

War God 781

Chapter 781: One Sword Shatters the World!

The pipa was as sharp as a knife, each note a killing blow.

A cold snort boomed like a dragon, choosing its prey to devour.

The raging dragon roared as blades of sound interweaved. A novel form of sonic assault emerged for the first time within the Ancient Land Sect.

The hitherto invincible Palace of Heavenly Sound had finally met its match.

AWOOOO!

The Gigantic Dragon swiped its claws down, shattering countless blades of sound. Fragments shot out in all directions, plowing deep furrows into the ground. The relentless blades of sound sliced through the dragon's scales and severed its claws. It seemed the initial clash was a stalemate.

But as the Gigantic Dragon's strength waned, it unleashed another roar.

BOOM! The formation of sound blades exploded, blasting a straight chasm into the earth.

BANG!

The flute shattered, and its music died.

The Foundation Building Immortal from the Palace of Heavenly Sound who controlled the magic flute let out a muffled grunt. She stumbled back seven or eight steps, her face and hands riddled with blast marks. More importantly, her spirit trembled, showing signs of demonic invasion.

With a single strike, Lin Mu had shattered her Dao heart.

"Foreigner! You injured my junior sister! You deserve to die!"

An angry shout echoed from within the clouds. Yet even in rage, the voice carried a rhythmic beauty that was strangely pleasant to the ear.

Following his voice, the sounds of various instruments began to play. The sounds of the guzheng, guqin, pipa, and xiao rose, joined even by the grand resonance of chime bells.

A magnificent yet chilling melody stirred the winds and clouds, transforming the very world. The Palace of Heavenly Sound had altered the battlefield environment with its power alone.

In the distance, a Foundation Building cultivator was caught off guard by the music. His eyes glazed over and his body briefly seized up.

Qing Que's eyes lit up as he shot out a scarlet beam of light.

The cultivator's body trembled once, then fell silently to the ground.

"Palace of Heavenly Sound! Are you looking for death?!" the remaining nine Foundation Building Immortals surrounding Qing Que roared in fury.

But Qing Que just laughed loudly. "My thanks to the fellow Daoists from the Palace of Heavenly Sound for the assist!"

Before his voice had even faded, Qing Que took a flying sword to the back as his scarlet Extreme Realm Consciousness lashed out again.

PFFT! PFFT! PFFT!

This time, three Foundation Building Immortals fell.

Since the battle began, seven of the thirteen Foundation Building Immortals had already perished.

The remaining six, their eyes burning with rage, attacked Qing Que with the desperate ferocity of those willing to die to take him down with them. They were all born after the fall of the last exiled immortal of the extreme realm from the Celestial Northern Dipper Pavilion. As such, they were unaware of the true terror such a being represented. Now, after dozens of exchanges, they were finally experiencing it firsthand.

An exiled immortal of the extreme realm at the twelfth level of Qi Cultivation, surrounded by thirteen Foundation Building Immortals, had still managed to annihilate seven of them.

If Qing Que were allowed to reach Foundation Establishment, one could only imagine how terrifying his strength would become. Perhaps a single glance would be enough to kill them all.

"For the sect!"

One Foundation Building Immortal bellowed in anguish as his body exploded, transforming into a stream of black blood that shot toward Qing Que. He intended to taint Qing Que with his corrupted blood to hinder his progress.

This desperate, self-destructive attack seemed to resonate with the others. Soon, two more Foundation Building Immortals made the same choice.

If we can't kill Qing Que, then we'll destroy his future! We will sever the path for the exiled immortal of the extreme realm to advance to Foundation Establishment!

Qing Que's face darkened, but there was nothing he could do. He could kill the remaining six, but he could not defend against the corruption of their tainted blood.

「Elsewhere.」

The nine Foundation Building Immortals of the Palace of Heavenly Sound struck as one, unleashing a soul-snatching melody.

Shangguan Shiming was caught in the aftershocks of the sonic attack. Her gaze lost focus, and blood began to seep from her seven orifices.

The sonic attacks of the Palace of Heavenly Sound are truly insidious and terrifying! If Lin Mu weren't right beside me, I would have already fled! The Palace of Heavenly Sound is truly worthy of its reputation as the third-ranked power in the Ancient Land Sect!

"Since you seek death, the sword I intended for Qing Que shall be yours!"

Lin Mu raised his hand.

The Slaying Gods and Demons and Punishing Immortals, the tenth of twelve forms!

Immortal Slaying Sword!

He struck.

The heavens and earth became a void, the universe vast and illusory. Countless phenomena manifested behind Lin Mu. At that moment, Lin Mu seemed to become an Incarnation of the Heavenly Dao itself, his majesty inviolable.

The sword in his hand wielded the might of heaven.

If heaven wants you dead, you cannot help but die. If heaven decrees your destruction, you cannot escape it.

One strike to annihilate all living beings, to punish gods and immortals!

The Slaying Gods and Demons and Punishing Immortals—its strongest technique, the tenth form—was now revealed to the world.

Once, this sword could slay True Immortals and Savage Gods.

Now, this sword could just as easily annihilate Foundation Building Immortals.

This form was originally intended as the final glory for the Peach Blossom Sword Immortal of the Extreme Realm, Qing Que, but it was now being used to deliver the members of the Palace of Heavenly Sound to their graves.

Each of the twelve forms of Slaying Gods and Demons and Punishing Immortals was capable of killing gods and punishing immortals. Lin Mu had once used the Decide Fist to kill a Foundation Establishment cultivator and the Decide Palm to eradicate a God-Communicating Martial Artist.

The strongest Immortal Execution, revealed for the first time, showcased its unmatched ferocity.

The Ancient Land Minor World trembled and wailed, as if unable to bear the weight of Lin Mu's attack. This strike had indeed exceeded the limits of what the Minor World could contain.

What is an Immortal? This is a true Immortal!

Shangguan Shiming bled from all seven orifices, the pain agonizing. Her eyes were nearly blinded by the radiance of the Immortal Slaying Sword. Yet she did not dodge or turn away, not wanting to miss a single spectacular moment.

This might be my only chance to observe Lin Mu's ultimate strike up close. How can I miss such an opportunity? Go blind? So what if I go blind! If I can learn the Dao in the morning, I can die content in the evening!

I used to think that 'Immortals' were just powerful Cultivators. Those at Foundation Establishment call themselves Immortals, but in my eyes, they are merely powerful Cultivators. Even someone as powerful

as an exiled immortal of the extreme realm only has a lifespan of fifteen hundred years before they ultimately return to dust. Without eternal life, how can they dare to call themselves Immortals? I was once praised as a fairy, but I never truly believed that real Immortals existed in this world. To me, they were all just powerful Cultivators.

But today, facing this strike from Lin Mu, I feel that if Immortals truly exist, then Lin Mu—Lin Wudi—is the first Immortal among mortals! The sword of an Immortal is naturally the greatest sword in the world!

Lin Mu's entire body was enveloped in mysterious runes.

The profound concepts of life and death, stillness and annihilation, reincarnation, and Yin Yang—all fused into one, forming the ultimate strike. This strike had indeed exceeded the limits of what the Minor World could contain. Where it passed, the void shattered, and countless spatial rifts tore everything apart. It was just like when the Ancient Land Gate had shattered. The pitch-black rifts were a horrifying sight.

Sound ceased. Spiritual Energy vanished. The very air was annihilated. Under this sword, everything was erased, as if it had never existed in this world.

Who could withstand such a sword strike?

BANG! BANG! BANG!

The sword's radiance hadn't even reached them, yet all the musical instruments in the hands of the Foundation Building Immortals from the Palace of Heavenly Sound exploded.

The ten Foundation Building Immortals wailed, their music silenced. Their voices could not even be transmitted. In that moment, it was as if everything between heaven and earth had vanished, leaving only Lin Mu's attack.

A single sword swept through the void, severing the boundary between life and death.

The radiance of the sword collided with the final sonic wave from the Palace of Heavenly Sound, instantly annihilating it. Under the pressure of this sword, the Foundation Building Immortals of the Palace of Heavenly Sound could not dodge, could not flee, and could not even use any Forbidden Techniques to escape.

They could only watch, wide-eyed, as this sword strike obliterated them.

After the Immortal Slaying Sword passed, all was silent and void.

After a long while, sounds began to travel through the heavens and earth again, but it was the unsettling cracking of the spatial rifts.

Where the ten Foundation Building Immortals from the Palace of Heavenly Sound had once stood, no trace of them remained. Only a gaping, black fracture in the void was left behind.

Ten great cultivators from the Palace of Heavenly Sound, the third-ranked power in the Ancient Land Sect, were annihilated by a single sword strike.

Today, Lin Mu, Lin Wudi, had shattered the world with a single sword.

Chapter 782: A Sword of the Mortal Realm? Ridiculously Absurd!

Outside Heavenly Origin City, in the desolate wilderness, the only sound was the cracking of spatial fissures. Beyond that, there was nothing. It was as if even the wind had been devoured by the rifts in space.

The assault by the five Foundation Establishment Immortals against the Peach Blossom Sword Immortal, Qing Que, had also halted. Even the Foundation Establishment Immortal who had turned into a pool of putrid blood forgot to sweep over Qing Que. His last vestige of spiritual consciousness stared blankly at the deep black chasm in the sky.

A sword that shattered the world! This was a feat that only the Foundation Establishment Pinnacle Exiled Immortal from the Celestial Northern Dipper Pavilion could achieve two thousand years ago, yet here it was again! And this time, it was replicated by an exiled immortal of the extreme realm in the Qi

Refinement Realm. So, who is the *true* exiled immortal of the extreme realm?! We killed the wrong person!

In that moment, an uncontrollable thought surfaced in the minds of the five Foundation Establishment Immortals.

What kind of threat is the Peach Blossom Sword Immortal, Qing Que? Even if another Celestial Northern Dipper Pavilion were to rise, so what? We would just have to endure for another fifteen hundred years! But this exiled immortal from the secular world! He was the one who broke through the Ancient Land Gate and forcibly drew the Spiritual Energy of the Ancient Land into the secular world! Now, while still in the Qi Refinement Realm, he has shattered the world with a single sword strike! As long as he lives, the Ancient Land Sects may never know peace. It's uncertain if the sects will even continue to exist in the Ancient Land! Given his murderous nature, he might just annihilate all the sects of the Ancient Land!

"Lin Wudi, we had no intention..." one of the Foundation Establishment Immortals tried to say, but a flash of crimson light in Qing Que's eyes silenced him forever.

WHOOSH! WHOOSH! WHOOSH!

The crimson Extreme Realm Consciousness darted between the five Foundation Establishment Immortals. In an instant, all five of them, stunned into helplessness by Lin Mu's power, were slain.

