator from the Sea of Divine Grace, with an unwavering mind and loyal faith, could achieve such a feat.

Those long years of suffering were exchanged for the exceptional power he now wielded.

The moment the Sacred Coffin appeared, the very air seemed to freeze.

Bloodlust! Agony!

One could almost hear the wails of torment twining around the Sacred Coffin.

Yet, it did not appear evil.

On the contrary, streams of Godlight flowed from it, and a faint divine radiance flickered.

"God!"

A single, true word escaped Keen's lips.

The world between heaven and earth was instantly blanketed in white.

The Sacred Coffin let out a terrifying roar, as if a being of sacred, divine majesty was about to step forth from within.

At that moment, Lin Mu's casual palm strike arrived.

BANG!

The Sacred Coffin, which had just begun to open a crack, was sent flying by Lin Mu's palm.

Even the nascent crack was slammed shut.

The divine light on Keen's face dimmed for an instant.

"God!"

The cultivators from the Sea of Divine Grace behind Keen shouted in unison. A Godlight similar to Keen's emanated from their bodies, dispersing and merging with his.

"Man!"

Keen roared again. Blood gushed from the nostrils of every Sea of Divine Grace cultivator, and it seeped from every pore of their skin.

However, they seemed to feel no pain, no sensation at all.

They continued to chant their scriptures!

"Holy!"

Keen uttered the third word.

The Sacred Coffin that had been knocked away reversed its course, flying back amidst a thunderous roar to settle above Keen and his men.

"Trinity!"

Keen finally completed the last holy word.

As he spoke, all the cultivators from the Sea of Divine Grace, including Keen himself, instantly aged by more than a decade.

All their essence, energy, and spirit were absorbed by the Sacred Coffin hovering above.

Godlight descended from the heavens!

It pierced through the barrier and struck the Sacred Coffin.

BOOM!

The Sacred Coffin flew open, and white wings unfurled from the void.

Sacred! Majestic! Merciful! Judgmental!

Layer upon layer of inconceivable power emerged within the barrier.

The Changqing Immortal retreated again and again, his face a mask of horror.

"The Sea of Divine Grace in the secular world actually possesses such a terrifying combination art!"

"The Ancient Land Sect hasn't emerged for hundreds of years, and the world has changed so drastically!"

「At the same time.」

"Somewhat interesting," Lin Mu uttered indifferently.

But that was all.

"Suppress!"

With a flip of his hand, Lin Mu unleashed a boundless, terrifying energy that crushed down upon the being emerging from the Sacred Coffin.

"Prison of Divine Might!"

Ruo Wang cried out, and all the cultivators from the Prison of Divine Might began to sing a holy hymn in unison.

Streams of black and white energy flowed from their bodies, converging to form a gigantic black cross.

The Prison of Divine Might!

The Sea of Divine Grace!

The two strongest powers of the Holy Court had joined forces to attack Lin Wudi.

The Changqing Immortal's eyes flashed. He opened his mouth and spat out a mouthful of blood from the tip of his tongue.

His already graying hair turned snow-white in an instant, not a single black strand remaining.

The wrinkles on his face deepened.

The phantom of the giant tree appeared once more.

This time, however, the tree had turned a visceral blood-red.

This Tree of Everlife, on top of its life-extending power, now had a bloody and ferocious aura.

"Devour!"

At the Changqing Immortal's command, the giant tree seemed to transform into a terrifying monster, opening its blood-soaked maw to swallow Lin Mu.

Thus, in the forbidden grounds of the Divine Temple, the three great powers joined hands.

All three factions, at the cost of their own life force, launched their strongest possible strike at Lin Wudi.

A colossal palm print materialized in the sky. In its center was a single, profound, ancient character:
Suppress.

The might contained in that one word was horrifying.

The Angel that appeared from the Sacred Coffin had just unfurled its wings when dense golden chains materialized around its body.

The Angel threw its head back and let out a silent, skyward roar.

Its wings vibrated, flashing with white light.

It was useless.

The golden chains only tightened.

Finally, bloody marks began to appear on the sacred and majestic body of the seemingly invincible Angel.

SHRIEK!

The Angel let out a piercing cry.

BANG! BANG! BANG!

Blood burst from the bodies of all the members of the Sea of Divine Grace, including Keen.

Bloody marks, identical to the wounds gouged into the Angel's body by the chains, appeared on each of them.

CRACK! CRACK! CRACK!

Bound by the chains, the Angel's bones emitted a terrible cracking sound.

Golden blood spilled forth.

The Angel's wings were stained gold, adding not to its sanctity, but to its savage appearance.

PFFT!

Finally, a cultivator from the Sea of Divine Grace, unable to withstand the terrifying backlash, exploded.

It set off a chain reaction. Like fireworks, the cultivators of the Sea of Divine Grace detonated one after another.

A white bottle flew out from Keen's body.

Golden liquid poured from its mouth, sprinkling over the remaining cultivators and barely halting the chain reaction.

"Lin Wudi... he's actually this powerful!"

The ever-stoic Keen, who rarely showed emotion, now had a look of utter shock on his face.

At that moment, the attack from the Prison of Divine Might arrived.

The huge black-and-white cross collided fiercely with Lin Mu's palm of force.

It didn't die?

Lin Mu's eyes narrowed slightly as he pointed a finger once more.

This time, the force in his finger was more condensed, the killing intent even colder.

PFFT!

The finger strike was as fast as lightning, piercing through the Angel's skull.

The Angel's struggles froze instantly.

It dissolved, then disintegrated.

The Angel turned into faint white light and vanished into the air.

PFFT! PFFT! PFFT!

A continuous series of explosions erupted.

As if struck by a heavy blow, the heads of all the remaining Sea of Divine Grace cultivators burst open.

BANG!

Keen, the great cultivator of the Sea of Divine Grace.

The man who least wanted to be Lin Mu's enemy became the first paragon to die at his hands today.

Such is the heartlessness of fate.

"Keen!" Ruo Wang roared, blood streaming from his eyes.

The cross and the colossal palm collided, annihilating one another.

Every cultivator from the Prison of Divine Might vomited blood in unison.

But the Changqing Immortal's full-power attack had arrived.

The crimson Blood Tree swallowed Lin Mu whole.

The ground shattered.

The air exploded.

Where Lin Mu had just been standing, it was as if space itself had been devoured by the Blood Tree.

"Is he dead?"

"He must be dead!"

Everyone stared, tense, in the direction the Blood Tree had struck.

"Brother won't die!" Morphy cried out, but tears were welling in her eyes.

BOOM!

As Morphy's choked sob echoed, the sanguine Blood Tree exploded.

Chapter 752: What Does It Matter to Be Invincible if the Whole World Is Your Enemy!

The crimson blood shadow dispersed, revealing Lin Wudi. His white garments, like freshly fallen snow, fluttered crisply in the fierce wind.

He was completely unscathed. There wasn't a single injury on his body; even his clothes were without a wrinkle.

Despair flooded the faces of all the cultivators in the Prison of Divine Might. They had slain countless enemies and built a fearsome reputation. In the Dark World, all manner of strange beings trembled at the mention of their name, a name forged in blood and slaughter! But today, facing Lin Wudi, they were helpless.

The Changqing Immortal was just as pale. He was a Foundation Building Immortal! With his power completely unrestricted, he had given his all, even sacrificing his own lifespan to use a Forbidden Technique in a life-or-death struggle. Yet, the result was that he hadn't harmed Lin Wudi in the slightest.

Since when could an exiled immortal of the extreme realm become so monstrously powerful?

"Yay! I knew Big Brother was invincible!" Morphy cheered exuberantly.

Adoration and worship shone in Shi Potian's eyes. This is a true god of war, a truly peerless existence! Faintly, he gained a deeper understanding of the conceptual realm of Divine Demon Horizontal Training—to fight a hundred battles without rest, to feel no regret even in death.

"Lin Wudi is truly invincible under the heavens!"

"Even against a Foundation Building Immortal!"

Outside the Divine Temple's Prohibited Land, all the Huaxia Martial Artists were awestruck, silently resolving never to make an enemy of Lin Wudi in this lifetime.

"Lin Mu, Lin Wudi... He really is so mighty that he can disregard all rules, even those of the Ancient Land Sects," Shangguan Shiming whispered, clutching her chest in dismay.

Even though she had previously sided with Lin Mu, she was now terrified by Lin Wudi's strength. She dared not imagine the impact a man like him would have if he stood in opposition to the Ancient Land Sects.

Perhaps Ao Guang of the Celestial Northern Dipper Pavilion, the first Foundation Building Immortal from an Ancient Land Sect to die at Lin Wudi's hands, will not be the last. Today, the Changqing Immortal will likely not be spared. When the rabbit dies, the fox grieves. At this moment, Shangguan Shiming felt no joy of vengeance, only a profound sorrow.

CLAP!

CLAP!

CLAP!

Suddenly, the sound of applause echoed through the area. Everyone turned toward the sound and was shocked to see it was coming from the Seven Great Emperors of the Dark Church. Only then did everyone realize that from beginning to end, these seven Emperors had not made a single move against Lin Mu.

"This..."

