

War God 761

Chapter 761: Eight Steps of Chaos Yin and Yang!

「Sword Control Sect.」

What does it mean to control a sword? To control it with Qi, to control it with spirit!

A Sword Immortal from the Sword Control Sect who cannot use magic artifacts is no Sword Immortal at all.

Now, with the fourth seal undone, the Red Lotus Sword Immortal's true strength was finally unleashed.

"Red Lotus Swallowing Sun!"

The Red Lotus Sword Immortal pointed a finger.

Hundreds of red flying swords could be seen emerging from her body. Each magic artifact flying sword came together to form a bewitchingly beautiful lotus. The petals were formed from the flying swords themselves, the sword light was dazzling, and the Sword Qi surged to the heavens.

A single sword rises, and the Red Lotus manifests!

The Red Lotus coalesced, taking the shape of a lotus blossom. Then, it became like a great maw, lunging to devour Lin Mu. The Red Lotus can swallow the sun; today, it would devour Lin Wudi.

Wherever the sword light passed, everything turned red.

The foundation stones at the gates of the Qin Family Ancestral House were sliced apart by the red Sword Qi. Debris flew through the air, only to be instantly vaporized into ash by the Sword Qi!

Sand, insects, even the air!

The Red Lotus Sword Qi swept through, unstoppably obliterating everything in its path.

The spectating Martial Artists wore expressions of horror, retreating one after another.

Zhang Daoyun watched the sky fill with the Red Lotus Sword Qi, his heart filled with admiration. With a single thought, she commands hundreds of swords! A single sword strike, capable of severing the heavens! The Ancient Land Sect has truly elevated swordsmanship to a transcendent, almost divine level. If I were the one facing such Sword Qi... not even an endless supply of life-saving Copper Coins could save me!

"Lin Wudi, let's see how you handle this strike of mine!" the Red Lotus Sword Immortal shrieked, seeming to have descended into a frenzy.

Lin Mu roared icily, "You insulted my family, bullied my disciple, and destroyed my home. For that, you deserve to die!"

As his voice fell, Lin Mu took a single step forward!

Heavenly Emperor Nine Steps!

First Step: Shatter Rivers and Mountains!

The heavens shook and the earth trembled! All the onlookers lost their footing and collapsed to the ground!

The encroaching Red Lotus Sword Formation shuddered violently! The magic artifact flying swords emitted a hair-raising screech.

It's happening! Zhang Daoyun was witnessing Lin Mu's invincible Divine Skill from a bystander's perspective for the first time. On that day, Lin Mu's Heavenly Emperor Nine Steps shattered my Dragon and Tiger Divine Skill! Now, Lin Wudi's Heavenly Emperor Nine Steps is even more powerful!

Second Step: Terrify Ghosts and Gods!

A colossal roar echoed as ghosts and deities wailed! Under the shockwave of the second step, the Red Lotus Sword Qi warped, becoming eerily strange and bewitching!

Third Step: Heaven and Earth Change!

Violent currents churned the air as the very wind and clouds changed color. Internal Energy radiated in all directions, as if doomsday had arrived.

Fourth Step: Tremble the Stars!

The clouds rolled back, the sun and moon vanished from sight, and the stars themselves trembled!

CRACK! CRACK! CRACK!

The Red Lotus Sword Formation's advance was halted, trembling under the might of the Heavenly Emperor Nine Steps.

"Lin Wudi!" the Red Lotus Sword Immortal let out a piercing howl and spat out a mouthful of essence blood!

The essence blood shot into the Red Lotus Sword Formation. The red magic artifact flying swords, stained by the blood, became gruesomely crimson, like a demonic red lotus poised to devour its victim!

Fifth Step: Make the Buddha Kneel!

The fifth step carried an immense divine might, as if a deity had descended upon the world with absolute authority.

Kneel! Kneel! Kneel!

A single word echoed in everyone's mind.

THUD!

Among the spectating Martial Artists, some could no longer resist and collapsed to their knees. The expressions of the others changed drastically, but it was already too late for them to retreat.

The sound of bodies hitting the ground resounded one after another.

All the Martial Artists who had come to watch the show were now kneeling before Lin Wudi.

Not just anyone was qualified to witness Lin Wudi's spectacle!

Gloating over his misfortune? Kneel!

Here to watch the tigers fight from a safe distance? Kneel!

Harboring deceitful schemes? Kneel!

Anyone who held the slightest ill will toward Lin Wudi, his family, or his disciple—now, all of them knelt!

CRACK! CRACK! CRACK!

The Red Lotus Sword Immortal's expression changed dramatically. The sound of her bones cracking came from her knees! She was a Sword Immortal! She was a Foundation Building Immortal from the Ancient Land Sect! How could she possibly kneel!

Lin Mu took another step.

Sixth Step: Evil Demons Weep!

A stream of bloody tears flowed down the Red Lotus Sword Immortal's cheeks.

As if in repentance! As if in defiance!

Her divine soul trembled, and her divine sense scattered. At this moment, the Foundation Building Immortal could not control her own mind! An uncontrollable, tragic helplessness welled up from the depths of her heart. The Red Lotus Sword Immortal could feel that as the bloody tears flowed, something within her had been lost.

Even the brilliance of her Red Lotus Swallowing Sun Sword Formation dimmed!

"I refuse to accept this!"

The aura around the Red Lotus Sword Immortal flickered; the final seal was on the verge of shattering! She refused to accept it! If I could fight with my full power, I could definitely...

Seventh Step: Reverse the Flow of Time!

Lin Mu took his seventh step!

Beneath that single step, the Red Lotus Sword Immortal's delicate body trembled! Before her very eyes, a single strand of white appeared in her black hair. In the span of a single breath, her hair had already turned gray and white. Wrinkles appeared on her once-smooth cheeks.

With that one step, it was as if she had aged a hundred years.

She was a Foundation Building Immortal, possessing a lifespan of several hundred years. But now, Lin Mu's step had destroyed two-thirds of it!

"No!"

The Red Lotus Sword Immortal let out a heart-rending scream, forgetting all about breaking her seal. A woman, even a female Sword Immortal, places great importance on her appearance, to say nothing of a step that destroyed two-thirds of her life!

At this moment, the Red Lotus Sword Immortal's heart was filled with dead ashes. Her Red Lotus Sword Formation was mere inches away from Lin Mu. With one more breath, her Red Lotus Swallowing Sun could have devoured Lin Wudi. But now, she was no longer capable of it!

So this is the true face of the Nine Steps of Heaven and Earth Divine Skill? Zhang Daoyun was too shocked to speak. Back on Dragon Tiger Mountain, if Lin Mu had unleashed such power, I, Zhang Daoyun, would likely be a pile of withered bones by now. So he was holding back that day... Zhang Daoyun wasn't sure whether to feel fortunate or to lament. I, a Heavenly Master of my generation, was not even worthy of Lin Wudi's full strength!

BOOM! BOOM! BOOM!

Time is irreversible. Under its ravages, the Red Lotus Swallowing Sun Sword Formation withered and shattered. Two-thirds of the sword array crumbled into nothingness.

The four Emperors of the Dark Church looked ashen-faced. They exchanged a glance and fled without the slightest hesitation! With Lin Wudi's return, to remain here meant certain death!

Eighth Step: Yin and Yang in Chaos!

Just as the four Emperors of the Dark Church attempted to flee, Lin Mu took his eighth step!

Heaven and earth quaked, and the Sword Qi reversed its flow!

The Red Lotus Sword Formation was utterly pulverized! At this moment, the very spiritual energy of heaven and earth grew violent and wild. The spectating Martial Artists shrieked wretchedly as their own Inner Strength tore bloody wounds across their bodies.

BANG!

The black qi exploded! The four Emperors burst with astonishing streams of black qi. The four were torn apart by the power of darkness roiling within their own bodies! With terror and despair in their eyes, their flesh and blood dissolved into that very power.

Born in darkness, raised in darkness, and now, dead by darkness!

Yin and Yang are thrown into chaos, True Qi spirals out of control, and Inner Strength runs rampant. Lin Wudi's Divine Skill has already transcended the martial and entered the Dao! Ye Kuangren watched the scene unfold, a look of yearning on his face.

Zhang Daoyun was stunned into silence. This one step throws Yin and Yang into chaos for miles, turning the world upside down. All the rules have been rewritten by Lin Wudi. This is his invincible domain. Within the range of the eighth step, Lin Wudi is a god! He can control the Yin and Yang of heaven and earth! What a mysterious and terrifying Dao Art!

The Red Lotus Sword Immortal had already been suffering a backlash from the world's suppression for attempting to break her final seal. Now, with Yin and Yang in disarray and her True Qi out of control, clusters of blood erupted from her body! Even the Red Lotus Sword Qi shot uncontrollably from her body. Her flesh was torn, and blood flowed freely!

In an instant, the Red Lotus Sword Immortal was disfigured beyond recognition!

BANG!

The next moment, the chaos of Yin and Yang actually shattered the final seal within her body. A terrifying power erupted forth, instantly crushing everything within a radius of hundreds of meters into dust.

The power of a Foundation Building Immortal was truly earth-shattering

Chapter 762: Heading North to Slay the Immortal!

All her seals were released! The Red Lotus Sword Immortal had regained all her strength. Although it was only for a few brief moments, she could go all out and fight Lin Wudi!

But she did nothing, simply standing there quietly.

Her spirit had been crushed by Lin Wudi.

The Red Lotus Swallowing Sun Sword Formation couldn't even get close to him!

How could she fight?

With what could she fight?

Not to mention, her life essence was greatly depleted, and her beauty had withered.

What was the point of continuing to kill?

"Lin Wudi... save me..."

The Red Lotus Sword Immortal thumped to her knees before Lin Mu.

She did not want to die, especially not in the secular world.

Dead silence!

Everyone watched this scene in shock.

With eight steps, an Immortal knelt!

Lin Mu's reputation as the Invincible echoed throughout the universe.

But never before had the Martial Artists seen so clearly, as they did today, just how strong Lin Wudi truly was.

Leng Feng swallowed nervously, his gaze fixed on Lin Mu.

Master won't really keep her around to be my stepmother, will he? A Sword Immortal stepmother... I can't handle that!

Leng Feng felt his stomach clench.