After the killing, there wasn't a trace of joy in Qing Que's eyes. His body was covered in wounds inflicted by the siege of thirteen Foundation Establishment Immortals. As strong as an exiled immortal of the extreme realm might be, he was still merely in the Qi Refinement Realm. The assault from thirteen opponents had left him completely outmatched. If not for Lin Mu's world-shattering sword, he might have already perished.

But even covered in wounds, he still stared at Lin Mu with eyes full of murderous intent. Gone was any trace of his former weariness.

"You are strong! But you must die!" the Peach Blossom Sword Immortal, Qing Que, declared.

Lin Mu smiled. "I told you. You were destined to die today."

With that, they said no more and attacked simultaneously.

One was accompanied by dancing peach blossoms, his Sword Qi blooming like flowers, resembling a graceful young master from the Ancient Land. The other was unrivaled in his dominance, his overwhelming fist intent filling the air, like the supreme emperor of the secular world.

The young master and the emperor! A battle to the death!

The Peach Blossom Sword Immortal, Qing Que, spat, and a Crimson Longsword Magic Artifact materialized before him. He hadn't drawn his sword even when besieged by thirteen Foundation Establishment Immortals, but this time, he did.

For nearly a hundred years, Qing Que had traveled the Ancient Land, using worldly wisdom and experience to nourish the sword in his heart. This sword was the embodiment of humanity, condensed from a century of his Cultivation Level and his comprehension of the mortal Conceptual Realm. It could stir the five senses of a Cultivator—joy, anger, sorrow, and pleasure. Stir the five senses, and the Divine Soul shall be wounded! The sword was unleashed, shocking ghosts and gods!

This was the sword that Qing Que had nurtured with his lifeblood for a hundred years. He never thought he would have to use it, but today, he unsheathed it for Lin Mu. As he had said, this sword was not for fame or strife. It was for his home, the Ancient Land.

With the strike of his sword, countless phantoms emerged behind Qing Que.

A tavern keeper greeted his patrons!

A peddler hawked his wares on the street!

A child ate a stick of candied hawthorn!

An old man staggered forward!

A mother spanked her naughty child's bottom!

The myriad scenes of the marketplace all melted into this single sword strike.

Shangguan Shiming, who was nearly blind, had just regained a sliver of her sight after taking a Healing Pill. She gasped, her mouth wide with astonishment at the sight of this sword.

When has such a sword ever appeared in the Ancient Land?! To use the mortal Conceptual Realm as a sword, and the will of all living beings in the Ancient Land as its intent! Is this Qing Que truly someone who holds such compassion for all living things?

Shangguan Shiming was suddenly struck by a ridiculous notion. The Peach Blossom Sword Immortal, Qing Que, was the great hero protecting the Ancient Land. And she and Lin Mu were the great demons destroying the world. This sword strike was Qing Que, empowered by the fury of the Ancient Land's people, questioning Lin Wudi. It was as if to say, even if you can shatter the world with a single strike, you have no right to destroy the home of all living beings in the Ancient Land!

How will Lin Mu respond?

Shangguan Shiming focused her limited vision on Lin Mu.

Lin Mu remained as tranquil as an ancient well, showing no sign that he considered himself a great Demon King. He simply reached out a hand.

"Slaying Gods and Demons and Punishing Immortals, Twelve Forms!" he declared. "Demonslaying Seal!"

A massive white seal appeared in the void. This great seal seemed capable of suppressing everything; even the spatial fissures appeared to halt their spread, quelled by its power.

When Shangguan Shiming heard the name of this technique, her expression grew odd. As the supposed "great demon," Lin Mu didn't use Godslaying, nor did he use the world-shattering Immortal Execution. Instead, he chose Demon Slayer—a technique with a curious implication.

Who is the immortal, and who is the demon? By using this strike, isn't Lin Mu afraid of slaying himself?

Countless chanting voices seemed to emanate from within the seal, filled with both mercy and ruthlessness. Swiftly, the seal's purpose shifted from suppression to slaughter. It turned from white to black, suffused with a grim, murderous aura.

BOOM!

The Demonslaying Seal collided with the Sword of the Mortal Path.

The eyes of the Peach Blossom Sword Immortal, Qing Que, blazed with light, his face twisting viciously as he pushed his Extreme Realm Consciousness to its absolute limit.

BOOM! RUMBLE!

In the end, the Sword of the Mortal Path was no match for the Demonslaying Seal. It was utterly suppressed. The great seal pressed down with immense force, crashing into Qing Que's chest.

Qing Que was sent flying for hundreds of meters. He shot through a tall mountain, and the ground beneath him caved in, creating a hundred-meter-deep crater, as if he had been blasted straight through the earth. Even so, the Demonslaying Seal remained locked onto his chest, pinning him down and rendering him immobile.

"You..." Qing Que's eyes bulged, seeming ready to burst from rage. His heart was overwhelmed with shock.

His Sword of the Mortal Path was a divine soul attack, honed for a hundred years through his contemplation of Extreme Realm Consciousness. This sword didn't shatter the void, but it could annihilate the Divine Soul! Any Martial Artist struck by this attack—a sword technique powered by the consciousness of the mortal path—would have their own consciousness eroded until both their body and their Dao perished.

And yet, his centennial sword hadn't even scratched Lin Wudi.

How is this possible! Is he not human? How could he be unaffected by the consciousness of the mortal path?!

Qing Que struggled desperately. Where the Demonslaying Seal pressed against his chest, the crimson Sword Qi slowly dissipated, replaced by wisps of faint black smoke, as if his very body was being scorched by the seal.

"A Sword of the Mortal Path? Utterly laughable," Lin Mu said, standing with his hands behind his back, his gaze indifferent.

In his past life, he had dominated the Immortal Realm, suppressing the ten directions. There was no corner of the mortal world he hadn't seen, no form of consciousness he hadn't encountered. Let alone Qing Que's sword, which contained a mere century of the mortal path's consciousness. Even if it held a millennium's worth, it would be nothing to Lin Mu, conquerable with the flick of a finger. To wound him, one might need a Sword of the Mortal Path infused with ten thousand years of consciousness.

When it came to Divine Sense and consciousness, he, Lin Mu, the Emperor Zun, was second to none.

"You've won," the Peach Blossom Sword Immortal, Qing Que, said, lowering his head. He looked completely dispirited, the miserable and wretched picture of a defeated general.

Seeing this, Shangguan Shiming felt a pang of pain in her heart and instinctively looked toward Lin Mu. She wanted to plead for the Peach Blossom Sword Immortal, Qing Que.

An exiled immortal of the extreme realm with such integrity and righteousness shouldn't die! At least, not at Lin Mu's hands! Staining his hands with such blood might affect Lin Mu's state of mind!

"Sir..." Shangguan Shiming began to speak.

But Lin Mu suddenly spoke, his mocking gaze fixed on the Peach Blossom Sword Immortal.

"How much longer do you intend to keep up the act?"

Act? Shangguan Shiming was perplexed.

Chapter 783: That Sword Stunned the World!

Suppressed by the Demonslaying Seal, Qing Que struggled to lift his head, his eyes filled with confusion as if he was puzzled by Lin Mu's words.

Shangguan Shiming also looked at Lin Mu as he advanced step by step.

"I'm not using Godslaying or Immortal Execution. I'm using Demonslaying! Do you truly not know the reason? Are you still going to pretend in front of me?"

The words were earth-shattering.

Shangguan Shiming's eyes widened in disbelief.

Indeed, Lin Mu always resorted to Godslaying or Immortal Execution when facing his enemies. He even used the Heavenly Emperor Nine Steps! But he had never used Demonslaying. Demonslaying, as the name implied, was for slaying demons.

I was just wondering why Lin Mu chose to use Demonslaying instead of the more powerful Immortal Execution, Shangguan Shiming thought. Now, I think I understand. Is Lin Mu saying that the Peach Blossom Sword Immortal is a demon? That Qing Que, who executed the Sword of the Mortal Path with such profound emotion, is a demon?

She found it impossible to believe.

Disbelief also colored Qing Que's eyes.

"Lin Wudi! A scholar can be killed, but not humiliated! If you dare to ruin my name, I'll haunt you even as a ghost!" Qing Que howled wretchedly, on the verge of madness.

Lin Mu stated coolly, "That you kill to practice your swordsmanship has nothing to do with me!"

"That you slaughter the masses does not concern me!"

"But you never should have tried to use me as a catalyst to break through to Foundation Establishment!"

"You are nothing but a vile creature from the class of Demons and Monsters who walks the demonic path, yet you dare to play mind games in front of me!"

"I've already told you—you will die today!"

His words were like blades, each one stabbing into the heart.

Qing Que roared in a frenzy, "Lin Wudi, you despicable villain! Killing me is one thing, but this humiliation... AH...!"

His roar was cut short as the Demonslaying Seal suddenly flared with power. The black aura erupting from his body grew even denser. The crimson Sword Qi was gradually tainted by the black aura, turning a corrupted red. Black peach blossoms scattered wildly across the sky, a truly bizarre and unsettling sight!

Shangguan Shiming hadn't believed Lin Mu at first, but this scene made her heart leap into her throat.

Something is terribly wrong with Qing Que! That black aura...

"As the dignified Emperor Zun, I have no need to slander a trifling little demon like you!"

"Since you still wish to argue, then I will let the world see who you truly are!"

Lin Mu pointed a finger, and an arcane rune materialized upon the Demonslaying Seal. In the next instant, the black aura around Qing Que's body exploded.

The visions from his Sword of the Mortal Path reappeared in the empty air!

There was an innkeeper greeting guests!

There were vendors hawking their wares in the streets!

There were children eating candied haws!

There was an old man shuffling forward!

There was a mother spanking her naughty child's bottom!

The myriad scenes of city life, all contained within a single sword strike! A sword strike that had astounded the world!

But the next moment, the scene changed.

Just as the innkeeper finished greeting a guest, the man offered a ghostly smile and struck out with his sword! The innkeeper was obliterated, his very soul absorbed by the crimson longsword. After absorbing the soul's agonized scream, the crimson longsword gained a trace of black.

The vendor was beheaded in the middle of his sales cry!

The child, with half a candied haw still in his mouth, was cleaved in two.

The shuffling old man had his limbs severed. He crawled and wailed before finally dying a miserable death!

The mother and child lay dead in a pool of their own blood!

Death. Death. Death. Ruin. Ruin. Ruin.

Everyone from the bustling city vision of the Sword of the Mortal Path died a tragic death. The only thing that remained in the vision was the sword, its blade gradually turning from crimson to pitch-black!

The Peach Blossom Sword Immortal was actually the Black Peach Blossom!

A demon!

This man was an unforgivable demon!

In the rapidly shifting scenes, the number of people he had slaughtered was simply countless.

Shangguan Shiming took a step back, looking at Qing Que in horror.

