

GOF 2061

Chapter 2061: The Storm Is Not Over Yet

Sensing the murderous energy emanating from Zhang Ruochen's body, Zhou Yu and Mosheng gritted their teeth. They exchanged a look with each other spontaneously and agreed in unison. "Okay, I'll bet with you."

Both Zhou Yu and Mosheng were extremely confident of their abilities. They would never be afraid of Zhang Ruochen.

Zhang Ruochen restrained his murderous energy and broke into a faint smile. "Very good. A smart choice. To ensure that you will abide by the agreement, I hope that you two make an oath in the name of the immortals. Rest assured I will also take an oath."

When it came to the Canon of Truth, no one could guarantee that Zhou Yu and Mosheng would not pull a trick on him. So he couldn't be more careful.

However reluctant they were, they could not say no and had to do what Zhang Ruochen told them as Zhang Ruochen had got them by the balls.

But they were not really at a disadvantage either. If they won, they could get away; and if they lost, they would give up the Canon of Truth voluntarily. It was a fair deal.

"Are you sure you want to bet against them, Zhang Ruochen? If you lose, you will have to let them go. Then what about Yueshen?" said Blackie through telepathy.

Since it was a gambit battle, there would be risks, certainly. He had to expect the worst.

"Yeah, I did say I would let them go if they won. But I never said when," said Zhang Ruochen, also through telepathy.

"Ahh! I get it. That's a clever trick of yours. It seems that no matter what the outcome is, Heavenly Realm faction will inevitably pay a heavy price." Blackie nearly burst into laughter.

Not long after, Zhang Ruochen, together with Zhou Yu and Mosheng, made a divine vow to include the rules of the gambit battle.

In this gambit battle, they only competed in hand-to-hand combat. No use of Precepts, weapons, and saint techniques. It just depended on who was stronger physically.

In fact, Zhang Ruochen was at a disadvantage in this gambit battle. He was two levels below Zhou Yu and Mosheng in terms of cultivation base, and both two levels involved the bodily strengthening.

Heaven's Reach and Path's Anterior was about drawing the energy of heaven and earth into the body, strengthening the body, and even making a part of the body immortal.

Both Zhou Yu and Mosheng were not ordinary Path's Anterior cultivators. They surely wanted to forge the strongest immortal saint body. So they must have strengthened their physical bodies to be extremely powerful now.

Given the same realm, there should be few people physically stronger than them.

But Zhang Ruochen still insisted on fighting them in the flesh. He considered it a challenge to hone his physique through fighting Zhou Yu and Mosheng and to prepare himself for Heaven's Reach.

"Which of you two will come first?" asked Zhang Ruochen.

"I will." A grim light flashed in Mosheng's eyes.

Zhang Ruochen flipped his hand. An Exquisite Dimensional Orb appeared in his hand and took Mosheng into it.

Zhang Ruochen followed suit immediately afterwards.

"Eat this, Zhang Ruochen!"

Mosheng shouted as he charged at Zhang Ruochen like a human-shaped tyrannosaurus.

His arms clearly exuded an aura of immortality, as if they had become immortal, and even the best Thousand-Inscription Sacred Artifact could not hurt them.

Zhang Ruochen appeared calm. Instead of dodging the attack, he went straight up to greet Mosheng.

"You must have a death wish!"

Mosheng smirked when he saw that Zhang Ruochen did not dodge.

Bump!

Powerful ripples formed in the dimension when the two palms collided.

Both of them did not use any saint Qi or Precepts but purely physical strength.

If this were to happen in the outside world, such a collision would have blown a planet into pieces.

"Huh? I can't believe that he could take the attack of my immortalized arms!" Mo Sheng's heart skipped a beat.

At first, he thought Zhang Ruochen would break his bones and tendons with such a powerful impact force. He could see no reason Zhang Ruochen could walk away in one piece.

"What an immortalized arm! If it weren't for the immortality of the dragon and elephant souls infused in my arms, and the strengthening from the Bronze Furnace of Life and Death, I could have gotten crushed." Zhang Ruochen was shocked as he thought to himself.

While thinking, Zhang Ruochen made his move by performing a ferocious strike with all his strength.

He just wanted to find out his own flaws through battle so that he could fix them.

Wumpth!

Zhang Ruochen's body shuddered as a powerful blood Qi surged violently in his body. The sound of gushing rivers sent the air vibrating around him.

There were wisps of chaos lingered around Zhang Ruochen's body, along with a five-color halo bursting out of him, as if he was about to open up a new world.

His Five-element Chaotic Body had undoubtedly reached an extreme level of strength. His body was as if a vast starry universe that contained infinite strength.

Mosheng's eyes looked deadly. There was a huge phantom of a voracious wolf appearing behind him. It looked fierce and mighty, as if it was going to break free from the void and turn imagination into reality.

"Kill!"

His body seemed to have turned into a fearsome, voracious wolf as he exclaimed.

Bump!

The two violently clashed, starting a brutal fight.

Mosheng's strength came from the fact that demonic cultivators placed great importance on bodily cultivation, and Mosheng was the best among them. His body was tougher than the best Thousand-Inscription Sacred Artifact.

Zhang Ruochen and Mosheng had fought for hundreds of rounds in the blink of an eye. The two were evenly matched with terrifying power burst out again and again, almost shattering the Exquisite Dimensional Orb.

The repeated exchange of blows left many bruises and wounds on their bodies, their clothes soaked in blood.

Swish!

Mosheng's voracious wolf claws slashed across and left behind a few hideous claw marks on Zhang Ruochen's chest, with blood oozing out from the wounds.

Since it was a hand-to-hand combat, they did not wear any armor.

Zhang Ruochen did not seem to feel anything. His right hand transformed into a dragon claw and thrust through Mosheng's chest.

"You... Rppppooooo!" Mosheng burped up a mouthful of blood, vomited blood, irreconcilably filling his eyes.

Zhang Ruochen looked indifferent. He did not pull back his right hand. "You have lost, Mosheng. Give up the Canon of Truth."

Mosheng spat a mouthful of blood again upon hearing that.

He did not want to admit it, but he had indeed lost. Zhang Ruochen had got him by the heart.

