

ETERNAL SK 541

Chapter 541: Grand Gathering

It was too tragic!

In the ruins, the lives of Golden Cores were akin to grass.

In less than 15 minutes, that orderly Golden Core army of the Great You Dynasty was trampled by the dozens of chariots from the Taba clan and more than half were injured or dead!

Corpses were strewn everywhere and tragic cries howled.

The Great You army had broken apart completely and the remaining cultivators fled far away without turning back.

The Golden Core genius of the Great You Dynasty, Gu Luonan, was defeated by Taba Feng within three blows. Slicing Gu Luonan's head off with his halberd, Taba Feng held the head in his hand.

With a torrential aura, he stomped on Gu Luonan's corpse and smacked his lips, sneering, "What dogsh*t genius is this? There are no lack of geniuses in this generation!"

Mu Dongqing and Bai Yuhan were horrified when they witnessed the scene and shivered uncontrollably.

The two of them witnessed Gu Luonan releasing his Golden Core phenomenon to try and flee. However, it was destroyed with a single slash of Taba Feng's halberd and his head was severed!

Without even using his Golden Core phenomenon, Taba Feng killed Gu Luonan while destroying the Great You army.

He tossed the bloodied head of Gu Luonan casually on the ground and scoffed coldly. "You're not even fit to ride on my chariot with your strength!"

Narrowing his gaze, Mu Dongqing could vaguely see dozens of heads scattered on Taba Feng's chariots. Most of them were dried and only a few were stained with fresh blood.

"I heard that Taba Feng loves to murder geniuses. Each time he murders a genius, he would sever the latter's head and place it on his chariot."

"I've heard that he claimed brazenly he was going to slaughter all paragons of Tianhuang Mainland and fill his chariot."

A hushed whisper sounded from the grass nearby.

Mu Dongqing and Bai Yuhan exchanged glances – both of them could see the shock in the other's eyes.

There were dozens of chariots from the Taba clan arriving for this expedition. At the most, they had less than a hundred people. However, they were able to destroy an army with more than a thousand Golden Cores.

The strength of the Taba clan was clear.

Thud! Thud! Thud!

Not far away, another group of ancient chariots charged over with war flags raised, etched with the word Yuwen.

Another of the gentry clans, the Yuwen clan, had arrived!

“Humph!”

The leader of the Yuwen clan was scrawnier like a bamboo pole and sneered, “Taba, those are merely ants with mediocre strength. What’s there to flaunt about?”

“Yuwen Wujia!”

Taba Feng turned the chariot and whipped his rope with a raring battle intent in his eyes, hollering, “You’ve come at the right time! Killing those ants wasn’t enjoyable at all! I’ve still kept a spot on my chariot for your head!”

Without a second word, Taba Feng led his chariot and charged towards Yuwen Wujia.

“Do you think I’ll be afraid of you?”

Yuwen Wujia was clearly unafraid and retrieved a golden three-pronged spear from his storage bag. It looked extremely heavy and unbecoming with his scrawny size.

“Kill!”

The two of them soared into the air at the same time and bellowed.

The halberd and golden three-pronged spear collided fiercely, releasing a shuddering shockwave in midair.

A burst of light shot forth, blazing like the sun with a blinding radiance!

There were more cultivators gathering in the vicinity and alarmed yells could be heard from the crowd.

Mu Dongqing was a body tempered cultivator with immense strength. He wielded a gigantic hammer and was unstoppable.

However, compared to the two paragons before him, Mu Dongqing felt that he was way too weak!

“This is a true paragon,”

Mu Dongqing could not help but shake his head and lament, “Either of them could kill me in less than three moves!”

Deafening sounds could be heard as the paragons of the two gentry clans, Taba Feng and Yuwen Wujia, fought in midair and it was hard to determine the victor.

The voids would quake with every single clash!

As the attacks continued, Taba Feng got increasingly serious and the ferocity in his eyes shimmered. Circulating his Golden Core furiously, a terrifying aura spread out from around him!

It was a Golden Core phenomenon!

Yuwen Wujia's pupils constricted rapidly and he withdrew right away, hollering, "Taba Feng, you're insane! How dare you try and use a Golden Core phenomenon!"

Golden Core phenomena were the strongest means available to Golden Cores and they wouldn't be able to reuse it within a short period of time upon release.

In other words, if someone activated their Golden Core phenomenon during an intense battle, it meant that they were determined to go for the kill!

While Yuwen Wujia was displeased with Tada Feng, he retained his sanity.

The Vermilion Fruit had not ripened yet. If the both of them were to reveal all their trump cards and release their Golden Core phenomena here, it would only result in an internecine outcome and allow outsiders to gain the advantage.

Taba Feng's Golden Core phenomenon had not formed fully and in reality, he was hesitant internally as well.

But when he sensed the gazes from the surroundings, Taba Feng was pumped and declared coldly, "F*ck that! I'll kill you today!"

"The both of you, cut it out!"

Suddenly, a cold and charming voice sounded.

Bang! Boom! Boom!

A series of ancient chariots arrived with a formidable aura, causing the clouds to disperse and the firmaments to quake!

These ancient chariots were only available for the gentry aristocratic families.

It was the arrival of yet another major cultivation clan!

The war flag on the chariots displayed a striking word – Murong.

A woman stood on the chariot at the front, wearing blue palace robes with a tall, slim and voluptuous figure.

Although she did not have makeup on, she possessed flawless fairy-like features with an arrogance that was unique to the gentry clans.

The person who spoke earlier on was this woman.

When he saw the woman, Yuwen Wujia yelled hurriedly, "Murong Wushuang, you've come at the right time! Help me control this madman!"

"Hmph, none of you shall control my actions today!"

Although that was what Taba Feng said, it was clear that his tone had softened.

"Our four gentry clans are related through history. We can spar, but there's no need to get into a life-and-death bout,"

Murong Wushuang commented indifferently, "Besides, the Vermilion Fruit isn't ripe yet. What's the point of you guys fighting? To let outsiders laugh at us?"

Sweeping his gaze towards the cultivators watching from the surroundings, Tada Feng hollered with a cold killing intent in his eyes, "Who would dare to laugh at me? All of you, scam further!"

The many cultivators were shocked and retreated hurriedly.

Mu Dongqing and Bai Yuhan seized the chaotic moment to escape outside as well.

The ruins were way too scary.

This battle was merely a scene that was replicating similar battles in other parts of the Great Qian Ruins!

Before they even caught sight of the Vermilion Fruit, people were fighting till rivers of blood were formed!

Once the Vermilion Fruit truly appeared, what sort of a blood storm would that be?

The group retreated, leaving a single person walking forward silently in a striking manner.

Instantly, everyone's gazes focused on that person.

That person wore black robes and had black hair. Expressionless and stiff, there were no emotions in his eyes as he walked towards the depths of the Great Qian Ruins holding a long sword in his pale left hand.

"Who is that? How dare he ignore the threat of Tada Feng?"

"I think his brains must be dead. It's easy to tell that he's an idiot with a paralyzed face."

"He truly doesn't know what's good for him. How dare he challenge the three gentry clans alone!"

Many cultivators nearby discussed in hushed voices with mocking expressions.

The person did not move quickly. To be precise, compared to the speed of cultivators, he was extremely slow.

The black-robed sword cultivator walked slowly towards the depths of the ruins like a mortal, ignoring the many chariots of the three gentry clans in the air and the strong cultivators.

One step after another...

Chapter 542: Ten Upper Sects

The cultivators of the three gentry clans seemed to have frozen in midair and complete silence ensued as none of them moved.

After the arrival of the black-robed swordsman, even the unbearable Tada Feng with his torrential ferocity earlier on quietened down; a hint of wariness could be seen from the depths of his eyes.

The scene that everyone expected did not happen.

On the contrary, the black-robed swordsman continued walking beneath the three gentry clans in an unhurried manner, step by step just like that under countless gazes.

That was not a distance that was considered far for cultivators.

Be it with movement techniques or riding on their swords, it would merely take slightly more than a hundred breaths.

However, that black-robed swordsman walked for a whole 15 minutes!

The stranger thing was that nobody stopped him or even spoke throughout the entire time.

It was as though everyone's throats were choked!

Murong Wushuang frowned slightly and there was an odd look in the way she watched the black-robed swordsman. It seemed like pity, admiration and even worry – it was conflicted and complicated.

The black-robed swordsman seemed indifferent towards everyone's fiery gazes.

His gaze was a little lost, seemingly unable to find a focal point. Walking forward step by step unhurriedly, he maintained his speed and slowly disappeared from everyone's line of sight.

"Who was that man?"

The cultivators watching were no fools and gradually returned to their senses.

"There's still one more gentry clan. There's a high chance that he is the paragon of the Dugu clan!"

"Now that you mention it, I seem to recall that there's a frightening Golden Core sword cultivator of the Dugu clan known as Dugu Jian. He lives for the blade."

"I've also heard about him before. It's said that he keeps to himself and has no kin or friends. For the past dozens of years, he is only accompanied by his black sword and has truly reached the realm of requiring nothing but his sword."

When she heard the discussions nearby, Bai Yuhan whispered, "Dongqing, seems like the Dugu clan has given up on the fight for the Vermilion Fruit. Otherwise, they wouldn't have sent him here alone."

"Not necessarily,"

Mu Dongqing shook his head. "Apart from people like us that have given up on fighting for the Vermilion Fruit and are just here to take advantage of the chaos, there's another possibility why some of them are here alone or in pairs."

"Why?" Bai Yuhan asked.

"That man is so scary that he doesn't even need the help of others!"

In midair, Taba Feng had already retracted his Golden Core phenomenon when the black-robed swordsman appeared.

After the black-robed swordsman was gone, he heaved a sigh of relief and laughed. "Here I was thinking why there was no one from the Dugu clan with our three clans here. So, they sent that man with the paralyzed face."

The black-robed swordsman was expressionless the entire time and Taba Feng was naturally only mocking him with the 'paralyzed face' term.

Not far away, a cultivator could not help but chuckle. "Paralyzed face. Hehe, how befitting."

"Hmm?"

Murong Wushuang's expression darkened and she turned slightly.

Without a single word, she waved her sleeves and a streak of light appeared instantly, shooting into that cultivator's glabella before vanishing.

There was a thud.

That person's head exploded and he fell to the ground, dead with his blood and brain juices splattering everywhere!

The crowd fell into an uproar.

The cultivators nearby were frightfully pale and retreated instinctively, looking up into the skies with a sense of trepidation at that murderous peerless woman on the ancient chariot.

With a cold face, Murong Wushuang said slowly, "Do you think the likes of you can make fun of anyone from the four gentry clans?"

No one replied.

Taba Feng, Yuwen Wujia and Murong Wushuang stood on midair with a bedazzling aura, resembling gods that were looking down at puny mortals with judgmental gazes!

Who would dare reply under such pressure?

Turning around, Murong Wushuang glared at Taba Feng and remarked coldly, "Taba Feng, don't say that I didn't warn you, but you had better watch your mouth. Trouble stems from the mouth!"

"Ha!"

Taba Feng regained his arrogance after the departure of the black-robed swordsman and roared into laughter. "It's none of your business! I can say whatever I like!"

"Alright!"

With a frosty stare, Murong Wushuang said, "Since you're so daring, go chase after Dugu and repeat your words!"

Taba Feng's expression darkened and he harrumphed without retorting.

Heaving a deep breath, Murong Wushuang composed herself and said indifferently, "Don't blame me for not reminding you guys, but there's news that the legacy disciples of the Ten Upper Sects of the North Region are coming."

When they heard that, Taba Feng and Yuwen Wujia knitted their brows.

“It’s not going to be so simple to pluck the Vermilion Fruit and claim dominance over the Golden Core realm in the North Region! Even successors of the ancient aristocratic families of the North Region might appear!”

With that said, Murong Wushuang waved her hand and led the dozens of chariots behind her to speed into the Great Qian Ruins.

Taba Feng and Yuwen Wujia calmed down as well and left respectively, giving up on their fight with a tacit understanding.

In the blink of an eye, peace returned to the skies at the boundaries of the ruins.

“Heh! With so many talents aiming for the same goal, even the paragons of the four gentry clans may not be able to get the Vermilion Fruit.”

“That’s right. Haven’t you heard that the legacy disciples of the Ten Upper Sects are rushing over too? There’s definitely going to be a great war between the paragons at that time!”

“Seems like that Vermilion Fruit is not only a universal treasure, there’s an even deeper meaning to it. Whoever gains the Vermilion Fruit is the number one Perfected Being of the North Region!”

“The intermediate ancient battlefield will open up in another 20 years. A victor must be decided with this gathering of the paragons of major factions and sects of the North Region.”

Mu Dongqing and Bai Yuhan exchanged grim glances as they heard the discussions.

The situation at the Great Qian Ruins was even more chaotic and frightening than they had imagined!

“What are the Ten Upper Sects?” Bai Yuhan asked.

Mu Dongqing reminisced and replied, “I heard the Nascent Souls in the palace mention about it unintentionally in the past. It’s said that there are 108 Upper Clans that are ranked beneath the immortal, Buddhist and fiend sects. Most of them are congregated within the Middle Continent and some of them are scattered in the North, South, East and West Regions. There are ten of them in the North Region.”

“What sort of sects can be regarded as Upper Sects?”

“I’m not sure.”

Mu Dongqing shook his head. “It’s said that the strength of an Upper Sect requires the support of a Conjoint Body Mighty Figure!”

Conjoint Body Mighty Figure!

The mention of those words caused Bai Yuhan’s heart to skip a beat.

There were nine major realms of cultivation – Qi Condensation, Foundation Establishment, Golden Core, Nascent Soul, Void Reversion, Dharma Characteristic, Conjoint Body, Mahayana and the legendary Tribulation Transcendence.

The reason why the Great Zhou Dynasty could be established and withstand close to 10,000 years was because there was a Dharma Characteristic Dao Lord backing the capital.

How terrifying would it be if Upper Sects had the backing of a Conjoint Body Mighty Figure?

How many Dharma Characteristic Dao Lords would they have under them?

What sort of strength would their paragons possess as well?

One would truly only understand that there's always someone better than them upon leaving the Great Zhou Dynasty and experience the true terror of the cultivation world.

At the Middle Continent, the origin of cultivation where the culture of cultivation was the most glorious with the most super sects and factions gathered, how majestic would things be over there?

Chapter 543: Trust

All of a sudden!

A shuddering aura surged from the edge of the horizon.

The weather had changed!

“Ow...”

A long horn sound rang through the world.

Many cultivators looked over and their expressions changed.

At the edge of the skies, gigantic spirit vessel warships a few thousand feet long with mysterious patterns etched on them hovered and shone brightly!

Tearing through the air, the spirit vessels had a domineering aura and a rampant might. One after another, figures with powerfully shuddering auras stood at their bows.

The successors of Upper Sects have arrived at the ruins!

“That’s the spirit vessel of one of the Ten Upper Sects, Heaven Motion Sect.”

“Their leader should be the paragon of Heaven Motion Sect, Long Wenyu.”

The spirit vessels passed over the cultivators one after another, forming gigantic shadows that covered the skies!

Not long after Heaven Motion Sect passed, many more spirit vessels tore through the clouds. The vessels were pitch-black and eerie, resembling Hell Boats floating in the seas of Hell.

“One of the Ten Upper Sects, Dark Ghost Sect!”

“Be careful not to be targeted by anyone from Dark Ghost Sect or you’ll definitely live an existence worse than death!”

“There are countless malevolent ghosts and otherworldly soldiers in the Great Qian Ruins. That’s a complete terrain advantage for Dark Ghost Sect.”

The spirit vessels of Dark Ghost Sect steered into the Great Qian Ruins.

Not long after, more battleships arrived.

The first ancestors of the gentry clans were cultivation warriors that conquered deserts. Therefore, their clansmen would travel with ancient chariots.

The Upper Clans were different from the North Region gentry clans.

Most of them traveled using spirit vessels.

“That’s the warship of one of the Ten Upper Sects, Blaze Columbus Valley!”

Raring flames blazed on the newly arrived warships and the clouds in the air were burned scarlet, displaying a dismal beauty.

“I heard that the paragon of Blaze Columbus Valley, Wang Yan, came here previously and was nearly killed!”

“Who could be so strong?”

“I’m not sure. It’s probably the legacy disciple of another Upper Sect. I heard that the paragon of Stellar Luna Sect died. There’s no way Stellar Luna Sect is going to let this go.”

“There’s already three of the Ten Upper Sects here now and I gather the other seven should be arriving soon. Seems like the rumors are for real.”

Needless to think, a great battle would definitely break out in the Great Qian Ruins once the Vermilion Fruit was ripe 15 days later!

At that time, paragons would be drenched in blood and no one knew who would survive the massive storm.

This could be considered as a test.

Only paragons that survive bloodbaths could truly be considered as peerless paragons and leave an unshakable name in the intermediate ancient battlefield 20 years later!

With a stern expression, Mu Dongqing contemplated for a long time before saying slowly, “The situation is getting way too complicated in the Great Qian Ruins.”

“Why do you say that?” Bai Yuhan could tell that he had more to his mind.

Mu Dongqing frowned. “Have you noticed that despite the grand commotion at the Great Qian Ruins, a single Nascent Soul has yet to appear?”

Bai Yuhan nodded – she had noticed this long ago too.

“The Vermilion Fruit doesn’t have much effect for Nascent Souls and they’re probably not attracted by it,” Bai Yuhan deduced.

“While that is true, it’s impossible that none of them appeared at all! That doesn’t make sense!”

“What do you have in mind?”

Mu Dongqing mulled deeply. "I'm guessing that some of the Nascent Souls have already arrived!"

"What do you mean by that?" Bai Yuhan's eyes widened.

Mu Dongqing replied, "There are too many factions involved in this fight for the Vermilion Fruit. If Nascent Souls interfered, they would definitely destroy the balance. As you've mentioned, it's truly not worth it for Nascent Souls to fight for a single Vermilion Fruit."

"Therefore, I garner that there's most probably a silent agreement between the Nascent Souls of the various major factions to not interfere so that the younger generation can take a truly decisive battle to see who could reign supreme among the Golden Core realm!"

"It's very likely that all the Nascent Souls are hidden and watching to see the outcome of this battle."

Bai Yuhan frowned and fell into deep thought upon hearing his guess.

...

Underground cave.

A resplendent light shone above the scarlet lava and a faint yellow inner armor hovered in midair beautifully.