My own aspirations are as high as the heavens, and I view all living beings as ants. But even so, I simply ignore them as if they're not there. This man, however, revels in slaughtering those ants. Especially near the end... his Demonic Skills were already perfected, and he had reached the peak of the Qi Cultivation Twelfth Floor, yet he continued to kill purely for his own amusement! This man deserves to die!

Qing Que never imagined that this exiled immortal from the secular world possessed a method to manifest everything he had ever done!

"Lin Wudi, you..."

"Die!"

Lin Mu pressed down with one hand, and the Demonslaying Seal descended with a thunderous roar.

The black aura around Qing Que's body instantly exploded. With his disguise gone, his strength soared once more! A black Extreme Realm Consciousness swept out in all directions, annihilating all life it touched.

But it was too late.

Demonslaying Seal, Demon Slayer!

CRACK!

The sound of shattering bones echoed.

"I refuse to accept this! I am an exiled immortal of the extreme realm! I am the lord of the Ancient Land! I am—"

Under the Demonslaying Seal, the demon's form perished and its soul dispersed.

All his defiance!

All his indignation!

All his ambition!

All his resentment!

They were all slaughtered and utterly eradicated!

BOOM!

The Demonslaying Seal expanded dramatically, suppressing the entire area. When it rose into the air again, the Peach Blossom Sword Demon Qing Que had been reduced to ash.

Shangguan Shiming thought she heard a new voice added to the mournful howls on the Demonslaying Seal. That soul sometimes transformed into a black peach blossom, other times into a twisted human figure. Each time, it would be incinerated within the seal, only to be reborn and destroyed again. This cycle of torment would repeat for all eternity, with no hope of transcendence.

Only then did Shangguan Shiming finally understand why Qing Que had never joined a Sect. No Sect would dare shelter an exiled immortal of the extreme realm who delighted in slaughtering the masses for sport! The moment such a person's true nature was exposed, they would be hunted down and killed by all! It wouldn't matter even if he was an exiled immortal of the extreme realm capable of leading a Sect to glory.

Demons were not to be approached!

"Master, your servant knows she was wrong!" Shangguan Shiming prostrated herself, her forehead touching the ground.

I was so blind. I completely misjudged the Peach Blossom Sword Demon. I even considered defying Master's will to plead for him. How utterly ridiculous! How pathetic!

Lin Mu paid her no mind. He stood with his hands clasped behind his back, gazing up at the sky.

"This Ancient Land is truly old and corrupt!"

Shangguan Shiming's body trembled, but she dared not utter another word.

「Celestial Northern Dipper Pavilion, Inner Sect.」

It was a grand day for the Celestial Northern Dipper Pavilion. Aside from the Elders stationed in the major cities, every Foundation Building Immortal had returned to the sect.

In the main hall of the Inner Sect, Pavilion Master Zhuge Jingyun of the Celestial Northern Dipper Pavilion stared emotionlessly at the message on his Communication Talisman.

A purple-robed Elder could no longer contain himself. "Pavilion Master, rumors are spreading that our Celestial Northern Dipper Pavilion has produced a Banished Immortal Seed of the extreme realm. Is this true?"

The other Elders also looked at Zhuge Jingyun with grave expressions. A few of them couldn't even suppress their excitement, their fingers trembling slightly. An exiled immortal of the extreme realm could lead the Celestial Northern Dipper Pavilion to another 1,500 years of glory! How could they not be thrilled?

Zhuce Jingyun, however, did not answer the purple-robed Elder. Instead, he stated coldly, "Liuyun Immortal is dead."

Everyone was stunned.

Liuyun Immortal was the City Lord of Heavenly Origin City! It was rumored that the Banished Immortal Seed, Shangguan Shiming, had appeared in Heavenly Origin City, and now Liuyun was dead! Tian Yuan was one of the Celestial Northern Dipper Pavilion's seven major cities, yet its City Lord, Liuyun, had actually been killed!

"Pavilion Master, is the Banished Immortal Seed safe?"

They cared nothing for Liuyun's life or death, but Shangguan Shiming had to be safe!

"I don't know," Zhuge Jingyun said coldly. "The last message from Heavenly Origin City reported that Liuyun and eight other Foundation Building Immortals were killed."

Everyone was shocked again. Eight Foundation Builders were a force capable of suppressing an entire region.

"Could it have been that Proud Son of Heaven from the secular world at Shangguan Shiming's side?"

"How foolish! What does it matter if he killed Ao Guang? As long as the Banished Immortal Seed returns to the Sect, what's the harm in treating Lin Wudi as our most distinguished guest!"

Chapter 784: Two Sword Immortals, a Pair of Sisters!

The Elders of the Celestial Northern Dipper Pavilion were nearly unanimous. Ao Guang was merely a minor at Qi Cultivation Level Nine who had gotten lucky in reaching Foundation Establishment. For the sake of a Banished Immortal Seed of the Extreme Realm, his death was inconsequential. Liuyun had been so foolish as to make a move against Lin Wudi!

"It wasn't Lin Wudi who killed him," a single sentence from Zhuge Jingyun instantly silenced the great hall, "but ten Foundation Building Immortals from the Four Seas Gate who took action!"

Moments later, the atmosphere exploded once again.

"Four Seas Gate! They want to annihilate our Sect!"

"They must have learned about Shangguan Shiming being a Banished Immortal Seed and are willing to pay any price to kill her!"

"Damn it!"

"Pavilion Master, we can't wait! We must immediately send people to escort Shangguan Shiming back to the Sect!"

The crowd was filled with righteous indignation, impatient to act. Among the group of Elders, one person watched everything in silence, his gaze ice-cold. This person was the Shangguan Family's ancestor, Shangguan Xue.

He felt utterly triumphant at this moment.

Just half a day ago, these very same Elders had unanimously denounced Shangguan Shiming as a traitor. It was also them who had forcefully detained him, wanting to cripple his cultivation and send him to labor in the mines.

Yet, just half a day later, after learning that Shangguan Shiming might be a Banished Immortal Seed of the Extreme Realm, the Pavilion Master himself had gone to the dungeon to release him. He had even been promoted to the high and powerful position of a Transmission Elder.

But Shangguan Xue had already seen through these petty hypocrites. His only thought now was of Shangguan Shiming. As long as she could return safely, there was hope for everything.

"Something has happened in Heavenly Origin City. The Teleportation Array has been continuously active, so we can't use it to get there," Zhuge Jingyun said.

The Elders' expressions changed slightly. The Elder in the purple robe clenched his teeth and said, "Then we'll fly there on our swords! It will only take a day. This concerns a matter of fifteen hundred years of importance to the Sect. We cannot wait!"

The other Elders all voiced their agreement.

「Celestial Northern Dipper Pavilion, Outer Sect.」

Compared to the bustling main hall, this place was much quieter. The disciples went about their business in an orderly fashion. Some cultivated, some set up stalls, and others sparred.

Around an arena, a crowd of disciples gathered around one person like stars around the moon.

"Brother Zhang, who do you think will win?" a disciple asked with a fawning smile.

Brother Zhang, Zhang Wanzai, whose Daoist name was Daoist Wanzai, was one of the two Proud Sons of Heaven of the North Dipper Celestial Pavilion and the strongest candidate expected to reach Foundation Establishment within the year. All the young disciples of the Celestial Northern Dipper Pavilion looked up to him.

Zhang Wanzai glanced casually at the two fighting on the stage and said with disdain, "It's nothing more than a chaotic brawl. What's there to say about victory or defeat?"

None of the surrounding disciples were offended; instead, they felt it was perfectly normal. This was precisely the air one expected from Brother Zhang.

"Brother Zhang, I heard a rumor, but I'm not sure if I should say anything..." a young female disciple said, her eyes filled with adoration as she gazed at Zhang Wanzai.

Seeing this girl, Zhang Wanzai's voice softened. "Ah, Sister Luoyu. Have you heard some news from your grandfather? Go on, I'd love to hear any news you have."

Luoyu's grandfather was the Chief of the Law Enforcement Hall of the Celestial Northern Dipper Pavilion, a man of immense power. Even someone of Zhang Wanzai's status had to treat him with great respect, so he was always very courteous to Sister Luoyu.

Upon hearing his words, a blush crept onto Luoyu's delicate face. The other female disciples who saw this were filled with envy and jealousy. Zhang Wanzai had never spoken to them in such a gentle tone. But it was pointless to be jealous. Who among them had such a distinguished grandfather?

Gazing at Zhang Wanzai, Luoyu was so smitten she forgot to speak. Zhang Wanzai didn't rush her, simply watching her with a gentle gaze.

Such naive little girls are the easiest to deceive. A single glance, a few gentle words, and their hearts are captured.

After a long moment, he finally had to let out a soft cough, which startled Luoyu from her reverie.

"Brother Zhang, my grandfather said... that our Celestial Northern Dipper Pavilion might have produced a Banished Immortal Seed of the Extreme Realm..."

As soon as these words were spoken, everyone was stunned. The term "Exiled Immortal of the Extreme Realm" held a unique significance in the Celestial Northern Dipper Pavilion. Two thousand years ago, it was precisely an Exiled Immortal of the Extreme Realm that allowed the Celestial Northern Dipper Pavilion to dominate the Ancient Land for fifteen hundred years! If a Banished Immortal Seed had truly been born, it meant the Celestial Northern Dipper Pavilion's great opportunity had arrived.

However, some people cast strange glances toward Zhang Wanzai. He was one of the two Proud Sons of Heaven of the Celestial Northern Dipper Pavilion. Barring any surprises, he was the most likely person to succeed the Pavilion Master. The birth of a Banished Immortal Seed was wonderful for others, but for Zhang Wanzai, it wasn't necessarily good news.

"Sister Luoyu, where did this news come from?" Zhang Wanzai's voice was tense, and his handsome face grew stiff.

Luoyu seemed a little frightened by him. She took a small step back before saying timidly, "It was... the Mud Bodhisattva..."

The Mud Bodhisattva! The number one diviner in the Celestial Northern Dipper Pavilion! If he said it, then it was almost certainly true.

The thought that an Exiled Immortal of the Extreme Realm would soon descend upon the Celestial Northern Dipper Pavilion made nearly every disciple ecstatic.

"Hooray!"

"Glory to our Celestial Northern Dipper Pavilion!"

"The heavens are blessing our Sect!"

All the disciples cheered. Amidst the jubilant crowd, Zhang Wanzai's sullen face seemed particularly out of place.

No! This can't be allowed to happen!

Zhang Wanzai took out a Communication Talisman and sent a message to his father.

"Brother Zhang, are you alright?" Luoyu asked, looking at him with a worried expression.

Zhang Wanzai's lips twitched as he forced an ugly smile. "I'm fine, Sister Luoyu. Why don't you join me for..."

Before he could finish, the sect's Teleportation Array flashed with white light, and six figures appeared within it.

"Sword Control Sect's Zilian Immortal!"