Leng Yan's calves also trembled.

Putting everything else aside, if this woman really marries into the family, I'm afraid I won't be the master of my own house!

"You should have known the consequences the moment you abducted my wife!" Lin Mu's voice was cold as his palm thundered down.

"No!"

The fear of death caused the Red Lotus Sword Immortal to erupt completely!

An immeasurable amount of Sword Qi shot out from her body.

After all, she was a Sword Immortal!

Moreover, she was at her peak with all her seals released.

Unleashing her attacks without restraint, the power was earth-shattering, like the end of days!

The crimson Sword Qi dyed half the sky red.

Hundreds of miles away, the magnificent color was as brilliant as a sunset.

"A mere glimmer!"

Lin Mu's fist descended!

A punch that seemed capable of shattering anything slammed into the Red Lotus Sword Immortal's lotus Sword Qi.

Her Sword Qi shattered, and her bones broke.

The Red Lotus Sword Immortal didn't even have time to scream before she was turned to ash by that single punch.

Shattering an Immortal with a single punch!

All the powerhouses were dumbstruck.

A Foundation Building Immortal, having released all her seals for a final, desperate strike, couldn't even cause a ripple against Lin Mu.

The strength of Lin Wudi was engraved into everyone's soul!

"To kill a Foundation Establishment cultivator with a single punch! Lin Wudi... truly magnificent!" Zhang Daoyun's eyes sparkled.

Of everyone present, only he knew just how terrifying a Foundation Building Immortal with her seals removed could be.

Yet, such an Immortal was crushed by Lin Wudi with a casual wave of his hand!

Saint Nas, the Vice President of the Prison of Divine Might; the five Emperors of the Dark Church; Great Witch Doctor Mosa—all these famous King Realm powerhouses...

They hadn't even required Lin Wudi to take action personally.

The mere aftershock from Lin Wudi's fight with the Foundation Building Immortal had already annihilated them, turning them to dust!

After killing her, Lin Mu looked toward Qin Luoli and the others.

Qin Luoli smiled gently.

As long as she saw this man, she was at ease.

"Who hurt you!"

Seeing Li Linglong's injuries, Lin Mu's voice turned ice-cold.

Li Linglong, deeply moved, bowed and said, "Master, I was injured by Emperor Zun Hei You of the Dark Church. However, Ling Qing has already killed him!"

"The Dark Church!" Lin Mu snorted coldly.

Zhang Daoyun and Ye Kuangren sighed inwardly. The Dark Church is finished!

"Thank you both for your assistance. I will thank you properly upon my return!"

Lin Mu clasped his hands in a salute, and his figure transformed into a streak of light, shooting toward the west.

"Elder Brother Mu, are you going to obliterate the Dark Church? Take me with you..." Shi Potian yelled out.

"To the Capital City! To slay the Immortal!"

His voice still lingered, but Lin Mu's figure had already vanished.

"It seems only Foundation Building Immortals are worthy of Lin Wudi's attention," Zhang Daoyun sighed.

Ye Kuangren said nothing, turning to leave.

"Master Ye, if you wish to attain the Dao through martial arts, I suggest you stay!" Zhang Daoyun said calmly.

Li Xiaotian also bowed respectfully. "Thank you for your assistance this time, Master Ye. Please stay and rest at the old residence for a while, and allow us the opportunity to express our gratitude."

"Master Ye..."

Ye Kuangren muttered the title to himself over and over.

Though only two months had passed, it felt like half a lifetime to him.

"Just call me Ye Kuangren. As for Martial Alliance Leader... it's best not to mention it!"

「Capital City. The Headquarters.」

Xiao Xuan's face was ashen as he sat in the head seat, the teacup in his hands trembling.

But he stubbornly continued to drink his tea.

In the vast headquarters, besides Xiao Xuan, only one other person was seated.

This person had a handsome, jade-like face and wore a Daoist Robe, exuding an immortal-like aura.

"Commander Xiao, why bother? Our only target is Lin Wudi," the Daoist said, sounding somewhat helpless.

Xiao Xuan remained silent, but the anger in his eyes was unconcealed.

"If you must blame someone, blame Lin Wudi for taking something he shouldn't have..."

"Shouldn't have? Lin Wudi is the Hall Master of my Dragon Protection Hall! In this vast world, what is there that he cannot take!" Xiao Xuan's eyes were frigid.

"Commander Xiao..."

"Seven Swords Daoist, you'd better just kill me..." Xiao Xuan stared directly into the Seven Swords Daoist's eyes, his tone glacial. "I, Xiao Xuan, would rather break than bend!"

"This time, I fell into your hands and was used to threaten the Divine Machine Camp. I should have ended my own life!"

"But I want to live!

"Only by living will I have the chance to get my revenge on you!

"Your Ancient Land Sects tore up the agreement, attacked a top general of our military, and even detained me, a commander!

"Then let it be a fight to the death!

"Don't let me find your Sects, or I'll nuke you into oblivion!"

An aura of war, of golden halberds and iron-clad cavalry, poured from Xiao Xuan, and his murderous intent enveloped the room.

The Seven Swords Daoist, a Foundation Building Immortal, was actually startled by Xiao Xuan's terrifying killing intent.

"Commander Xiao, you..."

"Shut up! From the moment you gravely injured Shen Lang and broke my Dragon Protection Hall's Guardian Artifact, it was destined that only one of us—the Sword Control Sect or the Dragon Protection Hall—could remain!"

Xiao Xuan showed no awareness of his status as a prisoner.

The dominance in his tone made it sound as if the Seven Swords Daoist were the one he had imprisoned.

But the Seven Swords Daoist knew Xiao Xuan's words were not a threat, but a statement of fact! His two days of contact with this military commander had shown him the man's unyielding spirit. The Sword

Control Sect had made a grave miscalculation, treating Xiao Xuan with the same attitude they held toward officials of the former dynasty.

"Commander Xiao, not a single person from your Dragon Protection Hall has died, yet our Sword Control Sect has lost a Foundation Building Immortal..."

"He deserved to die!"

At this point, the conversation could no longer continue.

Xiao Xuan's fortitude far exceeded what the Seven Swords Daoist had imagined. Was it really worth it, just for a Holy Artifact from the Vassa Temple? Even if it might be one of the Nine Tripod Fragments, by making an enemy of the current government, the Sword Control Sect's influence in the secular world would likely be purged...

As the Seven Swords Daoist was pondering this, he felt the communication charm inside his body vibrate.

After a glance at the charm, the Seven Swords Daoist shot to his feet!

"Xiao Xuan! Are you seeking death? You dare to kill the members of my Sword Control Sect!"

Just moments ago, all of the Sword Control Sect's assets in the secular world had been wiped out.

Of the eight disciples who had left the Ancient Land Sect with him to enter the secular world, the five who were not present at the headquarters had all been killed in battle!

How dare he! How could Xiao Xuan dare!

A faint smile touched Xiao Xuan's lips, and his hands, which had been trembling from his severe injuries, seemed to steady.

"Oh? They're finally dead? I guess that Jiaolong fellow isn't entirely useless after all!"

SPLASH!

Xiao Xuan flung the tea in his hand at the Seven Swords Daoist.

The liquid vaporized into mist as it met the surging Sword Qi that surrounded the Daoist.

"Did you really think you could threaten all of Huaxia just by capturing me? Naive!"

Chapter 763: I'll Kill a Few People First!

Foundation Establishment Immortals live for hundreds of years. A single retreat could last for decades. By the time they emerged, the world as they knew it would be completely changed.

This time, three great Foundation Establishment Immortals appeared with a single target: Lin Wudi and the suspected Nine Tripod Fragments in his possession.

Yet, they had clearly underestimated the resolve of the world's current powers to maintain peace.

The Huaxia Sword God, Shen Lang, possessed the talent of a Heavenly Being. He displayed the formidable might of a Proud Son of Heaven at the Eleventh Level of Qi Cultivation. For the first time, this made the three great Foundation Establishment Immortals truly wary. They didn't dare to kill Shen Lang outright, only gravely wounding him.

However, they did not anticipate the fierce counterattack from the Dragon Protection Hall—or rather, from Huaxia.

That very day, a powerful individual wielding the Hulong Hall Guardian Artifact slew one of the Foundation Establishment Immortals!

Only two days into the mortal world, and one of them had already fallen.

The remaining two Foundation Establishment Immortals were utterly enraged. The Red Lotus Sword Immortal killed the Vice Hall Master of the Dragon Protection Hall as a display of power, while the Seven Swords Daoist took Xiao Xuan hostage to coerce Huaxia.

This was the typical strategy of the Ancient Land Sect's Foundation Establishment Immortals when entering the mortal realm: kill the strong and hold the emperor hostage to command the nobles.

But this time, they had miscalculated.

Even though Xiao Xuan was captured, Huaxia, the Dragon Protection Hall, and the Divine Machine Camp still made their move against the Sword Control Sect.

The Seven Swords Daoist couldn't comprehend it.

This man, does he truly not fear death?

"You're relics of a bygone era! You're obsolete!" Xiao Xuan declared, looking at the Seven Swords Daoist with eyes that flashed like thunderbolts. "Do you still think we are the incompetent government from decades ago? Heh, prepare to feel the wrath of Huaxia!"

Xiao Xuan watched with a mocking gaze as the Seven Swords Daoist's expression shifted.

So what if they're Foundation Establishment Immortals?

When a man casts aside his fear of death, a Foundation Establishment Immortal is no different from a stray dog on the roadside. They are just another thing that bites.

"Die!" the Seven Swords Daoist roared in a furious rage. Light flickered between his brows as a white Flying Sword shot toward Xiao Xuan.

Xiao Xuan didn't move an inch, his expression one of pure ridicule.

It's only death! What did he, Xiao Xuan, have to fear?

Xiao Xuan's gaze made the Foundation Establishment Immortal, the Seven Swords Daoist, feel utterly humiliated.

He decided. After killing Xiao Xuan, he would torture his soul for a hundred years to dissolve the hatred in his heart.

「Outside the command post.」

Three young members of the Ancient Land Sects stood solemnly, their oppressive auras radiating in all directions.

"Heh, so this is the current government. Nothing much!"

"We've waited quietly for a day, yet no one has come to challenge us!"

"Cowardly mortals. What courage could you expect from them?"