On the shore, a demure green-robed cultivator wiped away the sweat on his forehead and heaved a sigh of relief, finally letting off a faint smile.

The green-robed cultivator was none other than Su Zimo.

After entering the underground cave, he merely spent five days repairing the five Black Gold Arrows.

However, it took him 10 days to repair the Mystic Gold Silk Armor!

For the past 15 days, Su Zimo did not rest for a single moment and was tense – he was already at his limits physically and mentally by doing spirit gathering continuously.

However, it was all worth it.

The five Black Gold Arrows and the Mystic Gold Silk Armor were all connate spirit weapons – Su Zimo's combat strength had just climbed yet another level!

Su Zimo stretched and removed his green robes, preparing to don the Mystic Gold Silk Armor.

However, his actions caused the furry, red ball beside his feet to wake up.

The little fox yawned and pushed against Su Zimo's thigh with its head and groggy eyes, expressing its displeasure.

Su Zimo smiled.

Over the past 15 days, the little fox had let down its guard towards him entirely.

Initially, this little thing hid and watched him from afar.

When it was tired, it slept and continued watching after it woke up.

After a few days, when the little fox saw that Su Zimo ignored her, she advanced and closed in.

When she realized that she was still not in danger after another day, she closed the distance again.

...

A few days later, the little fox laid down beside Su Zimo's feet directly.

She used his thighs as her pillow and felt extremely comfortable – she had never had a sleep as good as this for dozens of years.

After waking up, the little fox rubbed her eyes and the first thing she saw was Su Zimo changing his clothes. Instantly, she blushed and grumbled internally, "Everything about this man is good except the fact that he loves to be nude..."

Su Zimo was indifferent and wore the Mystic Gold Silk Armor; it felt cooling on his skin and extremely comfortable.

The Mystic Gold Silk Armor was thin as the wings of cicadas but it was unyielding and could adjust to the figure of any cultivator – it was truly a rare Utmost treasure!

After successfully repairing the connate spirit weapon, Su Zimo was in great spirits and wore his green robes once more. Looking at the little fox beside him, he could not help but reach out and touch her furry body.

Initially, the little fox wanted to dodge by instinct. However, she blinked and stayed where she was, allowing Su Zimo to rub her body gently.

"Little fox,"

Grinning, Su Zimo said with a playful look in his eyes, "Do you know that when you sleep... you snore really loudly?!"

"Damned scholar! How can you say something like that aloud!"

The little fox froze up with an embarrassed expression and turned to Su Zimo's palm before biting down viciously!

Yelp!

The little fox exclaimed.

Su Zimo's palm was fine but her teeth nearly cracked as she gasped coldly.

When he saw that, Su Zimo could not help but burst out into laughter.

Pursing her lips and blinking, the little fox's alluring eyes misted up and bean-sized teardrops rolled around, looking pitiful as if she had suffered great grievances.

Su Zimo put away his smile hurriedly and fondled her forehead, saying with a fake sternness, "But to be honest, your snoring is unlike ordinary snoring. Yes... it's nicer."

The little fox bawled and broke out into tears.

Chapter 544: Gathering of Nascent Souls

The little fox bawled and lifted the Fire Blocking Basket with her tiny paws, running away in a huff.

Smiling, Su Zimo sat down and laid backwards, using his arms as a pillow for his head. Closing his eyes, a faint demonic glint flickered as he fell into thought.

After crying for a little while, the little fox hid in a corner and drew circles on the ground, grinding her brain juices to insult Su Zimo.

“Stupid scholar, y-you really suck!”

“Stupid scholar, you’re a bad person!”

“You’re even badder than that stupid dead crocodile!”

The little fox spent her entire life in this underground cave and had never seen the outside world or come into contact with anyone. Although she was wary by nature, she was also innocent and naive like a virgin.

The most vicious words she could come up with were to compare Su Zimo as being worse than the crocodile.

Even though she had lived for dozens of years, it was a negligible amount of time compared to the long lifespans of demons and her mind was similar to a human child.

Before long, she was bored.

Turning around, the little fox looked at Su Zimo instinctively.

His eyes were closed and he was motionless except for his ears that were twitching.

“What is he doing?”

The little fox was curious and tiptoed over, completely forgetting that he made fun of her earlier on.

Because her cultivation realm was not high enough, she could not hear the sounds coming from the palace above the cave. However, Su Zimo possessed universal hearing.

Even thousands of feet underground, he could vaguely hear the sounds above in the palace.

The palace had not been peaceful for the past half a month.

Furthermore, the commotion was clearly getting bigger!

All the Golden Core paragons of the North Region might have gathered here with the birth of the Vermilion Fruit!

Although Su Zimo managed to defend against strong foes of the immortal, Buddhist and fiend sects singlehandedly when the Human Emperor’s Palace descended in the ancient battlefield, the current situation was not looking good for him.

At that time, he was a seven meridian Foundation Establishment Cultivator for his immortality cultivation and had attained greater mastery on his Orifice Clearing section for his demonic cultivation. He was almost at the peak and was a single step away from forming a core.

At that time, he was comparable to the paragons of the immortal, Buddhist and fiend sect paragons in terms of cultivation realm.

But now, he was at early-stage Golden Core and had yet to attain lesser mastery of his Inner Core.

The weakest of the paragons that gathered were at late-stage Golden Core and there might even be perfected Golden Cores!

There was a difference of up to three minor realms.

Of course, those three minor realms did not mean much to Su Zimo who had both immortality and demonic cultivation.

He was still confident that he could suppress everyone in a one on one battle.

However, there's a high chance he might make enemies with all the paragons of the North Region by fighting for the Vermilion Fruit!

At that time, it would be hard to stand victorious against the combined attacks of countless paragons.

He managed to cultivate twin phenomenon and both of them were lost primordial phenomenon.

However, at the end of the day, he only had two.

At that time, there would be hundreds or thousands of Golden Core phenomenon by paragons and that was a destructive power that was unimaginable. He might not be able to handle everything with his spirit energy as an early-stage Golden Core...

Furthermore, there were Golden Core phenomenon stronger than the Soaring Serpent and Divine Turtle as well.

Glass Palace of the nine immortal sects and Malevolent Earth Sect of the seven fiend sects were located in the North Region. If the paragons of those two super sects were to head over, it would definitely be a threat for Su Zimo!

Of course, there was something else he was wary about.

Would any Nascent Souls appear for the appearance of this Vermilion Fruit?

How would things end if Nascent Souls interfered?

Su Zimo's wild thoughts made his eyelids heavy.

He was truly way too tired and right now, the only thing he wanted was to have a good night's rest.

His comprehension on weapon refinement had advanced again as he repaired the connate spirit weapons.

"There's another 15 days left. That's enough for me to refine a set of 27 supreme-grade flying swords."

With that thought, Su Zimo drifted into sleep.

The little fox had just arrived beside Su Zimo when she saw that he had fallen asleep. Furthermore, there was a strange sound coming from his nose.

It sounded like tigers, leopards and thunder.

“Humph!”

Pouting, she thought to herself, “How dare this stupid scholar laugh at me when he snores so loudly!”

Even though those were her thoughts, she did not disturb Su Zimo.

She could tell that he was tuckered out.

The sound from Su Zimo’s nose was naturally due to the Marrow Cleansing section.

The breathing and expiration method of the Mystic Classic of the Twelve Demon Kings of the Great Wilderness was already infused in Su Zimo’s marrow and would activate instinctively even if he was asleep.

Body Tempering, Tendons Transformation, Bones Strengthening, Marrow Cleansing, Organs Refinement, Orifice Clearing, Core Formation...

The seven sutras reverberated within his body, forming a cycle.

His rich demonic qi rose and started spreading.

“Eh?”

The little fox watched everything with widened eyes in disbelief.

“Is this scholar a human or demon?”

She could not figure it out at all.

To her shock, she realized that her exposure to the demonic qi that was released from Su Zimo’s cultivation moved her cultivation that had been stagnant for a long time!

“Hehe!”

Delighted, the little fox inched forward again and stuck closely to Su Zimo’s arm before starting to cultivate.

...

There was a big pavilion five kilometers away from Great Qian Ruins.

Unlike the desolate ruins, this place was lush with greenery and willow trees stood in rows, filled with life.

There were four stone tables in the pavilion.

Beside each table sat three to four cultivators in weird attires. Some of them wore robes, some of them wore armor and others wore tight exercise attire...

More than ten people sat by sipping tea idly with relaxed expressions, discussing with soft voices.

Outside the pavilion, there were more than a hundred cultivators waiting.

Standing outside, all of their expressions were much worse as they looked at the people inside the pavilion with deep fear and wariness.

If Mu Dongqing were to see this, he would definitely be shocked.

Be it the ten odd people inside the pavilion or the hundred odd outside, all of them were Nascent Souls!

As he had expected, the Nascent Souls made their moves for the Vermilion Fruit!

In the pavilion, three people sat around one of the stone tables with badges on their waists that stated Murong, Yuwen and Taba!

They were from the four gentry clans!

There were emblems on the waists of the Nascent Souls sitting around the other three stone tables.

Stellar Luna Sect, Blaze Columbus Valley, Heavenly Piercing Sword Sect, Heaven Motion Sect, Seven Kills Sect, Blood Mist Sect, Mystic Firmament Divine Cult, Dragon Tiger Sect and Shadowless Sect...

Those were nine of the Ten Upper Sects other than Dark Ghost Sect!

The Nascent Souls in the pavilion were either from the Ten Upper Sects or the four gentry clans.

As for the Nascent Souls that stood obediently outside the pavilion, they were from ordinary sects and factions as well as some unknown itinerant cultivators.

Among them, the Nascent Souls of the Great Shang and Great Xia Dynasties stood outside as well, not daring to have any opinions.

Earlier on when the Golden Core army of the Great You Dynasty was murdered by the Taba clan, the Nascent Soul of Great You was enraged and wanted to head for the Great Qian Ruins.

However, a Nascent Soul of the Taba clan attacked and killed him in three moves!

Up till now, the blood of the Great You Nascent Soul's corpse had yet to dry. Laying in front of the pavilion, his body was still warm from his indignant death.

That was not the only corpse around the pavilion.

In the North Region, the combined force of the Ten Upper Sects and four gentry clans was almost absolute!

Chapter 545: Revenge!

"Seems like Dugu of the four gentry clans is not going to send forth any Perfected Lords."

The Perfected Lord of Stellar Luna Sect sipped his tea and said idly.

“Dugu Jian has an introverted nature and was born from a servant. He doesn’t even carry the bloodline of the Dugu clan in him, it’s only normal that there’s no Perfected Lord coming for him,” The Perfected Lord of the Murong clan said.

“Born from a servant and yet, he managed to climb his way through a gentry clan such as the Dugus to reach where he is now, defeating every other Perfected Being of the same realm. That’s not an easy feat,” The Perfected Lord of the Yuwen clan lamented.

“Humph!”

Heavenly Piercing Sword Sect’s Perfected Lord scoffed with an unfriendly expression, “That lad is cold and heartless. He killed a few of my sect’s geniuses! If that lad manages to get lucky and survive this Vermilion Fruit fight... hehe!”

The Heavenly Piercing Sword Sect Perfected Lord revealed killing intent through his words.

The entire North Region was shaken with the appearance of the Vermilion Fruit.

The Ten Upper Sects and four gentry clans had a silent agreement and sent forth news that Nascent Souls were not allowed to get involved in the fight for the Vermilion Fruit so that the younger generation could fight for it and determine victory themselves!

The reason why the Nascent Souls of the Ten Upper Sects and four gentry clans were here was to prevent accidents and stop other Nascent Souls from entering the Great Qian Ruins.

The fight for the Vermilion Fruit this time round had an extraordinary meaning to it.

Whoever got their hands on the Vermilion Fruit would become the number one Perfected Being of the North Region!

The Ten Upper Sects and four gentry clans joined forces to prevent any Nascent Souls from interfering and breaking that balance.

Therefore, even if Heavenly Piercing Sword Sect wanted to kill Dugu Jian, they would have to wait till the fight for the Vermilion Fruit was over.

The hundreds of Nascent Souls standing outside the pavilion were stopped by the Nascent Souls of the Ten Upper Sects and four gentry sects – anyone that resisted ended up as a corpse on the ground.

For the Vermilion Fruit fight this time round, the Perfected Beings of the younger generation would have to depend on themselves. It was a massive storm and paragons would be drenched in blood to see who would last till the very end!

Suddenly, the sound of robes slicing the air could be heard.

The person that arrived wore blue robes and was extremely fast!

Another Nascent Soul had arrived!

While Nascent Souls may not be tempted by the Vermilion Fruit, the appearance of the underground palace might lead to treasures within.

Built in the middle, the pavilion with hundreds of Nascent Souls gathered around was way too striking.

Glancing over, the blue-robed Perfected Lord's expression changed and he swerved to the side, wanting to take a detour around the pavilion.

Buzz!

The sound of swords swooshing filled the heavens!

A white streak of sword light flashed from the pavilion like a white divine chain, almost slicing the void into half as it blocked the blue-robed Perfected Lord's path forward.

"Where are you going, fellow Daoist?"

The voice of the Heavenly Piercing Sword Sect's Perfected Lord was sinister and shuddering.

"Come over here. No Nascent Souls are allowed into the Great Qian Ruins!" Stellar Luna Sect's Perfected Lord remarked coldly.

The blue-robed Perfected Lord was rather calm as well and cupped his fists towards everyone with a smile. "I truly did not know of that rule. I'll leave right now and not disturb you guys."

"You want to leave after coming here?"

Suddenly, a phantom shrouded by a black mist appeared behind the blue-robed Perfected Lord and devoured him instantly.

"Ah!"

A tragic shriek rang through the air.

After ten breaths, a white skeleton wearing blue robes fell from midair.

The black mist cleared and a scrawny old man revealed his true appearance. With a ghastly aura and a cold gaze, he descended into the pavilion clutching a walking stick.

The Perfected Lord of Dark Ghost Sect had arrived.

As of now, the Perfected Lords of the Ten Upper Sects were represented and there were also Perfected Lords from three of the four gentry clans.

The crowd was no longer surprised at the death of the blue-robed Perfected Lord.

Things quickly returned to normal outside the pavilion and discussions ensued.

"I heard that an Extreme Foundation Establishment Cultivator was born in the North Region?"

"Yes, but there wasn't any news of him thereafter. He must have been murdered."

"This is truly a chaotic generation with way too many paragons and monster incarnates. Even the Human Emperor's Palace appeared! It's pretty similar to the golden times of the ancient era where multiple emperors rose!"

“Great calamities are bound to accompany great eras. Although we are all Perfected Lords, the road of cultivation is one that is long. Who knows if we can tide through all the calamities.”

...

In the firmaments thousands of kilometers above the pavilion, a sparkling spirit vessel that looked like a precious gem flew over at a rapid speed.

At the bow, a man in a lotus position faced the wind with his black hair swaying gently, revealing an incomparably handsome face. His skin even sparkled slightly and was astonishing.

Sitting at the bow, there was an inexplicable dignity to him. While he was only at Golden Core realm, there was a confidence in his eyes that could suppress everything!

An old man stood behind the handsome man.

“Young master, there’s no need for you to be this serious. Even if all the paragons of the North Region stick together, none of them is a match for you,” While the old man was at Nascent Soul realm, his hands were placed by his side as he said respectfully.

“Yes.”

The handsome man smiled gently. “My opponents will be in the intermediate ancient battlefield 20 years from now. However, the gathering of the North Region’s paragons due to the birth of the Vermilion Fruit makes me want to come forth and explore to see how strong the paragons of this generation are.”

“You’re the number one Perfected Being of the North Region, young master. How could any of those paragons be a match for you?” The old man declared with pride.

“There’s naturally nothing to worry about in a solo fight,”

The handsome man replied idly, “I just want to see if those so-called paragons can stop me from getting my hands on the Vermilion Fruit if they work together! Fufu, that gets my hands itchy.”

There were two other people sitting in the cabin of the spirit vessel.

One of them wore luxurious robes and had a mask on, covering every single bit of exposed skin on his body and merely revealing a pair of vengeful eyes.

In front of that person sat a middle-aged man with pale yellow skin that looked like gold.

“Chunyu, how about staying by my side. Don’t go and fight for that Vermilion Fruit,” The middle-aged man said slowly.

“Don’t worry, grandpa. Senior Brother Xi is the number one Perfected Being of the North Region. I won’t be in any danger following him.”

The voice of the masked-man was hoarse and he sounded terrible, as though he had been through a burn.

“Yes.”

The middle-aged man nodded. "It's also good for you to go explore and train with him. Take care of your safety. Keep this jade pendant with you, it's enough to defend against the full-powered attack of a Golden Core!"

The masked man received it and hung it on his waist.

After a moment of silence, the masked man raised his head and snarled, "Grandpa, you've got to take revenge for me! I won't be in this shameful state if not for Su Zimo!"

"Rest assured, he won't be able to hide for much longer! Glass Palace is the overlord of the North Region. As long as Su Zimo remains in the North Region, I'll be able to seek him out even if I have to overturn the earth!"

"I'll make him pay a hundred times more for everything he's done to you!"

With that said, the middle-aged man's eyes shone coldly and he released a shuddering, terrifying aura.

Even the old Nascent Soul that stood at the bow was frightened and jerked briefly.

That was the power of a Void Reversion – that was an entire major realm above him!

The middle-aged man continued, "I won't appear after sending you guys to the Great Qian Ruins. There's a Great Zhou Dynasty nearby here. At that time, I'll head over and ask if they've got any news of that lad."

Chapter 546: Commencement of the Battle

The birth of the Vermilion Fruit shook the entire North Region and paragons were gathered.

As the deadline approached, the legacy disciples of the Ten Upper Sects had all arrived in the Great Qian Ruins.

Those of the four gentry clans had waited for a long time as well.

In the outer perimeter, geniuses of other factions and sects were biding their time alongside itinerant cultivators, creating a force not to be reckoned with.

This day.

Suddenly, a heatwave shot forth from the palace.

In the blink of an eye, the skies were filled with a scarlet glow, as if a blazing sun was slowly descending into the depths of the palace as it stained half the firmaments.

"Hahahaha!"

Taba Feng's eyes lit up and he laughed with raring battle intent. "The Vermilion Fruit's about to ripen. Everyone, follow me and kill our way into the underground palace to get our hands on it!"

"Let's go!"

Yuwen Wujia waved his hand.

Thud! Thud! Thud!

“Whoo-hoo-hoo!”