"Isn't that the Sword Control Sect's Proud Son of Heaven, Li Duanjian?"

"The other Proud Son of Heaven, Wan Jianyi, is here too!"

"My heavens, is that Sister Juling Yin, the Proud Daughter of Heaven from the Palace of Heavenly Sound?"

Aside from their leader, the Foundation Building Immortal Zilian Immortal, the other five who appeared were all mighty young cultivators. One was from the Palace of Heavenly Sound, two were from the Sword Control Sect, and the other two were the Proud Sons of Heaven from the Carefree Pavilion, one of the Ten Great Sects.

The simultaneous appearance of five such powerful young cultivators was an incredibly rare spectacle.

Zhang Wanzai could no longer bother with idle chatter. He quickly stepped forward, cupped his hands, and said, "Zilian Immortal, esteemed guests, may I ask the purpose of your visit to the Celestial Northern Dipper Pavilion?"

"It's nothing important. We just wish to spar with the Proud Sons of Heaven from your Celestial Northern Dipper Pavilion!" Zilian Daoren said.

Zilian Daoren was a famously beautiful woman among the Sects of the Ancient Land, hailed as the First Sword Immortal of the Ancient Land. This title didn't mean her swordsmanship was number one; rather, it meant she was the most beautiful Sword Immortal in the Ancient Land.

Of course, her cultivation was by no means weak. She was a powerhouse who had reached Foundation Establishment from the Eleventh Level of Qi Cultivation using a Genius Cultivation Method. Now, she was already at the Foundation Establishment Middle Stage. She could even fight ordinary Immortals who had reached Foundation Establishment from Qi Cultivation Level Nine or Ten, regardless of whether they were in the late stage or at the peak of their realm.

Furthermore, the most famous story about Zilian Daoren was that her younger sister, the Red Lotus Daoist, had also reached Foundation Establishment. A pair of sisters, both Sword Immortals, was a rare sight even among the Sects of the Ancient Land.

Zhang Wanzai was one of Zilian Immortal's many admirers, but her words today made his expression change drastically.

"Zilian Immortal, what is the meaning of this?"

Chapter 785: Heavenly Mandate Decree, Kill Without Mercy!

"Daoist Wanzai, you are not the one who can make a decision on this matter. Please, take me to see your Sect Master," Zilian Immortal said, gazing at Zhang Wanzai with a particular meaning in his eyes.

Zhang Wanzai's expression stiffened, but he still cupped his fist and said, "In that case, please wait a moment, Zilian Immortal!"

As he spoke, Zhang Wanzai did not use a Communication Talisman to pass on the message. Instead, he walked directly toward the Inner Sect's main hall.

A Proud Son of Heaven has his pride. If you don't show me respect, then you can just wait!

Zilian Immortal showed no trace of anger, standing indifferently outside the Teleportation Array.

The disciples of the Celestial Northern Dipper Pavilion watched from afar, the joy on their faces having vanished.

"Bringing five Proud Sons of Heaven to spar with our Celestial Northern Dipper Pavilion... I fear their intentions are not friendly."

"It's worse than unfriendly. Did you see the Proud Son of Heaven beside Zilian Immortal? That's Daoist Kunlun from the Carefree Pavilion, Li Kunlun! He's at the peak of the Eleventh Level of Qi Cultivation, just half a step away from a successful Foundation Establishment!"

"Is that true? He isn't in seclusion for his Foundation Establishment, but he's here to challenge us instead? This..."

All the disciples realized that something major was about to happen.

About fifteen minutes later, a female Elder returned with Zhang Wanzai.

"Daoist Zilian has graced us with a visit. Forgive us for the inadequate welcome. Please, come inside!"

"Daoist Xuanji, my respects to you!"

The two Foundation Building Immortals led the way, with the group of Proud Sons of Heaven following closely behind.

"Wan Jianyi, what in the world is going on? Give me the full story!" Zhang Wanzai sent a voice transmission to Wan Jianyi, the Proud Son of Heaven from the Sword Control Sect.

Wan Jianyi glanced at Zhang Wanzai but did not reply, simply shaking his head.

Zhang Wanzai's heart seethed with resentment!

「...」

Meanwhile.

Three hundred miles from the Celestial Northern Dipper Pavilion lay a large city known as Sky Mechanism City.

Sky Mechanism City was the foremost among the seven main cities of the Celestial Northern Dipper Pavilion and served as its gateway to the outside world. Commerce was extremely developed here, and representatives from many Ancient Land Sects had established a presence to trade with the Celestial Northern Dipper Pavilion.

The commercial street was bustling with an endless stream of people.

Lin Mu strolled leisurely down the street with his hands clasped behind his back, browsing the various shops that lined both sides.

Shangguan Shiming followed closely, though her mind was elsewhere. She was still thinking about what happened with the Peach Blossom Sword Demon, Qing Que.

An exiled immortal of the extreme realm from an Ancient Land Sect, silently killed by Lin Mu before he ever had a chance to make a name for himself. After today, no one will probably ever know that the Ancient Land once had an exiled immortal who fell into demonhood and nearly dominated an entire region.

"Go and retrieve that Jade Gourd for me," Lin Mu said, pointing with his hand.

Pulling herself together, Shangguan Shiming negotiated with the merchant. For the price of three Spirit Coins, she acquired the Jade Gourd and respectfully presented it to Lin Mu.

Lin Mu crushed the Jade Gourd with his fingers, revealing a light green jade marrow inside.

As expected, it's a Ming Xinyu. While I have no use for it, it's an excellent item for improving Luo Li's cultivation.

Lin Mu was quite pleased. He hadn't expected to find such a treasure in the Ancient Land Minor World.

"Sir, why have we come here?" Shangguan Shiming finally asked, unable to hold back her curiosity any longer.

She had assumed Lin Mu would march directly to the gates of the Celestial Northern Dipper Pavilion and unleash a storm of destruction. She never expected him to have the leisurely inclination to stroll through Sky Mechanism City's commercial district.

"Waiting for someone," Lin Mu replied indifferently before turning his attention to some Spirit Flowers and Exotic Herbs with renewed interest.

"Waiting for someone?"

Shangguan Shiming grew even more puzzled, but she dared not press the matter further and simply continued to follow him in silence.

About another fifteen minutes passed when Shangguan Shiming suddenly looked up.

In the sky, over a dozen dazzling streaks of light arrived in an instant, landing on the ramparts of Sky Mechanism City with a roar.

"By the Heavenly Mandate Decree! From this day forward, all major cities are sealed. No one is permitted to enter or exit. Violators will be executed!"

Atop the city wall, a Foundation Building Immortal from the Celestial Northern Dipper Pavilion surveyed the surroundings with an arrogant demeanor.

"Ling Xuan Immortal, what's happened? This sudden lockdown will cause us grievous losses."

"Indeed! I must return to my sect tomorrow to report on an urgent matter. I cannot afford any delay!"

"Ling Xuan Immortal, we..."

Before anyone else could speak, Ling Xuan Immortal raised his hand. A streak of sword light shot toward the feet of the person who had just spoken, nearly piercing through the top of his foot.

"That was a warning. Anyone else who questions the Heavenly Mandate Decree will be killed without mercy!"

The merchants below fell silent, as if gripped by a winter chill. None of them had expected the Celestial Northern Dipper Pavilion to be so overbearing, giving no one any chance to question them.

Among the merchants, one man's expression changed. He took out a Communication Talisman to send a message, only to discover it was completely ineffective.

"The Communication Talismans are blocked! Celestial Northern Dipper Pavilion! What are you trying to do?"

At this, everyone's expression changed. Sealing the city and blocking Communication Talismans—this was definitely not a good sign. The crowd grew clamorous again.

From the city wall, an immortal in white robes scoffed, "Ling Xuan, it seems they don't take you seriously."

Ling Xuan Immortal's gaze turned icy as he struck again without warning.

SWOOSH!

A streak of sword light pierced directly through the merchant who had pointed out that the Communication Talismans were blocked. Blood splattered everywhere, drenching the faces of the noisy merchants nearby.

Some stood frozen on the spot, utterly stupefied. These Qi Cultivating merchants typically held high status in the major cities and considered themselves akin to Immortals. Even during conflicts between sects, they were seldom dragged into them. When had they ever witnessed such bloodshed?

Now, for a single sentence, a merchant at the Eighth Level of Qi Cultivation had been killed with one strike.

Such brutality sent a shiver down every merchant's spine.

"Let's go!"

Some merchants, their faces pale, dared not stay a moment longer. They retreated to their shops, shut their doors, and did not reopen them. The rest of the merchants scattered and fled.

Within a few breaths, the street was almost devoid of pedestrians.

"Insolent fools. Did you really think I was joking?" Ling Xuan Immortal said with a smug look, glancing at the Elder beside him as if to show off.

However, that person ignored Ling Xuan and said gravely, "Everyone, scan the entire city with your Divine Sense. Do not overlook a single corner! If the Banished Immortal Seed is in the city, you must find her!"

"Yes!"

The Foundation Building Immortals cupped their fists respectfully and dispersed to begin the search.

The Divine Sense of a Foundation Building Immortal was powerful enough to cover a radius of several hundred meters. The merchants who were scanned struggled to hold back curses.

Such blatant searches! What about their privacy?!

But Ling Xuan Immortal's earlier ruthlessness had intimidated everyone, and no one dared to speak up. For a time, not a soul dared to step forward.

The Foundation Building Immortals of the Celestial Northern Dipper Pavilion each wore an arrogant expression.

A bunch of fools who only learn their lesson after a beating. They seem to have forgotten that this is the Celestial Northern Dipper Pavilion's territory unless they see some blood.

Ling Xuan flew across the sky on his sword, his Divine Sense shamelessly sweeping over the city below. The common folk and merchants were thrown into chaos, yet no one dared to utter another peep.

Just as Ling Xuan Immortal was about to change direction to continue his search, he noticed two people still on the street.

A man and a woman.

The man was sitting at a tea stall, leisurely savoring his tea. The woman stood beside him, attending to him with an air of extreme reverence.

"That is..."

Ling Xuan Immortal's pupils contracted.

Shangguan Shiming! She's not even trying to hide, just standing out here in public...

Chapter 786: The Secret Technique of Tianji Pavilion, Invocation of the Gods!

Ling Xuan Immortal had assumed that after the assassination attempt by the Foundation Building Immortals of the Four Seas Gate, Shangguan Shiming would either flee in disarray like a stray dog or hide her tracks, never appearing in public again.

Never had he imagined she would be so bold! It seemed she didn't care at all about being pursued by Foundation Building Immortals! Truly a Banished Immortal Seed! Her disposition is far beyond that of an ordinary person!

Overjoyed, Ling Xuan Immortal let out a sharp whistle, and the other six Foundation Building Immortals from the Celestial Northern Dipper Pavilion quickly gathered around him. Upon seeing Shangguan Shiming on the street not far away, they were all ecstatic.