"They're just ants!"

All three were at the Ninth Level of Qi Cultivation. In the Ancient Land Sects, they weren't considered geniuses, just ordinary disciples among many. But upon entering the secular world, they looked down on everyone with contempt. It was simply because they could cultivate for immortality, while mortals had a mere few decades of life!

Such was the difference between an Immortal and a mortal.

"Elder Brother Ge, shall we kill a few for fun? How dare they gawk at us!" a disciple of the Sword Control Sect said, licking his lips, his eyes glinting with bloodlust. In the Ancient Land Sects, they were bound by sect rules, but in the secular world, they could act without any restraint.

The leader, Elder Brother Ge, carried paired swords on his back and had the air of a righteous hero from a television drama. Yet, the words that came from his mouth were void of any warmth.

"Junior Brother Feng, killing is permissible, but limit it to under a hundred. Don't overdo it and tarnish the reputation of our Sword Control Sect."

Junior Brother Feng, the one who had suggested the killing, bared his teeth in a smile. His Flying Sword rattled out of its scabbard, whirling and dancing around him.

Not far from the three, soldiers from the Command Post Guard Camp stood silently, their guns aimed at the trio from the Sword Control Sect.

The moment Junior Brother Feng took a step forward, a gunshot rang out.

BANG!

It was followed by a continuous burst of fire.

BANG! BANG! BANG! BANG!

"You think mere worldly weapons can harm me? Foolishness!" Junior Brother Feng sneered. He formed a sword seal with his hand, and his Flying Sword traced deadly arcs through the air, deflecting every incoming bullet.

Sparks flew, and Sword Qi shimmered like silk.

Junior Brother Feng's sword control technique has improved again, Elder Brother Ge thought, his eyes flickering with envy. He might have a chance to reach the Tenth Level of Qi Cultivation and become a genius!

Establishing one's foundation at the Tenth Level of Qi Cultivation was completely different from doing so at the Ninth Level within the Ancient Land Sects. At the same realm, a genius who established their foundation at the Tenth Level could kill someone who did so at the Ninth Level in just three moves.

A single level's difference was like the difference between heaven and earth.

"All of you, die!" Amidst the hail of bullets, Junior Brother Feng's ferocity erupted. His murderous intent was chilling as he charged toward the Guard Camp.

A massacre was about to begin.

Not a single soldier from the Guard Camp retreated or showed any fear. They all had calm gazes, their eyes completely undisturbed, as if they didn't realize that with a cultivator charging in, they would all be slaughtered.

The calm look in the soldiers' eyes annoyed Junior Brother Feng, and the killing intent in his heart grew even stronger.

"Vermin, behold my Lotus of Oblivion!"

With a flick of his Flying Sword, gray Sword Qi surged forth. Strand by strand, it transformed into a gray lotus that descended upon the Guard Camp.

The other two Sword Control Sect disciples looked astonished. "He actually mastered the Lotus of Oblivion!" one said.

"Junior Brother Feng is on the verge of a breakthrough! He'll probably succeed after we get back!" the other added.

Within the Sword Control Sect, only geniuses at the Tenth Level of Qi Cultivation were qualified to practice the Lotus of Oblivion.

This meant...

Elder Brother Ge's gaze on Junior Brother Feng grew ever more envious and jealous.

BOOM!

Just then, a streak of light fell from the sky and smashed into Junior Brother Feng's head. The gray Lotus of Oblivion instantly shattered. Junior Brother Feng, at the peak of the Ninth Level of Qi Cultivation, was too slow to react and was crushed into a pulp by the falling light.

"Teacher Lin!"

"Hall Master Lin!"

The soldiers of the Guard Camp erupted with excitement upon seeing who had arrived.

The person was indeed Lin Mu.

"People from the Sword Control Sect?" Lin Mu asked, having landed and instantly killed the near-genius. He turned his gaze toward Elder Brother Ge and the other disciple.

"You... you are Lin Wudi!" Elder Brother Ge cried, his paired swords soaring from his back.

He certainly knew the name Lin Wudi. The news that he had killed Ao Guang, a Foundation Establishment Immortal from the Celestial Northern Dipper Pavilion, had already been brought back to the various Ancient Land Sects by their wandering disciples.

A mortal capable of killing Foundation Establishment Immortals!

Wary, Elder Brother Ge touched the communication talisman on his waist, wanting to notify his master, the Seven Swords Daoist.

RUMBLE!

The moment his eyes met Lin Mu's, Elder Brother Ge felt as if thunder had exploded in his Sea of Consciousness. All of his Divine Sense was completely shattered.

Am I dead?

As the last thought flashed through his mind, Elder Brother Ge's body fell heavily to the ground. The other Sword Control Sect disciple fared even worse. With a single glance from Lin Mu, his True Qi reversed its flow, and his head exploded.

Lin Mu's figure flickered and vanished before the eyes of the Guard Camp soldiers.

"I knew it! Teacher Lin is unbeatable! How could he have died in some small world?"

"This is great! With Teacher Lin here, that worthless Seven Swords Daoist is as good as dead!"

"Slaying an Immortal from a lower realm! I can't believe we're getting to witness such a magnificent feat!"

「At the Command Post.」

The Seven Swords Daoist's Flying Sword was just an inch from Xiao Xuan's brow when a hand as flawless as white jade clamped down on it.

"Commander Xiao, long time no see."

Xiao Xuan's eyes widened in shock as he stared at the smiling Lin Mu before him.

"You really aren't dead!" Xiao Xuan roared with laughter.

Lin Mu spoke calmly, "Commander, wait a moment. I'll kill a few people first, then we can talk."

CRACK!

As Lin Mu finished speaking, the Flying Sword in his hand—a Magic Artifact—was crushed into pieces by pure force.

"Lin Wudi!"

With his Magic Artifact destroyed, a tremor ran through the Seven Swords Daoist's very soul, and a trace of blood seeped from the corner of his mouth.

Chapter 764: Heading West to Destroy the Divine Might!

"You actually didn't die?"

The Heavenly Lake Minor World had trapped and killed Foundation Building Immortals from the Ancient Land Sects before—cultivators who could recklessly unleash their full strength. Yet this perilous world had failed to kill Lin Wudi.

In just a few days, he had escaped.

Lin Mu paid no attention to the ranting Seven Swords Daoist, turning his eyes toward Xiao Xuan instead. "Kill or capture?"

At his words, a smile lit up Xiao Xuan's face.

The Seven Swords Daoist, however, was fuming with rage. "Lin Wudi, do you truly believe you are invincible? Capture me? Do you think I'm as foolish as Ao Guang!"

Gritting his teeth, the Seven Swords Daoist broke the fourth Seal. The air surged, and the void trembled.

The immense aura of his Foundation Establishment Stage power instantly demolished the command center. Amidst a thunderous roar, the two-story building was leveled. If not for Lin Mu's protection, Xiao Xuan would have been buried in dust.

Glancing at the ruins, Xiao Xuan said coldly, "Kill him!"

Before his voice faded, Lin Mu reached out, grabbing for the Seven Swords Daoist.

"Sword Five!" the Daoist shouted angrily. A beam of sword light shot out, carrying a sharp radiance as it flew toward Lin Mu's fingers. "Lin Wudi, do you think your physical body can withstand a Magic Artifact? Watch me break your Protective Body Technique!"

Sword Five! It was the Seven Swords Daoist's signature technique, famous for shattering defenses. Protective Body Techniques, Defense Artifacts, and even all manner of restrictions—before Sword Five, all defenses were illusory. For Sword Five was a Rule Artifact!

"A petty trick," Lin Mu said, waving his hand dismissively.

"Arrogant!" The Seven Swords Daoist's Qi surged as he urged the Flying Sword onward.

WHOOSH!

Sword Five spun in mid-air and, astonishingly, landed right in Lin Mu's hand.

This... The first Flying Sword, the one meant to kill Xiao Xuan, had landed in Lin Wudi's hand. One could argue he had been caught off guard. But this time, a full-powered strike had once again been controlled by Lin Mu as if it were child's play.

"Returning this to you!" Lin Mu flicked his hand, and Sword Five flew back.

PFFT!

The Seven Swords Daoist felt as if he'd been struck by lightning. He had been wounded by his own Flying Sword. His chest was pierced through, his face a mask of horror.

"How is this possible? How did you break the power of my Rule Artifact?!"

The Seven Swords Daoist felt Sword Five—the blade he had nurtured for centuries—coursing through him like a venomous serpent, destroying his life force.

"You're just a minor Foundation Establishment cultivator. You are not worthy of speaking the word 'rule'!"

With a thought from Lin Mu, the power of Sword Five surged explosively.

BANG! Realizing the danger, the Seven Swords Daoist steeled his heart and blew off his own arm. Sword Five shot out from the severed limb.

"Sword Six! Sword Seven!" The Seven Swords Daoist spat out a mouthful of blood.

A cyan and a purple Flying Sword entwined, transforming into a gigantic Ziqing Dragon that swept toward Lin Mu.

The Seven Swords Daoist was renowned for his Seven Swords, having spent his life cultivating and refining them. Each blade was famous in the Ancient Land Sects. In the past, he had slain a fellow Foundation Establishment cultivator with Sword Five. When Sword Six and Sword Seven were unleashed together, he could even fight those at the Foundation Establishment Middle Stage.

Xiao Xuan stared at the Ziqing Twin Swords, unconcealable shock in his eyes. Such power was likely beyond even that of technological weapons. The destructive force of the two Flying Swords could probably split mountains and cleave seas.

"Shatter!"

Lin Mu spoke a word of truth. The wind howled and thunder crackled as lightning trembled in the sky.

BANG! BANG!

Sword Six and Sword Seven snapped in two. The broken halves flew backward, striking the Seven Swords Daoist once more. His eyes turned blood-red as if he'd been struck by lightning again, and his body froze solid. Even he could not withstand the destructive power of his Ziqing Twin Swords.

He was being paid back in his own coin. The Seven Swords Daoist was finally tasting the terrifying destructive power of his own Magic Artifacts.

Xiao Xuan watched this scene in astonishment. With a single word, the Immortal Swords turn on their master! Can even a Foundation Building Immortal not withstand a single move from Lin Wudi?