The ancient chariots of the gentry clans tore through the voids with a rumbling sound as their war flags fluttered in a terrifying manner.

The spirit vessels of Ten Upper Sects streaked through the air and their horns sounded with a shuddering aura!

Taba Feng, Yuwen Wujia and Murong Wushuang stood on their chariots and looked down at the world.

On the spirit vessels, legacy disciples of the Ten Upper Sects stood with their hands behind their backs fearlessly, revealing fervent and excited gazes in the depths of their eyes!

After the three gentry clans and Ten Upper Sects, the remaining paragons from all over the place surged forward like a tsunami wave.

On the ground, a black-robed swordsman walked forward step by step expressionlessly with lost eyes that could not seem to focus.

The strange thing was that there was no one around him at all!

Although the crowd was dense, a path opened up instinctively when it encountered the black-robed swordsman.

After it wrapped him, the crowd converged once more.

Within the palace.

A sinister wind gusted and specters surrounded them.

Millions of otherworldly soldiers were gathered at this place, forming an indestructible dark cloud that blanketed the skies above the palace!

Although the otherworldly soldiers in the palace were not alive, they maintained their habits from their previous life.

Now that the palace was met with external foes, all the otherworldly soldiers were gathered here to guard it!

“Kill! Kill! Kill!”

The millions of otherworldly soldiers chanted angrily in a dense, black crowd. It was deafening and formed a torrential aura that surged over!

Boom!

The two opposing forces collided and the world shook, causing the partially destroyed walls left behind in the palace to collapse.

One side was the paragons of the North Region.

The other side was the guards of the once number one empire of the North Region that had spanned through history.

Meat and blood spewed as the collision happened and a few golden cores died on the spot while countless otherworldly soldiers dispersed, turning into malevolent qi that dissipated into the void.

The otherworldly soldiers that amounted in the millions were scary.

However, almost all the paragons of the North Region were gathered here – this was a shuddering force that could destroy everything!

The paragons of the four gentry clans and the legacy disciples of the Ten Upper Sects killed their way through with various means, pushing into the depths of the palace in an unyielding manner and destroying endless otherworldly soldiers!

Mu Dongqing and Bai Yuhan followed the crowd and exchanged glances – both could read the shock in the other's eyes.

The paragons were way too scary!

If the two of them had barged into the palace and encountered these otherworldly soldiers, they would definitely be dead.

Yet, before them, even as the most frightening heavy-armored mounted riders of the palace rushed over, they could not stop the ancient chariots of the gentry clans and the spirit vessels of the Ten Upper Sects.

The heavy-armored mounted riders could not defend against the charge of the chariots and warships and were crushed into dust!

Taba Feng wielded his halberd and Yuwen Wujia wielded his golden three-pronged spear, rushing forward with immense strength to kill at melee combat – they were unstoppable on their chariots!

Wang Yan of Blaze Columbus Valley hollered and his sleeves fluttered, sending forth scarlet flames that turned the otherworldly soldiers before him into ashes.

“Kill! Kill! Kill!”

With every word chanted by the paragon of Seven Kills Sect, his aura would increase by a fold and everywhere he passed by would end up in destruction!

There was a blood mist that shrouded the paragon of Blood Mist Sect the entire time and no one could see his true appearance.

However, when otherworldly soldiers approached, they would be devoured by the blood mist and vanish entirely.

The Dark Ghost Sect's paragon was even more frightening.

He advanced while conjuring hand seals expressionlessly. Yet, when the otherworldly soldiers charged over, they seemed to be affected by some mysterious power.

The red glows in the eyes of the otherworldly soldiers gradually faded and they surrounded the Dark Ghost Sect's paragon, listening to his orders and protecting him!

Before long, the number of otherworldly soldiers gathered around that person increased constantly and became a massive army that pushed into the depths of the palace instead.

The methods of the various paragons were powerful and stunning.

It did not take long for the paragons to arrive at the entrance to the underground palace.

Taba Feng did not pause at all and charged right in with his chariot.

Yuwen Wujia, Murong Wushuang and the paragons of the Ten Upper Sects were naturally unwilling to fall behind and swarmed into the underground palace as well.

Thankfully, the palace was huge enough such that it did not seem crowded even as the paragons swarmed the place with their chariots.

The terrifying scarlet mist in the underground palace that could devour living beings gradually faded.

This meant that the Vermilion Fruit was about to ripen!

There was no longer any green tinge on the body of the scarlet fruit and it had shone brightly with a dark red color.

Even looking at it from far away, one could sense the tremendous amount of essence energy contained within the fruit!

Some of the cultivators wrapped over from the side and scrutinized the cultivators in the surroundings constantly, worried that they would get themselves murdered by accident.

The number of cultivators gathered in the underground palace increased with the Vermilion Fruit in the center. All of them maintained their distance with one another with guarded gazes.

Right at the front, there were more than a hundred cultivators closest to the Vermilion Fruit.

Apart from the paragons of the four gentry clans and the legacy disciples of the Ten Upper Sects, there were also paragons from everywhere else.

Naturally, no one was willing to display weakness when they saw the Vermilion Fruit!

Mu Dongqing and Bai Yuhan stood at the outermost perimeter – it was clear that they wanted to stay out of trouble.

The two of them were curious as well to see who could obtain the Vermilion Fruit given this star-studded crowd and become the number one Perfected Being of the North Region, exerting dominance over everyone else!

Although things were considered to be peaceful in the underground palace right now, it was filled with a murderous aura.

Both of them felt shudders even though they were far from the center.

The reason why everyone had not attacked was because the Vermilion Fruit was not fully ripe yet.

Once the scarlet mist surrounding the Vermilion Fruit dispersed completely and it was fully ripe, an unprecedented battle between the paragons of the North Region would break out!

At that time, countless paragons would be bathed in blood.

No one knew how many of them would be buried in this ruin.

At the same time.

A thousand feet deep beneath the palace, a scholarly green-robed cultivator stirred awake from his silent cultivation, opening his brilliant eyes slowly.

“It’s finally about to begin?”

Murmuring softly, the green-robed cultivator had a calm expression with a faint hint of killing intent in his eyes!

Chapter 547: Arrival of The Monster Incarnate

When Su Zimo rose, he alarmed the little fox who was leaning on him by accident.

She sat up and rubbed her drowsy eyes, looking at him instinctively.

That single look was enough to jolt her awake fully.

With a whimper, the little fox lowered her head shyly and covered her eyes with her tiny paws, grumbling internally, “Stupid scholar, you’re stripping again!”

Su Zimo removed his green robes and revealed his almost flawless body.

Going silent for a moment, a series of cracks suddenly sounded from his body as his tendons and bones echoed together. His height increased and his flesh expanded – even his features were changing!

In the blink of an eye, Su Zimo transformed into a burly man with rough features at two meters tall. With thick brows and big eyes, he no longer looked demure.

The little fox stole a glance and was instantly stunned and dumbfounded.

“Why did he turn into someone else in the blink of an eye?”

“I must be too tired from sleeping...”

The little fox could not believe what she saw and rubbed her eyes before looking again.

The result was the same.

She was initially flustered upon seeing a stranger. However, she calmed down in the blink of an eye and tilted her head, looking at Su Zimo curiously.

Although Su Zimo’s appearance changed, the unique aura he possessed did not change.

The little fox spent this period of time lazing beside him and was extremely familiar with that aura.

Retrieving a rough linen shirt from his storage bag, Su Zimo donned it.

This time round, he was prepared to fight for the Vermilion Fruit using the identity of the Divine Phoenix Island's successor!

Back in the ancient battlefield, Su Zimo killed countless Glass Palace and Malevolent Earth Sect cultivators.

Both of those super sects were located in the North Region!

Su Zimo was unsure if the successors of those two super sects would move for the Vermilion Fruit.

However, he was certain that there would definitely be a vicious battle!

If he did not conceal his identity, even if he got his hands on the Vermilion Fruit, he would bring about an endless wrath and it would be impossible for him to remain in the North Region.

The safest way was to fight for the Vermilion Fruit as Divine Phoenix Island's successor.

After getting his hands on the Vermilion Fruit and escaping far away, he would then revert to his appearance and no one would be able to trace it to him!

Furthermore, the identity of Divine Phoenix Island's successor had already offended many top factions and it did not matter if more foes were gained.

Of course, with this, he could not use many methods that could expose him.

The Ancient Dragonification Manual, Moon Concealment Bow, Blood Quencher and even the Coiling Dragon Seal could not be used at all.

During this period of time, he had already refined his 27 supreme-grade flying swords. However, the Candlelight Sword Formation was way too striking and he could not release it easily.

On the surface, it seemed like Su Zimo's combat strength was greatly decreased without those methods.

However, in reality, with the Mystic Gold Silk Armor and both his immortality and demonic cultivation, Su Zimo was even more frightening using the identity as the successor of Divine Phoenix Island!

He was the monster incarnate that shook the entire Tianhuang Mainland. The demonic existence that countless paragons could not forget was about to descend upon the North Region!

At the side, the little fox seemed to sense something when she saw the murderous aura Su Zimo was exuding.

He turned around and looked at the obedient little fox beside him. Although slightly reluctant, he still said softly, "I'm about to leave."

Most likely, it would be difficult for him to return after this departure.

He would definitely flee from the Great Qian Ruins the moment he got his hands on the Vermilion Fruit and would not return casually.

The pitch-black gem-like eyes of the little fox dimmed gradually as she lowered her head; her disappointment could barely be concealed.

Initially, she thought that Su Zimo could stay here and live with her forever.

While this place was cramped and small compared to the outside world, it was carefree and peaceful.

She did not feel lonely as well with a companion.

But now that Su Zimo was about to leave, she would be the only one left.

After pondering for a moment, Su Zimo asked, "Do you want to leave with me?"

The little fox had a lost expression and was silent.

She was already used to this place after living here for dozens of years.

Her presence was felt in every single rock and corner.

Although her mother was already deceased and still, each time she looked at her mother, the little fox would calm down.

This was her home.

She had never thought about leaving here before.

Even when she was locked in captivity by the Scarlet Armored Gigantic Crocodile, she merely thought about chasing it away one day rather than leaving herself.

But now...

The little fox was at a loss for what to do and could only look at Su Zimo squarely.

Su Zimo sighed internally.

He could roughly read the little fox's mind.

This was something that could not be forced.

The man and fox looked at one another without saying anything.

After a while, Su Zimo smiled, "It's alright. Even though the outside world is interesting, it's also filled with danger. It might not be a good idea for you to leave this place either."

The little fox had not left the cave before and knew nothing about the outside world.

If she were to head out as such, she would be akin to an ignorant and naive young girl that was cast into the wilderness – there were too many people who could harm her!

In the past, Su Zimo brought monkey away from the Cang Lang Mountain Range and kept spirit tiger by his side.

In the end, there was no news of the both of them for a long time after they left and even now, he did not know if they were alive.

Su Zimo was worried that he might not be able to take good care of her after taking her away.

If that was the case, it would be better for her to remain here and lead a peaceful life away from the outside world.

The little fox did not say anything and merely looked at Su Zimo blankly without blinking. Gradually, a mist fogged her eyes in a pitiable manner.

Su Zimo was silent.

A long time later, he took a tough stance and repressed the reluctance in his heart before turning around, striding away in huge steps while waving goodbye to the little fox from the back.

The little fox gazed at Su Zimo's leaving back view and the mist in her eyes condensed, turning into two bead-sized tears that rolled down silently.

A long time later, the little fox sniffed and reached out with her tiny paws to try and wipe away her tears. She had a resolute gaze, as though she had decided on something.

Running back to the parcel of land from which she was born, she gazed at the corpse of the demon fox.

"Mummy, I'm about to leave."

"Although that scholar has a bad habit of stripping and would make fun of me from time to time, he's a good person and tells me stories."

The little fox did not know why her mother came here.

She did not know why her mother refused to leave this place no matter what.

She was truly way too young during the first few years of her birth.

The little fox merely had a vague feeling that her mother seemed to be guarding something within this cave.

It was definitely not the Vermilion Fruit in the palace above the cave.

For the past month, she and the human were the only ones in the cave.

During his breaks while forging his flying swords, Su Zimo would occasionally recount weird legends of the mortal realm and various knowledge of the cultivation world to the little fox.

She had once heard him say that in his hometown, people were buried after their deaths.

She intended to bury the demon fox here as well.

After taking a final look at her mother, the little fox bit her lip and tugged the massive body of the demon fox, dragging it into the scorching lava and letting it sink gradually until it disappeared.

Once she was done with that, she took a deep breath of air and raised her Fire Blocking Basket, running towards the direction Su Zimo left in.

Chapter 549: Slaying Paragons in Succession

"Hmm?"

The initially chaotic battlefield was met with a momentary pause with the death of Blood Mist Sect's paragon.

It was too fast!

Nobody expected the paragon of Blood Mist Sect to die.

Less than that, nobody expected him to die against a single move from this burly man who had appeared out of nowhere.

His head was sent flying with a single slap!

In fact, many of the cultivators present did not even manage to catch the appearance of the burly man clearly yet.

A commotion broke out within the crowd.

A variable had occurred!

"How dare you!"

Mystic Firmament Divine Cult's paragon hollered in rage when he saw that the burly man was already close to reaching the Vermilion Fruit.

Boom!

A massive divine cauldron descended from the heavens with a blinding radiance and a terrifying aura that could suppress all living beings!

The burly man's expression did not change and he did not stop at all. His bloodline burst forth alongside two divine lights from his eyes as the veins on his arms were exposed while his muscles knotted together like liquid steel.

He threw a punch against the air!

Bang!

A loud bang sounded in the air.

"Is he crazy? He's trying to fight against a supreme-grade spirit weapon with his bare hands!"

"He truly doesn't know what's good for him to underestimate the paragons of the North Region as such."

Remarks could be heard from the crowd.

"Your arm is mine!"

The eyes of Mystic Firmament Divine Cult's paragon shone cruelly as he controlled his divine cauldron to smash down fiercely against the burly man!

The burly man did not avoid or dodge and the flesh on his fist expanded rapidly, resembling a gigantic seal that emanated a heavy blood stench!

Boom!

The fist and the divine cauldron collided with a huge bang.

After a momentary pause, a series of cracking sounds echoed from the divine cauldron. It was extremely tragic and thin lines could be seen forming on the surface of the cauldron!

Psst!

All the cultivators present gasped in shock.

The next moment, the divine cauldron was repelled more than a hundred feet away and its radiance dimmed.

The cultivators that witnessed that were dumbfounded and their eyes were filled with astonishment.

Nobody expected that the unknown burly man would be able to take on a supreme-grade spirit weapon barehanded and even send it flying!

What sort of a body was that?

Could that person be wearing some sort of a perfect or connate glove spirit weapon?

Otherwise, what could explain what just happened?

The shock was even greater for Mystic Firmament Divine Cult's paragon who was directly in the fight. Blood drained from his face and his mind went blank momentarily.

It was way too domineering!

A single punch from the burly man nearly shattered his divine cauldron!

"You..."

The moment Mystic Firmament Divine Cult's paragon spoke with a single word, the burly man had already arrived before him in a flash with a suffocating ferocity!

Breathing became difficult for him and he had to swallow whatever he wanted to say back.

Instantly, things changed on the battlefield.

Although Mystic Firmament Divine Cult's paragon was dazed, the burly man did not hesitate and was decisive to kill, slashing a cold saber in his hand forward.

Blood qi spread.

"Not good!"

The paragon of Mystic Firmament Divine Cult snapped back to his senses and realized that his life was hanging on a thread.

He did not have time to think at all and released his Golden Core phenomenon right away.

"Ow..."

Suddenly!

The tragic sound of ghosts wailing could be heard as the burly man's saber sliced through the air, distracting one's mind instantly.

Mystic Firmament Divine Cult's paragon could not support his Golden Core phenomenon fully and it dissipated in his moment of distraction.

"It's over, this is where I die!"

Instantly, his heart sank.

Poof!

A saber beam flashed.

A thin red line appeared on the throat of Mystic Firmament Divine Cult's paragon, expanding slowly before turning into a blood mist that stained the void.

Mystic Firmament Divine Cult's paragon was sliced on the throat and died on the spot!

From the moment he appeared, the burly man had attacked for a total of three times and two paragons died!

"What in the world is that person's cultivation realm? He seems to only be at early-stage Golden Core?"

"What!"

The many cultivators that were watching were shocked and used their Spirit Peering Art on the burly man.

"He's truly at early-stage Golden Core!"

The voices of the crowd grew louder.

However, the situation in the battlefield had turned more ridiculous with the inclusion of the burly man.

After killing two people in succession, the burly man now had a rather empty path between him and the Vermilion Fruit without any obstructions.

At that moment, the only ones closest to the burly man with the potential to stop him were on his sides – the paragon of Heavenly Piercing Sword Sect and a black-robed swordsman.

The black-robed swordsman's sword had been in his pitch-black sheath the entire time.

Up till this point of the battle, he had not withdrawn it at all.

Each time he attacked, the black-robed swordsman was barehanded and used his finger as a replacement for his sword, killing his enemies with streams of sword qi.

At that moment, the initially dazed eyes of the black-robed swordsman that could not find a focal point were starting to converge upon seeing the might of the burly man.

The lights of his pupils converged like two extremely sharp swords that gave off a chilling feeling!

Slowly, the black-robed swordsman's right hand descended on his sword's handle.

He could attack at any moment!

When they noticed that, Taba Feng, Yuwen Wujia and the others scoffed coldly internally.

In their eyes, the burly man was already a dead man!

"Hmm?"

Sensing something, the burly man turned his gaze towards the black-robed swordsman.

The black-robed swordsman gave him an extreme sense of danger!

That was a really frightening person!

It was acknowledged in the cultivation world that sword cultivators had the strongest killing power!

In Tianhuang Mainland, the strongest sect for sword cultivators was Sword Sect of the nine immortal sects.

The burly man had exchanged blows with Sword Sect's paragon before. However, the feeling that the black-robed swordsman gave off was even more dangerous than Sword Sect's paragon!

Despite that, the burly man did not stop in his tracks.

If he wanted to get his hands on the Vermilion Fruit, he would have to overwhelm everything with a thunderous might without any hesitation to allow anyone to react to him!

"How dare this unknown b*stard try to get his hands on the 10,000 Year Vermilion Fruit!"

Before the black-robed swordsman attacked, the paragon of Heavenly Piercing Sword Sect on the other side lost his cool and shouted. Moving along with his sword, he appeared before the burly man in a flash.