"Haha, it seems our luck is good! Out of the two hundred Foundation Building Immortals divided into twenty teams to search for the Banished Immortal Seed, we were the ones to find her. Looks like the Rule Artifact our Sect Master offered is ours for the taking!"

The Celestial Northern Dipper Pavilion had mobilized its entire force this time. Almost all its Foundation Building Immortals had been dispatched to find Shangguan Shiming. At this moment, nothing was more important to the Celestial Northern Dipper Pavilion than this task.

"That person beside her... could that be the famed Proud Son of Heaven from the secular world, Lin Wudi?"

"Damn it! How arrogant is that Lin Wudi! He's making a Banished Immortal Seed of our Celestial Northern Dipper Pavilion serve him like a maiden servant! He deserves death!"

"Lingji, don't complicate things! To welcome back our Banished Immortal Seed, our grievances with Lin Wudi can be put aside. Let bygones be bygones!"

The seven Foundation Building Immortals descended on their swords, landing before Lin Mu and Shangguan Shiming.

Dongji Immortal! Shangguan Shiming's heart skipped a beat. She recognized the leader of the group as none other than Dongji Immortal, a Foundation Establishment Middle Stage expert from the Celestial

Northern Dipper Pavilion. This man was a Proud Son of Heaven who had achieved his Foundation Establishment from the Eleventh Level of Qi Cultivation, and his status within the pavilion was revered.

"Shangguan Shiming, you have done well!" Dongji Immortal's eyes revealed a hint of approval.

To dare appear in public while being hunted by nearly everyone from the sects of the Ancient Land—such mettle was commendable.

Yet, Shangguan Shiming offered no reply. Instead, she lowered her head and continued to serve Lin Mu respectfully. Seeing this, the immortals of the Celestial Northern Dipper Pavilion were all visibly indignant. A sharp glint flashed in Dongji Immortal's eyes, but he suppressed his anger.

"You must be the secular world's Proud Son of Heaven, Lin Wudi. I am Dongji of the Celestial Northern Dipper Pavilion. Greetings, Lin Wudi!"

Shangguan Shiming kept her head bowed, but her brow twitched slightly. She had expected these immortals from the Celestial Northern Dipper Pavilion to attack immediately to avenge Ao Guang. Who would have thought their attitude would be so cordial? It was almost humble.

Lin Mu gave no response, still sipping his tea at a leisurely pace. A flicker of displeasure crossed Dongji Immortal's face, but he forced it down. He did not persist in the face of such a cold reception.

Instead, he turned to Shangguan Shiming. "Shiming, do not be alarmed. The Pavilion Master has issued a decree: so long as you are willing to return, the Sect is prepared to let bygones be bygones!"

Shangguan Shiming froze for a second before a strange thought occurred to her. Could it be... the Celestial Northern Dipper Pavilion also thinks I'm a Banished Immortal Seed? Her expression turned peculiar.

Dongji Immortal continued to raise the stakes. "Not only that, but once you return to the Sect and your status as a Banished Immortal is verified, the Sect will name you the successor to the Pavilion Master! You will have your pick of our resources! Even the Divine Calculator Great Ancestor will personally take you as his disciple and teach you the art of divine calculation!"

Hearing the name "Divine Calculator Great Ancestor," Shangguan Shiming's delicate frame trembled. "The Divine Calculator Great Ancestor... is still of this world?"

The Divine Calculator Great Ancestor was currently the only Core Formation Great Ancestor in the Celestial Northern Dipper Pavilion. He was the Sect's Sky-supporting White Jade Column, its Sea-spanning Purple Gold Beam. It was solely due to his existence that the Celestial Northern Dipper Pavilion maintained its position among the Ten Great Sects. Shangguan Shiming had heard rumors that the Great Ancestor's lifespan had run out fifty years ago. To think he was still alive!

Dongji Immortal said proudly, "The Great Ancestor's mana is boundless and his longevity rivals the heavens. How could he fall so easily? Shiming, are you willing to become the disciple of the Divine Calculator Great Ancestor?"

He was confident no one could refuse such an offer. To be taken as a disciple by a Core Formation Great Ancestor was a privilege that even a Proud Son of Heaven could hardly hope for. These old ancestors were almost all in seclusion, trying to extend their lives, and rarely accepted new disciples. An opportunity like this came once in a century.

Shangguan Shiming was indeed tempted. Had the people from the Celestial Northern Dipper Pavilion made this offer a few days ago, she would have returned to the Sect without a second thought. But having witnessed the battle between Lin Mu and the Peach Blossom Sword Demon Qing Que up close, she was no longer the same person she once was.

In her heart, she now had a more distant path to walk—the path of an Immortal. Leave behind an Immortal like Lin Mu to follow a Core Formation Great Ancestor?

"Dongji Immortal, I apologize. I am now my master's maiden servant and can no longer return to the Sect," Shangguan Shiming said with a deep bow, refusing the incredible temptation Dongji Immortal had laid before her.

A hush fell over the scene. For a moment, Dong Ji, Ling Xuan, and Lingji all thought they must have misheard. Shangguan Shiming was refusing to return to her Sect, refusing to become the disciple of a Core Formation Great Ancestor, and her reason was that she wanted to follow Lin Wudi as a servant?

"Shangguan Shiming! Have you lost your mind?" Dongji Immortal roared in fury.

Shangguan Shiming replied calmly, "How can a sparrow understand the ambitions of a swan? It is precisely because I have *not* lost my mind that I have made this choice. Say no more, Dongji Immortal. My mind is made up!"

Killing intent surged in Dongji Immortal's eyes as he glared fiercely at Lin Mu. "Lin Wudi, was it you who bewitched her and forbade her from returning to the Sect?"

CLANG!

A sword hummed. The instant Dongji Immortal spoke, a Peach Wood Sword shot from its sheath, dancing beside the group and emitting an eerie, pale light.

Lin Mu spoke nonchalantly, "Instead of wasting your time with me, you should probably worry about how to survive the imminent crisis."

"What?" Dongji Immortal asked, confused.

SWISH! SWISH! SWISH!

Just then, several streaks of light flew in from outside the city, landing before the crowd.

"The Sea-Covering Immortal from the Four Seas Gate!"

Seeing the newcomer, Dongji Immortal wasted no time. He directed his Peach Wood Sword to stab forward. The Sea-Covering Immortal was a Foundation Building Proud Son of Heaven from the Four Seas Gate and also a Foundation Establishment Middle Stage expert. Back in the Qi Cultivation Realm, he and Dong Ji had been fierce rivals, their various duels ending in draws. The reason for his appearance now was obvious.

CLANG!

The Sea-Covering Immortal performed a Hand Sealing Technique. A perfectly round bead materialized to block Dong Ji's Peach Wood Sword as he laughed heartily. "Dong Ji, it's been thirty years! Let us have another battle! The rest of you, kill Shangguang Shiming!"

BOOM! BOOM! BOOM!

Sword light crisscrossed and True Qi exploded outwards. Without another word, fifteen Foundation Building Immortals engaged in a life-or-death struggle. The surrounding city buildings began to collapse one after another. Only the spot where Lin Mu sat remained perfectly stable, untouched by a single speck of dust.

Dongji Immortal roared, "Sea-Covering!"

In response, the Sea-Covering Immortal's Magic Artifact bead erupted with endless blue light, sending a titanic wave crashing down upon Dongji Immortal.

"After thirty years, is this all you amount to?" Dongji Immortal sneered. "Invocation of the Gods!"

He pointed his Peach Wood Sword to the void. A beam of light descended from above, slamming into his body with a deafening bang. Spiritual Energy flared as divine might radiated outwards. A terrifying aura emanated from Dongji Immortal, pulverizing the massive paving stones around him. The buildings lining the street were blasted into fragments by the horrifying spiritual pressure. The merchants inside screamed in agony as they were crushed to death by the wanton display of power.

"I am the Upper Realm Mighty Spirit God! You mortals, kneel before me!"

Chapter 787: Kill the Immortal with One Finger!

Invocation of the Gods!

The unique secret technique of the Celestial Northern Dipper Pavilion! With divine possession, one's combat power soared!

After using the Invocation of the Gods, Dongji Immortal, who was at the Foundation Establishment Mid-Stage, had almost reached the Foundation Establishment Mid-Stage Peak.

A vast divine might pressed down from all directions!

"Kneel!"

Dongji Immortal's body swelled in size, filled with authority as if a true Giant Spirit God had descended upon the world. A single command was like a divine oracle!

Several weaker Foundation Building Immortals from the Four Seas Gate faltered and were grievously wounded by a strike from their Celestial Northern Dipper Pavilion opponents!

"Dong Ji! Are you mad? How dare you use the Invocation of the Gods?"

Sea-Covering Immortal had not anticipated that Dongji Immortal would become so frenzied this early in the battle. The Invocation of the Gods could indeed make one's combat power surge, but the price was equally steep. A single use cost at least thirty years of one's lifespan. Furthermore, Dong Ji's innate aptitude would also plummet, taking at least fifty years to recover.

At Dong Ji's age, this one invocation had essentially severed his path of cultivation.

An expression of fury appeared on Dongji Immortal's sacred, god-like face.

"You tried to sever the hope of our Celestial Northern Dipper Pavilion's rise, and you still expect to leave here alive? Even if we have to fight to the last man, the Celestial Northern Dipper Pavilion will pursue the Four Seas Gate to the bitter end!"

Dongji Immortal waved his hand forward. His Peach Wood Sword, empowered with divine might, transformed into a titanic blade that smashed down toward Sea-Covering Immortal.

Sea-Covering Immortal's face turned deathly pale. He had underestimated how much the Celestial Northern Dipper Pavilion valued the Banished Immortal Seed! A Proud Son of Heaven who could have advanced to the late stage or even the peak of Foundation Establishment was willing to destroy his own future just to protect the Banished Immortal Seed.

Sea-Covering Immortal had never witnessed such fierce determination from the normally shrewd disciples of the Celestial Northern Dipper Pavilion. The appearance of the Banished Immortal Seed had ignited the fighting spirit in the hearts of the Celestial Northern Dipper Pavilion disciples.

"Hahaha! Well said, Dong Ji! To the death! Only death will end this!"

Ling Xuan Immortal laughed aloud and pointed his Peach Wood Sword to the sky. "Invocation of the Gods!"

"Invocation of the Gods!"

"Invocation of the Gods!"

In an instant, all the Foundation Building Immortals of the Celestial Northern Dipper Pavilion brazenly used the Invocation of the Gods! Rays of Godlight erupted from their bodies.

"Kill!"

Possessed by gods, the immortals of the Celestial Northern Dipper Pavilion began a massacre!

BOOM!