Half of the Seven Swords Daoist's body was blasted away, and the restrictions on his power began to crumble. "Lin Wudi, you dare to injure me! Then let's die together!"

All his Seals were released, and the full power of an Immortal was unleashed upon the world. Halos of light flickered around his body, like the reverent worship of all creation or the glow of the gods themselves. His voice, full of venomous killing intent, was like that of a vengeful demon from the Nine Nethers Hell.

Seven more Flying Swords appeared around him. This time, they were not Magic Artifacts but swords forged from Divine Sense, True Qi, and Rules.

"Watch as my Seven Swords slay you!"

The seven swords of Qi manifested the power of heaven and earth. Carrying this immense might, they flew toward Lin Mu. It seemed that in this moment, it was not the Seven Swords Daoist who wanted to kill Lin Wudi, but heaven and earth themselves.

Heaven's Fury! The fury of the Seven Swords was the fury of heaven and earth itself! When Heaven is furious, mortals perish.

The endless killing intent caused the surrounding temperature to drop several degrees.

"Too slow."

As the Seven Swords Daoist was gathering his killing intent, a voice suddenly rang out beside his ear.

"You..."

As if seeing a Ghost Charm, the Seven Swords Daoist's eyes widened in utter shock. The next moment, a finger pierced his temple.

When did he get so close to me?

That was the last thought of the Seven Swords Daoist.

BANG!

The Foundation Building Immortal's head was pierced by a single finger, and his Divine Soul was obliterated along with it.

"I'll leave the body for you. Perhaps you can get some research out of it." Lin Mu mounted his sword and flew westward.

"Lin Mu, where are you going?" Xiao Xuan called out anxiously. "There is still one Foundation Establishment Sword Immortal left alive! He went to the Qin Family Old Residence!"

"Red Lotus is dead. I go west now to shatter the darkness and extinguish their divine might!"

As the lingering sound faded, Lin Mu had already become a meteor streaking across the horizon.

Red Lotus is dead? The other Foundation Building Immortal was also killed?! A flash of wild joy lit up Xiao Xuan's eyes.

"Men! Issue my orders! The alliance treaty between Huaxia and the Ancient Land Sects is officially void! All members of the Ancient Land Sects are to leave the secular world by the deadline, or they will be killed without mercy! If they dare flee abroad, we will hunt them to the ends of the earth and kill them!"

On that day, Lin Wudi broke free from the Heavenly Lake Minor World and reappeared in the mortal realm.

Before the Qin Family Old Residence, an Immortal knelt in submission.

With Sword Qi that streaked across eight hundred miles, Lin Wudi slew the Seven Swords Daoist.

In a single day, he had defied and slain two Immortals.

The world trembled. He was truly without equal.

「Dark Church.」

Within the church, followers silently recited scriptures, kneeling in prayer for the triumphant return of their six Emperors. Just then, a voice as majestic as a god's resounded from the sky above.

"Dark Church, you harassed my family and harmed my Disciple. Today, I will flatten you with a single strike!"

As the voice faded, a dazzling sword light approached from the east.

"No...!" some followers screamed, but it was futile as the light descended.

A black barrier of light flashed above the church, only to be instantly shattered by the sword light. Amidst a deafening roar, the Dark Church—a symbol of dark theocracy in the West for centuries—collapsed into ruin.

"Who dares offend the divine!"

Inside the ruined church, black Godlight suddenly descended around a divine statue, which began to radiate light as if a Divine Spirit had descended. The voice was magnificent, shaking the very soul.

"My lord!"

"Our lord has returned!"

"Lin Wudi, you're dead for sure!"

"Hahaha, how dare you run wild in our Dark Church! Die!"

The followers roared with fanaticism, believing the descent of their god would ensure Lin Wudi's demise.

"A mere remnant soul dares call itself a god before me? Let me show you what true divine power looks like!" Lin Mu scoffed, then pointed a finger.

From the heavens, a colossal dark power that seemed to span the entire world descended. Amidst a great roar, it smashed down upon the divine statue.

BOOM!

The two forces of black light collided. The Divine Soul within the statue was like a firefly before the brilliant moon, instantly overwhelmed. The statue shattered, the Divine Soul dissipated, and the Dark Church was reduced to nothing but rubble.

Chapter 765: I, Huaxia, Lin Wudi!

Prison of Divine Might.

One of the two great powers of the Church of Light.

Unlike the radiant and revered Sea of Divine Grace, located in the Holy City and worshipped by all, the domain of the Prison of Divine Might was extremely secretive. Without the guidance of its insiders, it was extremely difficult for outsiders to locate.

The mission of the Prison of Divine Might was to hunt various dark creatures. Werewolves and members of the Blood Clan were their primary targets. Every cultivator in the Prison of Divine Might was a top-notch hunter. From just a few years of age, they underwent harsh training within the prison's walls. At eighteen, they commenced their first hunt, becoming the fearsome enforcers of the Prison of Divine Might, dreaded by the entire Dark World.

"Ma Xiu, you were too slow again!"

A squad of five enforcers was moving through the dense forest. The young man called Ma Xiu was only eighteen or nineteen. With blond hair, he looked somewhat shy.

"Captain Dro, I understand..." Ma Xiu lowered his head, his expression unnatural.

"Ma Xiu, do you feel pity for those dark creatures?"

"Captain, I just... she was only an eight-year-old child..."

Captain Dro was a burly, bearded man, his black divine robe stained with fresh blood. Even his face was smeared with a chunk of flesh. If it weren't for the divine robe, he would have looked more like a butcher than a cultivator.

"Once a beast, always a beast! She was a werewolf, not a child!" Dro shoved Ma Xiu against a tree, staring fiercely into his eyes.

Ma Xiu's lips moved, but ultimately, he said nothing.

"Captain, Ma Xiu did well enough. He slaughtered that wolf cub with his own hands in the end, didn't he?" a team member tried to mediate.

Only then did Dro release him.

Not only had Ma Xiu killed the wolf cub, but he had also killed her entire family.

"Captain, there's someone ahead!" a team member suddenly warned.

"What? Where? Who is it?"

Not far ahead lay the entrance to the Prison of Divine Might. Hearing that someone was nearby, Dro couldn't help but grow tense. The squad of five peered ahead through the gaps in the trees.

An Easterner dressed in flowing white robes stood before a rock wall. That unremarkable rock wall was the grand entrance to the Prison of Divine Might.

"He doesn't look like a lost tourist. More like an Eastern Martial Artist. Better safe than sorry. Kill him!"

At Captain Dro's command, the squad members drew their weapons. Just then, the white-robed Easterner gently pressed his hand forward.

Ripples trembled across the air. The defensive barrier, capable of withstanding an attack from the King Realm Peak, rippled like the surface of water.

"Huh? He actually dared to touch the absolute defense! Looks like we won't have to lift a finger." A smile touched Captain Dro's lips. The absolute defense of the Prison of Divine Might wasn't just for protection. Even a God-Communicating Eastern Martial Artist could not withstand its retaliatory force.

This man is dead!

BANG!

Dro's smile was still on his face when the barrier he had deemed invincible shattered with a deafening blast. The surging energy flow shredded every tree within a several-hundred-meter radius. Taken by surprise, Dro and his team were swept up by the energy, all of them severely injured.

Dro took the brunt of the blast. Half his face was torn away by the energy flow, nearly ripping the scalp from his skull.

"Impossible!"

"How could the absolute defense be broken?!"

Dro flew back more than a dozen meters, crashing through three or four large trees before he finally slammed to a stop. His head splitting with agony, Dro heard a voice he would never forget for the rest of his life.

"Lin Wudi of Huaxia has come to pay a visit!"

Dro's body went rigid.

Lin Wudi... Is he the Lin Wudi, the living myth of our time? He didn't die in the minor world... then that Vice-Institution Head...

Dro suddenly felt a profound chill, an icy sensation shooting up the back of his neck.

Lin Wudi took a single step into the Prison of Divine Might.

One Step, Rivers Shatter!

Dro's five-man squad felt their very souls tremble. As if swept by a shockwave, the flesh was torn from their bones and splattered onto the muddy ground.

Annihilated.

Dro's hunting squad was merely caught in the aftershock; Lin Mu's true target was the Prison of Divine Might.

One step, and the very land shattered.

Terrifying shockwaves spread deep into the Prison of Divine Might, provoking countless cries of shock and anger. In the center of the Prison, a stele was engraved with all the glories and names of its members. With a loud CRACK, a massive fissure split its surface.

"The Sacred Tablet! Someone shattered the Sacred Tablet!"

A sea of cultivators spilled out from the surrounding buildings.

"It's him! He must have destroyed the Sacred Tablet! Kill him!" A black-robed cultivator pointed his sword at Lin Mu and slashed down. A black cross materialized in midair, cleaving toward Lin Mu.

Lin Mu pointed a single finger.

The black cross shattered!

The Cross Sword snapped in two!

The black-robed cultivator's head was pierced through by the force of that single finger.

These cultivators from the Prison of Divine Might were all zealots. The death of one did not frighten them; instead, it only aroused their ferocity. All the cultivators roared in fury, charging at Lin Mu.

Slaying Gods, Demons, and Punishing Immortals...

"Deicide Palm!"

With one palm strike, heaven and earth changed. Winds and clouds gathered, lightning flashed, and thunder roared as a giant hand materialized in the sky above the Prison of Divine Might. The terrifying pressure was too much for the cultivators with weaker cultivation levels. Their bones broke, and they fell to the ground, wailing in agony. Before the Deicide Palm had even fallen, the Prison of Divine Might had already suffered heavy casualties.

"What heretic dares to offend our divine might?! Die!" A deep, sonorous voice, like the tolling of a great bell, resounded from the main hall of the Prison. As the voice spoke, the enormous golden cross atop the hall slowly ascended into the air.

Boundless pressure emanated from the cross. It was the Holy Artifact of the Institution, capable of killing a Foundation Building Immortal. As the golden cross emerged, all the injured black-robed cultivators instantly recovered, a white energy surrounding each of them.

It was Holy Light!

"Faith!" All the black-robed cultivators chanted scriptures in unison.

"Loyalty!"

"Punishment!"

With each word, alternating black and white light emanated from every black-robed cultivator, gathering upon the golden cross.

BOOM!