A bet is a bet. Not to mention that they had made an immortal oath. As much as Mo Sheng did not want to admit defeat, he had no other choice but to abide by the agreement.

Just then, Zhang Ruochen sensed something strange passing up into his body.

"Nine-ten thousandths of the Canon of Truth, as expected of a leader of Blackdemon Realm." Zhang Ruochen was delighted.

Hence, he had got 29/10,000th of the Canon of Truth now.

It was extremely difficult to get the Canon of Truth. Few non-Supreme Saint cultivators could get more than ten thousandths of it by themselves in the Sea of Truth. Even the top ten direct disciples of the Fane of Truth were no exception.

The fact that Mosheng had 9/10,000th of the Canon of Truth—1/10,000th more than what Shang Ziyang had—was already extremely extraordinary.

Of course, Mosheng's cultivation base was much higher than that of Shang Ziyang. Had Shang Ziyang been still alive and continued to cross the Sea of Truth, he should have gotten more Canon of Truth, which was expected to exceed 10/10,000th.

After successfully getting the Canon of Truth, Zhang Ruochen retrieved his right hand from Mosheng's chest. He then took Mosheng with one hand, exited from the Exquisite Dimensional Orb, and held him on the Blood God Altar again.

He then performed an Empyrean Emperor Ming's Scripture. The divine sun in the Divine Light Sea of Qi quickly came to life and released vital essence into his body.

Before starting a fresh round of gambit battle, he had recovered to his best state of health.

...

On Mount Yueshen in Celestial Court.

Yueshen was standing outside the Guanghan Temple, looking calmly at the several divine figures hovering outside Mount Yueshen.

"Don't say we didn't warn you, Yueshen. Ask Zhang Ruochen to release Zhou Yu and Mosheng immediately, Yueshen," said a divine figure with a commanding tone of voice.

"Not only must Zhou Yu and Mosheng be released, but Zhang Ruochen also must be severely punished. The Sect of the Blood God should not continue to exist." Another bitter voice sounded with the same commanding tone of voice.

"Zhang Ruochen had repeatedly violated the heavenly rules, acted unbridled, and killed the leaders of the worlds. He should be punished according to the law." Another low-sounding voice spoke.

Yueshen swept her eyes over the six divine figures in the air, her voice icy when she said, "You all know better than anyone else what has actually happened. Stop talking to me like that. There is a price to pay for Zhou Yu and Mosheng's release. I am not your easy target."

"What do you want, Yueshen?" asked Blackheart Demonlord in a deep voice.

Mosheng was his direct disciple, extremely talented, and hopeful of becoming an immortal in the future. So Mosheng was of great significance to him. He must let nothing happen to Mosheng.

"Five top-class divine artifacts of five elements, one hundred thousand pieces of Godstones, and a better celestial domain." Yueshen's voice was unemotional.

The top-class five-element fetishes were meant for Zhang Ruochen.

100,000 pieces of Godstone were meant for her.

Guanghan Realm needed a better self-cultivation environment, and naturally it would have to occupy a higher level of celestial domain.

“Don’t be so greedy, Yueshen. We can’t accept such conditions,” said the divine figure with eight pairs of snow-white wings.

It was one of the big names from the Fane of Light, Zhou Yu’s mentor. He came specifically for Zhou Yu.

The five-element fetishes were so rare that Saint Kings and even Supreme Saints were fighting tooth and nail for them. But they were nothing to the immortals.

But still, 100,000 Godstones were no small matter.

The reason was, Godstones only existed in the extremely ancient worlds. They were so scarce that even immortals did not have many of them.

Besides, Guanghan Realm was aspiring to move to a higher celestial domain, which was something unacceptable to Heavenly Realm. It took them 100,000 years to drive Guanghan Realm to Shatuo Domain, the most barren celestial domain.

Yueshen’s eyes suddenly turned grim. “Since there is no deal, Zhou Yu and Mosheng will have to stay in the Sect of the Blood God. Those two Saint Kings seem not worth the price, eh?”

“Do you want to start another battle of the immortals, Yueshen?” said a big name from Heavenly Realm.

Yueshen looked at the Heavenly Realm figure, who spoke and said with a bitter voice, “The battle of the immortals? Bring it on.”

While speaking, a divine energy burst out of Yueshen’s body. The air around Mount Yueshen vibrated and black cracks started to form.

The hearts of the six divine figures skipped a beat when they sensed this powerful energy. Yanshen, who used to fight Yueshen before, was even more shocked.

“Yueshen has recovered her strength in such a short time!”

Yueshen was a high-handed ancient immortal. She was well known throughout Celestial Court. During the war between Kunlun Realm and Infernal Court 100,000 years ago, Yueshen was seriously injured, nearly losing her life. It took her 100,000 years to recover, as her divine power had almost been exhausted.

She had recovered part of her divine power when she got her hands on the Moonleaf of the Sacred Seven-star Lingzhi. She could defeat Yanshen and Bloodlord Erjia at that time.

Now that she had recovered even more of her divine power. No one could be sure how strong she was now.

While the six divine figures were deep in thought, an ancient cauldron appeared in Yueshen’s hand. The cauldron was engraved with mysterious characters, which contained some magical power.

Yansheng gasped in terror at seeing this ancient cauldron.

It reminded him of the last battle of the immortals. It was exactly the power of this ancient cauldron that had bounded and nearly consumed him.

The gazes of the other five divine figures froze when they recognized this ancient cauldron. They knew how terrifying its power was.

Since Yueshen had summoned this ancient cauldron, it meant that she was not afraid of starting another battle of the immortals.

“You have gone too far in your demand, Yueshen. It is not fair. Since it is a negotiation, there should be equal terms.” Blackheart Demonlord frowned.

“Exactly. We will only agree to all but some of your demands,” said the big name from the Fane of Light.

Yueshen looked at the ancient cauldron spinning in her hand. “Then make me an offer.”

They then communicated with each other through spiritual power spontaneously.

It concerned major things like 100,000 Godstones and the migration of celestial domains. They had to be cautious, even though they were the immortals. Whoever agreed would have to cough up 100,000 Godstones, which even immortals would find it hard to swallow.