Everyone was bewildered. The Seven Great Emperors of the Dark Church had been the first group to enter the Divine Temple's Prohibited Land to besiege Lin Wudi, yet they had held back this entire time.

The Changqing Immortal's face darkened as a sudden realization dawned on him.

"Lin Wudi!" one of the Seven Great Emperors, the Lord of Darkness, said as he slowly stepped forward, a smile playing on his lips as he looked at Lin Mu.

"Lin Wudi, a true living myth, the number one man in the world. Your combat prowess is indeed unmatched!" Though the Lord of Darkness spoke words of praise, his expression was full of mocking disdain. "Domineering! Invincible! Ruthless! You truly deserve the title of a modern-day myth. You defeated an Immortal, drove back the Prison of Divine Might, and annihilated the Sea of Divine Grace. Truly awe-inspiring. However, what I want to know is... how much power do you have left?"

At the Lord of Darkness's question, everyone fell silent in shock.

Just now, the Prison of Divine Might, the Sea of Divine Grace, and the Changqing Immortal had joined forces to attack him, and Lin Wudi had ferociously countered them all. It was stunning, utterly shocking. Everyone had been so captivated by the battle that they had forgotten where they were.

This was the Prohibited Land, a forbidden ground where expended True Qi could not be replenished.

How many times had Lin Wudi just attacked?

One strike to shatter the shield! A second to defeat the Immortal! A third to repel the Sacred Coffin! A fourth to suppress the angelic being! A fifth to annihilate the Sea of Divine Grace! A sixth to shatter the crucifix! A seventh to obliterate the great tree of blood!

Lin Wudi had struck seven times, each with astonishing power. How immense must his energy consumption be?

Ruo Wang quickly checked his own reserves and was horrified to find only twenty to thirty percent of his Cultivation Level remained. If he were to attack just one more time, he would likely have no strength left to fight back, left only to await his death. He had expended so much with just a single strike. Lin Wudi, who had attacked seven times, had to be in an even worse state. Perhaps he had no strength left at all and was merely putting up a brave front.

However, the Changqing Immortal's face showed little joy. While Lin Wudi was surely doomed, the Dark Church's target was everyone who had entered the Prohibited Land. The Seven Great Emperors had sat back and were now poised to reap all the benefits. Having not acted once, they were now the faction with the most strength preserved.

These dregs who live in the shadows are always the easiest to overlook, the Changqing Immortal seethed inwardly.

It wasn't just him. Even the Huaxia Martial Artists had only just remembered the special nature of this place. Though Lin Wudi had been imposing moments ago, could he possibly survive now, facing a full-strength Dark Church?

"Lin Wudi..." Shangguan Shiming's heart was a tangled mess as this thought occurred to her. Even I don't know whether I hope for him to win, or for him to be killed so the Ancient Land Sects can be rid of this future threat.

"My brother will not be defeated!" Morphy declared, clenching her small fists.

Shi Potian wiped a smear of blood across his face, leaving a scarlet streak. Murderous intent erupted from his eyes. If Lin Mu falls, I will fight to the death to protect him. But I will not interfere before then. This is his battlefield. This is the pride of Lin Wudi!

"Mere ants like you dare to presume upon the Emperor Zun's divine might," Lin Mu stated, his gaze indifferent, his eyes as calm as a still lake.

"Lin Wudi!" the Lord of Darkness's expression turned icy. "Even now, you're still putting up a front! Do you really think we can't kill you? Summon the Dark Holy Artifact!"

At a single command from the Lord of Darkness, a black light flashed from the other six Emperors. Seven rays of black light wove into a Septagram pattern, and in its center, the tip of a spear, glinting with a frigid aura, slowly rose into the air.

"The Dark Holy Artifact!"

"Those bastards from the Dark Church actually brought the Dark Holy Artifact with them!"

"So their target was Lin Wudi from the very beginning!"

"What a devious Dark Church!" Ruo Wang's eyes gleamed with a strange light.

The Prison of Divine Might was an organization dedicated to hunting and killing, always decisive in its actions. Now, seeing how well-prepared the Dark Church was, even bringing their Dark Holy Artifact, made Ruo Wang feel a pang of regret. If Keen hadn't been so careless, if we had brought the Holy Artifact of Light, then perhaps the Sea of Divine Grace and the Prison of Divine Might working together could have actually killed Lin Wudi today! Alas, Keen's pedantic nature doomed not only himself but everyone from the Sea of Divine Grace!

The Spear of Darkness manifested. The ground shook violently. The aura from the spear tip alone tore through the air, carving deep gouges into the ground.

"Fall back!" shouted Ruo Wang. Having dealt with the Dark Church for years, he knew the terror of the Dark Holy Artifact and was the first to retreat.

"A Rule Artifact! It's actually a Rule Artifact!" the Changqing Immortal exclaimed, also backing away nervously.

Rule Artifacts were a very special type of Magic Artifact. They might lack the superior defense or overwhelming offensive power of ordinary Magic Artifacts, but they could manipulate the very power of rules. Even if a Rule Artifact would shatter after only two or three uses, if wielded correctly, it could kill an Immortal at the peak of Foundation Establishment.

"Lin Wudi!" the Lord of Darkness roared, a black light blooming from between his brows and linking him to the Spear of Darkness. The Septagram pattern flickered ominously upon the weapon. "Now, die!"

SHREEEE!

A sound like the tearing of space itself ripped through the air, so sharp it threatened to shatter everyone's eardrums.

Chapter 753: He Who Harms My Disciple, Dies!

The Lord of Darkness was brimming with pride. Four great powers had joined forces to kill Lin Wudi, yet in the end, the legend of the age would die by his hand! After this battle, the Dark Church would become famous throughout the world!

Under the link of the Septagram, the Spear of Darkness flickered and suddenly vanished, reappearing in front of Lin Mu to thrust straight at the center of his brow.

This was the power of the Holy Artifact, the Spear of Darkness—the mastery of space!

Ignoring space!

Ignoring distance!

A guaranteed killing blow!

The Spear of Darkness could only be used three times.

The first time, it killed the only Holy Witch Doctor in Blacklands. After that, Blacklands plunged into chaos, losing the strength to ever invade other territories.

The second time, it grievously wounded a Foundation Establishment Immortal of the Ancient Land Sect. From then on, the Ancient Land Sect and the Dark Church stayed out of each other's way.

It could be said that the spear had played an indispensable role in the Dark Church's rise to its current status.

Today, the Spear of Darkness was being used for the third time! The target: the legend of the age, Lin Wudi!

"Die!" The Lord of Darkness's face was savage.

"The power of rules? Mere trifles. Laughable!" Lin Mu smiled indifferently and pointed a finger.

There was no change in the wind, no shattering of the void. Just one finger.

One finger to Shatter Thousand Laws!

The Spear of Darkness could ignore spatial distance, but Lin Mu's finger still managed to arrive first despite moving later. This was Lin Wudi. This was Emperor Zun!

CLANG!

The finger collided with the Spear of Darkness. In that instant, the air seemed to freeze and time seemed to stop.

CRACK!

The sound of shattering filled the air. In the astonished gazes of the Seven Great Emperors of the Dark Church, their unbeatable Holy Artifact, the Spear of Darkness, became riddled with cracks. From the tip to the head, then to the shaft, and finally the hilt—it completely fell apart.

CRASH!

The Spear of Darkness shattered into countless fragments. The Seven Great Emperors violently coughed up blood, their spirits instantly wilting.

"Impossible!"

"Why did the Spear of Darkness break!"

"Why aren't you dead!"

This was beyond the Lord of Darkness's comprehension. Not only was Lin Mu alive, but he didn't even have a scratch on him. His very faith was shaken.

"One cannot speak of ice to a summer insect," Lin Mu stated, naturally offering no explanation. Before his words even faded, his figure had already appeared beside the Seven Great Emperors. He threw a punch.

"No!" The Lord of Darkness's face filled with despair. Black light shot from his eyes as he desperately tried to resist, but it was futile. Without the Spear of Darkness, they were merely ordinary experts at the Divine Communion Realm. And in front of Lin Mu, an expert of that realm was utterly defenseless.

BANG! BANG! BANG!

Seven consecutive explosions rang out.

The Seven Great Emperors of the Dark Church were dead!

The square fell utterly silent. Everyone had lost their ability to speak.

Why?!

The unbeatable Dark Holy Artifact, which could force even a Foundation Establishment Immortal at their peak to retreat, had failed to achieve anything. No one understood.

Of course, they wouldn't know. Lin Mu possessed the Heavenly Dao Laws Record; his words were law. The mere power of rules was nothing but a joke in his presence. The rules? Lin Wudi **was** the rules!

Lin Mu had shattered the Spear of Darkness with a single finger, without using a single trace of True Qi. Killing the Seven Great Emperors didn't cause even a ripple of emotion in his eyes. His cold gaze turned to Ruo Wang and the others from the Prison of Divine Might.

"If we're going to die, we'll die!" Ruo Wang, a ruthless man himself, snarled. "We'll attack and consume more of Lin Wudi's True Qi. I refuse to believe it's infinite!" Knowing there was no hope of survival, he intended to use their lives to wear Lin Mu down. Ruo Wang's gaze was fixed intently on the Changqing Immortal. With their deaths, the only hope of killing Lin Wudi would lie with him.