The golden cross collided with the Deicide Palm. A piercing rumble echoed in every cultivator's ears. The next moment, all the black-robed cultivators trembled, nearly every one of them spitting blood.

The golden cross was slammed into the ground, leaving a deep imprint in the Prison of Divine Might's central square. The black-robed cultivators caught beneath the palm's imprint were all smashed into a bloody pulp.

"Lin Wudi! You're Lin Wudi, the living myth of our time!" someone finally cried out, recognizing him.

Lin Mu remained silent, raising his hand once more.

"Lin Wudi, wait—"

A voice called out from within the main hall. But before the speaker could even appear, Lin Mu's second palm had already fallen.

The giant palm formed of Internal Energy materialized for a second time. This time, many of the black-robed cultivators stared in absolute terror. This wasn't a battle; it was a slaughter. This was Divine Punishment.

Lin Wudi was a god.

"LIN WUDI!" the voice from the hall roared in rage, apparently not expecting Lin Mu to deny him even the chance to speak.

The roof of the hall exploded as an angel soared into the air, its massive wings beating with a roar. The Power of Light flowed over its body. This was the first time the War Angel, whom Lin Mu had beaten back into the Sacred Coffin several times before, could fully manifest itself for battle.

"Lin Wudi, do you really think the Prison of Divine Might is afraid of you?!"

As the dignified voice spoke, a dazzling white light flashed, and two more War Angels appeared in the sky.

SCREECH!

The three great angels shrieked, their vibrating wings carrying them toward Lin Wudi. The might of the angels shook the very void, piercing through the air itself. The speed of these three angels was easily five to six times the speed of sound.

Before the sonic boom could even register, they were upon Lin Mu.

Chapter 766 Today, I'm Slaying Gods!

The Angels of the Sea of Divine Grace specialized in defense, protection, and even healing. The War Angels of the Prison of Divine Might, on the other hand, specialized in slaughter.

Every War Angel possessed a strength comparable to the Tenth Layer of Qi Cultivation, equivalent to the Martial God Realm. For millennia, the Sea of Divine Grace and the Prison of Divine Might had dominated the world with the power of their Angels. They resisted the Ancient Land Sects and even had enough strength left to exterminate dark creatures.

The War Angels were their ultimate weapons of destruction.

One War Angel, wielding a greatsword that radiated golden light, swung its blade. Unbridled white light and searing flames erupted as it descended like a deity riding waves of fire.

Another War Angel wielded a black war hammer. With a single downward smash, thunderbolts flashed and lightning scattered, piercing the air as if the Thunder God himself had descended.

The last War Angel carried a Scepter of Authority, wreathed in dark radiance and exuding a chilling Aura of Death.

The three War Angels stood like mighty deities, their divine power awe-inspiring.

"Glory!"

"Faith!"

"Judgment!"

The cultivators of the Prison of Divine Might, their eyes blazing with fervor, knelt on the ground and began to pray. The War Angels were invincible, an article of their faith for a thousand years.

Lin Wudi? So what? A living legend? So what? With the descent of three Angels, his death is certain!

"Angels? Ridiculous!" Lin Mu's eyes twinkled as he retorted. "Since you consider yourselves gods, then have a taste of my Deicide Palm!"

He thrust his palm forward. The air boiled with power and Spiritual Energy overflowed. A colossal palm enveloped the sky above the Prison of Divine Might. Dressed in white, Lin Mu floated like an exiled immortal as he gently pressed his hand down.

The palm met the three War Angels.

The Flame Angel's greatsword spewed a blinding firelight, conjuring a mountain of flames out of thin air to crash against the palm. The Thunder Angel fiercely hurled its great hammer, which gathered the Power of Thunderbolt and lightning, transforming into a war hammer that blazed with blinding electric light. As the weapon descended, thunderbolts exploded, and stray lightning pierced the ground, heralding an apocalypse. With a roar, the Thunder Angel slammed its Thunderbolt war hammer toward Lin Mu's Deicide Palm. The Death Angel swung its Scepter of Authority, and the black Power of Death coiled toward the Deicide Palm like an omnipresent smoke.

BOOM!

The four powers collided, unleashing a tidal wave of energy.

BANG!

The mountain of flames was forcefully extinguished by the Deicide Palm. The Thunderbolt war hammer struck the palm with a deafening crash, piercing it, yet shattering upon impact. The omnipresent Power of Death corroded the Deicide Palm.

Though half-shattered and badly damaged, the Deicide Palm still pressed down. The Flame Angel bore the brunt of the attack and was struck squarely in the chest. Its wings broke and feathers scattered as the Deicide Palm annihilated it in a single blow.

The Deicide Palm—to slay a god. One strike, one slain Angel.

The energy released by the shattered Angel knocked over the kneeling cultivators of the Prison of Divine Might. A few unlucky ones were killed by the impact. In a single blow, Lin Wudi had destroyed one-third of the foundation of their faith.

"No..." a cultivator screamed in despair. Others stared blankly, unable to believe what was unfolding before their eyes.

Just then, atop the Sanctuary of the Prison of Divine Might, a white light flashed and vanished. The next instant, an unharmed Flame Angel was reborn from the light, shaking its wings and letting out a sky-piercing shriek.

The Angel was resurrected.

This was the secret to the Prison of Divine Might's millennia of undefeated dominance against the Ancient Land Sects. As long as they were within the Sanctuary of the Prison of Divine Might, the Angels were immortal and indestructible. Even if reduced to ash, they could be reborn in the holy light.

Many of the younger cultivators were unaware of these secrets. Witnessing the Angel's resurrection, they truly believed it to be a divine miracle. Countless cultivators fell to their knees, singing hymns at the top of their lungs. At this moment, the morale of the Prison of Divine Might's cultivators, rather than weakening from Lin Wudi's godslaying strike, surged to a new, fervent peak.

"Oh?" Lin Mu stood in the void with his hands clasped behind his back, gazing down upon the mortal world like a deity.

Trading centuries of the Power of Faith for an Angel's rebirth? What a farce. It's like choosing an ornate box over the priceless pearl inside. Utterly laughable!

As the Immortal Realm Emperor, Lin Mu had mastered countless methods, and the laws of faith were no mystery to him. In the Immortal Realm, some factions also cultivated the Power of Faith; the Heart Zen Sect and the Savage Gods were the most prominent among them. However, the Heart Zen Sect transformed the Power of Incense Fire into Godlight to battle its enemies. The Savage Gods used faith as their core to condense a divine persona, granting them combat power comparable to a True Immortal. But this method had many restrictions; without faith, they were powerless.

If a Savage God were to absorb the enormous Power of Faith accumulated over centuries in the mortal world, they could wield the terrifying power of the Golden Core Realm, a level far beyond Foundation Establishment.

For the people of the Prison of Divine Might to use this precious Power of Faith merely to resurrect their so-called Angels... how absurd. Yet, they remained oblivious, even taking pride in this foolishness. To Lin Mu, it was beyond ridiculous.

The three War Angels charged once again. Suddenly, a mocking smile touched the corners of Lin Mu's lips.

"I say, let there be light!"

Lin Mu extended a single finger. In the next moment, the kneeling cultivators of the Prison of Divine Might felt a power being drawn from their bodies. This power rose from the crowns of their heads, transforming into streams of pure white light that converged on Lin Mu's fingertip.

The more devout the believer, the more power Lin Mu's finger drew. Several old cultivators, deep in their practice and faith, were sucked dry until they were little more than skin and bones, hovering on the brink of death.

"How... how is this possible? Why can Lin Wudi absorb our Power of Faith?!"

The doors to the Sanctuary of the Prison of Divine Might swung open. An aged elder with white hair and a pale complexion, dressed in White Divine Robes, emerged with a shaky gait.

"Saint Joseph!"

"Headmaster!"

"Holy One!"

All the black-robed cultivators bowed respectfully, their attitudes reverent. This elder was the headmaster of the Prison of Divine Might, its only great cultivator to wear White Divine Robes edged in black. He was known as Saint Joseph, the Light of the Sanctuary, and one of the four giants of the Western World, having held the reins of the Prison for eighty years.

Saint Joseph's murky eyes, which usually shone with wisdom, now held only shock. An eastern cultivator was manipulating and intercepting the Power of Faith from the believers of the Light. This single fact threatened to overturn the beliefs he had held his entire life.

Lin Mu scoffed disdainfully. "Mere remnants of a Savage God. How could you appreciate such profound mysteries?"

"Lin Wudi!" Saint Joseph's Power of Light surged, as vast and brilliant as the sun itself. "You dare to steal the authority of the God of Light and His Power of Faith! What is your crime!?"

His words descended with divine might, intimidating all living things and invoking an irresistible urge to submit. He had already touched the very edge of the Power of Faith. One more step, and he could absorb it, ignite the divine fire, and become a Savage God himself.

"A god? Today, I have come to slay gods."

With that, Lin Mu said no more. He pointed his finger, and the white light he had gathered shot toward the Thunder Angel.

The Thunder Angel roared and brought its war hammer down.

BOOM!

The white light collided with the war hammer but passed straight through it as if the hammer were an illusion. The next moment, the light struck the Thunder Angel's body with a resounding blast.

The Thunder Angel let out a mournful cry as a huge fissure appeared on its chest.

BANG!

The fissure spread until its body shattered, disintegrating into a cloud of fragments that scattered on the wind.

Above the Sanctuary, the white light flashed again. But this time, the Thunder Angel did not resurrect.

It had been completely and utterly obliterated.

Chapter 767: Three Steps to Annihilate the Mieshenwei Prison!

The Prison of Divine Might was shrouded in silence.

The ordinary red-robed cultivators were merely shocked that the Thunder Angel had not been resurrected again.

But as for Saint Joseph, his murky eyes were already filled with utter shock.

"You... you can actually manipulate the Power of Faith? You used it to destroy the core of the War Angel! You are no Cultivator! It's impossible for a Cultivator to possess such power! Who on earth are you?"

Having lived for two centuries, Saint Joseph thought he had seen all the world's changes and that his heart was beyond agitation. Yet now, his spirit trembled uncontrollably.

Manipulating the Power of Faith was an ability exclusive to the Saints of Light. It had practically become the symbol of a Saint.

Now, an Eastern Cultivator had actually wielded the Power of Faith to slay a War Angel.