After some discussion, the big name from Heavenly Realm spoke. “While we can give you five types of five-element divine fetishes, we can only give sixty thousand Godstones to you—ten thousand from each of us. As for Guanghan Realm to move to a better celestial domain, we will have to consult Celestial Palace, which will make the decision.”

“It seems that none of you really care about the life and death of Zhou Yu and Mosheng. If this is the case, there is no point in continuing with the negotiation.” While speaking, Yueshen was about to turn around and return to the Guanghan Temple.

The big name from the Fane of Light called out immediately. “Hold on a second, Yueshen.”

The faces of the Heavenly Realm immortals were grave, as Yueshen stuck to her guns, refusing to compromise. Zhou Yu and Mosheng had the potential of attaining immortality, which was impossible for them to give up.

But the most important thing was about face-saving.

They would become a laughingstock and those young cultivators in Heavenly Realm would feel disheartened if Heavenly Realm could not even save their two potential immortals. Who else would follow Heavenly Realm in the future?

At last, they agreed. They would pay five top-class five-element sacred artifacts, 60,000 Godstones, and agreed to let Guanghan Realm move to Ziluo Domain.

But they had also made Yueshen agree on one thing: An Emissary Vigilant was to be dispatched to the Sect of the Blood God for an investigation. This was Celestial Palace’s condition.

Celestial Palace had come up with the heavenly rule, which must be enforced and was not proper for Yueshen to interfere with.

In the Sect of the Blood God, Zhang Ruochen had just recovered from his injury. The first thing he did was block Zhou Yu and Mosheng's five senses, and then take out the Staff of the Divine Envoy.

Yueshen's phantom appeared. "Zhang Ruochen, an Emissary Vigilant will arrive at the Sect of the Blood God with five top-class Five-element sacred artifacts and twenty Godstones, which are the consideration for releasing those two guys."

"Mosheng and Zhou Yu are only worth twenty Godstones? Heavenly Realm is freaking stingy." Zhang Ruochen had no words.

"That's all they could give. But I have to give you the credit because Guanghan Realm will move to Ziluo Domain in Celestial Court, where the self-cultivation environment is better," said Yueshen.

"I can't ask for more when Heavenly Realm is willing to compromise to such a degree for the sake of just two Saint Kings," said Zhang Ruochen. But deep down, he was puzzled. Were 20 Godstones all that Heavenly Realm could afford?

The point was, did Yueshen really ask for 20 Godstones only?

But who was he to question Yueshen? She was an immortal. 20 Godstones was better than nothing.

When he completed the collection of the Five-element divine artifacts, he could forge the Five-element Chaotic Immortal Saint Body.

"There is one thing that I need to remind you: the appearance of Xue Lingxian has attracted the attention of Celestial Palace. Infernal Court was using this as an excuse to demand an explanation from Celestial Palace. So six Emissaries Vigilant will come to the Sect of the Blood God next. They represent Celestial Palace, Guanghan Realm, Kunlun Realm, Heavenly Realm, Blackdemon Realm, and Infernal Realm," said Yueshen.

"These Emissaries Vigilant are all powerful beings. Guanghan Realm is sending Emperor Ji Mie, and Kunlun Realm Emperor Wen. The other Emissaries Vigilant are also equally mighty. So, you'd better not mess around. Stop doing anything stupid like how you beat the hell out of the avatar of the Emissary Vigilant last time. Think about how to deal with it."

Zhang Ruochen's heart skipped a beat upon hearing that. He knew things were not that simple. Not only Celestial Palace but Infernal Court was also coming into the picture.

"Thanks for the heads-up, Yueshen. I know what to do," said Zhang Ruochen after pondering for a moment.

Chapter 2062: Intercepting

After Yueshen's phantom went away, Zhang Ruochen fell into silence. The situation was getting more complicated to deal with.

The soon-approaching six Emissaries Vigilant were not amenable, especially the one from Infernal Court. He was expected to get to the bottom of the case and do everything he could to unearth the secrets of the Sect of the Blood God.

If these secrets were unearthed, it would be very detrimental to the entire Kunlun Realm.

For the time being, Zhang Ruochen had not figured out how to deal with them. So he collected his thoughts and shifted his attention to another matter.

Now that Yueshen had an agreement with Heaven Realm, that meant he would have to release Zhou Yu and Mosheng soon. Before that happened, he would get the Canon of Truth from Zhou Yu.

After sealing off Zhou Yu's saint Qi, Zhang Ruochen took out the Exquisite Dimensional Orb and brought Zhou Yu into it.

"Zhang Ruochen, take my Canon of Truth only if you can beat me!" Zhang Yu snapped with a killer look in his eyes.

The defeat of Mosheng at the hands of Zhang Ruochen was putting tremendous pressure on him. But he was confident in his physical strength. Besides, he had made a divine vow. It was too late to regret. His only way was to fight with all this strength.

If he could fight his way out of the Sect of the Blood God, it would at least save his face, and he could still have a chance to redeem himself for today's humiliation.

With this thought in mind, Zhou Yu held nothing back as he made the first strike. Saint light instantly shone out of his acupoints as blood was surging in his body.

The illumination of saint light made Zhou Yu's body appear pure and flawless, almost perfect. His arms, legs, and chest were exuding strong immortal energy.

"Fist of Light!"

Zhou Yu bellowed as he punched Zhang Ruochen with his immortalized fists.

An invisible Qi force had first approached before the punch.

Fist of Light was an advanced saint technique of the Fane of Light. With the powerful physique of Zhou Yu, even if it does not rely on the holy energy and the rules of the holy way, this powerful move could knock a sacred mountain apart, using no saint Qi and Precepts.

Taking no chances, Zhang Ruochen immediately performed a Luoshui Fist Technique.

A faint Celestial River emerged around him.

Zhang Ruochen could tell that Zhou Yu's physical strength was much higher than that of Mosheng. He would have to eat humble pie if he was not careful.

Bump!

Both Zhang Ruochen and Zhou Yu's fists stopped a few yards apart with an invisible Qi force collided between them.