The Changqing Immortal's face was grim, and he didn't respond.

He was afraid! This exiled immortal of the extreme realm, born in the secular world, was too inconceivable! His strength was formidable, capable of fighting a Foundation Establishment Immortal! His reserves of True Qi were so immense it was despairing! Even after striking nine times in the Prohibited Land, he still had the strength for another battle!

"So be it! We'll leave it to fate!" At Ruo Wang's roar, everyone joined forces, and the black-and-white cross appeared once again. This time, its scale and power were obviously much weaker than before. Unable to replenish their energy, they were all at the end of their ropes. This attack had no hope of killing Lin Wudi; it couldn't even harm him. It was merely the last shred of dignity for the Prison of Divine Might.

Unfortunately, even this last shred of dignity was crushed.

Lin Mu raised his hand, and a golden light flashed. The cross shattered! A massive pillar of golden light swept over the spot where Ruo Wang and his men stood, leaving not even their bones behind.

With that, the Sea of Divine Grace and the Prison of Divine Might, two great powers of the Holy Court, were utterly annihilated.

"It's your turn!" Lin Mu's gaze was icy cold as he looked at the Changqing Immortal.

THUD!

Contrary to everyone's expectations, faced with the outcome of the Prison of Divine Might sacrificing their lives to deplete Lin Wudi's True Qi, the Changqing Immortal did not continue to fight. Instead, he chose to kneel.

An Immortal kneeling was a world-shaking sight.

The Hidden World Martial Artists of Huaxia outside the Prohibited Land stared wide-eyed, thinking they had seen wrong. They pinched their thighs until they nearly bruised, but the sight before them remained: an Immortal bowing to Lin Mu!

A Foundation Establishment Immortal from the Ancient Land Sect was actually kneeling to Lin Wudi! This scene left all the Hidden World Martial Artists too stunned to speak.

There was a time when even a mere itinerant from the Ancient Land Sect could act aloof and invincible. In front of the secular Martial Artists, their disdainful gaze, which regarded them as ants, was like a fishbone stuck in the throat. It was an unbearable humiliation that led many of these Martial Artists to choose a life of seclusion. To say nothing of the Foundation Establishment Immortals of the Ancient Land, who were once the symbol of invincibility in the world. Every time an Immortal appeared, didn't it shake the Martial Arts World, terrify the Martial Artists, and shock the common folk?

Now, the Foundation Establishment Immortal—who in the eyes of all Martial Artists was inviolable, like a True Immortal or a deity—was kneeling at Lin Wudi's feet! What a tremendous shock this was!

"The Legend of the Age! Truly worthy of the title!"

The Hidden World Martial Artists felt that the 'god' in 'Legend of the Age' must mean a god above Immortals, one who could overwhelm them all! Regrettably, this scene took place in a minor world. If this had happened in the secular world, at Changbai Mountain's Heavenly Lake, perhaps the spines of the Martial Artists, broken by the Ancient Land Sect for hundreds of years, could finally stand straight again!

"Your Excellency, Exiled Immortal, you grace this world with your presence," the Changqing Immortal said, prostrating on the ground with an extremely humble attitude. "I, Changqing, have committed an unpardonable sin by offending your divine might. I beg you to spare this humble cultivator and allow me to serve you with utmost devotion."

There was no longer the slightest trace of a Foundation Establishment Immortal's might about him. At this moment, he was not an Immortal; he was a dog.

Shangguan Shiming, who was also from the Ancient Land Sect, felt her blood boil. She wished she could strike Changqing dead with a single slap. This Changqing Immortal had brought utter shame to the Ancient Land Sect!

I should have known! The Changqing... no, Changqing was trapped in the Divine Temple's restricted area for decades. To survive, he even resorted to cannibalism! Any pride he had as an Immortal must have vanished the moment he started eating human flesh! The Changqing who has survived here for decades is no longer the Changqing Immortal of the Gate of Eternal Life! He's just a wretched shell who managed to stay alive by any means necessary! A pitiful wretch who would abandon everything just to survive!

Shangguan Shiming closed her eyes, unwilling to look upon Changqing's pathetic face any longer.

She thought Lin Mu would let the Changqing Immortal live. After all, he was still a Foundation Establishment-level power. With the Changqing Immortal as a subordinate, Lin Mu could learn the true state of the Ancient Land Sect...

POP!

With a crisp sound, Lin Mu pointed a finger and crushed the head of the prostrating Changqing Immortal.

"I made a promise. Anyone who harms my disciple dies!"

Chapter 754: The Three-Legged Standoff, A World of Its Own!

"Dead?!"

"Killed?!"

Shangguan Shiming's eyes flew open in disbelief as she stared at Lin Mu with astonishment. She never expected that even after Changqing Immortal had knelt to beg for mercy and given up all resistance, Lin Mu would still choose to kill him.

How utterly domineering! How fiercely protective! If you harm my Sect Disciples, you shall pay with your life!

At this moment, Shangguan Shiming even felt a twinge of envy toward Shi Potian.

I was almost ravaged to death by Changqing Immortal. If word of this got back to the sect, would the Celestial Northern Dipper Pavilion stand up for me? Probably not.

"Hehe!" Shi Potian rubbed his head, his face breaking into a foolish grin. He knew Elder Brother Mu would never let him down.

"Brother, you're incredible!" Morphy cheered, jumping for joy. In the past, she might have taken the opportunity to cling to Lin Mu and cop a feel. Now, though, she didn't quite dare.

Outside the restriction, the Hidden World Martial Artists of Huaxia were equally stunned.

Killed! Right before their eyes, a Foundation Building Immortal had been killed!

Previously, the tale of Lin Wudi killing the North Dipper Celestial Pavilion's Foundation Building Immortal, Ao Guang, was merely a legend. Apart from the soldiers of the Divine Machine Camp, no outsiders had witnessed it. But this time, the myth had become reality before their very eyes. A Foundation Building Immortal had died like a dog, without a shred of dignity or a trace of an Immortal's majesty!

Before a modern-day myth, those at Reaching the Divine and Foundation Establishment were mere ants. He had destroyed the Prison of Divine Might and the Sea of Divine Grace, shattered the Dark Holy Artifact, slain the Seven Great Emperors of the Dark Cathedral, and crushed the Foundation Building Immortals of the Ancient Land Sects! Lin Wudi's battle this time was even more glorious and horrifying than the one at Changbai Mountain.

"From this day forward, Lin Wudi alone will dominate the world!"

"The Prison of Divine Might, the Sea of Divine Grace, and the Dark Church... none of them will likely dare to seek revenge against Lin Wudi!"

"Invincible in the world. Lin Wudi has truly achieved it!"

All the Hidden World Martial Artists bowed deeply, paying homage to Lin Wudi with an unprecedented display of respect. At this moment, Lin Wudi was the representative of the secular world. He had slain a Foundation Building Immortal from an Ancient Land Sect!

"Lin Wudi..." Shangguan Shiming looked at Lin Mu with a bitter expression and lamented, "You certainly had your fill of killing, but you just killed the one person who knew the most about the Divine Temple's restrictions. How are we supposed to escape now? Are we all going to starve to death here?"

For a Cultivator, starving to death would be an utter tragedy.

"A restriction? Then I'll just break it!"

Lin Mu raised his hand, grasping at the flow of energy from the black barrier. The barrier trembled violently. Immediately, as if seized by an invisible giant hand, its energy began to fluctuate wildly. The resulting shockwaves tore up the ground for hundreds of meters around them.

"Fall back!" the Hidden World Martial Artists of Huaxia shouted, retreating one after another with looks of horror on their faces. The mere chaotic aftermath of the energy was enough to fill them with dread and the threat of death. How monstrously powerful was Lin Wudi, who was contending with this black energy head-on?

"After killing dozens of people, crushing a Foundation Building Immortal, and shattering a Dark Holy Artifact, Lin Wudi still has this much power."

"Could it be that he's unaffected by the Divine Temple's restriction?"

Every martial artist wore an expression of shock, one even greater than when Lin Mu had killed the Foundation Building Immortal.

BANG! BANG! BANG!

The sound of the energy stream shattering echoed between heaven and earth. The churning black energy roared and trembled. At this moment, it was as if the apocalypse had descended.

Retreat!

Retreat again!

Only after falling back for several miles did the martial artists finally let out a long sigh of relief.

In the Divine Temple square, Shi Potian, Morphy, and Shangguan Shiming all stood with solemn expressions, moving to take shelter behind Lin Mu. It was the only safe place. Everywhere else was engulfed by the black energy. A mere glance was enough to rattle their spirits and nearly shatter their souls.

To fight divine might with human strength... Lin Wudi was truly a myth!

BOOM!

The black energy finally succumbed to Lin Mu's immense power and exploded violently. Almost at the instant the black energy shattered, Lin Mu's eyes lit up.

Indeed, it's here!

Lin Mu reached out his hand, and a black cauldron leg suddenly appeared in his grasp. The cauldron leg emitted terrifying energy fluctuations, pulsing and tearing as if trying to escape his grip.