The Dao Arts Sea-Covering Immortal launched with his magic artifact, a precious orb, were instantly shattered by the titanic sword.

"Damn it! Block it!"

Blood streamed from Sea-Covering Immortal's seven orifices as he desperately commanded the orb to withstand the Giant Spirit God's sword strike!

CRACK!

The Giant Spirit God's colossal sword cleaved down on the orb, which emitted a cracking sound before shattering amid a thunderous roar. One strike, and the orb was broken!

Sea-Covering Immortal violently spat out a mouthful of fresh blood. With bloodshot eyes, he repeatedly commanded his magical treasures to counterattack. He even activated a Forbidden Technique in an attempt to fight back against the Giant Spirit God!

But how could the power of a mortal contend with a god?

They exchanged ten blows, and each one left him heavily injured.

The eleventh blow!

Sea-Covering Immortal's protective barrier was broken, and the Giant Spirit God's sword cleaved down upon his head. His skull shattered and his body was torn asunder. Sea-Covering Immortal was split in two.

After slaying Sea-Covering Immortal, Dongji Immortal did not pause, instead charging fiercely toward the remaining Foundation Building Immortals of the Four Seas Gate.

The Four Seas Gate originally had one more person than the Celestial Northern Dipper Pavilion. However, all seven members of the Celestial Northern Dipper Pavilion had used the Invocation of the Gods. With their strength soaring, they completely steamrolled the Foundation Building Immortals of the Four Seas Gate.

In the time it takes for half an incense stick to burn, all eight Foundation Building Immortals from the Four Seas Gate were annihilated!

After the slaughter, the divine auras had not yet faded from the seven members of the Celestial Northern Dipper Pavilion.

Dongji Immortal glared at Lin Mu and snarled, "Lin Wudi, do you see this? This is the resolve of our Celestial Northern Dipper Pavilion. I ask you one last time! Hand over Shangguan Shiming, or die!"

Shangguan Shiming was shaken as she witnessed the scene unfold before her, and she began to tremble inexplicably. Even as a disciple of the Celestial Northern Dipper Pavilion, she had never imagined that her fellow sect members would become so crazed for the sake of a so-called Banished Immortal Seed whose identity hadn't even been verified. Dongji Immortal... a Proud Son of Heaven who had a chance to reach the Foundation Establishment Peak! Now, he didn't hesitate to destroy his own foundation and kill a powerful enemy from the Four Seas Gate, all just to bring her back to the Sect!

At this moment, it was impossible to say her heart wasn't moved.

The Celestial Northern Dipper Pavilion paid such a grievous price, yet she, the Banished Immortal Seed, was a fake! She didn't dare to imagine what terrifying retribution she would face once the Celestial Northern Dipper Pavilion learned the truth!

Lin Mu slowly rose to his feet and said coolly, "No one can take away my maidservant."

His voice was like a blade, slicing through the void, making the seven Foundation Building Immortals from the Celestial Northern Dipper Pavilion feel Lin Wudi's tyrannical aura.

"Also..."

Lin Mu stepped forward. "You just said the grudges between myself and the Celestial Northern Dipper Pavilion would be forgotten?"

Although unsure of his point, Dongji Immortal explained, "That's right, forgotten! Not only that, but our Celestial Northern Dipper Pavilion will also treat you as a distinguished guest! If you wish to join our Sect, that can be discussed!"

"Even if you wish to become a disciple of the Divine Calculator Great Ancestor, that is not out of the question!"

In Dongji Immortal's opinion, the Celestial Northern Dipper Pavilion's sincerity was undeniable. A mere cultivator from the secular world had killed one of their Foundation Building Immortals, yet not only were they letting it go, but they were also offering him a place in the Sect as a disciple of the Divine Calculator Great Ancestor. What an incredible honor! If Lin Wudi had an ounce of sense, he would go with the flow and help Shangguan Shiming return to the Sect.

Shangguan Shiming, however, sighed. The moment Dongji Immortal mentioned becoming the Divine Calculator Great Ancestor's disciple, she knew it was over. With Lin Wudi's pride, how could he possibly take another as his master? Not even a Golden Core Great Ancestor would be worthy!

As expected, Lin Mu smiled faintly and said, "A mere Core Formation junior, worthy of being my master?"

Dongji Immortal, Ling Xuan Immortal, and the others were enraged. At this moment, possessed by their invoked gods, they radiated a terrifying pressure like enraged deities. Half of Sky Mechanism City was shrouded in their divine fury. Within Sky Mechanism City, all the merchants fell silent, prostrating themselves beneath the wrath of the gods.

"Lin Wudi! Do you know what crime you've committed by insulting a Golden Core Great Ancestor?"

Dongji Immortal took a step forward. The duration of his Invocation of the Gods was nearing its limit, and his patience was wearing thin.

This Proud Son of Heaven from the secular world is truly ignorant and incorrigibly stubborn!

Lin Mu didn't bother to explain, merely stating coolly, "What gives you the right to declare the grudge between us forgotten?"

As his voice fell, Lin Mu was already standing before Dongji Immortal, his gaze like ice.

"You..."

"Scram!"

A single word was spoken, and the wind and clouds stirred. The Giant Spirit God within Dongji Immortal's body trembled as if it had seen its emperor. Its divine light flickered with terror and apprehension. It actually tore itself from Dongji Immortal's body and knelt at Lin Mu's feet.

SWOOSH! SWOOSH!

The seven members of the Celestial Northern Dipper Pavilion had used the Invocation of the Gods, and now, the seven deities from the Upper Realm all knelt before Lin Mu! With a single word, he made the gods kneel!

Dongji Immortal stared in disbelief at the scene unfolding before him.

The gods... were actually prostrating themselves before Lin Wudi!

"Who in the world are you!"

The Invocation of the Gods was forcibly terminated, leaving Dongji Immortal pale-faced with a weakened soul. His aura had diminished by seventy to eighty percent, plummeting to the early Foundation Establishment Realm!

"I am Lin Wudi."

Lin Mu pointed a finger.

PFFT!

A Foundation Building Immortal from the Celestial Northern Dipper Pavilion had his head pierced through by that single finger. He had no power to resist.

Ling Xuan!

The one Lin Mu had killed was not Dong Ji, but Ling Xuan Immortal!

Before Dong Ji could react, Lin Mu's finger jabbed out again and again. His movements were as casual as someone pointing things out on the street, yet each point of his finger claimed the life of a Foundation Building Immortal.

Chapter 788: Divine Being Kneels at a Word!

The howling gale gradually subsided. On the streets, only heavy panting could be heard.

Lin Mu had slain five Foundation Building Immortals!

The seven Foundation Building Immortals of the Celestial Northern Dipper Pavilion had been full of vigor just moments before, fiercely battling their enemies from the Four Seas Gate. Yet, Lin Mu had effortlessly crushed them.

Only Dong Ji and Lingji survived. The two stood petrified, their gazes blank, unable to react for a long time.

In front of Lin Mu, Foundation Building Immortals were as fragile as clay chickens and pottery dogs, unable to withstand a single blow.

The deity summoned by the Invocation of the Gods is actually kneeling at Lin Mu's feet! Could this man be a god from the Upper Realm who has descended to the mortal world?

"Let's go."

After slaying the five men, Lin Mu turned and left. Shangguan Shiming hurried to follow.

It wasn't until their figures were about to disappear around the street corner that Dongji Immortal finally snapped out of his shock.

"Lin Wudi! Why didn't you kill me!" Dongji Immortal was so enraged his eyes felt like they would burst, and blood trickled from the corners of his mouth.

Lin Mu had killed five of the seven Foundation Building Immortals, leaving only him and Lingji alive.

What is the meaning of this?! It couldn't be mercy, nor was it because he was unable to kill them! Is this humiliation? Did he intentionally let the two of us live just so we could feel the shame of being crushed?

Dongji Immortal was in such agony he wanted to die, and he charged toward Lin Mu in a frenzy. He was going to use his own blood to wash away this disgrace!

"Dong Ji Senior Brother! Don't be impulsive!"

Spirit Mechanism Immortal suddenly grabbed the furious Dongji Immortal. His grip was so strong that Dong Ji, despite being a realm higher, could not break free. The backlash of force caused Spirit Mechanism Immortal to spit out a mouthful of fresh blood.

"Lingji! I never knew you were such a coward, so afraid of death! I completely misjudged you! Let go of me! I, Dong Ji, would rather die than suffer such humiliation!"

Dongji Immortal suppressed his rage, restraining himself from smacking Spirit Mechanism Immortal to death.

Ling Xuan and Lingji were his closest friends. The three often bickered, but they shared a bond that had been tested by life and death. On the battlefield, they were the kind of comrades who could entrust their backs to one another. Now, Lingji's actions left Dong Ji bitterly disappointed.

Lingji said with a sigh of regret, "Dong Ji Senior Brother, I have something to say. If you still wish to die after hearing me out, I will not stop you!"

"Hah! Speak! I'd like to see what excuse you have for being such a coward!" Dongji Immortal's face was full of scorn, not believing a word Lingji said.

Lingji remained calm and stated coldly, "Do you know how the feud between Lin Wudi and our Celestial Northern Dipper Pavilion began?"

Upon hearing this, Dongji Immortal's expression turned unnatural. The matter was no secret within the Celestial Northern Dipper Pavilion. The incident started because that scoundrel Ao Guang, seeing no hope for his own breakthrough, set his sights on Lin Wudi's dao companion. Using the Seven-Star Darkening Scatter, he attempted to turn her into a Cauldron!

"Lingji, what are you trying to say!" Dongji Immortal clearly did not want to discuss such a disgraceful matter.

Turning another's dao companion into a Cauldron was a taboo, even among the Ancient Land Sects. Lin Wudi's attack on the Celestial Northern Dipper Pavilion was perfectly justified. Putting himself in Lin Wudi's shoes, if someone were to turn his own dao companion into a Cauldron, he would probably have done the same thing—storming the Celestial Northern Dipper Pavilion, heedless of the consequences.

Lingji sighed and pointed at the corpse of a Foundation Building Immortal from their Sect, one of those slain by Lin Mu on the street.

"Dong Cha. Thirty years ago, his cultivation level hit a bottleneck. He used the Dual Cultivation Cauldron Method to advance to the peak of the Foundation Establishment Initial Stage!"

Hearing this, a terrible premonition arose in Dong Ji's heart, but he dared not believe it.

"Ling Yu, Ling Qu... all of them used the Dual Cultivation Cauldron Method at one point."

Lingji's next words shattered all of Dong Ji's illusions. He staggered back a step, his face growing even paler.

Could it be...

He might accept that others had used the Dual Cultivation Cauldron Method to advance, but Ling Xuan was his dearest friend, an upright man. He couldn't believe it; he wouldn't believe it!