Zhang Ruochen was a master of time and space. He had incorporated the power of time and space into his body. Time and space contorted when he struck out a punch.

As a master of Light, the Power of Light had been infused in his bone marrow. So his power could still penetrate the distorted time and space.

Both of them were masters of the Path of the Ancients, possessing powers that no ordinary people could imagine. It was hard to tell who was better than the other.

Relying on their powerful physiques, both Zhang Ruochen and Zhou Yu had elevated their speed to the extreme, allowing them to push their physiques to the limit.

Bump! Bump! Bump!

After successive collisions, the dimension inside the Exquisite Dimensional Orb cracked and was on the verge of collapse.

The two moved so quickly that the bursts of bright light with each successive collision prevented people from seeing their moves.

After exchanging blows for hundreds of rounds and still neck to neck, both Zhang Ruochen and Zhou Yu could not help but tacitly fall back.

It came as a shock to Zhang Ruochen. He never expected that Zhou Yu would be this strong. He had gone all out, but still could not get the slightest advantage.

On the other hand, Zhou Yu was just as surprised. He had long attained Path's Anterior in his cultivation base, his body strengthened with the power of heaven and earth. Not only that, his arms, legs, and chest were immortalized. Yet he still could not defeat Zhang Ruochen.

Would Zhang Ruochen not be stronger than he was if Zhang Ruochen were at his current level of cultivation with a partially immortalized physique?

Zhou Yu's expression turned grave spontaneously. He performed an arcane technique, his acupoints glowing with intense saint light as he pushed his physical potential to the limit.

The saint light became substantive, as if a piece of armor on Zhou Yu's body. It made him look stately, like a god descending from heaven.

Zhang Ruochen performed a technique with no hesitation. His body shuddered as chaotic energy and light with five brilliant colors burst out of his body. Mixing with surging blood, they shot up into the sky.

Based on the chaotic energy, layers of colorful and bizarre heavens rapidly evolved above his head.

Seven layers of heaven evolved above Zhang Ruochen in the blink of an eye. It was so vivid, as if it was real.

There were two more layers hidden above the seven-layer heavens. But they were faint and not revealed.

"Let's get it over with!"

A light gleamed in Zhang Ruochen's eyes as he stuck out a hand, as if five ancient sacred mountains falling on Zhou Yu.

At that moment, the seven-layer heavens fell and overlapped with Zhang Ruochen's palm strike.

Pow!

When the palm met the fist, the armor of Light on Zhou Yu's body shattered in an instant. The seven-layer heavens fell on and immobilized him completely.

Woom!

The Exquisite Dimensional Orb vibrated violently, its internal dimension becoming unstable and was about to collapse.

Even stars and planets might not withstand the clash at such a level of force.

"You lost, Zhou Yu. Hand over the Canon of Truth now," said Zhang Ruochen calmly.

Zhou Yu stared dead at Zhang Ruochen. As much as he did not want to concede defeat, there was nothing he could do.

He never expected that Zhang Ruochen's physique could evolve into such a terrifying vision to crush him.

Such a level of power was probably comparable to an ordinary immortal saint body.

Because of the divine oath he had made, Zhou Yu had no choice but to give up the Canon of Truth.

"Wow, I didn't know that he has ten thousandths of the Canon of Truth!" Zhang Ruochen was surprised when he received the Canon of Truth from Zhou Yu.

He now possessed 39/10,000th of the Canon of Truth, which would undoubtedly help in his subsequent self-cultivation greatly.

These 39/10,000th of the Canon of Truth could definitely make the Armor of the Fire God perform better.

The Armor of the Fire God differed from ordinary armor. Except for Fire God and Wutong Qiuyu, anyone who wanted to activate the Armor of the Fire God would have to rely on the Canon of Truth.

"I will become an Envoy of Truth and be capable of challenging the immortals once I possess one hundredth of the Canon of Truth. The thing is, it is too difficult to achieve that." Zhang Ruochen sighed and shook his head.

Zhang Ruochen was eager to become an Envoy of Truth. But the level of difficulty was simply too great. From where could he find the remaining 61/10,000th of the Canon of Truth?

The usual way of becoming an Envoy of Truth was by taking the Canon of Truth from others. But that was difficult.

Those who possessed the Canon of Truth were anything but mediocre. They often had strong backgrounds and were not easy targets.

Shaking these distracting thoughts from his mind, Zhang Ruochen brought Zhou Yu out of the Exquisite Dimensional Orb and held him on the Blood God Altar again.

After thinking for a moment, Zhang Ruochen decided to release his spiritual power into the Blood God Altar.

“Six Emissaries Vigilant will be here to investigate the Blood God Altar soon, Xue Lingxian. I know what to do, but could probably not hold them back. Do you have any idea?”

He had to seek Xue Lingxian’s advice to make sure nothing would go wrong.

But there was no response from Xue Lingxian even after a long while. It seemed that his sacred will was in hibernation.

Zhang Ruochen spontaneously frowned at seeing this attitude of Xue Lingxian. There was nothing he could do about it.

So it seemed that he could not depend on Xue Lingxian now. He had to think of a foolproof plan on his own.

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In Anning Village, on the edge of Darkmourn Mountains.

There was a strange look in Yan Wushen’s eyes as he picked up a wineglass. “Interesting. Someone is after me.”

“Who? The Four Heavenly Kings?” asked Chi Kunlun curiously.

Chi Kunlun knew that the reason Yan Wushen ran around with him after spending some time with him. He was running away from the Four Heavenly Kings of Celestial Palace.

Some days you get the bear, other days the bear gets you. As powerful as Yan Wushen was, he was outnumbered. The Four Heavenly Kings did not get where they were for nothing. So far, no one could beat them in battles when they joined hands.

Yan Wushen quaffed the wine in one gulp and shook his head. “No, but he is a powerful being. I am really keen to meet him.”

Yan Wushen had nothing to worry about as long as it was not the Four Heavenly Kings. He was curious to know what this someone was up to.

Putting down the wineglass, he brought Chi Kunlun leaving the tavern without telling Pan Ruo.

Pan Ruo looked toward the southeast of the town with a strange look in her eyes. She then left in a flash and vanished from the street.