Just then, a black shadow flew out from the cauldron leg. In the void, it morphed into the face of a woman, one that held both charm and majesty.

"Human, how dare you offend divine might! Kneel!"

Flames seemed to flicker in the woman's eyes. With her single word, the air currents surged and the void itself cracked. Within a one-mile radius of the Divine Temple, the winds churned as if a deity had descended. The martial artists' faces paled in horror, their bones crackling. Some of the weaker ones lost their composure, overwhelmed by the divine might, and fell to their knees with a thud.

A stream of black air rose from the body of the one who knelt. It flowed into the deity-woman's hair, which was formed of black mist, adding a few more strands to it.

This is no god! This is clearly a demon that preys on people!

"Oh? After countless years of incense offerings and sacrifices, a flicker of sentience has been born?" Lin Mu mused. "A pity. This object is a leg of the Nine Cauldrons. You claim to be a deity, but you are nothing but a vassal of the incense offerings!"

Lin Mu flicked his finger, sending a ray of light shooting toward the woman formed of black mist.

"Audacious!" the self-proclaimed deity roared, the black mist around her swirling furiously.

Within the Divine Temple, every statue collapsed. From them, streams of black energy converged, merging into her form. The next moment, the woman's shape changed drastically. Below her head, a neck formed, followed by a body and limbs. Finally, a Scepter of Authority burning with a black aura appeared in her hand.

"You destroyed my tens of thousands of years of incense offerings! You deserve to die!" the woman shrieked. Like a war goddess from ancient times, she thrust her scepter straight at Lin Mu.

By then, the ray of light from Lin Mu's finger had already arrived.

PFFT!

Like a hot knife through butter, the woman's seemingly omnipotent divine might was instantly cleaved apart by the beam of light. She let out a piercing scream.

"No! What is this monstrous thing?!" she wailed in despair, her face twisting with agony. "I was born a hundred thousand years ago! I enjoyed the worship of the Other Races and cultivated for tens of thousands of years! How can I be defeated?!"

The woman shrieked tragically, appearing completely unhinged.

BOOM!

Her body, composed of black mist, instantly disintegrated, and even her scepter vanished without a trace. All her resentment, all her madness, all her divine might—everything disappeared.

The next moment, the black mist, now ownerless, returned into the black cauldron leg.

WHOOSH! WHOOSH!

The red cauldron leg and the white cauldron leg flew out from Lin Mu's body, circling together with the black one as if welcoming home a long-lost brother.

BOOM!

The three legs stood firm as a vast, tri-colored pillar of light shot into the sky. Red, white, and black intertwined, forming a colossal pillar that seemed capable of piercing through this small world.

The clouds were torn asunder. Spiritual Energy was drawn by the pillar, converging from all directions.

In an instant, the extremely concentrated Spiritual Energy turned into fine threads of rain, which began to fall from the sky. The threads of rain sprinkled onto Shangguan Shiming, and the injuries inflicted by Changqing Immortal, once thought nearly impossible to heal, began to slowly recover.

Shi Potian's Divine Demon Horizontal Training activated automatically. A Divine Demon Phantom materialized in the void, absorbing the threads of rain falling from the sky. Morphy also spread her arms, and countless threads of Spirit Qi Rain converged around her, forming a swirling vortex.

The threads became a light rain.

The light rain became a downpour.

The gathered Spiritual Energy transformed into a torrential storm, raining down upon the four of them. In the blink of an eye, a lake of Spirit Qi Rain formed at their feet.

「At the edge of the small world...」

Countless trees withered, decayed, and turned to ash. At this moment, it seemed as if all the Spiritual Energy and power of the small world were converging toward Lin Mu's location.

Chapter 755: Dare to Scheme Against Lin Wudi? Did You Ask Me First?

「Imperial Capital, Military Headquarters.」

Xiao Xuan stood before his desk, wielding his brush and splashing ink.

Ever since Lin Mu defeated Shen Lang and rose to the pinnacle of Huaxia, Xiao Xuan had often indulged in this practice.

After flourishing his brush, he would let out three hearty laughs.

He wrote a line of characters that writhed like dragons and snakes, then carelessly tossed the ink-soaked brush aside.

"Old Kong, what do you think of my calligraphy?"

Beside the desk, Kong Lin was leisurely sipping tea. He had rashly accepted Lin Mu's resignation last time, which subsequently led to his own out of guilt. Now, unburdened by official duties, he had ironically become the most idle man around.

"Golden lances and iron horses, brimming with the spirit of war. It certainly fits a commander's status," Kong Lin commented.

Xiao Xuan replied disdainfully, "Old Kong, I've noticed you've become quite the smooth-talker since you retired."

"The feeling is mutual. When did you ever call me Old Kong before I retired?" Kong Lin retorted with a smirk.

Xiao Xuan chuckled.

However, the smile slowly faded from his face. With a cold snort, he said, "I hear Lin Mu has run off to the Heavenly Lake Minor World again?"

"I had such high hopes for him, expecting him to take charge of the Dragon Protection Hall. But what does he do? He becomes an absentee shopkeeper!"

"He's off gallivanting with his wife, neglecting his duties and refusing to accept the Dragon Guard Order!"

"Now, off to the Heavenly Lake Minor World again. What nonsense!"

Xiao Xuan appeared to be filled with rage.

Kong Lin replied with placid indifference, "You should take that up with Lin Wudi. It's no use telling me."

Xiao Xuan's expression shifted as he said, "I hear from Shen Lang that someone is pulling strings behind the opening of the Heavenly Lake Minor World this time?"

Kong Lin nodded in silence.

"Hmph! They must be tired of living! Daring to scheme against the Chief Instructor of Shenji Camp and the Master of the Dragon Protection Hall! They're courting death!"

Xiao Xuan's fury erupted, and the palpable killing intent of a seasoned military man washed over the room.

He turned and wrote another line with swift strokes, but this was no calligraphy.

"Pass on my order. I, Xiao Xuan, declare that all the Worldly Representatives of the Ancient Land Sects must report to the Dragon Protection Hall in the Capital City within three days! Otherwise, don't blame me for tearing up our agreement with them!"

Kong Lin suddenly stood up, shocked. "Commander, you can't do this! You'll offend all the Ancient Land Sects!"

"Then I'll offend them!" Xiao Xuan declared with overwhelming dominance. "Opening and closing the Minor World Gate is a technique of the Ancient Land Sects! If they dare to plot against one of my men, they must pay the price!"

Xiao Xuan cut off Kong Lin's attempt to speak with a wave of his hand, saying coldly, "Old Kong, will you do it or not? If you won't, I'll have Han Xiaochuan do it!"

Kong Lin sighed. "Fine, I'll go. I'm not part of the military anymore. If things get ugly, I can act as a buffer."

Xiao Xuan glared, clearly dissatisfied with Kong Lin's talk of failure before even trying.

Kong Lin, now wanting nothing, was truly unafraid of Xiao Xuan's glare. He snatched the written order from Xiao Xuan's hand and strode brazenly out of the headquarters.

"Heh, daring to plot against Lin Wudi? Did they bother to ask for my permission?" Xiao Xuan sneered to himself.

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On that day, news broke that the living legend, Lin Wudi, had been tricked into entering the Heavenly Lake Minor World. The Minor World Gate had closed, cutting off his retreat and leaving his fate uncertain. The news spread like wildfire, shaking the entire Martial Arts World and powerful forces across the globe.

Almost no one had anticipated that someone would dare to scheme against Lin Wudi now that he was unmatched under the heavens. While some worried, others reveled in his misfortune. To be trapped in a Minor World just after achieving supremacy... Lin Mu might just become the shortest-reigning number one in history.

...

「Prison of Divine Might.」

A giant black stone monument stood at the very heart of the Prison of Divine Might. On the monument were etched the names of all the cultivators of the prison. The names of the living were etched in gold, while the names of the dead turned white. This monument was both a symbol of the Prison of Divine Might and its glorious honor roll.

All the white names on the monument belonged to the Prison of Divine Might's undisputed saints. Each one had put their life on the line for the prison.

Today, all the cultivators of the Prison of Divine Might stared in stunned silence at the fifteen names that had just turned white on the stele.

"Did Monk Ruo Wang ascend to heaven?"

"Just as the rumors in the Eastern Martial Realm said, this Heavenly Lake Minor World is a conspiracy targeting Lin Wudi! Anyone who enters dies!"

"Did Monk Ruo Wang die in the Minor World, or was he killed by Lin Wudi?"

The cultivators discussed heatedly among themselves.

At that moment, an old man with a withered face appeared among the cultivators. He wore a black Divine Robe trimmed with white.

"Vice-Dean!"

"Vice-Dean, have you ended your fast?"

"Vice-Dean, Monk Ruo Wang has ascended to heaven."

All the cultivators bowed deeply.

This was Saint Nas, the Vice-Dean of the Prison of Divine Might. His name, "Saint," signified that this Vice-Dean had once slain a powerhouse equivalent to a master at the Peak of Divine Communion in the Eastern Martial Realm.

"Disperse. Ruo Wang died because of Lin Wudi. I will go to the East and claim justice for him!"