The black-robed swordsman frowned slightly when he saw Heavenly Piercing Sword Sect's paragon attack. His right hand that was initially on his sword handle moved away slowly once more.

Buzz!

A blade quivered with a blinding radiance.

Five spirit patterns shone and the sword released a killing aura that seemed as though it could penetrate everything in the world!

A perfect spirit weapon!

The burly man narrowed his gaze as he looked at the incoming sword.

His only consideration was the black-robed swordsman on the other side.

However, at this moment, the black-robed swordsman had taken two steps back – it was clear that he did not want to join forces with Heavenly Piercing Sword Sect's paragon.

Feeling relieved, the burly man swung his saber towards the incoming sword.

“Ow...”

The saber glided through the void and released the tragic sound of ghosts wailing once more, as though specters surrounded them.

“Puny tricks!”

Heavenly Piercing Sword Sect’s paragon sneered and flicked his wrist, causing his sword to buzz.

Clang! Clang!

As the sword buzzed, it released an infinite sharpness that suppressed the tragic wails instantly while slicing the specters into dust.

Chapter 548: Attack!

In the underground palace, countless gazes were fixed on that bright, shiny scarlet fruit and they grew increasingly fervent.

Nobody noticed that a massive figure was silently approaching from the depths of the palace.

The mist around the Vermilion Fruit had almost dispersed entirely.

The Vermilion Fruit was completely ripe!

Suddenly, the air was still.

There was tension and pressure!

Many cultivators were motionless except for their roving eyes that darted all around; they did not even notice the sweat pouring down their faces.

Given the current situation, any slight movement could cause a massive fight to break out between the paragons!

The ten Upper Sects of the North Region – Dark Ghost Sect, Stellar Luna Sect, Blaze Columbus Valley, Shadowless Sect, Heavenly Piercing Sword Sect, Heaven Motion Sect, Seven Kills Sect, Blood Mist Sect, Mystic Firmament Divine Cult, Dragon Tiger Sect.

The four gentry clans – Taba, Murong, Yuwen and Gudu.

Those powerful factions had lasted through history and managed to endure through the destruction of the Great Qian Empire in the past with their formidable foundations.

But now, all the paragons of the ten Upper Sects and four gentry clans were wary and none of them dared to be the first to attack.

Although the Vermilion Fruit was already ripe, it was right in front of everyone and the person who made the first move would definitely be at a loss and would probably be drowned in the attacks of everyone!

“Hehe!”

Suddenly, Taba Feng’s laugh broke the silence.

“The Vermilion Fruit is right here. Since no one dares to take it, I won’t stand on courtesy!”

Surveying his surroundings with a raring battle intent, Taba Feng took a huge stride forward with a golden halberd in his right hand, sprinting towards the Vermilion Fruit with a condescending aura.

Everyone present was all paragons of the North Region; the strongest of the younger generation.

Even those that were not from the ten Upper Sects or four gentry clans did not feel that they were inferior to Taba Feng and naturally felt no fear.

“Humph!”

Dragon Tiger Sect’s paragon harrumphed coldly. “Taba Feng, you think that you’re qualified to take the Vermilion Fruit and reign supreme over the North Region?”

Wielding two truncheons, Dragon Tiger Sect’s paragon had a domineering aura when he stood forth!

Boom!

The golden halberd collided against the twin truncheons and let out a deafening bang with sparks!

It was an even split!

Both sides were pushed back with that head-on collision.

Among the ten Upper Sects, Dragon Tiger Sect was the only one that focused only on body tempering.

The Founder Master that established it was a remarkable figure in Tianhuang Mainland and left behind the Dragon Tiger Sutra.

It’s said that at the peak of its cultivation, one can subdue dragons and suppress tigers; there was nothing one couldn’t do!

The twin truncheons were also known as the Dragon Tiger Truncheons.

The truncheon on his left hand was etched with an intricate pattern that looked like a dragon’s scales.

The truncheon on his right hand had black yellow flower patterns that resembled those on a tiger’s skin.

The weapons that both of them used were perfect-grade spirit weapons!

Initially, at the sect competition of Great Zhou, the birth of a perfect spirit weapon was enough to stir the capital and tempt countless Golden Cores.

But now, two perfect spirit weapons were displayed the moment two paragons fought!

Buzz!

All of a sudden!

The clear sound of a sword buzzing rang through the void.

A sword light flashed.

It was blazing white and tore the void into two.

The paragon of Heavenly Piercing Sword Sect had attacked and his slash sliced through the void.

There was initially nothing there.

However, the sword beam illuminated a figure in the air who retreated hurriedly with a flustered expression, dodging the killing move by a hair's breadth!

That was the paragon of Shadowless Sect who was trying to get close to the Vermilion Fruit by hiding himself. However, Heavenly Piercing Sword Sect's paragon saw through him and forced him out with a single slash!

The paragon of Dark Ghost Sect tapped his feet off the ground and charged towards the Vermilion Fruit like a phantom but he was blocked away by a streak of fire.

"You!"

Dark Ghost Sect's paragon's expression was grim.

The one who attacked was Wang Yan of Blaze Columbus Valley.

A month ago, he escaped from this place and with the help of seniors in his sect, healed his injuries completely and even advanced in his cultivation.

He was not only back for the Vermilion Fruit, but also for revenge!

The moment Blood Mist Sect's paragon made a move, a gigantic star appeared before him.

The paragon of Stellar Luna Sect had attacked.

The paragons of Heaven Motion Sect, Seven Kills Sect, Yuwen Wujia, Murong Wushuang and everyone else attacked either in pairs or in three way fights.

The situation was in complete chaos.

All the other paragons of the North Region seized the opportunity to strike!

A long-faced cultivator relied on the speed of his movement technique and avoided a few fatal attacks in succession, charging towards the Vermilion Fruit.

Before he could reach it, a blood mist appeared before him and devoured him completely, leaving no corpse behind!

Some other geniuses that tried to close in were cleaved down by Taba Feng's halberd as well!

The battle royale between the paragons of the Ten Upper Sects and the four gentry clans was terrifying as Hell and any cultivators that approached were instantly minced!

The many paragons that were present were extremely conservative and did not give it their all yet.

If any paragon were to start using a Golden Core phenomenon and cause a threat to others, it would definitely cause a chain reaction and that battle royale would turn even more bloody and cruel!

Mu Dongqing and Bai Yuhan stood at the outermost perimeter and looked at the intense battle of the paragons with pale expressions.

This was a perfect representation of how savage and cruel the cultivation world was!

The two of them witnessed the person known as the number one Golden Core of Great Shang charge in only to be beaten down by the Dragon Tiger Truncheons of Dragon Tiger Sect's paragon repeatedly.

That person had only managed to release his Golden Core phenomenon halfway when he was killed by Dragon Tiger Sect's paragon and died on the spot!

Geniuses of the cultivation world were absolutely worthless at this moment.

Only those that could survive the baptism of blood could be considered as the true paragons of the North Region!

"This is way too scary!"

Bai Yuhan remarked softly, "The paragons of the Ten Upper Sects and four gentry clans are fighting around the Vermilion Fruit. Anyone that wants to get their hands on the Vermilion Fruit will have to pass by them and will definitely fail."

Mu Dongqing nodded. "That's right, their combat strength is truly way too terrifying."

At that moment, a tall and burly figure rushed into the crowd.

The burly man wore rough linen clothes that exposed his thick, muscular arms. His expression was steely and everywhere he passed, everything was overturned as he charged right into the center of the battlefield.

"Another person who wants to die."

Bai Yuhan shook her head and sighed gently.

In this short period of time, hundreds of Golden Cores have already perished on the battlefield.

Any paragon that wanted to approach the Vermilion Fruit would definitely be slaughtered by the paragons of the Ten Upper Sects and four gentry clans mercilessly!

In the blink of an eye, the burly man had already closed in and was fighting against the paragon of Blood Mist Sect.

There were already dozens of Golden Cores that had died in the hands of Blood Mist Sect's paragon by now!

Controlling his blood mist, the paragon devoured everything and there was nothing he couldn't corrode and eat up!

In fact, Mu Dongqing and Bai Yuhan saw some Golden Cores release phenomena that were devoured by his blood mist completely!

"You must have a death wish!"

When he saw that the burly man had no intention of slowing down, Blood Mist Sect's paragon sneered and released his blood mist to engulf the former.

“Scram!”

His voice was thunderous and shuddering!

Not only did the burly man not dodge or avoid, his gaze was like lightning and when he spoke, there was a mighty aura that burst forth from his body like a surging tsunami!

Tsunami blood!

The pupils of Blood Mist Sect’s paragon constricted and his expression changed starkly.

With a torrential blood qi, the burly man forced back the incoming blood mist instantly!

The unstoppable blood mist could not get close to him at all!

The burly man did not stop there and extended his massive palm, slapping the blood mist directly.

Poof!

A huge head was lopped into the air with widened eyes.

A single charge by the burly man dispersed the blood mist.

Instantly, Blood Mist Sect’s paragon died on the spot in regrets without the chance to even release his Golden Core phenomenon.

Chapter 550: Getting the Vermilion Fruit

The saber and sword collided.

Cling! Clang!

A metallic sound rang through the battlefield and sparks flew.

Heavenly Piercing Sword Sect was the only sword cultivation sect among the Ten Upper Sects of the North Region. Their signature sword classic, the Heaven Piercing 13 Swords, was renowned through the cultivation world and its sword stance was peerless.

Most of the time, opponents would be interrupted by the Heaven Piercing 13 Swords the moment they started attacking and would wince in unbearable pain.

The moment the Heaven Piercing 13 Swords was released, opposing cultivators would not be able to release their skills fully. After multiple slashes, they would be disadvantaged and it would be difficult for them to turn the situation around.

However, the burly man was unmoved and had a calm expression.

In his hands, his saber seemed like it was sentient and his saber technique was extremely precise – it was not inferior to the Heaven Piercing 13 Swords and he was even gaining a slight advantage!

“That saber technique...!”

Bai Yuhan frowned deeply.

Rather than precise, she saw the burly man’s saber techniques as sinister!

Every single slash from the saber came at a tricky angle and its trajectory was untraceable.

More than that, every single slash was fatal!

As Bai Yuhan gazed at the burly man's saber technique, a blurry, terrifying scene seemed to unfold before her eyes.

There were plenty of phantoms!

There were rivers of blood!

There were white bones all around!

There were walking corpses!

The burly man seemed like he was surrounded by an endless Hell with countless malevolent ghosts and skeletons struggling and howling within.

With a terrible expression, Bai Yuhan's petite figure started trembling.

Bang!

She sensed a heavy push on her shoulder and woke up in a jolt.

Unknowingly, she had already broken out in cold sweat.

"That saber technique is extremely terrifying and doesn't seem like it's orthodox. Don't stare at it, it can affect your mind!"

Mu Dongqing's voice sounded.

Bai Yuhan nodded with a sense of trepidation.

Seeing that she was already feeling that way despite not being directly involved in the battle, she truly could not imagine how Heavenly Piercing Sword Sect's paragon felt at the moment.

Clang!

The saber and sword collided.

The burly man released his grip and the saber left his hand, wrapping around the other party's sword and slicing at the throat of Heavenly Piercing Sword Sect's paragon!

That slash seemed impossible and came without warning.

Alarmed, Heavenly Piercing Sword Sect's paragon retreated hurriedly.

Shing!

The front of his shirt was sliced open with blood seeping through.

While the wound was not deep, Heavenly Piercing Sword Sect's paragon was drenched in cold sweat – he would have been killed by that slash if he hadn't managed to retreat in time!

Before he could react, his vision turned blur and the burly man had already brushed by him and arrived at the Vermilion Fruit. With a swipe, the latter got his hands on that delectable red fruit.

“He got his hands on it!”

Bai Yuhan exclaimed, “Where is that man from? He’s amazing!”

Mu Dongqing shook his head. “The Vermilion Fruit had been there since the start of the battle and none of those paragons had the chance to pluck it. However, everyone knew that whoever gets their hands on the Vermilion Fruit would become the target of all.”

“You mean to say...”

“That man is not far from his death now that he plucked the Vermilion Fruit.”

...

On the battlefield.

Simultaneously, all the paragons stopped what they were doing and everyone’s gazes landed on the burly man.

“It’s him!”

Finally, a cultivator from the crowd recognized the burly man and exclaimed frightfully with a trembling voice.

“H-He’s the monster incarnate of Divine Phoenix Island!”

The burly man was Su Zimo who had exited the cave.

“Hmm?”

Taba Feng and the others frowned.

Most of the Golden Cores present were at late-stage or perfected Golden Core and had naturally not seen Su Zimo in the elementary ancient battlefield.

However, a few of the cultivators in the crowd had once witnessed that unforgettable scene beneath the Human Emperor’s Palace from a distance!

The appearance of the burly man was etched deep in the memories of those few people.

He was a nightmarish existence!

“Divine Phoenix Island’s monster incarnate?”

Although the many paragons present were wary, none of them were fearful. All of them were murderous and wanted nothing more than to rip Su Zimo apart!

“To think that even the successor of Divine Phoenix Island would come for the Vermilion Fruit. Interesting,” Yuwen Wujia said with a fake smile.

“Humph!”

Dragon Tiger Sect's paragon had an unfriendly expression and hollered, "Since when did the successor of Divine Phoenix Island join the fiend sects? That saber technique earlier on was clearly the fiend sects' Asura Saber!"

He was not the only one – most of the people present recognized Su Zimo's saber technique.

Su Zimo's expression was calm – he had expected to be recognized as the successor of Divine Phoenix Island.

He placed the Vermilion Fruit in his storage bag as now was not the time for him to consume it.

The Vermilion Fruit had a tremendous amount of energy and he could only digest and absorb it in seclusion cultivation.

Consuming the Vermilion Fruit in a battlefield as such was akin to committing suicide.

Now that he had managed to pluck the Vermilion Fruit successfully, as long as he could escape and flee from everyone's pursuit, he would be free!

"I heard that you're the number one monster incarnate throughout history. It's time for me to test and see if you live up to that reputation!"

Taba Feng had a raring battle intent and slammed his golden halberd heavily on the ground.

The earth split and revealed a series of cracks while gravel and sand flew everywhere – Taba Feng's aura was torrential!

To be fair, most of the cultivators present had heard of the monster incarnate of Divine Phoenix Island but there were few that truly feared him.

Furthermore, most of them were at late-stage or perfected Golden Core while Su Zimo was only at early-stage.

Murong Wushuang commented indifferently, "I heard that you once entered the Human Emperor's Palace. I'm sure you must have benefited immensely from it."

Those words caused a huge stir in the crowd.

Some cultivators who initially planned on not getting involved were now tempted.

Who wouldn't be tempted to get the Human Emperor's Palace's inheritance?

"Hand over the Vermilion Fruit and the inheritance of the Human Emperor's Palace and we can leave you with a full corpse!"

Seven Kills Sect's paragon wielded two daggers and his eyes blazed with furious killing intent that was almost corporeal.

"Hahahaha!"

Su Zimo reared his head in wild laughter and pointed his saber at the group of paragons blocking his path, nodding. "Good, good! How overbearing! You want to kill me even if I hand over the Vermilion Fruit? Let's see how many of you paragons manage to survive me today!"

“Demon!”

Dragon Tiger Sect’s paragon wielded his truncheons and hollered with a divine might, “This is not the ancient battlefield. It’s not a place for you to be brazen!”

“What can you do to me if I want to be brazen?”

Su Zimo sneered and closed in to the Dragon Tiger Sect’s paragon with huge strides. Frostily, he remarked with an icy gaze, “Anyone that stands in my way shall be killed without mercy!”

His black hair danced wildly and his gaze was electric. With an intimidating aura, that figure that was over two meters tall seemed like it was a mighty fiendcelestial that could murder immortals who was dashing over!

“Kill!”

The paragons roared in unison and attacked simultaneously.

Instantly, the void shone with a bright spirit light.

Ten paragons flew into the air, bedazzling like ten blazing suns.

Taba Feng, Yuwen Wujia and Dragon Tiger Sect’s paragon – the three cultivators who were the most apt in melee combat – had closed in.

A halberd, golden three-pronged spear and the Dragon Tiger Truncheons flew through the air!

Flying swords, daggers, spears and other spirit weapons turned into streaks of light that arrived instantly with a chilling intent as well.

In the same cultivation realm, who could defend against the combined attack of those ten paragons?

Chapter 551: Massacre

The spirit weapons and flying swords came from all directions.

Those who attacked could be considered as peerless paragons of the North Region. Although they had never worked together before, the moment they attacked, Su Zimo’s escape paths were fully sealed!

There was no room for him to dodge and he could only face everything head-on!

The reputation of Divine Phoenix Island’s monster incarnate had grown too much after that battle under the Human Emperor’s Palace.

Even if some portions were exaggerated and the paragons were indignant, they did not dare to be careless.

Taba Feng and the other two who were well versed in melee combat were slower by a step as they wielded heavy weapons such as the golden halberd, golden three-pronged spear and Dragon Tiger Truncheons.

The countless flying swords and spirit weapons arrived first as they tore through the air.

Wielding his saber in one hand, Su Zimo's bloodline surged and the sound of tsunami blood echoed. With a gaze deep as the sea, he sliced viciously towards the void in front of him.

That slash struck nothing and did not collide against a single spirit weapon or flying sword. On the surface, it looked like it made no sense.

However, after that slash was made, the void in Su Zimo's surroundings seemed like they were drawn in by some mysterious power.

Spirit qi swiveled and contorted endlessly, almost turning into a corporeal and massive spirit sea vortex!

Sea Calming Manual, Ripple stance!

Just as the spirit weapons and flying swords were about to strike Su Zimo, they were drawn in by the vortex's power and their trajectories changed.

Pshew! Pshew! Pshew!

The flying swords brushed by him.

Although it was extremely close, Su Zimo was not injured at all!

"Die!"

Right after Su Zimo attacked, Taba Feng, Yuwen Wujia and Dragon Tiger Sect's paragon attacked together as they bellowed fiercely with lit up eyes!

Their attacks were extremely precise.

It came while Su Zimo was still recovering from his momentum and during the lapse of his saber technique!

If one were to analyze carefully, there would be a lapse between the connection of every single saber stance.

That lapse was the greatest flaw of the saber technique.

If this was earlier on, Su Zimo might not have been able to handle their attacks and might even be flustered.

However, after the Asura, Yan Beichen's teachings and the cultivation of the Tidal Manual, Su Zimo had already made up for the flaws of the Sea Calming Manual as much as possible.