Who, then, is the true lamb in the Divine Kingdom of Light?

"Do not presume to spy upon my realm with your limited vision. How can a frog in a well comprehend the vastness of heaven and earth?" Lin Mu's gaze was placid, his expression cold.

"Kill him! Exterminate this false Saint who blasphemes the divine! He is an outsider, an Evil Demon, a heretic! This is a test from God! Only by killing him can we ascend to ultimate bliss and return to the embrace of the God of Light! Kill him!"

Before Saint Joseph could speak, a black-robed cultivator behind him had already become hysterical. This was another Vice-Warden of the Prison of Divine Might, and his faith was far less steadfast than Saint Joseph's. Everything Lin Mu had done had caused his belief in the God of Light and the Saints to waver. Only by killing Lin Mu could he restore his connection to the glory of the God of Light.

"Punishment!"

The Vice-Warden chanted from the scriptures. The Death Angel waved its Scepter of Authority, and waves of the Power of Death swept toward Lin Mu. Countless black tendrils of this power danced around his body, like a sky full of black smoke that could devour everything.

"Punishment!"

Within the Prison of Divine Might, hundreds of black-robed cultivators chanted in unison with the Vice-Warden. Streams of the Power of Faith merged into the Death Angel, causing a black Crown to appear on its head.

Majesty!

Punishment!

Divine Might!

Waves of unbelievable power surged from the Crown. The Power of Death solidified from an ethereal state, forming into claws of death that lunged for Lin Mu.

"I command death to recede!" Lin Mu once again extended a finger.

BOOM!

The Death Angel's body shuddered as streams of white Power of Faith poured out of it, gathering at Lin Mu's fingertip.

It was defeated. In a contest for the Power of Faith, the Death Angel had actually lost to an Eastern Cultivator.

A cataclysmic scene unfolded before the black-robed cultivators. For many, their faith collapsed. Amid agonizing wails, they were incinerated by the Power of Light within their own bodies. Even among the upper echelons of the Prison of Divine Might, some of the grand cultivators felt their faith waver as their light began to dissipate. The Vice-Warden himself spat out a mouthful of blood, his eyes seared blind by his own Power of Light.

Passing through Lin Mu's fingertip, the Power of Faith erupted into rays of white light, shooting out in all directions like the sun driving away the night. All of the Power of Death surrounding him dispersed. The claws it had formed crumbled to dust in the white light.

He was turning their own methods against them. Here, in the Prison of Divine Might, Lin Mu used the Church of Light's greatest weapon—the Power of Faith—to crush their angel.

"Glory to my Lord!" Saint Joseph stepped forward. One hand touched the cross on his chest, while the other plunged into the back of the Flame Angel.

The Flame Angel let out a piercing cry, took half a step back, and merged with Saint Joseph.

At that moment, Saint Joseph was the Flame Angel, and the Flame Angel was Saint Joseph. Saint, Angel, and faith had become one: a trinity!

"Judgment!" Saint Joseph swung his sword. The fiery red Longsword, infused with faith and bearing the force of judgment, cleaved toward Lin Mu.

"For your cruelty, your merciless slaughter of living beings, I judge you guilty!"

"For blaspheming the divine, for defiling our faith, I judge you guilty!"

"For your tyranny, for oppressing the faithful, I judge you guilty!"

"For being a false god and a heretic, for stealing authority, I judge you guilty!"

Saint Joseph, holy and dignified, loomed from on high as he pronounced Lin Mu's sins. The four great sins formed a cross of fire, its power unstoppable. By the might of a divine prison, he would judge the evils of the world and cast them into Hell.

At this moment, dark light swirled and resentment crisscrossed as the gates of Hell opened. Grotesque demons rushed at Lin Mu, pulling and tearing at him, trying to drag him into the abyss.

Lin Mu stood motionless, his demeanor perfectly calm. "I am Emperor Zun. How dare the faith of a mere Savage God presume to judge me! Disperse!"

With a wave of his hand, the judgment forged from Saint Joseph and the Flame Angel's fusion vanished into thin air.

"For offending the dignity of Emperor Zun, you deserve death!" Lin Mu's eyes were icy as he took a step forward.

One Step, Rivers Shatter!

This step shattered not only rivers but also the Hell that Saint Joseph had summoned. The demons wailed as Hell collapsed. All illusions were trampled to dust beneath Lin Mu's foot.

Having extinguished Hell with a single step, Lin Mu advanced again.

Terrify Ghosts and Gods with the Second Step!

An indescribable power surged from beneath his foot, sweeping over the fused form of Saint Joseph and the Flame Angel. If the second step could startle ghosts and gods, what chance did a mere War Angel serving a False God stand?

Under the force of this step, the Angel trembled. The flames shivered and peeled away from Saint Joseph's body, falling from him like rain from the sky.

The trinity was broken.

Saint Joseph's figure was revealed, his face having aged considerably in that instant.

"You..."

He tried to say something, but Lin Mu had already pointed a finger.

BANG!

The Warden of the Prison of Divine Might, the Child of Light, Saint Joseph, had his head burst open, a hole pierced straight through it. The Power of Light within him rushed toward the wound, trying to heal it, but it could not get close. The destructive force of Lin Mu's single touch was immense; the mere Power of Light was utterly incapable of mending such an injury.

"An Arch-Heretic has come... only a Saint can slay the heretic... remember this, remember this!"

Even with his head shattered, Saint Joseph managed to utter these last words.

"Hmph!" Lin Mu snorted coldly and took another step.

Third Step: Heaven and Earth Change!

The void collapsed and the ground quaked. All living things trembled in terror. The followers of the Light were hit the hardest; they spat blood as their bodies convulsed, their Power of Light raging out of control. With that one step, the nearly thousand black-robed cultivators of the Prison of Divine Might were almost entirely wiped out. Only a few of the most deeply cultivated grand cultivators narrowly survived.

"Lin Wudi, you have destroyed my Prison of Divine Might! Your sin is unforgivable! When the Saints descend, it will be the day of Huaxia's destruction!" an emaciated old cultivator roared at the heavens.

White light shot from his mouth, nose, and eyes, piercing the sky.

"Light!"

The few other surviving grand cultivators did the same, roaring to the sky as they emitted beams of white light. The light incinerated their bodies, transforming them into a great pillar of light that stood defiantly in the Prison of Divine Might.

"Prison of Divine Might, be obliterated!" Lin Mu stepped forward once more.

Four Steps Stars Tremble!

Countless meteors fell from the sky, crashing down upon the separate dimension where the Prison of Divine Might was located. The massive meteors struck the ground, sending shockwaves that turned every structure into rubble. Each meteor created a crater more than ten meters in diameter, and within these craters, everything was utterly destroyed. The ground, the buildings, and the cultivators were all incinerated and fused into crystal by the extreme heat.

Hundreds of meteors fell in a cataclysmic rain.

When it was over, the Prison of Divine Might had been completely wiped from the face of the earth.

On this day.]

Lin Mu slew the War Angel and, with a few steps, obliterated the Prison of Divine Might. With the power of one man, he erased a thousand-year legacy.

Chapter 768: Casually Producing a Genius Cultivation Method!

The world seemed to fall silent after Lin Wudi obliterated the Prison of Divine Might. Even the Sea of Divine Grace, a sister sect to the Prison of Divine Might, remained quiet and offered no comment. It was as if the Prison of Divine Might had never existed.

That very afternoon, the world was once again flooded with news about Lin Wudi: he had broken out of the Heavenly Lake Minor World, annihilated the five Emperors of the Dark Church, crushed Saint Nas, the Vice Dean of the Prison of Divine Might, forcefully slain the Red Lotus Sword Immortal of the Sword Control Sect, and killed the Seven Swords Daoist in just three moves!

Each piece of news was enough to leave the world speechless with shock. In a single day, Lin Wudi had traveled 5,000 miles, crossing half the Eurasian Continent. His peerless bearing was on full display, proving he was still the living myth, the world's number one!

The Dark Church's rule-based Holy Artifacts, the Prison of Divine Might's War Angel, the Ancient Land Sect's Foundation Building Immortals—before Lin Wudi, all of them proved to be utterly fragile, collapsing at a single blow.

Every major power issued a stern warning to their members: do not provoke Lin Wudi, lest you be killed without mercy. His enemies all became shrinking turtles, hiding in their shells and praying that his gaze would not fall upon them.

Yet, just as the entire world was chanting his name, Lin Wudi once again vanished from the public eye. He had entered seclusion.

「Qin Family Ancestral House.」

Lin Mu sensed the three Nine-Tripod Ding Legs circulating within his body. The Nine Cauldrons could suppress the entire world; one could only imagine their power! Even as mere fragments of three of its legs, the divine mysteries they contained benefited Lin Mu immensely. His cultivation, already honed to the Twelfth Floor of Qi Cultivation, was solidified once more by the Nine Tripods and Three Legs. Compared to his previous life at the same level, his strength was now countless times greater.

On his path of cultivation, the only step remaining before him was Foundation Establishment.

One could achieve Foundation Establishment at Qi Cultivation Level Nine. However, a foundation built at this level was known in the Immortal Realm as a Mortal's Foundation. To establish such a foundation was to have a path flawed in the eyes of the Heavenly Dao. Even if one succeeded, the Golden Core Realm would be their likely peak. Unless they stumbled upon a heaven-defying opportunity, reaching the Nascent Soul Realm was impossible.

To achieve a perfect ascension, one had to establish their foundation at the Tenth Layer of Qi Cultivation or higher.

What am I still lacking... Lin Mu examined his internal state, deep in thought. He had believed that obtaining the Nine Tripod Fragments would be enough to achieve a perfect Foundation Establishment, but he was still a hair's breadth away from perfection.

What is it? With all the techniques in my possession, I am not lacking in cultivation methods. With the Nine Tripod Fragments in hand, I'm not missing the core item needed for Foundation Establishment! It must be... my Dao Heart!

Understanding one law leads to understanding all laws. Lin Mu quickly realized his deficiency. He had been trapped in the Heavenly Lake Minor World, and while fortune led him to the third Nine-Tripod Ding Leg fragment, it had also nearly cost him Qin Luoli. If the Red Lotus Sword Immortal had captured her and taken her back to the Ancient Land Sect, he would have been plagued by regret for the rest of his life!