Saint Nas's voice was ice-cold, without a hint of warmth. All the cultivators shuddered, their gazes fixed on Vice-Dean Saint Nas in utter shock.

"News has just arrived from the Sea of Divine Grace. Keen has also ascended to heaven!"

With a single sentence from Saint Nas, the cultivators' minds trembled once more.

Keen was the most promising cultivator in the Sea of Divine Grace, even hailed as the successor to its deanship. And he was dead too?

"Together, Keen and Ruo Wang could have killed a master at the Peak of Divine Communion. If Keen had summoned a Holy Angel, they could have even battled a Foundation Building Immortal."

"The only one who could kill them both is Lin Wudi!"

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「At the same time, in the Dark Church.」

SHRIEK!

A piercing cry rang out, causing the church's stained glass to tremble. A series of black ripples pulsed across its surface, barely holding it intact. The immense sound wave traveled far beyond the church. In its wake, grass and trees withered, stones were flung from the earth, and even insects flying through the air were pulverized.

"Darkness is dead, Hei Ming is dead, all seven of them are dead!"

"How is this possible! With the Holy Artifact in their possession, they could even kill Foundation Building Immortals! How could they have been killed?"

Several cold, grim voices echoed from within the church.

"It must have been Lin Wudi! No one else could have killed Darkness when he possessed the Holy Artifact!"

A woman's voice spoke, laced with venom and boundless hatred for Lin Mu. This woman was Hei You, the wife of the Lord of Darkness. Among the thirteen Emperors the Dark Church had stationed in the secular world, she was the only woman.

The remaining Emperors were silent.

The name Lin Wudi had become a taboo among all the powerhouses of the secular world.

"I am going to the East to avenge Darkness! Which of you will join me?" Hei You gritted her teeth.

Only her voice echoed within the Dark Church.

The rest of the Emperors remained silent.

"You... Are you all that afraid of Lin Wudi? Don't forget, he's very likely still trapped in the Minor World!" Emperor Hei You sneered.

An Emperor asked, "Hei You, if you know Lin Wudi is still trapped in the Minor World, what do you plan to do in the East?"

"I'll kill all his relatives and disciples, of course!" Emperor Hei You made no effort to hide her cold-blooded cruelty.

"But Lin Wudi isn't dead yet..."

"Shut up! To think the great Dark Church fears Lin Wudi so much! You are unworthy of the title of Emperor!" Hei You raged.

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Chapter 757: The Descent of the Gods!

"Shameless!" Ye Kuangren snorted coldly.

In today's world, who didn't know that Lin Wudi was trapped in the Heavenly Lake Minor World? This Great Witch Doctor from the Blacklands had the audacity to come knocking at this time, claiming to be visiting Lin Wudi. He was truly the epitome of shamelessness.

Without another word, Li Xiaotian drew his blade and slashed forward.

"A mere disciple of Lin Wudi dares to draw his blade in my presence!"

At this moment, Great Witch Doctor Mosa had lost his usual caution, his face full of arrogance. As a Great Witch Doctor, he might not be a match for Lin Wudi, but a mere disciple...

CLANG!

A piercing blade light magnified before him. The sharp edge was chilling to the bone.

"So strong!" Great Witch Doctor Mosa's expression changed dramatically.

"Go!"

With a wave of his hand, a jet-black light shot toward Li Xiaotian's blade light. It was a black python over ten meters long. The python had horns on its head, giving it an unusually mystical appearance. Opening its mouth, it spat out a black pearl, which collided with Li Xiaotian's blade light with a BANG.

"Kill him!" Great Witch Doctor Mosa's eyes were fierce.

CRACK!

A crisp sound echoed. It wasn't the blade light that shattered, but the black pearl.

The blade light, its power undiminished, slashed directly at the black python. With its pearl shattered, the python howled in pain as if it had been grievously wounded. Before it could recover, Li Xiaotian's blade had already arrived.

Thunderbolts flickered—utter annihilation by Heavenly Punishment!

BANG!

The black python was cleaved in two by the blade light. While its body was still in the air, it was burned to charcoal by the lightning.

"The Lightning Sword!" Great Witch Doctor Mosa turned pale with shock.

As an old adversary of the Western Deity Race, he was no stranger to the Zeus Tri-God Artifact. He had heard that the Zeus Tri-God Artifact had been taken by Lin Wudi. In Mosa's mind, Lin Wudi, having obtained such a treasure, would surely refine it for his own use.

Now, the renowned Sword of Zeus, capable of slaying Foundation Establishment Immortals, had actually fallen into the hands of Lin Wudi's disciple.

Great Witch Doctor Mosa's first thought was terror, but his second was greed.

If I kill Li Xiaotian, the Sword of Zeus will be mine!

"AWOOO!"

Tempted by the Divine Artifact, Great Witch Doctor Mosa spared no expense, opening his mouth to spit out a red bone tile. "In the name of Great Witch Doctor Mosa, Karong, appear!"

Following Mosa's command, a red light flickered in the sky, and a massive, scaly claw emerged from the bone tile.

"A Demonic Beast from the Black Demon Clan!" Ye Kuangren recognized the creature summoned by the bone tile.

Li Xiaotian, however, didn't care. His current blade techniques abided by Lin Wudi's conviction: there was nothing that couldn't be severed with a single slash. If there was, then it would take two!

BOOM!

The Heavenly Punishment Blade struck heavily upon the giant claw of the Demonic Beast Karong!

Black blood splattered everywhere. With a pained howl, one of Karong's giant claws was brutally chopped off.

After severing the giant claw, the blade's edge didn't stop, continuing straight for the red bone tile!

BANG!

The Heavenly Punishment Blade was blocked by a pale red halo emanating from the bone tile.

Great Witch Doctor Mosa's face turned white. He hastily shouted, "Lend me your strength! We will split Lin Wudi's treasures equally!"

What was the motive of the Blacklands Sorcerers? Revenge? No, they had come only for Lin Wudi's treasure. Mosa knew perfectly well that Lin Wudi possessed the Holy Artifact of the Vassa Temple. If Lin Wudi had left the Divine Artifact with the Qin Family, in Qin Luoli's hands, then this was their chance! It was for this one-in-ten-thousand hope that they had come!

The Great Witch Doctors behind Mosa exchanged glances and placed their palms on his back.

BOOM!

The halo on the red bone tile grew denser, turning from light red to blood-red. An acrid stench of blood seeped from the bone tile. Wherever the red halo touched, vegetation withered and stones rotted. Its power was terrifying!

"Shatter!" Li Xiaotian roared ferociously, his eyes seeming to split with rage.

He channeled all his strength into the Heavenly Punishment Blade.

CRACK!

The sound of shattering glass echoed in everyone's ears. A tiny crack appeared in the red bone tile's halo.

PFFT!

A Great Witch Doctor behind Mosa sprayed a mouthful of blood as a cut appeared between his eyebrows.

CRACK! CRACK! CRACK!

The fissure continued to expand. With every crackle, another Great Witch Doctor coughed up blood.

"We won't participate any longer! Spare us!" one of the more cowardly Great Witch Doctors tried to plead for mercy, but it was too late.

The Heavenly Punishment Blade had merged with a fragment of the Lightning Sword. As one of the Zeus Tri-God Artifacts, its power was immense.

CRACK! PFFT!

The red halo shattered, and the Heavenly Punishment Blade chopped down onto the bone tile. The seemingly magical artifact couldn't withstand the might of the Heavenly Punishment Blade at all. It disintegrated instantly.

Collapsing along with it were the few Great Witch Doctors behind Mosa. As if struck directly by the blade's light, their bodies were split in two, dead beyond any hope of revival. A new scar also appeared between Mosa's brows.

Damn it! Has Lin Wudi's disciple become this strong? Great Witch Doctor Mosa felt a sense of despair.

"Haha, Mosa, I'm here to lend you a hand!"

A voice came from the horizon. With it, five dark shadows descended like nightfall, enveloping the Qin Family Ancestral House.

The Emperor of the Dark Holy Church had arrived.

"Scram!"

Just then, Ye Kuangren unleashed a slash. A massive blade light cleaved through the darkness and shattered the void.

"Ye Kuangren!"

A giant black-and-white cross appeared out of nowhere, blocking the path of Ye Kuangren's blade light. The cross collided with the attack, and both disintegrated completely.

"Saint Nas! So you've come after all." Ye Kuangren recognized the newcomer. It was Saint Nas, the deputy head of the Prison of Divine Might.

Saint Nas was cloaked in a black robe, but he was distinct from those of the Dark Church—dark, yet majestic and dignified.

"Ye Kuangren, you are Lin Wudi's rival. You were defeated by his hand."

"Instead of seeking revenge, you're actually protecting his family?"

"Have you gone mad?" Saint Nas seemed perplexed.

Ye Kuangren said proudly, "With your limited Western minds, I'm afraid you can't comprehend what we in the East consider an enemy. Enough talk. Let's fight!"

SWOOSH! SWOOSH!

Following Ye Kuangren's words, Qin Luoli, Li Lingqing, Leng Feng, and Li Linglong emerged one after another.