Without any pause after Vortex was released, the tide in his body churned and produced new strength once more.

Swoosh!

His blade swerved and Su Zimo retaliated with three consecutive slashes!

Instantly, massive waves seemed to have surged from his blade.

The glimmering light of the blade engulfed the three of them like a massive wave crashing onto the shore!

Sea Calming Manual, Raging Tides stance!

Raging Tides came after Vortex.

Everything moved fluid as liquid with an unparalleled might without any delays!

Clang! Clang! Clang!

There were three loud bangs!

Su Zimo was like an ancient God of War and did not budge at all.

However, Taba Feng, Yuwen Wujia and Dragon Tiger Sect's paragon who had just rushed forward were shocked and retreated a step back respectively.

The crowd was in an uproar!

"He's too strong!"

"There's no wonder he's the number one monster incarnate of history. Divine Phoenix Island's ultimate techniques are truly impressive."

"Fufu, it's too late to make a conclusion now. While he is strong, these top ten paragons of the North Region are not pushovers either and they all have trump cards up their sleeves. If they're really pushed to their limits, even the strongest monster incarnate in history will have to die!"

Taba Feng and the other two had grim expressions.

Although it was merely a single head-on exchange, all three of them experienced the terrifying power of the tide that surged through their weapons into their bodies and almost caused them to suffer internal injuries!

"Indeed, he does have some skills,"

Taba Feng widened his eyes in rage. Instead of turning fearful, his battle intent intensified.

Swash!

Su Zimo released his Plow Heaven Stride and arrived before the three of them in a single step, stomping heavily on the ground!

Boom!

The ground shook and the mountains trembled!

All three of them were astonished.

That extremely terrifying stance was created with just a single step of Su Zimo without any additional motions!

It seemed like the entire firmament could be trampled by his step!

With a domineering aura, Su Zimo was indifferent to the flying swords that came behind his back and took the first attack against the encirclement of the ten paragons.

Swoosh!

The sound of a tsunami surged from his saber majestically.

A torrential aura crushed down and could sink galaxies and the earth!

The pupils of Dragon Tiger Sect's paragon constricted immediately.

Without thinking twice, he crossed his fingers and palms like a pair of gigantic scissors before thrusting upwards!

"You're dead!"

Dragon Tiger Sect's paragon's eyes were filled with madness.

If this was a one-on-one fight, he would have already released his Golden Core phenomenon by now.

The power of Su Zimo's attack was way too terrifying and even if he could withstand it, he would definitely be injured.

But right now, the situation was advantageous for him and there was no need to release his phenomenon!

Behind Su Zimo, the flying swords and spirit weapons of Wang Yan, Murong Wushuang and everyone else were already shooting over.

Taba Feng and Yuwen Wujia had already attacked too.

If Su Zimo did not stop, he would definitely be dead!

The two of them were extremely close.

The moment he was done with his thought, Dragon Tiger Sect's paragon saw a look of mockery in Su Zimo's eyes.

It was as though he could not hide his thoughts from this monster incarnate of Divine Phoenix Island!

All of a sudden!

Taking a deep breath of air, Su Zimo opened his mouth and bellowed.

"Battle!"

Boom!

That single roar was like a thunderbolt that struck down.

Thunderclap Kill!

A tremendous air current surged forth!

Su Zimo practiced both immortality and demonic cultivation.

After he formed his cores for both Daos, the power of his Thunderclap Kill had increased significantly as well and had reached a terrifying state!

Murong Wushuang, Wang Yan and everyone else who were standing far away shuddered and the circulation of their spirit energies paused for a brief moment. In turn, the flying swords that they were controlling paused for that split second as well.

A figure appeared more than a meter behind Su Zimo – it was Shadowless Sect's paragon!

Initially, he wanted to rely on his sect's secret skill and approach Su Zimo before killing the latter.

However, he did not expect that when he approached, before he could attack, a deafening roar sounded and forced him out.

The eyeballs of Shadowless Sect's paragons bulged out and blood seeped out from his ears, nose and mouth.

Shadowless Sect specialized in stealth.

In terms of head-on strength, they were far inferior to the other sects.

Furthermore, he was way too close to Su Zimo!

That roar almost killed him!

Taba Feng, Yuwen Wujia and Dragon Tiger Sect's paragon specialized in body tempering and had strong physiques and rich bloodlines. Naturally, their endurances were much stronger than Shadowless Sect's paragon as well.

Even so, the three of them were facing Su Zimo directly and they were way too close – it was difficult to imagine the impact they received!

The three of them shuddered and their minds buzzed loudly, turning blank momentarily.

All three of them were dazed.

In a fight of this level and especially given the treacherous nature of melee combat, a moment of distraction as such – even if it was a brief moment – was enough to decide many things!

Boom!

The saber collided against the twin truncheons heavily.

Normally speaking, Dragon Tiger Sect's paragon would definitely have been able to defend against that slash.

However, at that moment of daze, his power became extremely weak.

That single slash and its almost completely oppressive nature broke through the Dragon Tiger Truncheons and cut down savagely!

The blade landed on his head and cleaved it into two directly!

Splash!

His organs splattered everywhere with a nasty blood stench.

Yet another paragon had fallen!

Because of Thunderclap Kill, the flying swords and spirit weapons that were initially supposed to pierce Su Zimo met with a momentary pause.

However, Su Zimo's massacre did not stop at all!

Chapter 552: Phenomenon Fight

After killing Dragon Tiger Sect's paragon with a single slash, Su Zimo did not pause at all and swerved his blade.

After Countercurrent came Ripple!

The extreme toughness of his saber stance turned into extreme gentleness without any sluggishness.

His saber beam shimmered like water.

A ripple appeared in the void and looked amazing. However, it was filled with killing intent as it crept towards Yuwen Wujia's throat!

Poof!

Yuwen Wujia's ears were ringing due to Su Zimo's roar and his mind was blank. Before he could react, his throat was swiped by the saber!

A blood mist spewed out.

With a horrified expression, Yuwen Wujia reached out and clutched his throat hurriedly, but he could not stop the blood flow.

"Ee.."

Opening his mouth, he let out a series of strange cries that sounded like wheezes.

As he staggered backwards, the color on Yuwen Wujia's face drained and the light in his eyes dimmed. His legs buckled and he knelt on the ground, dying on the spot!

The blade swerved once more.

Ripple extended, wanting to engulf Taba Feng as well.

At that moment, Taba Feng snapped to his senses and his eyes widened. Circulating his Golden Core fanatically, his blood qi burst forth and he slashed fiercely with his golden halberd.

"Kill!"

Taba Feng roared as well with a menacing expression.

Clang!

After killing two people in succession, Su Zimo's strength had already diminished.

The saber was repelled right away when it collided against the golden halberd.

At the same time, Murong Wushuang, Wang Yan and everyone else returned to their senses and flying swords and other spirit weapons blanketed down towards Su Zimo.

Su Zimo's expression did not change at all and his gaze was frightening and unusually calm.

Making use of the rebound momentum, Su Zimo retreated.

At the same time, his tendons and bones rang with a cracking sound, as though beans were being fried.

In the blink of an eye, that seemingly burly and mighty body made an impossible contortion.

Some of those actions were completely unimaginable and his body was twisted to its limits, looking like it could snap at any moment!

However, because of that, Su Zimo managed to shuttle through the many flying swords and spirit weapons by a hair's breadth!

Some of the flying swords ripped his green robes but thanks to the defense of the Mystic Gold Silk Armor, he did not suffer any injuries at all.

Shadowless Sect's paragon's orifices were bleeding due to Su Zimo's Thunderclap Kill and his mind was in chaos, almost turning into sludge. Finally, he recovered.

The moment he stirred awake, he saw Su Zimo charging at him and was scared out of his wits!

Su Zimo slashed in reverse and released Vortex, defending against the attacks of many flying swords.

At the same time, he reached out and grabbed at the Shadowless Sect's paragon's head!

"Golden Core, Shadowless Twin Darts!"

Shadowless Sect's paragon retreated right away and wanted to release his Golden Core phenomenon.

Unexpectedly, Su Zimo's arm expanded by three inches and caught up to him, grabbing his head with five fingers!

"Pfft!"

Five finger holes appeared.

The Golden Core phenomenon of Shadowless Sect's paragon had just taken shape when it dissipated instantly.

To think that the encirclement of the top ten paragons would lead to three of them dying within a couple of rounds – it was extremely tragic!

The rest of them who remained were now flustered.

Taba Feng yelled, "What are you guys waiting for? Kill him!"

Murong Wushuang surveyed her surroundings coldly. "Everyone, if you continue watching idly by the sidelines, once we lose, you guys won't be his match even if you join forces later on!"

At that moment, cultivators of Blood Mist Sect and Mystic Firmament Divine Cult were already at their limits even without Murong Wushuang's reminder after witnessing their paragons killed by Su Zimo.

"Kill! Kill! Kill!"

Everyone chanted angrily.

Their voices rumbled and almost drowned Su Zimo!

Thud! Thud! Thud!

The ancient chariots of the four gentry clans moved with a thunderous sound as they shone brightly and charged towards Su Zimo!

Apart from cultivators such as Mu Dongqing and Bai Yuhan who were already intending to stay out of the affair right from the get go, most of the cultivators in the underground palace were embroiled in the situation!

"Humph!"

Su Zimo was fearless and his eyes shone savagely. Looking at the incoming chariots, he strode forward and received them with his bare body without using any spirit arts!

Boom!

The blood and flesh of the divine steeds pulling the chariots splattered everywhere.

The chariots were smashed apart by Su Zimo.

Wielding his saber, Su Zimo's bloodline surged and he cleaved left and right – no one could withstand his edge!

There was no one who could stand in Su Zimo's path at all!

Boom!

The voids rumbled.

A golden halberd with a blinding radiance tore through the heavens and descended in the underground palace with a frightening aura!

The power of a phenomenon!

When he saw that the situation wasn't looking good, Taba Feng did not hesitate and released his Golden Core phenomenon right away!

All of a sudden!

Night fell and stars appeared with a bright moon in the middle.

Countless stars fell with a tragic beauty, possessing a shocking killing intent!

A city blazing with fiery flames descended in a mighty manner. It was so hot that the surrounding qi had already evaporated and it seemed like it could incinerate all living beings!

“Seven Kills Blood Letter!”

Seven Kills Sect’s paragon roared and seven blood-colored characters for the word ‘kill’ appeared behind him, hovering in the air with a grisly scarlet shade!

One after another, Golden Core phenomenons descended.

There were many ancient phenomenons among them that were once ranked in the Phenomenon Rankings!

Instantly, Su Zimo was surrounded by endless Golden Core phenomenons.

Golden Core phenomenons were the strongest methods available for Golden Cores.

Unless they were forced to the edge, Golden Cores wouldn’t use them easily.

Part of the reason why the paragons did not release their Golden Core phenomenons before this was because Su Zimo was only at early-stage Golden Core. However, they did not expect that his combat strength would be this frightening and they were caught by surprise.

At the same time, they were worried about other variables.

The oriole stalks the mantis as it stalks the grasshopper – they were afraid that they would become the mantis!

But now, Taba Feng, Wang Yan and the others truly had no other choice but to release their Golden Core phenomenons.

Otherwise, none of them would be able to stop Su Zimo!

Su Zimo sneered.

He circulated his Golden Core.

Boom!

Suddenly, a frightening scene that shocked everyone appeared behind him!

The mountains collapsed and the earth split. Volcanoes spewed with dust clouds falling.

Scarlet lava flowed on the ground and devoured all living beings, incinerating all life!

A gargantuan living being crawled from beneath the ground and soared into the air. It had a snake’s head, an anaconda’s body, dragon’s scales, phoenix’s wings and bloodshot eyes that surveyed the surroundings.

The formidable power of this phenomenon was spreading!

Crack! Crack! Crack!

Some flying swords and spirit weapons could not withstand it at all and cracked. Their lights dimmed and they fell to the ground, shattered into pieces.

“Pfft!”

When eyed by that massive living being, a cultivator's expression changed and spat out a mouthful of blood. Flames started igniting within his body and engulfed him rapidly!

In the blink of an eye, the person was burned to ashes!

When that Golden Core phenomenon was released, all the cultivators in the palace were stunned!

"What sort of a monster is this?"

Bai Yuhan who was hiding far away could not help but ask with a pale face.

"I'm not sure."

Mu Dongqing shook his head.

He merely felt that the massive living being gave off an ancient aura, akin to a divine being that looked down on the masses!

"That is..."

"The Primordial Soaring Serpent!"

Murong Wushuang and the others were shocked.

The Primordial Soaring Serpent had been lost for a long time and none of them present had witnessed it personally before.

However, the Golden Core phenomenon before them was exactly the same as what was described!

Wang Yan lamented internally with astonishment, "The Primordial Divine Turtle appeared a month ago. To think that the Primordial Soaring Serpent would appear today as well! I wonder where that green-robed cultivator is. The two of them will definitely be able to fight with these opposing phenomena."

Chapter 553: Ancient Aristocratic Family

The arrival of the Primordial Soaring Serpent shocked the world!

Gulp! Gulp!

The Primordial Soaring Serpent opened its mouth widely and devoured huge mouthfuls of lava.

The burning lava soared into the air, forming a red river stream that entered the mouth of the Primordial Soaring Serpent continuously.

As the Primordial Soaring Serpent drank the lava, its aura turned even more terrifying.

The scales on the serpent became brighter and shone with a blinding shade of scarlet that resembled metal plates that were heated red!

"Kill!"

Taba Feng hollered.

With a grim expression, Wang Yan said darkly, "He is only at early-stage Golden Core realm at the end of the day. If we join forces, he won't be able to deal with us!"

“Everyone, don’t hold anything back anymore at this point!”

Murong Wushuang declared loudly, “That person once entered the Human Emperor’s Palace and is the successor of Divine Phoenix Island. He definitely has tons of treasures in his possession. We’ll only stand a chance after killing him!”

Thousands of paragons released their Golden Core phenomenons and rushed over.

A single Golden Core phenomenon may not be able to pose a threat to the Primordial Soaring Serpent.

However, the combined release of thousands of Golden Core phenomenons was enough to destroy any expert of the Golden Core realm, even if only a rare few of them were ancient phenomenons or had spots on the Phenomenon Ranking!

Bang! Bang! Bang!

There were constant collisions between the phenomenons!

Instantly, the Golden Core phenomenon behind Su Zimo swayed and even revealed illusions!

The surrounding Golden Core phenomenons continued clashing like a flood that did not know of fatigue.

Psst! Psst!

The Primordial Soaring Serpent in the void was enraged and raised its head, letting out a slithering sound as it inhaled and exhaled.

This was only a phenomenon and wasn’t material.

However, the Primordial Soaring Serpent retained its memories and dignity from the primordial era.

It was a god of the flames!

Gods were dignified and could not endure the provocations of such puny ants!

Swoosh!

The Primordial Soaring Serpent fanned the flames with its wings and its eyes spewed fire. Opening its blood-red mouth, it spat out a stream of scorching lava at a group of paragons!

Crack! Crack! Crack!

Accompanied by loud sounds, countless Golden Core phenomenons shattered and many Golden Cores were devoured directly by the steaming lava, turning into ashes without corpses.

“Ah! Ah! Ahhhh!”

A series of tragic, shuddering wails sounded.

Sensing that something was wrong with the situation, some of the cultivators retreated instantly.

However, most of them were sucked in by the lava pool the moment their Golden Core phenomenons shattered. The more they struggled, the deeper they sank and eventually, they were drowned.

The paragons of the Ten Upper Sects and the four gentry clans were the only ones who could defend against the full-powered attack of the Primordial Soaring Serpent.

Even so, for something like Wang Yan's Raging City Blaze, its ancient city walls were already filled with cracks and were on the brink of collapse.

In the Golden Core phenomenon summoned by Stellar Luna Sect's paragon, most of the night had already faded and countless stars fell.

Of Seven Kills Sect's Seven Kills Blood Letters, only a single character remained and it was struggling to hang on.

Of course, after that burst, the Primordial Soaring Serpent's radiance faded as well.

Su Zimo shifted his gaze and sped out of the palace's outer perimeter with the saber in his hands.

This was not a place where he should linger!

The longer he stayed here, the more danger he would feel in his heart.

"Go!"

Su Zimo pointed forward.

The Primordial Soaring Serpent behind him soared up with its body covered in flames, lunging towards Wang Yan who was in its path ahead with a murderous aura!

Boom!

Wang Yan grit his teeth and controlled the ancient city, smashing it heavily against the Primordial Soaring Serpent's head.

Opening its mouth widely, the Primordial Soaring Serpent devoured the entire blazing city whole!

"Pfft!"

Wang Yan's expression changed countless times before finally turning pale as a sheet and spitting out a mouthful of fresh blood.

A month ago, his Golden Core phenomenon was suppressed by the Primordial Divine Turtle.

A month later, it was destroyed by the Primordial Soaring Serpent.

Ranked 89 on the Phenomenon Ranking, Raging City Blazes was considered as a top-tier Golden Core phenomenon in the North Region.

However, Wang Yan received blows consecutively.

He endured the pain of his body and shifted his steps, dodging to the side.

Although he knew that Su Zimo's Primordial Soaring Serpent could not hold out for much longer, he also knew that he truly had no way of defending against it and could only allow Su Zimo to leave!

"That's just him struggling at the end of the road!"

Seven Kills Sect's paragon arrived before Su Zimo in a flash and the bloody word character behind him turned more grisly and brighter!

The Primordial Soaring Serpent swayed its massive tail and whipped through the air, slamming against the bloody word character like a thick steel whip.

Piak!

The blood word character was destroyed and turned into a blood mist.

As though he was struck by lightning, Seven Kills Sect's paragon no longer dared to block and dodged to the side at an extremely fast speed!

Su Zimo sneered and his eyes flashed with a cold glint.

Swash!

Swinging his arm in reverse, Su Zimo tossed out his saber and it turned into a streak of light, stabbing into the Seven Kills Sect's paragon's chest!

"Pfft!"

The saber penetrated his body and pierced into a stone pillar in the underground palace.

Its blade quivered and blood dripped from it endlessly – Seven Kills Sect's paragon was already thoroughly dead!

Su Zimo had a few other similar sabers of that grade in his storage bag so he did not care about it at all.

Apart from Dugu Jian who was watching coldly from the sidelines, the other 13 of the paragons from the Ten Upper Sects and four gentry clans were already mostly killed by Su Zimo.

They were either dead or injured.