His vengeance was not yet exacted, his hatred not yet avenged. This unresolved grudge was the very thing his Dao Heart lacked for the final step toward Foundation Establishment.

Having come to this realization, Lin Mu immediately emerged from his seclusion.

"Master!" Leng Feng, who had been guarding the door while idly playing games on his phone, quickly stood up and approached him.

"Your cultivation progress has slowed again," Lin Mu said indifferently after a single glance.

Leng Feng shuddered and hastily hid his phone behind his back. "Master, I know I was wrong! I'll begin secluded cultivation immediately!"

Lin Mu simply nodded and departed without another word.

Leng Feng wiped a bead of cold sweat from his brow, a bitter smile on his face. Master's presence is becoming more and more commanding. With Lin Mu now casting a shadow over the entire world, Leng Feng, his disciple, was beginning to feel the pressure. This was especially true after the recent crisis. With Lin Mu absent, their enemies had dared to attack them at their very doorstep, and not a single one of the disciples could stand up to handle the situation. If it weren't for Zhang Daoyun, Ye Kuangren, and

his father, Leng Yan, lending their aid, he and the others would have been captured or killed by Saint Nas and his cohorts.

This is so humiliating! I have to cultivate harder! Leng Feng wiped his face, then crushed his phone with a resolute grip, his mind made up.

「In the study.」

"Greetings, Lin Wudi," Shangguan Shiming said, curtsying deeply before rising.

"I am going to the Ancient Land," Lin Mu stated, getting straight to the point.

Shangguan Shiming shuddered. Since betraying the other Traversers to follow Lin Mu, she had nearly given up all hope of returning to the Celestial Northern Dipper Pavilion. After witnessing Lin Mu forcefully kill the Red Lotus Sword Immortal and the Seven Swords Daoist, she had begun to think that siding with him was a good choice after all. But now, he actually intended to go to the Ancient Land. This filled her with a deep sense of unease.

"Lin..." Shangguan Shiming hesitated for a moment before speaking respectfully, "Sir, the Ancient Land is not as simple as you imagine. The Ancient Land Sects have legacies stretching back ten thousand years and are filled with countless geniuses!"

She continued, "Someone like Ao Guang is considered among the weakest of the Foundation Building Immortals there. His own foundation was inherently unstable, and his inability to break through for many years is what led him to consider dual cultivation. In the Celestial Northern Dipper Pavilion alone, there are ninety-eight Foundation Building Immortals like him! There are even geniuses who reach Foundation Establishment from the Tenth Layer of Qi Cultivation. In the Initial Stage of Foundation Establishment, they can fight those in the Middle Stage! Their combat power is astonishing! While you are formidable, Sir, you are still in the Qi Cultivation Realm. I fear that if you rashly enter the territory of the Ancient Land Sects..."

Lin Mu waved a hand, cutting her off. "I have my own plans. You only need to lead me into the Ancient Land."

Shangguan Shiming closed her mouth, not daring to say more. After a moment of silence, she asked cautiously, "Sir, when do you plan to depart?"

"Today."

Vengeance would not wait for another day; such was the style of Lin Wudi.

"Yes!" Shangguan Shiming groaned inwardly but had no choice but to bow and accept the order.

Lin Mu frowned slightly. "Your cultivation level is too low; you will slow me down. Here is a cultivation technique. Take it and practice."

He tapped a finger on Shangguan Shiming's brow, transferring a cultivation technique directly into her sea of consciousness.

This... this is a Genius Cultivation Method! After briefly scanning the technique in her mind, Shangguan Shiming's expression changed to one of pure shock. This was a Genius Cultivation Method that could lead to an eleventh-layer Foundation Establishment!

In an Ancient Land Sect, even a disciple with sufficient talent would need to accumulate immense merit to have a chance at obtaining a technique of this level. The entire Celestial Northern Dipper Pavilion, a massive sect, possessed only three such techniques, and one was exclusive to the Pavilion Master. In effect, only two were available to the other disciples. With her aptitude, even if she had completed her arduous mission and returned to the sect to be rewarded, it would have been impossible for her to obtain such a technique.

And now, Lin Mu had casually bestowed one upon her. The reason? Simply that her pace was too slow and would hold him back.

This Lin Wudi... who is he? He just casually gives away a Genius Cultivation Method that the Ancient Land Sects would treasure like a priceless gem! Shangguan Shiming knew this wasn't a calculated act of generosity, because the technique's name was the Rainbow Feather Dress Technique. Its greatest advantage was its light and nimble movement techniques, which dramatically increased one's speed.

Lin Wudi... Lin Wudi... the Ancient Land Sects are in for a world of hurt... A peculiar glint flashed through her eyes.

In the next moment, Lin Mu acted again, tossing her a jade bottle.

Shangguan Shiming opened it, and her beautiful eyes went wide. "A Sky-Breaking Pill!"

Chapter 769: Great Concealment Hides in the Open World!

Qi Cultivation Level Nine is equivalent to a Martial Artist's Divine Communion Realm. Shangguan Shiming was at Qi Cultivation Level Eight, stronger than an average Grandmaster Martial Artist but not quite at the level of Reaching the Divine.

With her talent and current Cultivation Technique, it would take her more than two years to break through to Qi Cultivation Level Nine. Without a genius-level Cultivation Technique, that would be her absolute limit. Now, with the technique bestowed by Lin Mu, she could potentially advance to Qi Cultivation Level Nine in three to four months, maybe even two.

This was the difference between a high-level and a low-level Cultivation Technique!

However, Lin Mu clearly didn't even want to wait two months, bestowing upon her a Sky-Breaking Pill instead. In the Ancient Land Sect, the Sky-Breaking Pill was an exceedingly rare elixir whose sole purpose was to help cultivators rapidly advance their realm. Typically, only the most talented geniuses were qualified to receive such a legendary pill. Shangguan Shiming had only ever heard of it; she had never seen one.

"Sir, the Sky-Breaking Pill is immeasurably precious. You should give it to your own disciples," Shangguan Shiming said, feeling the pill was too hot to handle. She didn't dare accept it.

Lin Mu glanced at her and stated flatly, "Consuming such an inferior elixir to raise one's realm will negatively affect future prospects." With that, he said no more.

Hearing this, Shangguan Shiming nearly flew into a rage. And to think just moments ago, she had been feeling grateful to Lin Mu, believing he was treating her generously. First the Genius Cultivation Method, now the Sky-Breaking Pill—not even the most elite disciples of the Celestial Northern Dipper Pavilion were guaranteed such treatment. But his words made her understand the truth. He looked down on the

Sky-Breaking Pill, thinking such a low-quality elixir would harm his own disciples' futures. So, he gave it to her! That meant he couldn't care less about her future!

Shangguan Shiming desperately wanted to punch the infuriating man in front of her and beat him black and blue. Unfortunately, she couldn't win a fight against him.

"Thank you, Sir," she said, still having to express her gratitude.

In truth, Shangguan Shiming didn't feel all that wronged. Within the Celestial Northern Dipper Pavilion, only two or three people could ever hope to receive a Genius Cultivation Method and a Sky-Breaking Pill. This was definitely worth it!

"Take the elixir. My time is limited," Lin Mu said, frowning as he watched her stand there dumbfounded, holding the pill.

"Yes!"

Back in the Ancient Land Sect, anyone who received a Sky-Breaking Pill would first bathe and change into fresh clothes, adjusting their mental and physical state to its absolute peak before consuming it. But now? It was all so casual.

She tilted her head back and swallowed.

Just as Shangguan Shiming felt a wave of heat surge through her abdomen and the bottleneck in her cultivation began to loosen, Lin Mu frowned again.

"Your aptitude is truly poor. You can't even completely absorb the medicinal effects of the elixir."

Shangguan Shiming almost coughed up a mouthful of blood. What does he mean, I can't completely absorb it?! How can he say something so cruel? In the Ancient Land Sect, an ordinary disciple could only utilize about sixty percent of an elixir's efficacy. A genius disciple might reach seventy percent. Peerless Proud Sons of Heaven, those with extraordinary innate talent, could achieve eighty percent! This was

one of the reasons they were hailed as Proud Sons of Heaven! The term 'complete absorption'... it was entirely foreign to her.

As Shangguan Shiming seethed internally, Lin Mu suddenly reached out and tapped her forehead. She felt a sharp pain between her brows. In the next moment, a colossal stream of energy flowed from that point down into her organs, merging completely with the medicinal power of the Sky-Breaking Pill.

BOOM!

Shangguan Shiming felt her very soul tremble as if she were ascending to immortality. An unimaginable amount of True Qi was born from nothing, surging through and impacting her meridians. She could even feel the energy Lin Mu had injected into her expanding her meridians and her Dantian, allowing her to absorb even more True Qi.

The Rainbow Feather Dress Technique began to circulate on its own. The True Qi she had cultivated using the technique from the Celestial Northern Dipper Pavilion was assimilated and replaced by the new True Qi.

After an unknown amount of time, Shangguan Shiming slowly opened her eyes.

"Shangguan Shiming thanks you, Sir, for the grace of this rebirth!" she cried out, kneeling and prostrating herself on the floor. Tears streamed down her face.

A single Sky-Breaking Pill and one Genius Cultivation Method had allowed her to leap directly from Qi Cultivation Level Eight to Qi Cultivation Level Ten. She had advanced two entire levels in a single day. Qi Cultivation Level Ten, a realm she thought she would never reach in this lifetime, had been attained with such ease.

At that moment, she was utterly humbled, completely submitting to Lin Mu. Her loyalty was now absolute. Such transformative grace was a debt she could never repay.

"Let's go. Take me to the entrance to the Ancient Land," Lin Mu said, paying her no mind, as if he had just accomplished something utterly mundane.

And in truth, he had. If he wished, he could enable his disciples, like Leng Feng and Li Lingqing, to reach the Eleventh Level of Qi Cultivation in a single day. But artificially forcing their growth would only bring them harm. Only by cultivating step by step and understanding the hardships of the path could they travel further in the future. As for Shangguan Shiming, her future would depend on her own fortune from here on out.

Even Lin Mu could miscalculate. He had assumed the entrance to the Ancient Land Sect would be in some remote wilderness, like the Heavenly Lake Minor World. He never expected Shangguan Shiming to lead him to a slaughterhouse.