Meanwhile, Yan Wushen and Chi Kunlun appeared out of thin air on a mountain thousands of miles away from Anning Village.

This place was also within the range of Darkmourn Mountains. Chilly energy permeated the air. It felt cold even though it was high noon. This chilly energy could freeze the souls of those with low strength.

Caw!

A large group of crows were making a harsh cry as they flew across the sky.

Their cries sounded ghastly, as if they were the dead souls of this battlefield. They hovered over Darkmourn Mountains all day long with creepy caws.

Yan Wushen looked into the depths of Darkmourn Mountains with a grave expression on his face. He felt danger everywhere in this strange place. He would not have come if not absolutely necessary.

Swoosh!

Three beams of light shot from the horizon onto a mountain peak hundreds of miles away. The light beams turned about to be three figures, and they stared at Yan Wushen from a distance.

“Two very special Immortal Vampires, and a weird cultivator of physique. Interesting.”

Yan Wushen could not have been more familiar with the Immortal Vampires. So he could tell at a glance that these two Immortal Vampires were unusual. But he could not tell what it was.

The three figures were none other than Xuemo, Yan Liren, and Qiu Yich, who came to rescue Chi Kunlun under the order of the Blood Empress.

Qiu Yichi studied Chi Kunlun for a while and breathed a sigh of relief after knowing he was fine.

She could not answer to the Blood Empress if something were to happen to Chi Kunlun.

Chi Kunlun’s heart skipped a beat when Qiu Yichi stared at him. He had a feeling that Pan Ruo had come for her earlier. So could these three people also come for him?

But why? He did not recall that he and these people had ever crossed paths.

He looked at the leading figure, Xuemo, and was shocked. Xuemo was giving him tremendous pressure, as if waves from an ocean of blood surging toward him.

He could have collapsed to the ground if it were not for his tough mind.

Yan Wushen was also studying Xuemo. “Who are you? I have never heard of someone like you in the Immortal Vampires.”

Yan Wushen was familiar with the powerhouses of the Immortal Vampires, the five powerhouses that included Xuetu.

But Xuemo was not one of them. Yet Yan Wushen had got the feeling that Xuemo could be stronger than the five Immortal Vampire powerhouses.

Such a powerful figure could not have been nameless if he were born in Infernal Court.

There was only one possibility: Xuemo was not an Immortal Vampire born in Infernal Court.

Xuemo was also studying Yan Wushen at this moment, his eyes blazing with hostility.

“The Blood Empress did not lie; Yan Wushen is indeed qualified to be my opponent.” Xuemo was rubbing his hands with excitement.

The strong are eager to meet strong opponents. Especially a combat maniac like Xuemo.

The days without rivals could be very lonely.

“I am Xuemo,” he said in a deep voice, in excitement.

Yan Wushen’s heart missed a beat. No one except for the extreme powerhouse from a thousand years ago dared to claim to be Xuemo.

Thinking of this, Yan Wushen couldn’t help but let out a smile. “I can’t believe that it is you, the freak who practiced nine Demonstone Engravings at the same time a thousand years ago. People say that you are dead. Now it seems that the rumor cannot be true.”

“Many times, what you see might not be true, more so what you hear,” said Xuemo in a faint voice.

Yan Wushen nodded. “You have a point. Then why did you come to see me?”

“I just came out from a thousand-year hiatus. Then I heard that the most powerful non-Supreme Saint cultivator has appeared in Kunlun Realm. So I couldn’t help myself wanting to have a friendly match with you.”

A light gleamed in Xuemo’s eyes.

His focus was on a powerful opponent like Yan Wushen only. Everyone else was not important to him right now.

Yan Wushen burst into laughter. “Okay, I see. I am also eager to know the strength of a cultivator who practiced nine Demonstone Engravings at the same time. Apart from the Four Heavenly Kings, you are the only one who can arouse my fighting will.”

“Very well. Very well,” said Xuemo.

While speaking, he and Yan Wushen had eye to eye. An invisible energy collided and caused ripples in the air.

Where their gazes met, the dimension contorted. The Precepts of heaven and earth appeared. They were chaotic as a vortex started to form and devour the power of heaven and earth.

The cold energy that gathered in this area surged. The dark earth burst open as skeletons buried in the ground were swept into the terrifying vortex.

Kaboom!

Unable to withstand the intense forces, the vortex exploded, annihilating everything—including the gazes of Xuemo and Yan Wushen—that it had swallowed.

The ground burst open under this powerful blast. A massive gully hundreds of miles long formed, exposing the buried skeletons and bones.

Chapter 2063: A Thousand Head and Bodies

Cawk!

A shrill scream of crows rang out one after another, resounding throughout the Darkmourn Mountains.

Countless crows flew out from all over the Darkmourn Mountains, covering the sky and sun. They looked extremely frightening.

Almost at the same time, a large amount of Saint Path Precepts flew out of Yan Wushen and Xuemo's body, transforming into two vast rivers while colliding in midair.

The two of them cultivated more than 90 million Saint Path Precepts, and each Saint Path Precept was exceptionally tough as well as indestructible.

Baaam!!

Two rivers formed by Saint Path Precepts collided repeatedly, causing the surrounding space to shatter, and even the Darkmourn Mountains also shattered rapidly as untold corpses were unearthed and then crushed into dust.

Yan Wushen and Xuemo seemed to have a tacit understanding as they did not rouse the precepts of heaven and earth, and the power of the land, using only their Saint Path Precepts to fight.

The strength of one's Saint Path Precept could, to a large extent, determine the strength of a person.

And the key of this lies in the type of saint path cultivated. Those cultivators who had reached the realm of Saint King, had at least majored in one, or multiple types of Paths.

And those who could cultivate to the realm of a Nine-step Saint King would often need to major in one or multiple Supreme Paths.

If one could major in an Eternal Path, one's potential, relatively speaking, would be undoubtedly be greater.

Inside Yan Wushen's Saint Path Precept River, there were hundreds of thousands of powerful precepts that were extremely conspicuous, and they were cultivated by comprehending the Eternal Paths.