After killing Seven Kills Sect's paragon, nobody dared to stand in Su Zimo's way.

Finally, his vision cleared up.

"Hahahaha!"

Su Zimo reared his head and laughed into the air while speeding out of the palace.

It was dead silent all around the palace.

The paragons that managed to survive such as Wang Yan and Murong Wushuang had grim expressions on their faces.

Even the cocky Taba Feng was silent. Although his Golden Core phenomenon was still gathering behind him, it no longer had any fierceness to it and was dark and dull.

Just like that, the paragons of the North Region gathered and watched helplessly as the Vermilion Fruit was snatched before their very eyes by the successor of Divine Phoenix Island.

If word of this were to get out, all the factions of the North Region would turn into the laughingstock of the entire cultivation world!

“It’s over just like that?”

Bai Yuhan murmured to herself as she looked at everything squarely.

Mu Dongqing sighed gently.

Both of them had witnessed everything.

The initial fervor when the paragons of the North Region gathered with their raring battle intents up till their current dejectedness after being overwhelmed by the successor of Divine Phoenix Island singlehandedly!

In the end, there was an outcome to the fight for the Vermilion Fruit.

Mu Dongqing mumbled, “Perhaps the only way for this man to be suppressed is if the paragons of the nine immortal sects, seven fiend sects and six Buddhist monasteries are present.”

“However, I heard that this monster incarnate of Divine Phoenix Island once defeated the paragons of the immortal, Buddhist and fiend sects beneath the Human Emperor’s Palace,” Bai Yuhan frowned and replied.

“Things are different now,”

Mu Dongqing shook his head. “Don’t forget that the monster incarnate of Divine Phoenix Island is only at early-stage Golden Core realm right now!”

Just as Su Zimo was about to rush out of the palace’s exit, a deafening roar of a demon beast sounded, threatening to devour the entire world!

“Roar!”

A humongous ferocious beast barged in. It had the head of a wyrm, body of a tiger, tail of a snake and extremely sharp teeth with saliva drooling from its mouth. Its fangs shone sinisterly and it was extremely shuddering!

Tiger wyrm!

It was one of the fiercest types of ancient remnant beasts with the bloodline of a wyrm. After cultivation, it can revert to its ancestry and transform into an actual wyrm before growing into a ferocious beast!

As for wyrms, they had the chance of transforming into dragons!

What was even more terrifying was that a man was riding on that tiger wyrm!

When they saw the badge on the man’s waist, the expressions of Murong Wushuang and the others changed and they exclaimed, “The ancient aristocratic family, Duanmu!”

Chapter 554: Destiny Talisman

A big pavilion five kilometers away from the Great Qian Ruins.

Naturally, the ripening of the Vermilion Fruit could not be hidden from the Nascent Souls.

This meant that a trial exclusive to the paragons had officially begun!

Outside the pavilion, there were Nascent Souls from various sects and factions of the Nascent Soul. Although they maintained their composure, each of them revealed nervousness deep in their eyes.

None of those Nascent Souls communicated much between one another.

On the contrary, the Perfected Lords in the pavilion were much more relaxed comparatively.

All of those Nascent Souls were from the Ten Upper Sects and four gentry clans and had strong confidence towards the paragons of their factions.

Even if they could not defeat their enemies, they could definitely escape unscathed.

With casual attitudes, those Nascent Souls sipped their teas and chatted leisurely.

“Everyone, how about making a guess as to who would become the number one Perfected Being of the North Region by getting their hands on the Vermilion Fruit?”

The Perfected Lord of the Murong clan fanned himself in a carefree manner and asked leisurely. He was born extremely handsome and carried a gentle aura.

Stellar Luna Sect’s Perfected Lord replied indifferently, “Actually, I’m sure everyone knows who the number one Perfected Being of the North Region is. Even without this fight for the Vermilion Fruit, it would definitely be Xi Wuya of Glass Palace.”

At the mention of Xi Wuya, all the Nascent Souls present went silent immediately.

He was indeed the peerless paragon of the Golden Core realm from Glass Palace!

This was someone who had never tasted defeated and dominated the North Region for many years!

It was said that Xi Wuya had the chance to advance to the Nascent Soul realm. However, he did not take that step because he wanted to enter the ancient battlefield and meet with the talents of the world.

The scariest thing was that he was less than a hundred years old!

He was way too young.

As long as Xi Wuya wanted, he could become a Nascent Soul at less than a hundred years old!

Furthermore, all the Nascent Souls present knew one thing.

They knew that once Xi Wuya advanced to the Nascent Soul realm, there was a high chance he would be able to kill them even if he was at early-stage.

It was normal for the legacy disciples of the nine immortal sects and seven fiend sects to kill beyond their levels.

The Perfected Lord of the Taba clan was calm. "It's needless to talk about that. At least, there isn't much activity from Glass Palace. I presume that Xi Wuya wouldn't be interested in the Vermilion Fruit either."

"Without Xi Wuya, it's hard to determine the eventual victor."

As Taba clan's Perfected Lord and the others were discussing, a commotion broke out from outside the pavilion.

There were Nascent Souls who withdrew talismans from their storage bags, some of which were already shattered into pieces.

The arms of those Nascent Souls were trembling slightly and they were shaking their heads, sighing with dark expressions.

Upon seeing that, the Perfected Lords of the Ten Upper Sects and four gentry clans in the pavilion smirked with a hint of mockery in their eyes.

In the cultivation world, there was such a thing as the Destiny Symbol.

Upon entering Nascent Soul realm and cultivating an Essence Spirit, a cultivator can separate a trace of their spirit consciousness and inject it into a mystic jade to create a unique jade scroll known as the Destiny Symbol.

The Destiny Symbol was correlated to the cultivator.

Even if they were millions of miles apart, if the cultivator was dead and their Essence Spirit was destroyed, the Destiny Symbol would sense it and its spirit consciousness would disperse, resulting in the destruction of the Destiny Symbol.

Therefore, in some major sects, they would have chambers to store Destiny Symbols with cultivators guarding them specifically.

The moment a Destiny Symbol was destroyed, even if the cultivator related to it wasn't around, the sect would know that the person had already perished.

A Mighty Figure from one of the four unorthodox groups of Tianhuang Mainland, Thousand Crane Sect, created a Destiny Talisman specifically for Golden Cores based on the concept of the Destiny Symbols and it was widespread in the cultivation world.

However, Destiny Talismans had clear range restrictions.

The closer they were to their cultivators, the sooner they would receive the transmitted messages and the more accurate it would be.

If the Destiny Talismans were 50 kilometers away from their cultivators, even if the latter died, nothing would happen to the Destiny Talismans.

Right now, the Nascent Souls outside the pavilion were holding onto the Destiny Talismans of their Golden Cores!

Those Destiny Talismans were already shattered.

This meant that their disciples or successors have already perished within the ruins!

The Perfected Lord of Mystic Firmament Divine Cult raised his chin slightly with a cold, haughty expression. "Coveting the Vermilion Fruit with such mediocre capabilities? How laughable!"

"Tsk, tsk, tsk!"

The Perfected Lord of Dark Ghost Sect bared his yellow, rotting teeth and cackled sinisterly like the cries of crows.

"I garner that those lads didn't even manage to get through the otherworldly soldiers!"

The Nascent Souls inside the pavilion laughed with relaxed expressions.

Raising a cup of tea, the Perfected Lord of Blood Mist Sect drank heartily and remarked indifferently, "Just a bunch of useless things that didn't know what's good for them."

The moment he said that, his expression changed and he swiftly swiped across his storage bag, retrieving a Destiny Talisman.

That Destiny Talisman was already shattered!

"Wh... at?!"

Blood Mist Sect's Perfected Lord narrowed his gaze and looked at it in disbelief.

A moment later, he slapped the table and rose with a boundless killing intent surging within him.

The teacup on the table flew into the air and exploded!

The paragon of Blood Mist Sect that fought for the Vermilion Fruit was his favorite legacy disciple.

Otherwise, he wouldn't have arrived personally and even crafted a Destiny Talisman for the paragon.

However, he truly hadn't expected his legacy disciple to fall the moment the fight for the Vermilion Fruit had just begun!

Earlier on, he was still mocking the Nascent Souls outside the pavilion and yet, in the blink of an eye, his own disciple was already dead – this was truly a ridiculous insult.

Blood Mist Sect's Perfected Lord was so pissed that his arm was trembling and anger surged within him.

Right now, he wanted to charge into the Great Qian Ruins to see who murdered his disciple. However, there was no way the other Nascent Souls would let him do that!

The reason why they were seated here was to prevent other Nascent Souls from interfering.

Blood Mist Sect's Perfected Lord grit his teeth and screened the other Perfected Lords in the pavilion, trying to make out something from their expressions.

Mystic Firmament Divine Cult's Perfected Lord extended his finger and rapped on the table a few times casually. "Fellow Daoist, please relax. It's normal to have casualties in fights between cultivators. Don't get worked up. Sit down and have some tea."

Blood Mist Sect's Perfected Lord was about to explode internally!

How would he still have the mood to continue sipping tea?

He glared at Mystic Firmament Divine Cult's Perfected Lord and snarled coldly, "Your disciple must have murdered my successor!"

"Perhaps,"

Mystic Firmament Divine Cult's Perfected Lord sneered.

"Once this is over, I guess it's time for me to test out your skills!"

"Do you think I'll be afraid of you?"

Neither of them was willing to display weakness.

Suddenly, Mystic Firmament Divine Cult's Perfected Lord's expression changed and a Destiny Talisman appeared in his hands.

The Destiny Talisman was already shattered.

"Hahahaha!"

Blood Mist Sect's Perfected Lord burst into laughter and mocked. "Your disciple doesn't seem to be doing that well either!"

Mystic Firmament Divine Cult's Perfected Lord was enraged and glared at the Destiny Talisman with a dark, grim expression.

While the other Nascent Souls in the pavilion appeared calm on the surface, all of them were gloating internally.

Dragon Tiger Sect's Perfected Lord said darkly, "The two of you, do sit down. There's no way of turning back now that things have come to this state. There's no need for you guys to get worked up."

"That's right."

Heavenly Piercing Sword Sect's Perfected Lord said, "The fact that two paragons have perished in such quick succession shows the cruelty of this Vermilion Fruit fight. I..."

Before he could finish, Heavenly Piercing Sword Sect's Perfected Lord sensed something and his face froze up as he withdrew a Destiny Talisman from his storage bag.

Although the radiance of the Destiny Talisman was much dimmer, it was still intact.

Heavenly Piercing Sword Sect's Perfected Lord heaved a gentle sigh of relief.

This meant that his successor was severely injured. However, at the very least, he was still alive.

Chapter 555: Kill With a Smile

Before long, Dragon Tiger Sect's Perfected Lord's expression changed slightly and he withdrew a Destiny Talisman from his storage bag. His eyes filled with killing intent as he looked at the dense cracks on it.

Immediately after, the Perfected Lords of the Yuwen clan and Shadowless Sect sensed something.

By the time the both of them withdrew their Destiny Talismans, it was already shattered!

This time round, it wasn't just the Nascent Souls outside the pavilion – even those that were inside could barely sit still.

Apart from the Nascent Soul of the Dugu clan, there were 13 Perfected Lords from the Ten Upper Sects and four gentry clans in the pavilion.

But now, through their Destiny Talismans, it showed that five paragons were already dead and one was severely injured!

Naturally, those five Perfected Lords had terrible expressions and grim gazes, emanating with shuddering killing intents.

The other Nascent Souls had equally morbid expressions.

This was an abnormal situation.

The five paragons that died came from the Ten Upper Sects and four gentry clans – how did these disciples and successors that were highly regarded in their respective sects die so easily?

Furthermore, the five of them died too quickly!

How long had it been since the fight for the Vermilion Fruit began?

If the five of them released their Golden Core phenomenons, they would be able to hold out for 15 minutes at least.

However, the signs felt as though the five paragons were suppressed overwhelmingly without any chance to fight back at all!

Before long, a commotion broke out from the crowd outside the pavilion.

Many Nascent Souls withdrew shattered Destiny Talismans one after another with shards scattering to the ground.

The number of dead Golden Cores was rapidly rising!

Those from the major sects and clans such as Blaze Columbus Valley, Dark Ghost Sect and the Murong clan withdrew their Destiny Talismans as well.

All of those initially radiant Destiny Talismans shuddered at the same time.

This meant that their disciples were experiencing immense impacts at the moment!

Within a few dozens of breaths, the Destiny Talismans of those paragons dimmed significantly.

Although Wang Yan of Blaze Columbus Valley's Destiny Talisman wasn't destroyed, it turned ash dark – it was obvious that he was severely injured!

Snap!

The Destiny Talisman in the hands of Seven Kills Sect's Perfected Lord shattered!

Many other Perfected Lords were shocked.

There were already six fallen paragons in the pavilion among the Ten Upper Sects and four gentry clans!

Outside the pavilion, the shattered Destiny Talismans were uncountable!

What happened in the Great Qian Ruins?

Rather than a fight between the paragons, this seemed like a major calamity for the paragons of the North Region!

The Perfected Lords of the Taba clan, Murong clan, Heaven Motion Sect and other sects looked at the dull Destiny Talismans in their hands with uncertain expressions.

It wasn't just the Perfected Lords of Blood Mist Sect and Dragon Tiger Sect et cetera – even they were finding it difficult to sit by idly!

The Nascent Souls had a weird feeling that something far beyond their control seemed to have happened!

"Everyone, we should check out the ruins."

Suddenly, Blood Mist Sect's Perfected Lord said with a dark expression.

The reason why they were gathered here was initially to prevent other Nascent Souls from interfering so that the younger generation could fight for dominance.

But now that their successors were dying one after another, the few of them could not take it anymore.

Although Taba Feng's Destiny Talisman was intact, it had dimmed significantly as well.

The Perfected Lord of the Taba clan hesitated for a moment before nodding. "I agree. Let's head over to the Great Qian Ruins to check things out. If nothing is amiss, we'll let those disciples continue with their massacre."

The other Perfected Lords exchanged glances and agreed to it in silence.

"Let's go!"

Everyone exclaimed and left the place.

Suddenly, a formidable spirit consciousness overwhelmed them.

Two figures flew over from the horizon not far away, a man and a woman, bedazzling and graceful as immortals!

When they saw the two of them, the Perfected Lords of the Ten Upper Sects and four gentry clans were surprised and a hint of cautiousness could be seen from the depths of their eyes.

"Fellow Daoists, the fight for the Vermilion Fruit is a showdown between Golden Cores. Where are you guys going?"

Although the man's voice was calm, there was a persecuting tone to it.

The Perfected Lords of the Ten Upper Sects and four gentry clans knew of the origins of this couple and remained silent.

When the other Nascent Souls noticed the expressions of those from the Taba clan and others, they came to a realization and chose to keep quiet as well.

However, not everyone noticed it.

The Nascent Souls outside the pavilion came from all over the North Region; some of them were from minor sects while others were itinerant cultivators.

Initially, everyone was already pissed off for being trapped here. When they saw that couple with the ancient attire, some Perfected Lords could not help but sneer, "Old fogies, tell us your names! Where did you guys spout from?"

"Fufu."

The man smiled calmly and replied gently, "Duanmu!"

"Duanmu?"

The Nascent Soul who spoke was stunned and could not react in time.

However, gasps could be heard from the crowd.

"Nascent Souls of the Duanmu aristocratic family have arrived!"

"If the Duanmu aristocratic family is here, the person behind him must be from the other aristocratic family, Ouyang."

The Nascent Soul who spoke earlier on had an ashen expression and trembled in fear.

In Tianhuang Mainland, there were factions with ancient lineages that kept a low-profile and lived in seclusion. Among them, there were some aristocratic families.

Although many cultivators have not heard of the names of those aristocratic families before, it was undeniable that each of them had massive foundations and immeasurable strength!

Among the ancient aristocratic families, the strongest three were the renowned Eastern, Southern Palace and Western Gate aristocratic families of the cultivation world.

The nine immortal sects, eight demon races, seven fiend sects, six Buddhist monasteries, five heretical doctrines, four unorthodox groups... these were the strongest factions of Tianhuang Mainland, followed by the three aristocratic families!

In the North Region, there were two ancient aristocratic families, namely the Duanmu and Ouyang families.

Although these two ancient aristocratic families could not compare to the three great aristocratic families in terms of strength and reputation, they were definitely superior to the Ten Upper Sects and four gentry clans!

However, because they were high and above in seclusion for many years, cultivators at the bottom tier could not approach them and there were few people who knew about them.

It was the same for Ethereal Peak. Although it was one of the five major sects of the Great Zhou Dynasty, few people in the sect knew about the Duanmu and Ouyang aristocratic families.

In fact, they may never come into contact through their entire lives.

To think that the two great aristocratic families would make a move for the appearance of the Vermilion Fruit!

Suddenly, Duanmu clan's Perfected Lord extended his hand and circulated his Dharmic powers. Instantly, a massive palm was conjured in midair, squeezing the Nascent Soul who spoke out of line earlier on!

Poof!

Before that person could make a single sound, he was smashed into a blood mist and his Essence Spirit was destroyed!

"Does anyone else have any opinions?"

Duanmu clan's Perfected Lord surveyed the surroundings and asked with a smile.

It was dead silent outside the pavilion.

That was the might of an ancient aristocratic family – they could kill with a smile and render groups of talents silent as crickets!

The Perfected Lords of the Ten Upper Sects and four gentry clans revealed displeasure on their faces. Although they did not dare to say anything, they were cursing internally.

At the same time, their doubts were finally unraveled.

It was no wonder why so many paragons died the moment the fight for the Vermilion Fruit started; even the paragons of the Ten Upper Sects and four gentry clans were dead or injured.

It was because the two ancient aristocratic families of the North Region had arrived!

It was clear how terrifying the successors of the two ancient aristocratic families were judging from their Perfected Lords alone.

After residing in seclusion for many years, now that the two ancient aristocratic families have arrived, they were definitely bent on getting their hands on the Vermilion Fruit!

Chapter 556: Descent of the Divine Turtle

Entrance of the underground cave.

A young man rode on a massive and menacing tiger wyrm, blocking Su Zimo's path forward.

The man was extremely handsome and although he exuded a dignified appearance, it was extremely ancient – he seemed like someone from the past rather than this generation.

Maintaining his Soaring Serpent phenomenon, Su Zimo continued speeding forward and could vaguely hear exclamations coming from the crowd behind him.

Ancient aristocratic family, Duanmu?