Lingji sighed. "Eighteen years ago, Ling Xuan felt his own breakthrough was hopeless. He captured a female Foundation Establishment cultivator from the Four Seas Gate on the battlefield, refined her into a Cauldron, and forcibly harvested her essence!"

Dong Ji's face turned ashen.

Without Lingji needing to explain, he already understood why he and Lingji had been allowed to live. It wasn't because Lin Wudi wanted to humiliate them. It was because they had not crossed Lin Wudi's line!

Lin Wudi intended to eradicate every last person in the Celestial Northern Dipper Pavilion who had ever used the Dual Cultivation Cauldron Method!

For a moment, Dongji Immortal was at a complete loss. Did those people deserve to die? The Dual Cultivation Cauldron Method was, after all, excessively cruel; once a woman's essence was harvested, it was nearly impossible for her to survive. Yet, the thought of how many people within the Celestial Northern Dipper Pavilion had practiced this method sent a chill down Dong Ji's spine. If Lin Wudi killed them all, how many would be left in the Sect?

"No, that's impossible! No matter how strong Lin Wudi is, he's just a Qi Cultivation Genius!" Dong Ji muttered, unsure if he was trying to reassure himself or convince Lingji. "If the Sect just sends out a late-stage or peak Foundation Establishment expert, he will surely die!"

Lingji, however, was not as optimistic. He gazed at the divine phantom that was still kneeling on the ground, slowly dissipating, and his heart turned to ice.

Lin Wudi could make a deity kneel with a single word. If their sect members, unaware of the truth, rashly used the Invocation of the Gods, they would end up just like them—their strength plummeting, utterly powerless to fight back.

"Dong Ji, we must return to the Sect at once! We have to inform everyone that they must not, under any circumstances, use the Invocation of the Gods against Lin Wudi!" Lingji mounted his sword and flew toward the city outskirts.

I hope we make it in time!

Lin Mu and Shangguan Shiming were taking the Teleportation Array in Sky Mechanism City to the Astral Northern Dipper Pavilion Sect's Gate, but they could only fly back on their swords. One method was fast, the other slow; there would be a difference of at least two hours.

So much could happen in two hours.

Dongji Immortal's face changed drastically. He ignored his injuries, hastily mounted his sword, and sped toward the Sect.

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At the Astral Northern Dipper Pavilion Sect's Gate.

The Teleportation Array flashed, and two figures, a man and a woman, appeared within it.

Shangguan Shiming grew vigilant, assuming a defensive stance, only to be stunned to find just four Qi Cultivation disciples guarding the Teleportation Array. The Foundation Building Immortals who should have been guarding the array were nowhere to be found.

"Who are you?! The main city's Teleportation Array is closed! Where did you teleport from?" the four Qi Cultivation disciples demanded, blocking Lin Mu and Shangguan Shiming.

Shangguan Shiming glanced tentatively at Lin Mu, but he showed no reaction. She stepped forward, presented her Token, and announced, "I am Shangguan Shiming, a Roaming Disciple of this Sect. What happened here? Where are the elders guarding the Teleportation Array? I will certainly report their dereliction of duty to the Elders' Council!"

Shangguan Shiming seized the initiative, immediately criticizing the Foundation Establishment Elders.

The four disciples exchanged glances, the wariness in their eyes fading somewhat.

"Oh, it's Junior Sister Shangguan," one of the disciples explained. "We don't know what happened either. We only know that all the Foundation Establishment Stage elders and deacons have left the Sect. They've vanished without a trace."

Shangguan Shiming's anxious heart calmed slightly. It seemed that the Celestial Northern Dipper Pavilion, for secrecy's sake, had not announced her betrayal or the suspicion that she was an exiled immortal to the ordinary disciples. Her identity as a Roaming Disciple could still be maintained.

"Even so, there should be at least three teams—twelve people—stationed here. Where are the other two teams?" Shangguan Shiming's voice was cold.

Chapter 789: The Battle Ends, You're Up!

The four disciples were perplexed, their expressions strange. World Walkers were merely Outer Sect Disciples assigned by the sect to do dirty work in the secular world, yet Shangguan Shiming was asserting herself so dominantly!

"Junior Sister Shangguan, you..." A disciple frowned, wanting to remind Shangguan Shiming to recognize her place in the hierarchy.

Shangguan Shiming snorted coldly, and the aura of her Tenth Layer of Qi Cultivation burst forth.

The complexions of all four disciples changed. They hurriedly clasped their hands in respect. "So, Junior Sister Shangguan has already advanced to the realm of a genius! We have been disrespectful!"

In the Ancient Land Sects, disciples with ordinary talent, even if they pursued cultivation, would often get stuck at the fifth or sixth layer of Qi Cultivation. Only those with extraordinary talent or the support of a great family could possibly advance to the seventh or eighth layer. Those who achieved the ninth layer of Qi Cultivation, although looked down upon by the Proud Sons of Heaven, were already standouts among ordinary disciples. These Qi Cultivation Level Nine disciples even had a one-percent chance to luckily advance to Foundation Establishment and become Foundation Building Immortals!

As for genius disciples who reached the Tenth Layer of Qi Cultivation, their chances were over one-third. Therefore, genius disciples of the Tenth Layer held extremely high status within the Ancient Land Sects, second only to the Elders, Deacons, and Proud Sons of Heaven.

"Speak. What exactly happened within the sect?" Shangguan Shiming's attitude was fully commanding.

Lin Mu smiled to himself, suddenly finding the idea of pushing Shangguan Shiming to the forefront rather interesting.

The four disciples dared not hide anything, and all talking at once, they explained the situation.

Shangguan Shiming's face took on a strange expression. "The Sword Control Sect, the Palace of Heavenly Sound, and the Carefree Pavilion? The Proud Sons of Heaven from the three major sects actually came together to visit and issue a challenge?"

Even without knowing the full story, Shangguan Shiming felt the matter was not that simple.

"Has Senior Sister Langya come out of seclusion?" Shangguan Shiming asked casually.

Langya was one of the two greatest Proud Sons of Heaven from the Celestial Northern Dipper Pavilion and the strongest Qi Cultivation disciple. There was a time when this woman was Shangguan Shiming's idol.

"Senior Sister Langya has already emerged from seclusion because..." The disciple hesitated.

Shangguan Shiming glared, and the disciple's face turned pale as he hurriedly said, "Because Senior Brother Zhang Wanzai was defeated by Juling Yin from the Palace of Heavenly Sound, Senior Sister had to make an appearance to uphold our sect's honor!" After a moment's hesitation, the disciple added, "The other two groups actually just went to watch the spectacle..."

"Zhang Wanzai was actually defeated by Juling Yin?" Shangguan Shiming was somewhat surprised.

Zhang Wanzai had been famous for many years, while Juling Yin was a new Proud Son of Heaven who had only risen in the last decade or two. Yet he had lost.

Shangguan Shiming looked toward Lin Mu.

"Let's go have a look." Lin Mu nodded.

He too was curious what was so special about the Proud Sons of Heaven from the Ancient Land Sects. Peach Blossom Sword Demon Qing Que, the so-called exiled immortal of the extreme realm from the Ancient Land, had deeply disappointed Lin Mu. He hoped these so-called Proud Sons of Heaven could offer him a bit of a surprise. Otherwise, this journey to the Ancient Land would be far too dull.

「Inner Sect, Life and Death Arena.」

A beautiful woman in red was fighting a man who wielded paired swords. The man's Sword Qi cut through the air, and his blade cleaved horizontally—space itself seemed to rupture, its might astonishing. The woman's divine aura was restrained; her palm strike was silent, yet its destructive power was no less impressive. They went back and forth, exchanging over a dozen moves without a clear winner.

"Langya, if this is all you've got, you're probably not qualified to challenge Junior Sister Juling Yin!" the man from the Sword Control Sect laughed heartily, yet his swords showed no mercy, aiming strike after strike at Langya's vital points.

"Wan Jianyi, you're courting death!" A flash of anger appeared on Langya's beautiful face as she snapped, "Hexagram Sixty-Three! Completion!"

A massive symbol of the Sixty-Four Hexagrams appeared above the Life and Death Arena. The Completion Hexagram materialized beneath Wan Jianyi's feet. He tried to dodge, but it was too late. With a flash of light, Wan Jianyi's aura instantly plummeted by an entire realm.

"Water and Fire Completion! At the height of prosperity comes decline!"

"Senior Sister Langya is truly the strongest disciple of the Celestial Northern Dipper Pavilion!"

"To think the Sixty-Four Hexagrams could be used like this!"

The disciples of the Celestial Northern Dipper Pavilion cheered in unison.

Langya leaped through the air and was already in front of Wan Jianyi.

BOOM!

A palm strike slammed into Wan Jianyi's protective shield. The shield trembled, on the verge of shattering.

"Slash!" Wan Jianyi formed a sword with his fingers and slashed toward Langya.

Langya's body spun like a top, miraculously avoiding Wan Jianyi's certain-hit strike.

BOOM!

Langya once again struck the shield with her palm. This time, the shield burst apart completely.

BANG! BANG! BANG!

Langya was so fast that she left afterimages as she struck Wan Jianyi's body with consecutive heavy blows. Unable to defend himself, Wan Jianyi stumbled backward over ten meters and collapsed to his knees, his chest already drenched in blood.

"Juling Yin, get down here and fight me!" Having defeated Wan Jianyi, Langya directly challenged Juling Yin of the Palace of Heavenly Sound.

"Interesting. To actually encounter a Proud Son of Heaven who has entered the Dao through the Martial Way."

Lin Mu and Shangguan Shiming arrived beneath the Life and Death Arena. Having witnessed the recent battle, Lin Mu showed a look of appreciation.

The Ancient Land Sects were filled with cultivators. Even Lin Mu himself preferred to use powerful Dao Arts. The Twelve Forms of Godslaying, Demon Slaying, and Immortal Execution! Using heaven and earth as one's power, internal energy as one's palms, runes as one's fists, and all of creation as one's sword, one could slay gods, slay demons, and execute immortals! These were all Dao Arts.

The fist techniques used by the woman Langya, however, were derived from the Martial Way of the secular world. This was the second person Lin Mu had seen enter the Dao through martial arts. The first was the Divine Continent's Divine Sword Saint, Shen Lang, who entered the Dao through the Martial Way and broke through three realms in a single day, reaching the eleventh level of Qi Cultivation.

Langya, having entered the Dao through the Martial Way, took the opposite approach, transforming Dao Arts into martial techniques. Such talent stirred a competitive spirit even in Lin Mu.

"After this battle ends, you will go on stage and challenge Langya," Lin Mu ordered indifferently.

Shangguan Shiming was startled and cried out, "Me?"

She was only at the Tenth Layer of Qi Cultivation, while Langya was at the peak of the eleventh level and, moreover, a long-famous Proud Son of Heaven. How could she possibly be a match for Langya?