If Zhang Ruochen was here, he would be very familiar with that kind of Saint Path Precept, as it was exactly the Precept of Dimensions.

Few people know that Yan Wushen was also a master of space, and it was little wonder he was so interested in Chi Kunlun and insisted on taking the latter as his disciple.

And in Xuemo's Saint Path Precept River, there were also many powerful precepts, radiating an aura of ancient vicissitudes. Although they were not formed out of Eternal Paths, they are at least comparable to them.

Everyone knew that the Nine Great Eternity Paths were the strongest paths and were otherworldly.

However, over a long period of time, many powers could, in fact, compete with the Nine Great Eternal Paths, but they were extremely difficult to master, and few had successfully cultivated them; so they have been long forgotten.

Xuemo had mastered an ancient power of 'Anima' that existed during the Minggu Era. This was also the reason why he could run rampant.

Yan Wushen and Xuemo were both peerless elites of their day, one of a master of an Eternal Path, one inherited the ancient power of Anima. The achievements they have left countless of cultivators only staring at the silhouette of their backs.

Aside from that, more than half of the precepts inside both their Saint Path Precept rivers were from the cultivation and comprehension of Supreme Saint Paths and Greater Paths.

Under normal circumstances, the Saint Path Precepts of a Path's Anterior-realm elite would mainly be in the hundreds of thousands. This cause their strength to be relatively weak.

It was not that they did not want to comprehend the Greater Paths or the Supreme Saint Paths, but they were simply just too difficult, often taking many times longer, and successful cultivation is not a certainty.

"As expected of a person who had cultivated Nine Demonstone Engravings at the same time, to think you also gained the power of Anima. You are already comparable to the Four Heavenly Kings of the Celestial Palace!" Yan Wushen shouted.

Xuemo responded, "You, the number one powerhouse beneath a Supreme Saint of the Infernal Court, did not disappoint me either. This trip is really worth it."

When the two spoke, massive changes happened to the Saint Path Precepts river, causing all kinds of terrifying visions to appear.

Inside Yan Wushen's river, a majestic Yanluo phantom appeared, stepping over the Nether, holding the Nether Tome, presiding over the life and death of hundreds of millions of living beings.

In Xuemo's river, a Supreme Heavenly Demon rushed out, with nine black demonic lights on the back of its head, layered on top of one another, radiating an ancient, wild, and tyrannical aura that ran rampant.

Boom!

The Yanluo Phantom and the Heavenly Demon phantom collided extremely violently, like two ancient existences, crossing the vastness of time and space as they met and tried to suppress each other.

"The time is now!"

Seeing Yan Wushen was tied up fighting Xuemo, Qiu Yichi immediately struck.

Whoosh!

Qiu Yichi and Yan Liren moved out, and rushed at Yan Wushen at top speed.

With Xuemo holding Yan Wushen back, this was undoubtedly the best time for them to strike.

"Trying to take someone away under my eyes, you must first have the ability."

Yan Wushen laughed loudly, as a majestic Infernal Yanluo Qi rushed out of his body instantly, surging towards Qiu Yichi and Yan Liren.

Whoosh!!

The next moment, the Infernal Yanluo Qi gathered and transformed into nine hundred and ninety-nine clones, each clones exuded powerful auras, enough to be stand shoulder to shoulder with a well-cultivated Saint King.

“The Great Yanluo Thousand Heads and Bodies Technique, this is a forbidden technique of the Yanluo clan. Yan Wushen had actually cultivated it before even reaching Supreme Sainthood.

For a time, Qiu Yichi and Yan Liren were surrounded by this group of clones.

Yan Wushen’s nine-hundred and ninety-nine clones all had very indifferent expressions on their faces as they used the same saint arts.

Faint dark light radiated and then condensed nine-hundred and ninety-nine stone bridges, exuding an extremely bizarre aura, as if it wanted to pull the soul out of living flesh.

“The Bridge of Vaitarna.”

An ancient voice faintly echoed in the void.

Qiu Yichi’s expression changed slightly, and with a wave of her hand, dozens of figures suddenly appeared around her.

All these people were Nine-step Saint Kings, each of them renown folks, but have been controlled by Qiu Yichi using her Path of the Mind and the Great Bloodsoul Technique.

There was no change in Yan Liren, his expression was still gloomy, exuding powerful negative emotions.

He was a blood coccon left behind by Yan Liren’s true body, formed with the hundred thousand negative emotions he had left behind, so he was equivalent to an avatar of Yan Liren.

“Strike!”

Following Qiu Yichi’s orders, the dozen of Nine-step Saint Kings immediately struck.

All kinds of powerful saint arts and sacred artifacts were blasted out one after another, as dazzling light seemed like they were about to flood the place.

Yan Liren too made his move, as his body exuded even stronger negative emotions as they diffused in all directions.

Yan Liren stretched both hands out at the same time, transforming into two massive hands that could pluck the stars off the heavens. This was the High-level saint art, the Blood God’s Five-Finger Mark.

Unlike Xue Lingxian’s Blood God’s Five-Finger Mark, Yan Liren’s palm not only gathered a torrent of blood Qi, but also terrifying negative emotions that could erode the flesh and also affect the mind.

Baaaam!

Dozens of saint arts and sacred artifacts unleashed blocked a small part of the stone bridges while the rest fell into Yan Liren’s palms.

“A bit capable I see.” Yan Wushen said lightly.

The one that caught his attention was naturally Yan Liren, the other Nine-step Saint Kings did not even register to him.

Hummmm

Suddenly, a strange fluctuation emanated from Qiu Yichi's body, as it spread out at a speed beyond imagination.

Suddenly, all of Yan Wushen's nine hundred and ninety-nine clones suddenly stopped.

Boom!

All of the stone bridges were blown apart in an instant, creating a terrible shock wave as a gap immediately appeared in the circle formed by the nine hundred and ninety-nine clones.

Taking advantage of this opportunity, Qiu Yichi transformed into a blood light as she instantly rushed out and arrived at Yan Wushen's side, seizing Chi Kunlun.

"Hmph."

Yan Wushen's true body let out a cold snort, and casually blasted a palm strike out.