Su Zimo knew nothing about ancient aristocratic families.

However, judging from the reactions of the successors of the North Region's Upper Sects and gentry clans, he could tell that the ancient aristocratic families had strong backgrounds!

Su Zimo was expressionless.

No matter who it was, he had to get out of this place as soon as possible!

"Humph!"

When the handsome man saw that Su Zimo ignored him and was still charging for the exit, he could not help but sneered in displeasure, "You're still thinking of escaping now that I, Duanmu Kang, have arrived?"

With that said, the handsome man known as Duanmu Kang patted the demon beast he was riding on.

"Roar!"

The tiger wyrm understood his intentions and released a deafening roar, whipping its tail viciously towards Su Zimo!

Bang!

The scales on the tiger wyrm's tail were extremely tough.

After it was attacked by thousands of Golden Core phenomenon, Su Zimo's Golden Core phenomenon was already nearing its limit.

Now that it received such an intense attack, the Soaring Serpent swayed and its radiance dimmed – it was on the verge of dissipating at any moment!

Su Zimo halted in his tracks.

Right then, the touching cry of a phoenix sounded from another side of the palace's entrance.

In the blink of an eye, a green-colored luan bird flew in with a mysterious glimmer on its body. It was captivating and emanated a terrifying aura that was even superior to the tiger wyrm!

The Green Luan!

The tiger wyrm had to cultivate before it could turn into a ferocious beast.

However, the Green Luan was a pure-blooded ferocious beast to begin with!

A peerlessly beautiful woman sat on the Green Luan. She was incomparably dignified and had an ice cold expression that was haughty – she was in disregard of all the paragons present.

The pure-blooded ferocious beast alone already had the many paragons present feeling troubled, let alone the woman riding on it!

“That should be another ancient aristocratic family, the Ouyang family.”

“Those two are the only ancient aristocratic families in the North Region. It’s said that the Duanmu and Ouyang families have a close relationship. There should be no mistake.”

When he heard the discussions behind him, Su Zimo roughly knew what was going on.

Duanmu Kang turned slightly with a smile. “Xiayu, why are you here personally? I’ve told you that I’ll definitely obtain the Vermilion Fruit and take it back for you.”

“There’s no need.”

Ouyang Xiayu replied calmly, totally unappreciative.

Duanmu Kang continued, “Xiayu, as long as it’s anything you fancy, even if they are the stars up in the heavens, I’ll try my best to pluck them for you, let alone a single Vermilion Fruit!”

Ouyang Xiayu knitted her brows tightly.

She knew Duanmu Kang way too well.

He had repeated those words to at least a hundred other female cultivators!

“Young master, that seems to be the monster incarnate of Divine Phoenix Island!”

At that moment, a cultivator following behind Duanmu Kang advanced and reported with a grim expression.

“Monster incarnate of Divine Phoenix Island? What monster incarnate?”

Duanmu Kang was stunned for a moment.

“The one who suppressed the experts of the immortal, Buddhist and fiend sects beneath the Human Emperor’s Palace!”

“That’s him?”

Duanmu Kang was momentarily frozen before breaking out into a smile while nodding. “It’s no wonder.”

A hint of surprise flickered through Ouyang Xiayu’s eyes when she heard the term ‘monster incarnate of Divine Phoenix Island’ as well.

Thereafter, she turned and looked at Su Zimo fixedly with a curious expression.

Sweeping his gaze across the battlefield, Duanmu Kang eventually looked at Su Zimo and chuckled. “The Primordial Soaring Serpent has been lost for a long time and I was wondering who it was who could cultivate a primordial of this level. So, you do have some background to you.”

“Cut the crap, make way.”

Although Su Zimo’s tone was calm, it exuded coldness.

Even against the successors of two ancient aristocratic families, none of the paragons could notice any emotional fluctuation from Su Zimo.

He was trying his best to recover his blood qi and spirit energy.

“Me? Make way?”

Duanmu Kang was stunned for a moment before rearing his head in laughter, as though he heard the greatest joke in the world.

“Hahahaha! Interesting! You’re wild enough!”

As he laughed, his expression gradually turned grim as he remarked coldly, “The Primordial Soaring Serpent has been lost for a long time and nobody knows how strong it can get right now. However, my Golden Core primordial was ranked 34th in the previous Phenomenon Ranking!”

The paragons present were startled.

There were only 108 positions available on the Phenomenon Ranking – the further front one was, the stronger their phenomenon!

All the Golden Core phenomena that could get into the top 36 spots were terrifying phenomena with ancient lineages!

Duanmu Kang continued frostily, “Don’t forget, you’re only at early-stage Golden Core. How long can you hold out with the spirit energy in your dantian? Let me see how many strikes your lousy phenomenon can take from me!”

“Golden Core phenomenon, Flora Myriad Weapons!”

When Duanmu Kang circulated his Golden Core, all the wild grass surrounding the palace seemed to have gained sentience and transformed into a myriad of weapons!

Swoosh, swoosh, swoosh!

The myriad of weapons attacked with a mighty force!

In reality, Duanmu Kang’s Golden Core phenomenon would have an even more terrifying might if it was released in a place with lush greenery!

Tens of thousands of weapons appeared and blanketed the skies endlessly!

The Great Qian Ruins was barren and desolate outside. However, thanks to the medicinal field in the palace, there were some weeds born.

While those weeds were not strong, they still formed hundreds of weapons that tore through the skies!

Su Zimo gripped his fist gently.

If he was in peak condition, even at early-stage Golden Core, he was highly confident that he could take down the other party’s Flora Myriad Weapons with his Primordial Soaring Serpent.

However, he had expended too much.

The Primordial Soaring Serpent was now at its limits after receiving the impact of countless phenomenons and would definitely not be able to withstand the clash of Flora Myriad Weapons.

At that thought, Su Zimo was decided.

Snap!

There was a deafening sound.

The firmament above Su Zimo's head cracked as meteors and rampant currents rained down endlessly in an apocalyptic scene.

"What is that...?!"

All the paragons were lost.

How could another phenomenon appear when the Primordial Soaring Serpent behind Su Zimo had yet to dissipate?

Could it be...

"It can't be!"

After all, Duanmu Kang was the successor of an ancient aristocratic family and sensed it immediately as he murmured in disbelief, "Double phenomenon?"

Boom!

Hundreds of weapons collided against the Golden Core phenomenon behind Su Zimo.

Su Zimo's phenomenon swayed but the hundreds of weapons were repelled in the opposite direction!

Sensing that something was amiss, Duanmu Kang remarked hurriedly, "Xiayu, let's join forces!"

Before Duanmu Kang spoke, Ouyang Xiayu already noticed something and circulated her Golden Core, exclaiming softly, "Golden Core phenomenon, Hurricane Frost Saber Sword!"

A cold aura emanated.

Suddenly, the temperature in the underground palace dipped.

Wild gusts of wind howled furiously akin to sabers and swords.

In fact, frost started appearing on the rampant currents behind Su Zimo – the initially rampant void currents were starting to freeze up!

The paragons of Heaven Motion Sect and Dark Ghost Sect et cetera seized the opportunity to charge forward in an attempt to slaughter Su Zimo completely with their remaining Golden Core phenomenons!

Boom! Boom! Boom! Boom!

There was a deafening bang!

A gargantuan creature suddenly descended on the vast lands, carrying the broken firmament with its shell. Like heavenly-piercing pillars, it stomped down with all limbs and shattered the frost on the surface of the rampant currents

The Divine Turtle had arrived and reared its head, roaring into the skies!

Instantly, it was filled with a torrential rage!

Chapter 557: Too Naive!

Poof! Poof! Poof!

Some of the Golden Cores who rushed up wanting to seize advantage of the situation were locked by the terrifying power of the phenomenon the moment they closed in. Instantly, their bodies were ripped apart and they died on the spot!

Nearby, figures exploded one after another, turning into blood mists like tragic fireworks in a grisly scene.

Far away, figures fell from midair one after another with lifeless gazes like raindrops. Their lifeforces were extinguished as they descended from the skies into their deaths.

It was an extremely shocking sight!

Mu Dongqing, Bai Yuhan and all the other cultivators that chose to stay out of the affair were all stunned. Their bodies trembled uncontrollably as fear filled their eyes.

None of them had the capacity to wonder why two phenomenons would appear behind Su Zimo.

They were stunned right away by the terrifying might released by the two phenomenons!

It was way too scary!

Although they were Golden Cores similarly, the power released by that person was so strong that it was unstoppable!

Standing in midair, the monster incarnate of Divine Phoenix Island had a Divine Turtle appear behind him with a domineering aura. His gaze was electric, like an incomparable divine being blazing with flames all over his body.

Against him, all the paragons of the North Region seemed insignificant.

They were like moths lunging towards the divine being only to be turned into ashes in midair.

Initially, the paragon of Heaven Motion Sect had a remnant Golden Core phenomenon around him.

However, when the Divine Turtle descended and roared into the skies, his phenomenon shattered with a bang!

The next moment, a formidable power of phenomenon surged into his body and destroyed his lifeforce!

“Pfft!”

Heaven Motion Sect’s paragon spat out a huge mouthful of blood that was black in color!

His organs were punctured by the power of phenomenon and had turned into sludge.

Lifeforce drained from within him rapidly in an irreversible manner as his gaze dimmed.

Another paragon had fallen!

The Golden Core phenomenon of Dark Ghost Sect's paragon was still existent with otherworldly soldiers charging from the back. They had bloodshot eyes and their long spears shimmered coldly, as though they could destroy everything before them.

However, after the Divine Turtle descended...

All the troops went silent!

Lightning flashed and thunder crackled in the skies above as thunderbolts struck the Divine Turtle's shell one after another, causing sparks to fly everywhere. However, it could not penetrate the shell of the Divine Turtle and instead made it seem even more godly.

On the other hand, those godly thunderbolts were destructive when they descended on the paragon of Dark Ghost Sect!

The power of thunder was the most righteous and suppressive towards evil and ghosts!

Malevolent ghosts would turn into ash when they were struck by the thunderbolts no matter how fierce they were!

Snap!

Lightning flashed.

Dark Ghost Sect's paragon cried tragically and fell from midair billowing with black smoke – he was clearly dead after being struck by the thunderbolt.

There were initially dazzling stars remaining above the head of Stellar Luna Sect's paragon with cold, murderous starlight.

The Divine Turtle roared.

Countless stars crashed!

The paragon of Stellar Luna Sect was dead!

In the blink of an eye, only Taba Feng, Blaze Columbus Valley's Wang Yan, Heavenly Piercing Sword Sect's paragon, Murong Wushuang and Dugu Jian who had not made his move since the beginning were left alive out of the paragons from the ten upper sects and four gentry clans.

There were even more talents that had perished in the palace.

The deaths and injuries were tragic.

This fight between the paragons was much more devastating than what everyone had initially imagined it to be!

"It's a Primordial Divine Turtle!"

“Heavens! Another primordial phenomenon shows itself!”

“Double phenomenon with both the turtle and serpent. How did this guy manage it? Furthermore, both Golden Core phenomena are so mighty and terrifying!”

The Raging City Blaze behind Blaze Columbus Valley’s Wang Yan had already shattered by now.

Thankfully, he noticed something amiss with the situation and backed off a step earlier.

When he saw the firmaments crack, lightning flash, raging currents surge and meteors raining, he realized something.

That same scene had tormented him repeatedly in his nightmares for the past month!

Most cultivators were not as fortunate as him.

The Primordial Divine Turtle had been lost for a long time and many paragons of the Golden Core realm could not recognize it before the Divine Turtle appeared.

They were not the only ones – even Nascent Souls from all over the place might not be able to recognize the origin of that phenomenon.

Everyone swarmed up, wanting to encircle and kill Su Zimo while seizing the opportunity to steal his treasures.

Unfortunately, the descent of the Divine Turtle along with the Primordial Soaring Serpent, the might of a double phenomenon, was not something that they could defend against!

In the face of the double phenomenon, Duanmu Kang and Ouyang Xiayu, the two successors of the ancient aristocratic families, were the only ones who could hold out.

“Double phenomenon! You’re truly a monster incarnate!”

Duanmu Kang’s handsome face had clearly turned somewhat menacing by now as he snarled, “It’s a pity that you’ll have to be buried in this ruins today!”

It was true that the double phenomenon was strong.

However, Su Zimo could not support it for long as the double phenomenon took an extreme toll on his spirit energy.

At that moment, Su Zimo’s disadvantage in cultivation realm was finally showing itself.

Throughout the entire fight, he had not been disadvantaged in combat and had instead suppressed everything domineeringly.

However, his spirit energy capacity could not compare against those at late-stage or perfected Golden Core realm.

Furthermore, spirit energy was drained at a terrifying speed in order to support two primordial phenomena!

Right now, the spirit energy in Su Zimo’s dantian was almost depleted.

Even his Golden Core was releasing a series of throbbing pains and was circulating slower.

As the successor of an ancient aristocratic family, Duanmu Kang was sharp and could clearly look through Su Zimo's facade. Channeling his Golden Core furiously, his power of phenomenon surged towards the latter.

Countless weapons created by grass and wood hovered in front of Su Zimo, trembling slightly.

On the other side.

The Hurricane Frost Saber Sword released by Ouyang Xiayu struck the turtle serpent phenomenons repeatedly.

To begin with, the Primordial Soaring Serpent was at its limits and could not hold on for much longer. Now that it was met with such impact, it swayed and was on the verge of falling.

A series of cracks appeared on the Soaring Serpent, threatening to dissipate it at any moment.

As for the Primordial Divine Turtle, although it was still a godly presence, the radiance on its body was gradually dimming due to the depletion of Su Zimo's spirit energy.

"He can't hold on for much longer!"

Far away, Mu Dongqing noticed how the situation was changing and remarked darkly, "The moment that person's Golden Core phenomenons disperse, he would be penetrated instantly by the countless weapons and Hurricane Frost Saber Sword!"

Bai Yuhan nodded with a conflicted expression. "Rather than the two successors of the ancient aristocratic families, it could be said that the monster incarnate of Divine Phoenix Island was defeated by the joined forces of all the paragons in the North Region."

"That's right, if those paragons hadn't worn him down, these two successors of the ancient aristocratic families wouldn't be able to take him down."

Pausing for a moment, Mu Dongqing sighed and lamented, "It's a pity. If that man manages to cultivate to late-stage or perfected Golden Core, all the paragons of the North Region wouldn't be able to take him down even if they worked together!"

"That's why tall trees are often the first to be knocked down by the wind,"

A cultivator at the side sneered, "That person is way too flashy and overbearing. It's only normal that he would end up in such a state."

Suddenly, a mysterious change happened on the battlefield.

"Paragon? Monster incarnate? I don't care, die!"

Duanmu Kang hollered and circulated his Golden Core to its limits.

Countless weapons tore through the phenomenons and were getting closer to Su Zimo's physical body!

"Fufufufu!"

In midair, Su Zimo suddenly laughed.

“The two of you really think that you can kill me with your skills?”

Su Zimo’s eyes shone fiercely as he remarked, “The both of you are way too naive!”

Chapter 558: Incompatibility Battle of Gods

The resurgence of two primordial phenomenon with the turtle and serpent together was an extremely rare sight.

Unfortunately, Su Zimo was at early-stage Golden Core and his spirit energy had already depleted after fighting the paragons of the North Region continuously and upholding two strong phenomenon.

Even so, he wasn’t fearful at all!

Under countless gazes, those two primordial divine beings that had already dimmed down in midair suddenly clashed against one another furiously, as though they were drawn in by some power!

Boom!

A shuddering shockwave rippled forth!

Everything went silent.

It wasn’t a true silence. Rather, the deafening sound engulfed everything, as though an apocalypse was arriving.

The countless weapons and Hurricane Frost Saber Sword that were about to reach Su Zimo were crushed into dust!

Duanmu Kang and Ouyang Xiayu were shocked and shuddered as if they were struck by lightning. Each of them spat out a mouthful of blood and fell from midair.

Both their Golden Core phenomenon were destroyed entirely!

The Divine Turtle was a godly being of the water.

The Soaring Serpent was a godly being of the flames.

Water and fire were irreconcilable.

The collision of the two phenomenon was a massive battle between the two godly beings and was equivalent to a terrifying amount of killing power released instantly!

That was no longer merely the power of phenomenon.

More than that, it contained the essence of a conflict in their natures.

Su Zimo’s process of core formation was not smooth and he had endured endless hardship due to the repeated clashes between the powers of fire and water within his dantian.

Time and again, his flesh was torn apart and healed up – he even nearly died from an implosion!

In the end, the two different powers of fire and water came to a temporary reconciliation and the turtle and serpent coexisted.

However, he could clearly feel that a terrifying might would definitely be released once the two powers clashed again.

At that moment, a realization struck him and with that stroke of inspiration, the clash of the turtle and serpent today was created.

This single clash caused the two primordial phenomenons of the Divine Turtle and Soaring Serpent to dissipate.

However, Duanmu Kang and Ouyang Xiayu suffered worse!

The two great phenomenons, Flora Myriad Weapons and Hurricane Frost Saber Sword, dispersed right away and the two of them received an immense impact.

Their spirit energies in their dantian went into chaos and they almost lost their combat strength entirely!

“Heh!”

Su Zimo smirked and strode forward, hollering, “Die!”

Ta! Ta! Ta!

Although he had only taken a few steps, Su Zimo had already caught up to Duanmu Kang who was retreating. Reaching out, the flesh on his gigantic palm expanded and green veins popped as he crushed down savagely!

“Go!”

Duanmu Kang had a panicked expression and tried his best to compose himself, summoning a flying sword right away.

The sword shone brightly like a wyrm and surged into the air, piercing the incoming palm.

Clang! Clang!

Su Zimo’s expression did not change and he did not avoid or dodge either. Suddenly, five fingernails extended from his palm, shimmering coldly like daggers as they grabbed Duanmu Kang’s flying sword!

Even a wyrm wouldn’t be able to break free from Su Zimo’s palm!

Suddenly, Su Zimo’s palm went limp and coiled, trembled around the sword like a flexible cow’s tongue.

Snap!

With his palm, he broke the flying sword into shards that scattered onto the ground.

“Is that all there is to the successor of an ancient aristocratic family?”

Su Zimo sneered and strode forward, arriving before Duanmu Kang instantly.

Duanmu Kang's expression was pale but he did not give up. Disregarding the throbbing pain in his dantian, he channeled his spirit energy fanatically while shrieking, "I'll let you have a taste of the Duanmu aristocratic family's secret skill!"