Giving Ye Kuangren a surprised glance, Li Lingqing said, "The Dark Church dares to send more people. Linglong, let's go meet them!"

With that, Li Lingqing and Li Linglong leaped into the air like celestial maidens, ready to pounce on the five Emperors of the Dark Holy Church.

"Holy!" Saint Nas suddenly chanted.

Holy!

At his word, strands of white light appeared in the void, weaving and gathering together to form a massive coffin. It was the Sacred Coffin! Similar to Keen's, but even more magnificent and majestic.

Once the Sacred Coffin appeared, it exuded a vast and mighty divine power. Li Lingqing and Li Linglong, who had just flown into the air, were instantly suppressed and forced back to the ground. The already injured Li Linglong coughed up another mouthful of blood.

So strong!

Saint Nas's Sacred Coffin was incredibly powerful. Its oppressive might laid bare the weaknesses of Li Lingqing and the others for all to see. Their own cultivation levels were merely at the eighth and ninth levels of Qi Cultivation, roughly equivalent to the middle or late stages of Reaching the Divine. Before an expert at the King Realm Peak like Saint Nas, they stood no chance. They didn't even have an opportunity to use their Magic Artifacts.

"Today, I, of the Prison of Divine Might, will eradicate the heretical followers of the blasphemer Lin Wudi!" Saint Nas's voice was commanding, his expression sacred. Under his holy words, the Sacred Coffin gradually took form.

HUMMM!

A peculiar sound resounded in everyone's ears. Even Ye Kuangren shuddered upon hearing it, nearly losing control of his aura.

BANG!

A palm as white as jade stretched out from within the Sacred Coffin. That single hand seemed to steal all the light from the world. Everyone's gaze was uncontrollably drawn to it.

Reverence! Admiration! Devotion! Conversion!

Countless sacred emotions flooded their minds. Li Linglong, who was already injured, felt her knees tremble. She was about to kneel.

Chapter 758 The Heavenly Master Rides a Donkey Down the Mountain!

"Hahaha, so this is all a Disciple of Lin Wudi amounts to!"

Saint Nas, who hailed from the Prison of Divine Might, was not as staid and dignified as Keen. At this moment, he was laughing with wild abandon.

"Today, I will first destroy the legacy of Lin Wudi. In the future, when Lin Wudi himself appears, I will slay him as well."

Saint Nas's words were utterly arrogant. But as the Sacred Coffin materialized and the Angel descended upon the world, their presence oppressed all living beings. Even the strongest among them, Ye Kuangren, was powerless to fight back.

Leng Feng, the youngest and most spirited of the group, had never suffered such humiliation since becoming a Disciple of Lin Mu. His hatred was so intense it felt as if his eyes would split. Li Lingqing and Li Linglong's faces also flushed red with anger. Qin Luoli wanted to help, but her Cultivation Level was insufficient, leaving her to struggle under the Angel's oppressive might.

In the distance, a crowd of Martial Artists watched the scene unfold, their expressions filled with pity. Lin Wudi, the living legend of his time, had dominated the world. Now, a mere six days after his disappearance, his family and Disciples were being suppressed to such a degree!

"What a waste of Lin Wudi's great reputation."

"Heh, a waste? If it weren't for Lin Wudi being so overbearing and making countless enemies, he wouldn't have so many of them showing up at his door today."

"The Black Wizards, the Prison of Divine Might, and the Dark Church... that's three factions already."

"Who would've thought Ye Kuangren of the Martial Alliance would side with Lin Wudi's family and Disciples? Otherwise, it would be four factions!"

"Doesn't Lin Wudi have any friends?"

This last question silenced the crowd. It was lonely at the top. When Lin Wudi was still around, who was qualified to be his friend? Now, only Ye Kuangren, a former enemy, had stepped forward to help. What a desolate sight.

"Xiao Xuan and Kong Lin are both friends of Lin Wudi," someone finally offered.

"But I heard Xiao Xuan angered the masses and had a complete falling out with the Ancient Land Sects."

"Sigh, the military has its own hands full right now. I doubt they can spare any attention for the Qin Family."

Some expressed regret, while others sighed with emotion. There were also those who reveled in their misfortune. When Lin Wudi was present, he was utterly tyrannical. Now that he was gone, his family and Disciples were utterly pathetic. The cycle of the Heavenly Dao was truly inescapable; retribution was swift and certain.

Just as everyone was enjoying the spectacle, waiting for the War Angel from the Prison of Divine Might to descend and slaughter all of Lin Wudi's family and friends, a voice echoed from the distance.

"Sword, come!"

The voice thundered from above the clouds with the might of a Heavenly God, shaking heaven and earth.

BOOM!

A clap of thunder roared as a purple Thunderbolt transformed into an Ancient Sword, materializing in the void. The purple lightning flashed, its light vying for brilliance with Saint Nas's Sacred Coffin. The sky was split in two: one half was the white brilliance of the Sacred Coffin's Angel, and the other was the purple of the thundering Ancient Sword.

In that moment, everyone felt a crisis that threatened their very souls, as if that single sword strike could obliterate them completely.

The next instant, the roar of a dragon and the howl of a tiger reverberated through the world. The Thunderbolt manifested, shifting between the forms of a green dragon, a white tiger, and an Ancient Sword.

"The Heavenly Master Secret Technique, the Dragon and Tiger Divine Skill! Master Zhang is here!" Li Xiaotian exclaimed, recognizing the miraculous Dao Art.

A strange light flashed in Ye Kuangren's eyes. I never expected that after a long seclusion, Zhang Daoyun would become so powerful! While others might not see it, Ye Kuangren could sense that Zhang Daoyun was far stronger than he had been during his battle with Lin Wudi.

A dragon, a tiger, and a sword descended from the heavens with divine might.

BOOM!

The hand that the War Angel had just extended from the Sacred Coffin was blasted back by the Dragon and Tiger Divine Skill.

"Zhang Daoyun, does your Dao of the Heavenly Master wish to make an enemy of my Prison of Divine Might?" Saint Nas demanded, his gaze turning frigid.

CLIP-CLOP, CLIP-CLOP.

The crisp sound of hooves on the ground drew everyone's attention. An old Daoist riding a donkey slowly came into view.

"Nas, you're not getting any younger, yet your temper is still so foul," Heavenly Master Zhang Daoyun said as he arrived.

"You dare call me by name..." Saint Nas stepped forward, his divine might as oppressive as a prison. "It is *Saint* Nas!"

Zhang Daoyun pursed his lips. "Oh, give it a rest. I know all about your Prison of Divine Might's theatrics. Nas, whatever you do in the West is your own business; I won't interfere. But this is the territory of Huaxia. You're nothing but a foreign clergyman, yet you dare to run wild on the Divine Continent? Do you truly think Huaxia is defenseless?!"

Before Zhang Daoyun had even finished speaking, another voice boomed.

"Hahaha, the Heavenly Master said it well! You foreign mutt, do you think our Huaxia is unguarded?"

Along with the voice, a tall figure sped towards them from a distance.

"Father!" Leng Feng's eyes immediately reddened at the sight of the newcomer.

It was Leng Yan, who had been missing for years.

Leng Yan ruffled Leng Feng's hair, smiling. "Not bad, you've grown a lot taller."

Leng Feng turned his head away, not wanting his father to see his tears.

With a flick of his wrist, Leng Yan produced a military spike that had been strapped to his outer thigh. "You foreign mutt, care to come down and try your luck against your grandpa?" he challenged boldly.

Zhang Daoyun frowned. Foreign mutt... that term sounds a bit awkward.

"A mere mundane warrior dares to stand before a King and shout so arrogantly..."

Saint Nas had barely finished his sentence when a chill shot through his heart, and he instinctively snapped his head to the side.

WHOOSH!

A streak of cold light flashed past. A bloody gash was left on Saint Nas's face. The military spike carved a brilliant arc through the air before returning to Leng Yan's hand.

"Hmm? What was that, you foreign mutt? Your grandpa didn't hear you clearly. Say it again."

Saint Nas wiped the blood from his cheek, his gaze turning glacial. He was injured. I was injured? By a common soldier from the secular world?

It wasn't just Saint Nas; everyone present was stunned by Leng Yan's strike.

"He has no Cultivation!"

"No martial arts training!"

"How can mere physical strength harm a King Realm Powerhouse?"

No one could gauge the depths of Leng Yan's power.

Leng Yan grinned proudly at his son. "Son, what do you think? Your old man is pretty impressive, huh?"

Leng Feng pouted. "My Master could crush you with a single finger!"

Leng Yan froze. This son of mine is getting a bit hard to manage, he thought.

"Saint Nas, as you can see, you won't gain any advantage today. Why not just retreat?" Zhang Daoyun suggested, apparently hoping to de-escalate the situation.

Saint Nas's gaze grew cold. Dealing with Zhang Daoyun is already difficult enough. And now there's this Leng Yan, whose depth is immeasurable. Today...

Just then, a lotus flower suddenly bloomed in the empty air. Strangely, it seemed as if everyone could smell its fragrance.

One!

Two!

Three!

More and more lotuses appeared. A figure like an Immortal slowly approached from the distance, stepping upon a new lotus with every move, remaining utterly untainted by the dust of the world.