Qiu Yichi had been prepared, and took out the Heart-taker Orb the Blood Empress had gave her. A strange power of the mind appeared, and bombarded at Yan Wushen.

The Blood Empress' attainments in the Path of the Mind was naturally at a level beyond Qiu Yichi's ability to compare. Even the Heart-taker Orb that contained only a shred was her power also terrifying, and normal Saint King-realm powerhouses may not be able to resist it.

Just as Qiu Yichi expected, affected by the impact of the power of the mind from the Heart-taker Orb, Yan Wushen's movements suddenly stopped momentarily.

"Run!"

Qiu Yichi did not dare to tarry and immediately took Chi Kunlun and fled far away.

"Just a mere Path of the Mind seeking to shake my mind? You, stay!"

Yan Wushen yelled as a vast Infernal Yanluo Qi converged in his palm as he blasted it at the fleeing Qiu Yichi.

Whoosh!

Yan Liren appeared, and similiar blasted a palm strike out.

A majestic surge of blood Qi emerged from his palm, instantly forming a massive phantom of Lord Ming, standing tall in the realm, unleashing an extremely tyrannical aura.

Baaamm!

The Lord Ming's phantom shuddered, and was on the verge of collapse but it managed to blocked Yan Wushen's furious strike in the end.

And just as Yan Wushen was about to follow up with the attack, Xuemo suddenly interfered.

“Yan Wushen, eat my Heavenly Demon’s Nine Transformations.”

Xuemo roared as a destructive demonic Qi inside his body continuously surged from his body.

Suddenly, the Heavenly Demon phantom rapidly became corporeal, unleashing monstrous demonic aura.

The nine demonic lights at the back of the Heavenly Demon phantom combined according to a special sequence, transforming into a bizarre and mysterious demonic rune, radiating dark light as they bombarded at Yan Wushen.

Yan Wushen’s eyes turned serious, as the Infernal Yanluo Qi in his body surged out in a frenzy, combining with the Saint Path Precept river.

The Yanluo phantom became corporeal in an instant, like the ancestors of the Yanluo clan traversing the expanse of time and space as a strange mark appeared on his forehead, looking like the deep stars, and also the endless black hole that swallowed everything.

Boom!

The space was violently distorted and then shattered as all kinds of bizarre vitality within a radius of thousand of miles gathered over in a frenzy and were instantly taken in one fell swoop.

At the same time, the earth shattered as countless of debris and bones flew up, and were then crushed into dust by the destructive force.

After a long while, this destructive force finally subsided, and the outer area of the Darkmourn Mountains were already destroyed beyond recognition.

Yan Wushen still stood on the top of the mountain, and under his protection, the mountain was fortunately preserved.

Xuemo and Yan Liren were already missing.

Yan Wushen locked onto the direction Qiu Yichi had fled, and was just about to pursue before he suddenly sensed something and stopped. A strange look appeared in his eyes as he looked towards the distant horizon.

“Pan Ruo? I did not expect the upstart of the Fane of Destiny to be so bold.”

Yan Wushen whispered as his form flickered and chased towards the direction he had sensed.

Chapter 2064: The Advent of the Emissaries

On the other side, Qiu Yichi led Chi Kunlun as they fled at top speed, fearing that Yan Wushen would catch up. She was no Xuemo, and if Yan Wushen were to caught up to her, she would really be dead.

After escaping for tens of thousands of leagues, Qiu Yichi suddenly stopped as her expression changed drastically.

The Chi Kunlun in her hand suddenly disappeared, leaving only a thin hair behind.

“How could this be?”

Qiu Yichi's heart sank, as her expression turned extremely grim.

After expanding so much effort, and taking such huge risk to seize Chi Kunlun from Yan Wushen's side, she only got a piece of hair to show for it.

Whoosh!

Yan Liren and Xuemo rushed over and appeared beside Qiu Yichi.

"What's the matter? What's that boy Chi Kunlun?" Xuemo asked.

Qiu Yichi raised her hand, and revealed the hair in her hand to Xuemo's eyes.

"A hair? You mean to tell me that Chi Kunlun had become a piece of hair?" Xuemo frowned and asked.

Qiu Yichi showed a bitter look, saying. "Although I don't want to admit it, we were all fooled by Yan Wushen. He seemed to have expected that we were coming for Chi Kunlun, so he had made preparations. The Infernal Court's number one elite that could hold back the Celestial Palace's Four Heavenly Kings alone, is not just a mere brute with powerful combat prowess.

Turning a piece of hair into Chi Kunlun. This was a very clever technique almost without any flaws, so much so that Qiu Yichi could not see through it at the first moment.

"We have startled the snake now, and Yan Wushen will definitely take precautions next time. Forget rescuing Chi Kunlun, whether he can be found again is itself a question."

"Plus, Yan Wushen is indeed extremely strong. Although I can contend with him head-on, there is no hope to suppress him. This is really troublesome."

Xuemo murmured, and inevitably felt a slight headache.

Qiu Yichi was undoubtedly in even more of a headache. She had even used the Heart-take Orb that the Blood Empress had given her, and yet she had no Chi Kunlun to show for it. How does she even explain this to the Blood Empress?

But, she was not to be blamed for this. In that situation, she had no time to think too much, and no one had expected that Yan Wushen would pull such a trick.

As for Yan Liren, he was still in a dour mood, engulfed by negative emotions as he stood there silently.

...

Inside the Sect of the Blood God, the atmosphere was very tense.

Six powerful Emissaries Vigilant were about to descend upon the sect, and anyone would feel great pressure.

Xue Lingxian did not respond even after a long time and Zhang Ruochen could only hid the secrets of the Blood God's Altar using his methods.

Undoubtedly, the biggest secret of the altar was the Bloodmist Dimension, which can never be exposed.

"Let's give it a try."

Zhang Ruochen whispered and then took the Secret Tome of Time and Space out. With a tap, a hundred thousand Precepts of Dimensions emerged and were infused into the tome.

Suddenly, the Secret Tome of Time and Space was activated, as it bloomed in brilliant silver light, as mysterious arcana runes appeared from within it.

Zhang Ruochen's expression was serious as he earnestly roused the power of the tome and infused it into the Blood God's Altar.