"If you can't even defeat a Proud Son of Heaven from an Ancient Land Sect, what use are you to me?" Lin Mu's voice was devoid of any warmth.

A bitter expression appeared on Shangguan Shiming's face; she knew this fight was unavoidable.

Juling Yin, I hope you live up to your title as a Proud Son of Heaven and severely injure Langya... Shangguan Shiming couldn't help but look toward the stage.

"Hee hee, Senior Sister Langya, don't be mad. I only injured Zhang Wanzai because I found him annoying, that's all. Don't worry, I won't hurt you..." Juling Yin giggled as she walked onto the stage.

Judging by her appearance, she seemed like a fifteen or sixteen-year-old girl, innocent and naive. But she was a Proud Son of Heaven at the peak of the eleventh level of Qi Cultivation. Just now, she had defeated the Celestial Northern Dipper Pavilion's Proud Son of Heaven, Zhang Wanzai, in only three moves. Her strength was not to be underestimated.

On the viewing platform, the Zilian Immortal of the Sword Control Sect smiled. "It's a pity this girl isn't a member of my Sword Control Sect. The Palace of Heavenly Sound really found a treasure." He seemed to quite appreciate Juling Yin's character.

Beside the Zilian Immortal, Elder Nan Bufan of the Celestial Northern Dipper Pavilion watched everything on the stage with a cold gaze.

This time, the Sword Control Sect, the Palace of Heavenly Sound, and the Carefree Pavilion had arrived together, forcing the Celestial Northern Dipper Pavilion to accept their challenge. They established a pact between the Proud Sons of Heaven.

The shattered Ancient Land Gate had to be forcibly repaired and sealed. Of the four major sects, the sect whose Proud Son of Heaven was defeated would have to take responsibility for sealing the Ancient Land Gate. To forcibly close the Ancient Land Gate would require the lives of at least thirty Foundation Building Immortals.

This was a loss the Celestial Northern Dipper Pavilion could not bear. Unfortunately, overwhelmed by the circumstances, they had no choice but to fight. Otherwise, they would face not the death of thirty Foundation Building Immortals, but a combined siege from the three major sects.

Chapter 790: Asking Sister Langya for Instruction!

The Celestial Northern Dipper Pavilion's only hope now rested on Langya. If she were defeated, the sect might not recover its strength for a hundred years.

As Juling Yin stepped onto the stage, Langya said nothing. The Sixty-Four Hexagrams manifested once more. Her body shot toward Juling Yin like a soaring dragon.

"Excellent!" a few disciples of the Celestial Northern Dipper Pavilion cheered.

Langya, who had entered the Dao through martial arts, was heroic and majestic in battle. If not for her lack of skill in divination, which made her unsuitable for the position of Pavilion Master, Zhang Wanzai would never have had the opportunity. Even so, Langya enjoyed unparalleled popularity within the Celestial Northern Dipper Pavilion, especially among the younger disciples.

Juling Yin's weapon was a Crescent Moon Pipa. With a flick of her fingers, Internal Energy burst forth. The sound waves coalesced into sonic blades that sliced through the void with terrifying momentum.

"Too slow!"

Langya's voice was still echoing across the stage as her fist slammed into Juling Yin's protective barrier. Juling Yin's sonic attacks simply couldn't keep up with Langya's speed.

TWANG!

Juling Yin plucked the pipa fiercely again. This time, instead of sonic blades, invisible sound waves swept out in all directions. As the waves washed over her, Langya's body went rigid, her mind reeling from the attack. This was the exact move Juling Yin had used to defeat Zhang Wanzai moments before.

As Langya stood frozen, a vicious expression flashed across Juling Yin's youthful face, and a glint of white light shone from her hand.

TWANG!

The sound of the pipa rang out again, a soul-snatching, life-reaping melody. Juling Yin actually intended to kill Langya.

Nan Bufan shot to his feet, ready to intervene, but he was stopped by the Zilian Immortal at his side.

BOOM!

Just as the soul-snatching music was about to engulf Langya, her figure vanished. The next moment, an eight-trigram pattern smashed against Juling Yin's protective barrier.

BANG!

With a single strike, the barrier shattered.

BOOM!

A second eight-trigram pattern slammed into Juling Yin's body, sending her flying. The attack was so fast that not even an afterimage was visible.

BOOM!

Only after the third impact did anyone catch sight of a fleeting, blurry shadow. It was Langya. This time, it was a kick, aimed directly at Juling Yin's head.

Those who kill will be killed in turn! You want my life, so I'll take yours! So what if you're a Proud Son of Heaven from the Palace of Heavenly Sound? Die!

BANG!

Langya's foot was stopped by a hand. The owner of the hand had clearly underestimated the power of the kick. They were forced back three or four steps, slamming into Juling Yin and causing her to shriek and cough up blood.

"What an impressive girl, this Langya! Truly one who has entered the Dao through martial arts!" The one who stopped Langya was none other than the Zilian Immortal. She gently rubbed the arm Langya had kicked, a strange light shining in her eyes.

She was a Foundation Establishment Middle Stage cultivator, while Langya was only at the Eleventh Level of Qi Cultivation. Yet that single kick had forced her back.

This Langya... could she be a Banished Immortal Seed of the extreme realm?!

The Zilian Immortal stared intently at Langya.

"Zilian! You've gone too far!" Nan Bufan roared, finally reacting. Zilian had blatantly taken advantage of his insufficient Cultivation Level, personally intervening to block Langya's attack.

Zilian smiled. "I was merely impressed by such talent and couldn't resist a test. Your sect is truly a blessed land of outstanding people and profound fortune. It wasn't enough to produce one Banished Immortal Seed like Shangguan Shiming; now you have a Langya as well!"

BOOM!

Her words sent the entire venue into an uproar.

"A Banished Immortal Seed? Our World-Walker, Shangguan Shiming, is a Banished Immortal Seed?"

"The Zilian Immortal said it herself, so it must be true! Our Celestial Northern Dipper Pavilion has actually produced a Banished Immortal Seed!"

"No wonder the Foundation Establishment Elders aren't here! They must have gone to welcome Shangguan Shiming back to the sect!"

"Hahaha, you're only just finding out? Junior Sister Luoyu already told Senior Brother Zhang Wanzai a while ago. I was right there!"

"Senior Brother Zhang Wanzai knew? Then why was the news suppressed? Why weren't we told?"

"Perhaps to prevent other sects from taking advantage..."

Only a few dozen disciples had been near Zhang Wanzai and Luoyu that day, and they had been placed under a gag order. Because of this, the news about Shangguan Shiming had never spread. Now, a single sentence from the Zilian Immortal had caused it to detonate throughout the entire Celestial Northern Dipper Pavilion.

"Zilian! Do you really think our Celestial Northern Dipper Pavilion doesn't dare to kill you?" Nan Bufan bellowed, enraged as the situation spiraled out of his control. His Peach Wood Sword appeared, vibrating as it cut through the air. Without another word, he began the Invocation of the Gods.

Having achieved her goal, the Zilian Immortal decided to quit while she was ahead. She gave a faint smile, then flew back to the viewing platform with the injured Juling Yin. Now that the news about Shangguan Shiming being a potential Banished Immortal Seed was out, it would certainly attract the attention of those with ill intentions. Whether Shangguan Shiming could make it back to the sect alive would depend on her luck.

Among the visiting Proud Sons of Heaven, Li Duanjian of the Sword Control Sect stepped forward, about to challenge Langya.

But at that moment, a graceful figure leaped onto the stage.

"I, Shangguan Shiming, request a lesson from Senior Sister Langya!"

A dead silence fell over the crowd. Everyone stared in astonishment at Shangguan Shiming. This was the Banished Immortal Seed the Zilian Immortal spoke of?

"Junior Sister Shangguan, you're challenging the wrong person! Our opponents are from the Sword Control Sect!" a disciple from the Celestial Northern Dipper Pavilion shouted.

Shangguan Shiming acted as if she hadn't heard, her eyes fixed quietly on Langya.

The Zilian Immortal had just blown my cover, and now Lin Mu is forcing me to challenge Langya on stage. This is a slap in the face to everyone in the Celestial Northern Dipper Pavilion!

Just as she predicted, the excited crowd slowly quieted down. They realized that Shangguan Shiming was, in fact, challenging her own Senior Sister, Langya.

"What's happening? Isn't Shangguan Shiming our sect's World-Walker? Why is she challenging Senior Sister Langya?"

"She's only at the Tenth Layer of Qi Cultivation, right? Isn't she afraid Senior Sister Langya will kill her?"

As the disciples buzzed with confusion, Nan Bufan's expression had already turned grim. He hurriedly sent a telepathic message into the sect. Shangguan Shiming, the very person everyone was searching for, had appeared right here in the sect! And the Zilian Immortal, a Foundation Establishment Middle Stage cultivator from the Sword Control Sect, was right there. If she decided to assassinate Shangguan Shiming, Nan Bufan was no match for her.

"Invocation of the Gods!"

Nan Bufan didn't hesitate. At the cost of damaging his own cultivation foundation, he immediately completed the invocation.

BOOM!

A golden radiance descended as the incarnation of the Giant Spirit God arrived. Majestic as a deity, Nan Bufan's Peach Wood Sword transformed into a giant golden blade, locking onto the Zilian Immortal from afar.

The Zilian Immortal's eyes widened in shock.

Shangguan Shiming is here, in the Celestial Northern Dipper Pavilion? Doesn't that mean *that man* is here as well?!

She recklessly released her Divine Sense, scanning the area in an attempt to find Lin Mu.

"Zilian! You court death!"

Nan Bufan misunderstood her actions. Thinking she was using her Divine Sense to harm Shangguan Shiming, he unleashed a slash of his sword directly at the Zilian Immortal.

"Get lost!"

A purple lotus bloomed in the air. The bewitching flower exploded with a deafening BOOM, annihilating both the Giant Spirit God's sword and itself in the blast.

Incarnated as the Giant Spirit God, Nan Bufan raised his hand, formed another giant sword, and smashed it toward the Zilian Immortal.

"Nan Bufan! You're the one courting death!" the Zilian Immortal roared in fury.

CLANG!

With a sharp cry, the Zilian Sword soared into the air. One after another, purple lotuses bloomed in the void as the immense pressure of her Foundation Establishment Mid-Stage Peak cultivation crushed the entire arena. Ordinary Qi Cultivation disciples were instantly overwhelmed, gasping for breath under her imposing aura. Even Proud Sons of Heaven like Juling Yin turned deathly pale. The sheer presence of a Foundation Establishment expert was earth-shattering.

"Slash!"

Just then, a clear shout cut through the Zilian Immortal's powerful aura.

The next moment, everyone saw Shangguan Shiming transform into a graceful celestial maiden, seeming to fly as she drifted toward Langya.

The sword in her hand struck straight for Langya.