"Flora Entanglement!"

Duanmu Kang pointed forward.

Spirit energy surged out from his fingertips and suddenly, plants that were thin and long with sharp edges coiled around Su Zimo like flexible long swords.

Although they were plants, their edges were not weaker than weapons.

Even ancient remnant beasts would be doomed if they were entangled.

If any ordinary demon beast were to be restrained by them, they would be turned into minced meat right away!

The plants grew wildly and wrapped Su Zimo instantly.

"Roar!"

At the same time, the tiger wyrm roared and lunged towards Su Zimo with its menacing claws and fangs!

"Die!"

Duanmu Kang's face was contorted as he controlled his plants maniacally, trying to bind Su Zimo.

However, to his shock, he realized that the plants did not wound Su Zimo at all – there wasn't even a single scar!

Even supreme-grade spirit weapons wouldn't be able to tear through Su Zimo's flesh, let alone plants that were conjured by spirit arts.

"How dare you embarrass yourself with such a trash secret skill!"

Channeling his bloodline, Su Zimo's body echoed with the sound of tsunami and his flesh expanded – his figure expanded fully!

Pang! Pang! Pang!

With a series of bangs, the plants snapped and Su Zimo broke free.

At the same time, the tiger wyrm arrived with its mouth wide open, threatening to devour his head with a nauseating stench!

Su Zimo's gaze turned cold and he reached out with both hands, grabbing the upper and lower jaws of the tiger wyrm!

Both sides exerted power.

Shing!

After a short struggle and a tragic sound, blood filled the air!

Su Zimo ripped the tiger wyrm into two from its jaws and it splattered onto the ground disgustingly with its fresh blood and organs.

The crowd was shocked.

How strong did one have to be to rip a tiger wyrm into two?!

Duanmu Kang was completely frightened by now.

Su Zimo walked over with huge strides, drenched in blood like a fiendcelestial who had escaped from hell. In the blink of an eye, he arrived with a murderous aura!

Duanmu Kang was scared out of his wits and crushed a protection talisman without thinking twice. A light barrier formed around him and he turned to flee.

At this moment, he was like a beaten dog without any bit of dignity at all, looking absolutely wretched.

Boom!

Su Zimo caught up to Duanmu Kang and smashed down on the latter's head fiercely with his fist that had transformed into a massive seal.

The light barrier from the protection talisman shimmered and it dimmed considerably.

Boom!

Yet another punch descended.

The light barrier swayed and defended against that punch once more.

However, against that tremendous impact, Duanmu Kang lost his balance and staggered, almost falling head first to the ground.

Su Zimo caught up swiftly and raised his fist, raining down punches like raindrops onto Duanmu Kang!

Bang! Bang! Bang!

There were a series of collisions.

The light barrier shook violently and finally, gave off a crisp sound.

Snap!

A crack appeared on the light barrier.

The light of the talisman dimmed entirely.

Shattered!

His lifesaver, the protection talisman given to him by his sect that could defend against the power of most Golden Cores, was shattered!

Duanmu Kang's face was ashen.

Boom!

Yet another punch descended.

Duanmu Kang's body split into pieces and he died on the spot!

Taba Feng and the others felt their blood run cold.

It was too ruthless!

The paragon of an ancient aristocratic family was overwhelmed and brutally beaten to death by a flurry of punches!

On the other side.

Noticing that something was amiss with the situation, Ouyang Xiayu had already fled far away riding on her Green Luan.

Su Zimo's gaze shifted. Just as he was about to give chase, he caught sight of someone else.

A handsome man wearing faint-gold robes floated in. His face was clear as jade and sparkled while his gaze was deep, resembling glass.

Chapter 559: Xi Wuya

Five kilometers away from the Great Qian Ruins, in the pavilion.

The Perfected Lords of the Duanmu and Ouyang clans sat inside with relaxed expressions, sipping tea leisurely.

Although the Nascent Souls outside the pavilion looked indignant, they did not dare to leave without permission.

In this short period of time, there had already been more than ten Nascent Souls who wanted to challenge the Duanmu and Ouyang ancient aristocratic families but were killed helplessly!

The number of shattered Destiny Talismans was still increasing rapidly.

Gradually, fear, doubt, shock and frustration spread through the crowd.

They were not the only ones; even the Nascent Souls of Heaven Motion Sect, Stellar Luna Sect and Dark Ghost Sect from the ten upper sects could only watch helplessly as the Destiny Talismans in their hands shattered.

The three of them looked extremely furious!

Too many paragons had fallen by this point of the Vermilion Fruit fight.

Even among the ten upper sects and four gentry clans, there were few paragons remaining.

The remaining few Destiny Talismans were also dark at this moment, proving that even those paragons who managed to survive were not doing well.

Finally, the Perfected Lord of the Yuwen clan could not hold it in any longer and snarled, "Duanmu clan has truly produced a wonderful successor!"

“Isn’t the successor of the Duanmu clan being too ruthless just to fight for a single Vermilion Fruit?!” The expression of Blood Mist Sect’s Perfected Lord was terrible.

“Fufu.”

The Perfected Lord of Duanmu clan chuckled and shook his head. “This is a fight between the paragons to begin with and is extremely fair for everyone. Why are you holding the Duanmu clan accountable for the death of your disciples?”

The many Nascent Souls were silent.

No matter what, it was indeed a fair fight between the paragons.

If their disciples had the chance to kill Duanmu clan’s paragon with ease, no mercy would be shown either.

The Perfected Lord of Duanmu clan said coldly, “Don’t try to fight for the Vermilion Fruit if you don’t have the capabilities! If you dare to come for the challenge and die because of it, there’s no one else to blame!”

“You...”

Although the words of Duanmu clan’s Perfected Lord were nasty, everyone was rendered speechless.

All of a sudden!

Sensing something, Duanmu clan’s Perfected Lord frowned and slapped his storage bag, retrieving a Destiny Talisman.

The initial radiance of the Destiny Talisman was rapidly dimming.

“Hmm?”

Duanmu clan’s Perfected Lord was stunned!

At the same time, Ouyang clan’s Perfected Lord withdrew a Destiny Talisman as well.

Its radiance was also diminishing rapidly.

Something was wrong with the situation!

The Duanmu and Ouyang ancient aristocratic families had a close relationship.

Although Duanmu Kang and Ouyang Xiayu could not be considered as childhood sweethearts, they would definitely not fight one another given their relationship.

In other words, a strong foe had managed to threaten the both of them!

Although the Nascent Souls outside the pavilion were silent, all of them were gloating in secret.

“They seem to be in trouble,” The Perfected Lord of the Ouyang clan had a grim expression.

Duanmu clan’s Perfected Lord frowned deeply.

Naturally, he could sense that there was an issue through the feedback of the Destiny Talisman.

However, what he could not understand was who could threaten Duanmu Kang in the Great Qian Ruins given the latter's strength!

Furthermore, Duanmu Kang was accompanied by Ouyang Xiayu and two powerful demon beasts as mounts!

Shing!

Right then, a noise sounded from the Destiny Talisman in the Duanmu clan's Perfected Lord's hands.

Although it was not loud, it felt like thunder booming in his ears!

Instinctively, he looked down.

A series of cracks appeared on the Destiny Talisman that represented Duanmu Kang!

This meant that Duanmu Kang was already dead!

The Perfected Lord of the Duanmu clan froze up.

He did not even realize when the broken Destiny Talisman fell through his fingers.

Although most of the Nascent Souls outside the pavilion were gloating at his misfortune, they had conflicted expressions.

They were also curious as to what was happening in the depths of the ruins!

Who was it that had the capabilities and guts to murder the paragon of an ancient aristocratic family?!

After a moment of hesitation, Duanmu clan's Perfected Lord slapped the table and stood up, remarking darkly, "Something strange is happening in the ruins, I must head there and check things out! While there might be paragons in the North Region who can defeat my Kang'er, I don't believe that any of them can kill him!"

"Hehe!"

A Nascent Soul from the crowd could not hold it in and snickered, "Who was the one who said earlier on that no Nascent Souls are allowed to interfere and enter the Great Qian Ruins to ensure that this was a fair fight?"

"That's right! Reneging on your own words right away? How shameless can you get?"

"You guys have a death wish!"

Triggered, Duanmu clan's Perfected Lord was enraged and his glabella shone, sending forth his spirit consciousness.

Vines started growing endlessly beneath the feet of the two Nascent Souls who spoke and wrapped around them!

Almost instantly, the two of them were cut mercilessly by the vines with fresh blood dripping.

"Ah! Ah! Ahhhh!"

Both of them let out miserable wails.

No matter how they struggled, they could not break free from the vines. Instead, the vines wrapped around them even tighter instead.

The vines were already digging into their flesh!

Poof!

Their bodies could not take it and were sliced into meat lumps by the vines, falling onto the ground with a nauseating stench.

“Anyone else disagreeable?”

Duanmu clan’s Perfected Lord surveyed his surroundings with a murderous aura and asked frostily.

“Fufu... ”

Suddenly, a mocking chuckle sounded in the air.

An old man with a sloven face and scrawny body had appeared unknowingly. With an ancient stare that seemed to be able to peer through everything, he remarked nonchalantly, “How imposing.”

“You are...”

The Perfected Lord of the Duanmu clan froze for a moment.

Immediately after, his stare shifted onto the old man’s waist.

When he caught sight of the sect badge, Duanmu clan’s Perfected Lord shuddered with a look of disbelief in his eyes, exclaiming, “Glass Palace!”

Those two words seemed to be magical.

Instantly, silence ensued outside the pavilion.

Almost all cultivators who could cultivate to become Nascent Souls have heard of the nine immortal sects before.

The Nascent Souls of the North Region who knew about the nine immortal sects would definitely know about Glass Palace!

That was a true super sect of the North Region and was a titan!

“Fellow Daoist, may I ask who you are from Glass Palace?”

The Perfected Lord of Duanmu clan asked with difficulty, vaguely sensing something.

“I don’t have a title. I’m merely an old servant of the young master.”

The Glass Palace old man’s tone was still calm.

“Y-Young master... has he arrived?”

The Perfected Lord of Duanmu clan murmured softly with a bitter tone.

He finally understood how Duanmu Kang died.

If that man from Glass Palace arrived in the Great Qian Ruins, even 10 Duanmu Kangs won't be a match for him!

That was the number one Perfected Being of the North Region 30 years ago!

That man could have entered Nascent Soul realm 10 years earlier. However, the reason why he did not take the step forward was because he wanted to enter the ancient battlefield 20 years later.

Xi Wuya of Glass Palace!

He reigned supreme across the Golden Core realm in the North Region 30 years ago!

When the Perfected Lords of the ten upper sects and four gentry clans heard the name Xi Wuya, all of them went silent.

The Perfected Lord of Ouyang clan murmured softly, "If we knew that Xi Wuya would come, why would we bother sending our disciples to fight for the Vermilion Fruit? That's just seeking trouble for ourselves."

Chapter 560: Spar

The handsome man in faint gold robes strode over unhurriedly. His eyes resembled stars and he possessed an indescribable confidence.

Ouyang Xiayu rode on her Green Luan and was speeding with all her might to escape from the Great Qian Ruins. When she caught sight of that person, she was stunned for a moment.

Immediately, she shuddered and her eyes shone with disbelief.

"Fellow Daoist Ouyang, how have you been?"

The handsome man smiled gently without retreating or evading. When he saw the Green Luan speeding over, he welcomed it instead!

Under countless watchful stares, the handsome man extended his jade-white palm and raised it, pressing down gently on the void before him.

The Green Luan was moving at such a fast speed that it looked like a streak of light. However, it came to a stop immediately!

Su Zimo could clearly notice the Green Luan shivering slightly.

That pure-blooded ferocious beast was in fear!

Demon beasts had extremely sharp senses towards danger.

The reason why the Green Luan reacted as such was because it sensed an immense threat coming from the handsome man!

Against the handsome man, the Green Luan lowered its head motionlessly, as though it did not dare to look the handsome man in the eyes.

All the cultivators were shocked when they saw that.

Who was that man who was able to subdue a pure-blooded ferocious beast merely by extending his palm without the use of any weapons?

Some cultivators shifted their gazes towards the sect badge on the handsome man's waist.

Those who recognized the background of the handsome man could not help but shudder in fear.

Taba Feng had a thoughtful expression.

Even with his arrogant and overbearing personality, he shook his head at the moment and sighed gently. "To think that even he would make a move for the Vermilion Fruit."

"The number one Perfected Being of the North Region 30 years ago, Xi Wuya!" Murong Wushuang narrowed her gaze and uttered word by word.

Enduring her internal injuries, Ouyang Xiayu stood up and greeted with cupped fists. "Greetings, Fellow Daoist Xi."

"Anyone from the North Region who would try and kill Fellow Daoist Ouyang is truly someone who doesn't know how to cherish women," Xi Wuya said with a smile.

Ouyang Xiayu turned around and glared at Su Zimo spitefully.

It was only until that moment that Xi Wuya's gaze shifted to Su Zimo.

Su Zimo was expressionless and his gaze was deep, staring at Xi Wuya who was not far away peacefully without the slightest hint of fear in his eyes!

Smiling, Xi Wuya walked over slowly.

At that moment, everyone noticed that there was a strange cultivator who was following Xi Wuya indifferently.

That person was only at early-stage Golden Core and wore luxurious robes with a mask. Any part of his skin that was exposed was covered, revealing only his eyes.

For some reason, when Su Zimo swept his gaze across the masked cultivator, he had a strange, indescribable feeling.

In the blink of an eye, Xi Wuya had already closed in.

Su Zimo felt his hairs stand on end!

He finally understood how the Green Luan felt.

Xi Wuya gave off a terrifying aura that was absolutely chilling!

Scanning his surroundings, Xi Wuya asked nonchalantly, "Who plucked the Vermilion Fruit?"

Nobody answered him.

Swoosh, swoosh, swoosh!

However, everyone fixed their gaze on Su Zimo.

“It’s me.”

Su Zimo naturally knew that he wouldn’t be able to hide the affair – nor did he want to – so he admitted to it readily.

“Alright.”

Xi Wuya nodded. “Hand over the Vermilion Fruit and commit suicide now. At least, that will ensure you die with a full corpse.”

“Fufu... hahaha!”

Su Zimo first chuckled before breaking out into a roaring laughter.

Taba Feng suddenly remarked, “Be careful, Fellow Daoist Xi, this is the outrageous monster incarnate of Divine Phoenix Island who has gotten so much fame lately! Back at the Human Emperor’s Palace, he defeated all the paragons there! Most of the paragons who died today died in his hands as well.”

The monster incarnate of Divine Phoenix Island!

At the mention of that title, Xi Wuya laughed.

A look of pity and mockery could be seen in his eyes.

“What a pity,”

Xi Wuya looked at Su Zimo and sighed gently. “You’re about to die today.”

“By the likes of you?”

“By the likes of me.”

Both of them exchanged gazes with raring battle intent – neither of them backed off.

Hushed discussions broke out in the crowd as well.

“What a pity for the monster incarnate of Divine Phoenix Island. There’s no way he could be a match for Xi Wuya now that his spirit energy is expended.”

“That’s right. Perhaps there might be a fight if he was in his peak condition. But now...”

“Nonsense, even if he is in his peak condition, the monster incarnate of Divine Phoenix Island is definitely not a match for Xi Wuya!”

Before the discussions disappeared, the fight broke out!

Xi Wuya did not move at all but two divine beams of light burst forth from his shining eyes. Everywhere they passed, the void would tremble!

Some of the cultivators who were hiding far away and caught unaware yelped and covered their eyes.

They were nearly blinded just by watching the fight!

Standing opposite Xi Wuya, Su Zimo did not move at all and a demonic glint shone in his eyes.

After cultivating the Mystic Classic of the Twelve Demon Kings of the Great Wilderness, Su Zimo's eye power was frightening.

Xi Wuya's visual secret skill could not injure Su Zimo or affect his mental state at all!

"Interesting."

Stepping on the ground with one foot, Xi Wuya leaped into the air and hurled out a punch towards Su Zimo who was in midair!

His gripped fist looked like a glass with rainbow colors and shone in a bedazzling manner!

Rather than a punch, it was more like a blazing sun!

Su Zimo strode forward fearlessly as well and extended his arm which was filled with green veins. Gripping his fist like a seal, he clashed against the incoming punch!

Boom!

There was a deafening bang and the ground shook while the mountains quaked.

Endless resplendent light exploded and shone down from midair like fireworks.

In the fireworks, two figures that were fighting with one another attracted everyone's gazes.

Both of them were body tempered cultivators and were fighting in melee combat with their incomparably strong bodies!

With every clash, the underground palace would quake once.

The power produced by the both of them was way too great.

Even just by clashing their bodies and bloodlines, it was enough to send fear in the many cultivators who were watching!

"That monster incarnate of Divine Phoenix Island is so frightening."

"That's right. Even after killing countless people in a clash against all the paragons of the North Region while killing most of the paragons of the ten upper sects and four gentry clans, he still has the strength remaining to fight against Xi Wuya!"

"Xi Wuya hasn't used his trump card yet nor has he released his full strength. The moment he does that, this monster incarnate of Divine Phoenix Island is dead for sure!"

In reality, the toll on Su Zimo was great indeed.

The spirit energy in his dantian had already dried up after fighting all the paragons and releasing two great phenomenons.

Even without his spirit energy, Su Zimo was still extremely frightening!

The burst of his body alone was something that most Golden Cores wouldn't be able to withstand!

At that moment, Su Zimo was fighting fiercer and fiercer.

Up till this point of his cultivation, it was rare for him to encounter a cultivator who could compare with him in terms of body tempering.

However, at that moment, Xi Wuya had conflicted feelings in his heart.

Glass Palace was the sect that was best versed in body tempering in the entire Tianhuang Mainland.

At its ultimate level, Glass Palace's secret skill could even kill ancient remnant beasts and subdue pure-blooded ferocious beasts!

Up till this point of his cultivation, Xi Wuya had never encountered anyone who could match him in melee combat. But now, he was extremely troubled after meeting Su Zimo.

Tsunami blood!

This successor of Divine Phoenix Island had actually managed to cultivate his bloodline to the tsunami blood realm!

What was even more terrifying was that the melee combat techniques released by the successor of Divine Phoenix Island were extremely tricky. Tough and gentle at the same time, they resembled an anaconda coiling a massive mountain; a spirit monkey scaling a cliff!

In fact, there were a couple of times when he felt that his life was threatened!