"A Foundation Establishment Immortal!" Zhang Daoyun exclaimed, dismounting his donkey and clutching a handful of Copper Coins.

"Which one of you is Qin Luoli? Step forward."

The Immortal's voice was like music from the heavens, making one's body feel light and ethereal. At the same time, it carried the undeniable authority of a royal decree. At her words, Qin Luoli involuntarily took a step forward.

The next moment, Qin Luoli's Divine Sense stirred. She circulated the Heart Sutra to protect herself, halting her steps as she warily eyed the graceful and authoritative woman who resembled an Immortal.

"Not bad. You possess some minor Divine Skills. You are befitting of the legend of this age."

The woman raised a hand. "Come here. Let me have a look at you."

Qin Luoli once again flew towards her, completely out of her own control. This time, even the Heart Sutra was ineffective.

"HMPH!" Zhang Daoyun snorted coldly, the sound like the roar of a dragon and the howl of a tiger.

"Silence!" the woman snapped, giving Zhang Daoyun a sidelong glance.

With just that one look, Zhang Daoyun grunted and stumbled back seven or eight steps, crushing two of the Copper Coins in his hand.

Chapter 759: Where the Dao lies, Even Death Brings No Regrets!

"You've released the third seal!"

Zhang Daoyun's expression shifted.

When a Foundation Establishment Immortal from an Ancient Land Sect enters the mortal world, they are bound by five seals. The first seal allows them to use one-ten-thousandth of their power. The second, one-thousandth. The third, one percent. The fourth, ten percent. The fifth seal represents a full release of power, a true Foundation Establishment Immortal.

Normally, it is sufficient for a Foundation Establishment Immortal to traverse the world with only the first seal released. Only in battle would they release the second. Releasing the second seal invites the suppression of Heaven and Earth. Even if they defeat their enemy, they will be injured by the backlash.

The Zeus Tri-God Artifact of the Western Deity Race and the Holy Artifact of the Dark Church were only capable of defending against a Foundation Establishment Immortal at this level.

With the third seal released, a Foundation Establishment Immortal using one percent of their power could sweep across the entire world. But the price was equally steep. A Foundation Establishment Immortal who releases the third seal will be punished by Heaven and Earth. At best, they will be severely injured; at worst, their cultivation foundation will be utterly destroyed. Typically, no Foundation Establishment Immortal would choose such a disastrous path.

The Huaxia Sword Deity, Shen Lang, possessed a cultivation level beyond the God Realm at the Eleventh Level of Qi Cultivation. He was already considered formidable for forcing a Foundation Establishment Immortal to release the third seal.

Yet now, this female Foundation Establishment Immortal had released the third seal for no apparent reason. This gave Zhang Daoyun a terrible premonition.

I'm afraid I won't be able to protect Lin Wudi's family.

"Oh? You're not dead?"

The Foundation Establishment Immortal raised an eyebrow, pointing a finger at Zhang Daoyun.

CLANG!

The cry of a sword rang out. This female Foundation Establishment Immortal was actually a Female Sword Immortal!

"You are the Female Sword Immortal of the Sword Control Sect! The one who pressured Capital City, severely injured Xiao Xuan, and forced the Military Department to retreat!" Zhang Daoyun's face turned grim.

"Correct, but there's no prize for you!"

The woman used her finger as a sword, which blossomed like a lotus. The lotus was the sword, and the sword was the lotus.

"Dragon and Tiger Divine Skill."

The roar of a dragon and the howl of a tiger filled the air as the purple thunderbolt Ancient Sword materialized in the sky.

"A mere worldly cultivator, and you dare to use a sword?" A look of disdain flashed across the Female Sword Immortal's flawless face.

BOOM!

The Sword Qi howled, erupting with murderous intent. With unstoppable force, the Red Lotus Sword Qi instantly shattered the manifestation of Zhang Daoyun's roaring dragon and howling tiger.

The Red Lotus Sword Qi spiraled, piercing through Zhang Daoyun's body.

Blood seeped from the corners of Zhang Daoyun's eyes, and a thin sword mark materialized between his brows. The copper coins in his hand shattered once more. Seven of them!

These copper coins were a life-saving technique he had developed during his seclusion. Each coin represented one life. A moment ago, the Female Sword Immortal had claimed two of his lives with a mere glance. Now, a single strike of her Red Lotus Sword Qi had killed him seven times over!

What a terrifying gap in strength.

"Oh? Still not dead? How interesting. Very well. Nine is the ultimate number. If you survive being killed nine times, then I shall spare you today."

The Female Sword Immortal spoke with casual indifference and reached for Qin Luoli once more.

"Immortals are mighty experts from the Ancient Land Sects and have no ties to the mortal world. Why involve yourself in these troubled affairs?"

Zhang Daoyun stepped forward, placing himself between the Female Sword Immortal and Qin Luoli!

"Are you questioning me?" the Female Sword Immortal asked, clearly displeased.

"It is not a question, but a request for a reason. Punishment should not extend to one's family. I believe even the Ancient Land Sects should abide by this principle."

At the scene, only Zhang Daoyun dared to speak to the Female Sword Immortal from the Ancient Land Sect. Everyone else was silent.

Ye Kuangren was trembling, not with fear, but with excitement. With his exceptional talent and profound knowledge of the Martial Way, he was the Martial Alliance Leader. Before the battle at Changbai Mountain, his sole target had been the Divine Sword Saint, Shen Lang. Unfortunately, his defeat at Changbai Mountain had nearly broken his spirit, turning his hair white overnight. He had even begun to doubt his path in the Martial Way.

If he hadn't heard that Lin Wudi's family and disciples were in trouble, he would never have left his seclusion. Perhaps in a decade or so, he would have simply died of old age there. But now, in this Female Sword Immortal, he saw another way. Since the Martial Way had reached its end for him, perhaps he could try another path—the path of cultivation.

While Ye Kuangren saw a new opportunity, Saint Nas and the others had a different mindset. Even one as proud as Saint Nas had to admit that a Foundation Establishment Immortal who had unlocked the third seal could crush anyone. He wouldn't even have time to summon the War Angel from the Sacred

Coffin before being killed. A Foundation Establishment Immortal with three seals undone was invincible—a living myth!

All the Westerners fell silent, afraid that a single misplaced breath could get them killed by the Eastern Female Sword Immortal. Then again, perhaps not. After all, they shared a common enemy: Lin Wudi.

"A reason?" The Female Sword Immortal smiled wryly. "You have some small achievements in the Dao Methods and a few interesting Divine Skills. Very well, I will give you a reason."

"She," the Female Sword Immortal said, pointing at Qin Luoli, "is a Cauldron."

Cauldron! As the Heavenly Master of the Celestial Master Mansion, Zhang Daoyun certainly knew the significance of the word.

Could it be? Is the secret to Lin Wudi's dominance that he's been using this woman as a cultivation resource? The thought was so outrageous it startled him, but he quickly dismissed it. No! Lin Wudi is far too powerful. If his strength came from harvesting a Cauldron, Qin Luoli would be nothing but withered bones by now.

However, if Qin Luoli truly was a Cauldron, he knew he could not stop the Female Sword Immortal before him.

"She is the wife of Lin Wudi, a living legend of this era. Even if she is a Cauldron, you cannot take her."

Making this choice was not difficult for Zhang Daoyun. The memory of a single sword strike felling the peach blossoms on Dragon Tiger Mountain was still fresh in his mind.

"You wish for death?" The Female Sword Immortal's gaze turned icy.

"My path is the Dao. Though I may die, I will have no regrets." Zhang Daoyun's gaze was tranquil, his expression calm and serene.

"Hahaha, what a fine 'Though I may die, I will have no regrets'! Zhang Daoyun, I usually can't stand you Daoist priests, but today, you've earned my respect!"

Leng Yan stepped out from the crowd, giving the Female Sword Immortal a brazen look.

"Hey, lady! You're a woman, what do you need a Cauldron for? Looking to polish the mirror? Why don't you marry me instead? Be a stepmom to my son. I guarantee I can show you what it means to be a real woman."

As he spoke, Leng Yan raised both middle fingers at the Female Sword Immortal.

Silence. Utter silence fell before the Qin Family's Old House Gate. No one dared to make a sound.

Has Leng Yan lost his mind?! Polishing a mirror? Stepmother? How dare he use such words against a Female Sword Immortal from an Ancient Land Sect! He must truly be tired of living!

The Female Sword Immortal raised her eyebrows slightly. She seemed not to understand the phrase "polishing the mirror." But "stepmother"... that word she understood.

"Seeking death!"

The Female Sword Immortal, who had remained ethereal and unreadable until now, was finally, truly enraged.

BOOM!

She threw a punch. Eighteen red lotuses bloomed in the void! The Red Lotus Sword shrieked, shaking Heaven and Earth.

Sword Qi spanned thirty thousand miles, one sword's chill reaching across nineteen provinces!

Heaven and Earth changed color!

The sun and moon lost their light!