Sensing his confusion, Shangguan Shiming explained, "The sect elders believe in the principle: 'A minor hermit hides in the wilds; a major one hides in the city.' That's why they placed the entrance to the Ancient Land here."

Lin Mu's Divine Sense swept out, a flicker of surprise in his eyes. "To think that all the residents here are people from the Ancient Land Sect!"

Within the range of his Divine Sense, he found that among the town's several thousand inhabitants, every single person over the age of eighteen was a martial artist, and none of them had a low cultivation level. Yet, these people seemed content with their ordinary lives, never revealing their skills. They lived as commoners in this small town. The brainwashing capabilities of the Ancient Land Sect were truly impressive.

Shangguan Shiming looked slightly embarrassed. "In their eyes, we are like immortals. They are willing to serve us in exchange for ten slots to join the Ancient Land Sect every decade."

Immortals. Cultivation. For the thousands of people in this town, this was their only aspiration. Who wouldn't want one of their children to become an immortal who could live forever? The Ancient Land Sect used this very desire to bewitch them all.

"The Dragon Protection Hall hasn't found you?" Lin Mu asked curiously.

"Perhaps they haven't, or perhaps they did and chose to coexist peacefully. It might be a tacit understanding between the Ancient Land Sect and the Dragon Protection Hall," Shangguan Shiming replied. "After all, if the Dragon Protection Hall were to destroy this location, the sect would simply move the entrance to an even more secretive place. That would make it harder for the Dragon Protection Hall to monitor us."

Lin Mu nodded.

Just then, a bare-chested, burly man in a leather apron spotted Shangguan Shiming and Lin Mu. His eyes lit up, and he hurried over.

The man bowed respectfully. "Greetings, Master Shangguan!"

"Xu Wen, open the base. I am returning," Shangguan Shiming commanded, giving Lin Mu an apologetic glance as she resumed the proud demeanor befitting her position.

The burly man, Xu Wen, snuck a glance at Lin Mu. He hesitated for a moment before asking, "Master Shangguan, this is..."

Shangguan Shiming shot him a glare. "Is that a question you are qualified to ask?"

"This subordinate wouldn't dare. It's just... the base is a restricted area. Without an order from above, I can't just let someone in..." Xu Wen said, looking troubled.

His cultivation level was average, only at the Inner Strength Realm. But as he faced Shangguan Shiming, he stood his ground, humble yet unyielding.

Chapter 770: Suppress!

"Red Lotus Ancestor was murdered. This is her newly accepted disciple from the secular world, and I'm taking him to the Sword Control Sect!" Shangguan Shiming explained, her gaze turning icy. The stare from a master at the Tenth Layer of Qi Cultivation was like a razor's edge, slicing across Xu Wen's body.

With a thud, Xu Wen dropped to his knees, his body trembling violently. "Forgive me, Emissary! Please, forgive me!"

With a great show of authority, Shangguan Shiming let out a cold snort. "Rise. In light of your loyalty, I will forgive your offense this time. If it happens again, I will not be so lenient!"

"Thank you, Emissary, for your mercy!" After kowtowing deeply, Xu Wen shakily rose to his feet and led Shangguan Shiming and Lin Mu into a cold storage room in the slaughterhouse. After ushering the two inside, Xu Wen bowed at the waist and respectfully exited.

Once he had departed, Lin Mu asked, "Does that man have a relative who ascended to immortality and joined an Ancient Land Sect?"

Shangguan Shiming looked at Lin Mu in surprise. "Sir, your perception is truly astonishing! Indeed. Xu Wen's older brother, Xu Jian, entered the Sword Control Sect thirty years ago. He is a genius Disciple of the Sect."

Lin Mu nodded. "No wonder he dared to harbor resentment against you."

"Resentment?" Shangguan Shiming was stunned at first, then exclaimed in astonishment, "Sir, are you saying that just now, he..."

"He harbored the intent to kill you."

The squabbles and grudges of such insignificant people were not something Lin Mu would concern himself with. It was nothing more than a trivial amusement to him.

Shangguan Shiming's delicate body shuddered, a bitter expression clouding her face. I can't believe I earned his resentment just like that. If I were still aligned with the Ancient Land Sects, I fear my future would be grim. she sighed. At this rate, she truly had nowhere left to turn.

"Sir, please wait a moment while I open the Ancient Land Gate."

Shangguan Shiming gave a respectful curtsy, then stood up and retrieved a Token from her Space Ring. With a flick of her finger, she tapped the ancient character carved into its center.

BUZZ!

The Token vibrated, flew from her hand, and levitated in mid-air. It began to rotate slowly, tracing a mysterious trajectory. Ripples of energy undulated outward from the path it carved.

"The Ancient Land Gate is vital for the Ancient Land Sects to enter the secular world, so its defenses are extremely formidable," Shangguan Shiming explained, worried Lin Mu might grow impatient. "The Token, the method to activate it, and the trajectory of its movement—not a single element can be missing."

Suddenly, Lin Mu's brow furrowed. He grabbed the nape of Shangguan Shiming's neck and, with a single push off the ground, shot backward like a bolt of lightning.

BOOM!

The instant Lin Mu moved, the Token exploded violently. Countless torrents of wild energy instantly razed the cold storage room to the ground. Not only that, but the horrific energy impact, like a nuclear detonation, triggered a chain reaction.

The terrifying shockwave flattened the entire slaughterhouse.

Xu Wen, who had only just left, turned back in horror. Before he could react, the shockwave engulfed him, reducing him to dust.

The blast swept across the small town, obliterating half of it. Houses, buildings, ditches, vehicles—everything was annihilated in the energy explosion. Of the town's several thousand inhabitants, only a few hundred survived. They howled in agony amidst the ruins, their screams piercing the air. In an instant, the prosperous town had transformed into a living Hell.

High in the void above, Shangguan Shiming's eyes threatened to split from sheer terror as she watched the disaster unfold. A moment ago, if Lin Mu hadn't grabbed her by the neck and pulled her away, she would have perished in that terrifying blast, even with her strength at the Tenth Layer of Qi Cultivation.

The Ancient Land... The Ancient Land Sect set a trap, waiting for me to walk right into it!? They knew I would bring Lin Wudi here, so they tampered with the opening method for the Minor World Gate in advance?

A chilling cold coursed through Shangguan Shiming, rushing from the soles of her feet to the crown of her head. The Ancient Land Sect intended to kill me as well!

Looking down at the wailing crowd below, a flicker of compassion crossed Lin Mu's eyes. "This is their reward for serving the Ancient Land Sects for generations."

Lin Mu's words made Shangguan Shiming bow her head in shame. Even though the people of this town were mere mortals, like ants in her eyes, they had been unfailingly loyal to the Ancient Land Sects. They were its foundation. Now, to kill Lin Wudi, they had all been ruthlessly sacrificed.

"Sir, I'm sorry. The Minor World Gate has been destroyed. I cannot find another entrance..." Shangguan Shiming lowered her head, an icy coldness unmistakable in her eyes. She now truly hated the Ancient Land Sect.

"The Minor World Gate is destroyed? Not necessarily," Lin Mu sneered.

The Ancient Land Sect's scheme was quite clever. If blowing up the Minor World Gate killed Lin Wudi, that would be the best-case scenario for them. Even if it failed to kill him, it would destroy the gate and prevent him from entering the Ancient Land. However, the Ancient Land Sect had sorely underestimated him, Lin Wudi.

"Suppress!" Lin Mu pointed a finger, and an ancient 'Suppress' seal materialized in the air, quelling the turbulent energy flows and reducing any secondary damage. Then, with a flicker of his Divine Sense, three Nine Tripod's Bases emerged from his body.

WHUMP!

The moment the Nine Tripod's Bases appeared, their terrifying pressure slammed Shangguan Shiming out of the sky and down to the ground, where she crashed wretchedly into the ruins.

What kind of Magic Artifact is this? Its suppressive power is terrifying! Shangguan Shiming's face was a mask of horror. She was already at the Tenth Layer of Qi Cultivation, a level worthy of being called a genius even in the Ancient Land Sects. Yet, with all her strength, she was pinned by a single Magic Artifact, unable to even fly.

"Before me, no door can remain shut!" Lin Mu declared. "Ancient Land Gate, open for me!"

He pressed his hand downward. The three Nine Tripod's Bases, like three sharp swords, stabbed into the ground where the slaughterhouse had once stood.

RUMBLE!

Energy surged and shockwaves spilled out. The resulting tremors were even more intense than the explosion, but Lin Mu's 'Suppress' seal held them firmly in check. With nowhere to escape, the contained energy oscillated violently, battering the location of the Minor World Gate.

「On the other side of the Minor World Gate.」

Ancient Land! Three powerful experts stood in the air, gazing solemnly at the fluctuating Minor World Gate not far away.

"Someone did trigger the Minor World Gate, just as we thought."

"It seems Nan Weiwo was right. That bitch Shangguan Shiming really did betray the Ancient Land. Zhuge Jing, your Celestial Northern Dipper Pavilion has certainly produced a fine traitor!" jeered one of the three, a young man carrying a Sword Box.

"Xu Jian, Xu Wen was your own brother, and you kept even him in the dark. That's truly cold-blooded," retorted a middle-aged man in a Bagua Robe, holding a Five Elements Compass.

The young man with the Sword Box, Xu Jian, laughed coldly. "A dragon does not dwell with snakes. Immortals are immortals, and mortals are mortals! From the day I ascended to immortality, he and I

were no longer kin. How can you call that cold-blooded?" He shot a glance at Zhuge Jing in his Bagua Robe and added mockingly, "However, if Brother Zhuge were to unfortunately fall, I might actually shed a tear for you..."

Zhuge Jing flushed with anger and was about to fire back when their leader interjected, "Careful! Something is happening!" As he spoke, he spat, and a four-sided seal appeared, emitting a faint blue glow as it suppressed the void.

Almost as soon as he finished speaking, the void trembled violently.

Red, black, and white beams of light pierced through the void, shooting into the Ancient Land Minor World.

BANG!

Zhuge Jing, still holding his Five Elements Compass, was caught completely off guard. The white light slammed into him, sending him flying seventy or eighty meters away.