This strike surpassed the limits of Heaven and Earth. As the world's constraints descended upon her, the Female Sword Immortal suffered a backlash. She grunted in pain, but her Sword Qi did not weaken in the slightest. It was a testament to the depth of her hatred and the firmness of her killing intent! How dare he defile her name! Leng Yan was a dead man.

On the battlefield, the Female Sword Immortal's Red Lotus Sword Qi howled. Leng Yan stood his ground, his middle fingers still raised, facing death without a trace of fear.

Suddenly, a colossal finger appeared on the horizon. Like a pillar holding up the heavens, it pointed directly at the Female Sword Immortal.

It, too, was a middle finger.

Chapter 760 You Deserve to Die!

BOOM!

The Female Sword Immortal was already suffering from the backlash of the world's suppression, yet her fully unleashed Red Lotus Sword Qi was still shattered by a single finger. All of her lotuses withered before the towering, colossal digit!

"The Twelve Forms of Slaying Gods, Demons, and Immortals! Godslayer Finger!"

Someone recognized the signature Divine Skill, and everyone stared in shock.

Saint Nas couldn't help but turn his gaze toward the direction from which the giant finger had appeared.

"Who!"

"Who dares stop me from killing someone!"

The Female Sword Immortal's composure vanished completely as she became fierce and violent. Sword Qi raged around her, and several cultivators from the Prison of Divine Might became collateral damage, severely wounded by its touch.

"Leng Feng! I didn't expect that in just a few days, you'd gotten yourself a stepmother?"

The person who came flying on a sword from afar was not Lin Wudi, but a bare-chested, brawny man with faint divine and demonic patterns covering his body.

No, he wasn't flying on a sword; he had been thrown.

BOOM!

Before the crowd could react, he had already arrived!

With a thud, he slammed onto an Emperor from the Dark Church. The impact broke the Emperor's bones, and he collapsed, howling in pain, nearly crushed to death.

This was a King Realm Powerhouse, almost killed by a collision!

"Shi Potian, shut your mouth!"

Leng Feng's face flushed red with shame and anger.

As if an unreliable father spouting nonsense wasn't enough, now this barbarian Shi Potian was joining in. What stepmother? Would he dare accept such a formidable stepmother? If she really became his stepmother, he would be the poor child getting abused by her!

Shi Potian got up from the ground as if nothing had happened, brushing the dirt off himself. "What did I just land on? Felt bumpy!"

The unfortunate Emperor from the Dark Church was exhaling more than he was inhaling, on the verge of death.

"Shi Potian!?"

"Wasn't he following Lin Wudi into the Heavenly Lake Minor World? He returned alive!"

"Doesn't this mean..."

Everyone thought of a possibility that sent shivers down their spines.

The myth, Lin Wudi, the man who dominated the world, might have returned!

"Elder Brother Mu, it seems you're quite popular! Everyone here really missed you!" Shi Potian shouted at the top of his lungs.

The people around him nearly coughed up blood.

Miss him, my ass! We'd rather he died in the minor world.

Great Witch Doctor Mosa, in particular, wished he could commit suicide on the spot.

I knew how terrifying Lin Wudi was, why was I so foolish as to come here hoping for an easy score!

Now he wanted to back out, but it was already too late.

As Shi Potian's voice echoed, a streak of light raced from the horizon, approaching swiftly from the distance.

"Lin Wudi! It really is Lin Wudi!"

"He's actually still alive!"

"Now we've got a show to watch!"

The spectating Martial Artists, who loved nothing more than watching a good fight, were thrilled.

However, the forces that had just been bullying Lin Wudi's family and disciples looked grim.

White light flickered in Saint Nas's eyes as he began to silently unleash his power. The Sacred Coffin opened once more, and the War Angel's hand stretched out again.

"Die, Bird Person!"

Lin Mu arrived, riding his sword. The first thing he saw was the War Angel struggling to break free from the Sacred Coffin.

The Prison of Divine Might and the Sea of Divine Grace, the two great powers of the Holy Court, had both participated in the plot to kill him in the minor world.

Since they were enemies, he would grant them no mercy.

BOOM!

Lin Mu threw a punch, aiming for the Angel trying to emerge from the Sacred Coffin!

One punch!

The Sacred Coffin shattered!

One punch!

The Angel perished!

One punch!

Its feathers scattered!

The War Angel, summoned by Saint Nas at his peak strength, was obliterated by a single punch from Lin Mu before it could even fully appear.

Saint Nas spat out a mouthful of blood, his face a mask of utter horror.

The Sacred Coffin is broken! The very same Sacred Coffin that even the Zeus Tri-God Artifact couldn't shatter has been blown apart by a single punch from Lin Wudi!

Has Lin Wudi really become this formidable?

At this moment, Saint Nas's will wavered. He even began to doubt if the Saints descending from the Holy Court could be a match for Lin Wudi.

"Holy!"

"Sanction!"

"Punish!"

All the cultivators of the Prison of Divine Might chanted in unison, attempting to summon the Black and White Cross.

But Lin Mu's fist had already arrived.

His punch shattered the Sacred Coffin and killed the Angel, yet it lost none of its might. The shockwave slammed into the ranks of the Prison of Divine Might cultivators.

Ordinary cultivators were instantly turned to ash under the might of that single punch.

The silver cross on Saint Nas's chest suddenly emitted a dazzling protective shield, attempting to block Lin Mu's fist. This shield had once withstood the strongest blow from the Zeus Tri-God Artifact.

But it was useless.

With a deafening bang, the shield shattered! Saint Nas's body exploded! A white Holy Spirit had just begun to emerge when it was annihilated by the force of the punch.

A mournful wail echoed through the sky, as if lamenting the fall of a faithful believer.

"Hmph!" Lin Mu snorted coldly, and the sound of lamentation vanished into thin air.

"No... Lin Wudi, don't kill me..."

It was too late for Great Witch Doctor Mosa to flee. How could his speed possibly compare to Lin Mu's? Running would only hasten his death.

Lin Mu didn't move, nor did he utter a word.

He simply cast a casual glance in Mosa's direction.

Great Witch Doctor Mosa's figure froze, and the Godlight in his eyes faded. His corpse continued running for another seven or eight meters on inertia before it thumped to the ground.

A single glance could kill.

The watching Martial Artists subconsciously looked toward the Female Sword Immortal. Just moments ago, she too had used her gaze as a sword, killing Zhang Daoyun twice with a single look.

Two breaths.

Lin Wudi had reappeared in the world, and in just two breaths, two of the four forces hunting his family and disciples had been annihilated.

The four Emperors of the Dark Church were ashen-faced.

Lin Mu did not pursue them. He stood with his hands behind his back, his gaze fixed on the Female Sword Immortal.

"Your body carries Sword Qi. You're from an Ancient Land Sect, the Sword Control Sect?" Lin Mu's voice was calm, but it held the weight of a divine decree.

The Female Sword Immortal, who had been so high and mighty, so disdainful of revealing her name to anyone, answered involuntarily, "Red Lotus Sword Immortal of the Sword Control Sect!"

The moment she spoke her name, the Female Sword Immortal flared with rage. "You are Lin Wudi?"

Her fury erupted, her Sword Qi surging like a rainbow.

"The Sword Control Sect deserves to die! And you... deserve to die even more!"

Having identified her, Lin Mu didn't hesitate, launching a punch directly at her.

"How audacious!" the Red Lotus Sword Immortal roared.

She hadn't even attacked, yet Lin Wudi dared to strike first! Did he take her for a fool like Ao Guang from the Celestial Northern Dipper Pavilion?

Even a lion uses its full strength to hunt a rabbit. From the very beginning, she was in a combat state with three seals released.

A small red sword shot from the Red Lotus Sword Immortal's mouth, and blossoms of lotus flowers unfurled in the air.

"Lotus of Oblivion!"

"Lotus of Desolation!"

"Lotus of Death!"

She unleashed her strongest killing moves from the start. The Three Lotus Sword Technique was one of the most powerful offensive arts of the Sword Control Sect. At the Foundation Establishment Initial Stage, she could use it to fight against those in the Foundation Establishment Middle Stage.

"Lin Wudi, die!"

Suppressed by the world, the Red Lotus Sword Immortal's face turned purple, and blood streamed from her orifices, yet her killing intent was terrifying.

SHATTER!

SHATTER!

SHATTER!

The Red Lotus Sword Immortal soon learned the meaning of an absolute disparity in strength. The three deadly lotuses were as ephemeral as morning mist before Lin Mu's fist, shattering in an instant.

"Impossible!"

The Red Lotus Sword Immortal's eyes widened in rage. Without hesitation, she undid another seal.

One-tenth of the full power of a Foundation Establishment Immortal.

She unleashed the red lotuses once more.

The four Emperors of the Dark Church were caught in her rising aura, sent flying while vomiting blood. That unfortunate Emperor who had been injured by Shi Potian let out a final, mournful cry before he was riddled with holes by the terrifying Sword Qi of the Foundation Establishment Immortal.

"Lin Wudi, I will kill you!"

The fourth seal was undone, unleashing one-tenth of her true strength. Even if she managed to kill Lin Wudi, the Female Sword Immortal, should she survive, would suffer a backlash from the world from which she would never recover.

Lin Wudi had destroyed her future.