Not long after, the power touched upon the Bloodmist Dimension hidden inside the altar.

"Form!"

Zhang Ruochen growled and roused the power of the dimension to its limit.

Hummmm.

The powerful power of dimension oscillated quickly, forming an invisible membrane that enveloped the entire Bloodmist Dimension.

This invisible film seemed extremely unstable and seemed like it could break open at any time.

Zhang Ruochen fully mobilized the power of dimension, performed various secret spatial techniques before gradually stabilizing it.

"With my current strength, creating a Dimensional Bubble is still very difficult."

Zhang Ruochen heaved a long sigh of relief as a smile appeared in his eyes.

What he created was a Dimensional Bubble, hidden in the void. It was both corporeal and incorporeal, like a dream bubble, those who are not cultivators of space would find it extremely difficult to detect it.

For the time being, he too cannot figure out a better way, so he could only temporarily hide the Bloodmist Dimension in the Dimensional Bubble.

Booooo!!!

Just as Zhang Ruochen had just completed the Dimensional Bubble, a majestic Supreme Saint aura descended from the heavens.

In the sky above, six stalwart figures appeared, all exuding a powerful aura as they looked down at the Sect of the Blood God below.

For a moment, all of the cultivators who were still at the Sect of the Blood God were all startled, and as they looked up, a look of shock appeared in their eyes.

"Six Emissaries Vigilant, and one of them an Immortal Vampire. What's going on?"

"Xuetu Shenzi of the Immortal Vampires have his body pierced by Xue Lingxian, and he's in a very sorry state now, how could the Immortal Vampires not care?"

“With so many Emissaries Vigilant here, they are sure to investigate the situation with Xue Lingxian. If they find any problem with Xue Lingxian, I’m afraid that Zhang Ruochen and the Sect of the Blood God will be in trouble.”

“I think that handsome white-haired man is Supreme Saint Hunling, a top-level elite among Supreme Saints. I never thought that he would appear here. It seems like the Celestial Palace seemed to have placed great importance on this matter. This probably won’t end that easily.”

...

Just as the group of cultivators was discussing, orbs of saint blood flew out of the bodies of the six Emissaries Vigilant as they descended upon Kunlun Realm, forming six avatars.

Zhang Ruochen had been informed by Yueshen in advance, so he was very calm as he appeared outside the Sect of the Blood God grounds in a single step.

“Greetings, Emissaries Vigilant.” Zhang Ruochen bowed slightly and saluted.

There were six Emissaries Vigilant here at the same time, but he dared not be overly insolent. He still made a point of being courteous, especially when Emperor Ji Mie and Emperor Wen were there. He could not afford to be brash.

“Hmph.”

A heavy cold snort sounded.

At this moment, Zhang Ruochen felt a Supreme Saint pressure crushing him.

“Xuefu, bear in mind your status.”

Without waiting for Zhang Ruochen to do anything, Emperor Ji Mie made his move and shattered that Supreme Saint pressure.

Emperor Ji Mie exuded a very strong imperial aura, giving people a sense of everything being predestined, and cannot help but be in awe.

Looking around, Zhang Ruochen looked at the person unleashing the Supreme Saint aura, and a cold brilliance flashed in his eyes.

This person, like Xuetu, had long blood-colored hair and was clad in dark red armor. His face was dour and his eyes fierce, and was clearly not a friendly figure.

Undoubtedly, this was an Emissary sent out by the Infernal Court. On the surface, he was to investigate the truth about Xue Lingxian, but in reality, it was to rescue Xuetu.

Supreme Saint Xuefu also looked at Zhang Ruochen with a fierce glint in his eyes. If it weren’t for the five other Emissaries Vigilant, he would have already struck and sucked Zhang Ruochen’s blood dry.

“Zhang Ruochen, we are on orders from the Celestial Palace to investigate the matter regarding Xue Lingxian, I hope you can cooperate.”

At this moment, the white-haired Supreme Saint Hunling spoke with a smile.

Zhang Ruochen immediately snapped back to reality and said. "Naturally, Emissaries, please."

Supreme Saint Hunling nodded slightly and walked towards the Sect of the Blood God first.

Seeing this, the other five Emissaries Vigilant did not hesitate as they entered the sect grounds one after another.

Looking at the six Emissaries Vigilant, Zhang Ruochen could not help but ponder slightly. Three of them bore malicious intentions towards him, and they came from the Infernal Court, the Heavenly Realm, and the Black Demon Realm. So he was not sure what the Celestial Palace's attitude was.

Great Emperor Ji Mie should be on his side, and Yueshen had already hinted at that when she got him to come here. It was also because Great Emperor Ji Mie was strong enough, an emperor who dominates Guanghan Realm, and was also a legendary figure. As a result, he was highly regarded by Yueshen and Shushen, and has the potential of becoming a god.

As for Emperor Wen, he was one of the nine emperors of the Kunlun Realm realm eight hundred years. He was the oldest and the most powerful. He had disappeared for hundreds of years, and no one knew how strong he was now. Perhaps he may break into godhood at any time.

However, was Emperor Wen representing Chi Yao? Or Kunlun Realm? And what was his attitude towards the Sect of the Blood God and Xue Lingxian, or towards him?

After all, Zhang Ruochen was the former crown prince of the previous dynasty, while Emperor Wen and the Confucianists supported Chi Yao's First Central Empire.

The moment the six Emissaries Vigilant stepped into the sect grounds, they immediately rushed for the Blood God's Altar.

"I want to see what is so weird about this Blood God's Altar."

Supreme Saint Xuefu sneered coldly and blasted a palm strike at the Blood God's Altar.

Such a move was really beyond anyone's expectations, so no one could stop him in time.

The Blood God's Altar shuddered, releasing a monstrous amount of blood Qi as a powerful shield took form, completely resisting Supreme Saint Xuefu's attack.

At this moment, Zhang Ruochen appeared at the top of the altar, his expression cold as he said.

"Supreme Saint Xuefu, what are you doing? The Blood God Altar is the resting place of the ancestral master of our sect. You dare to blaspheme the gods. This is not the Infernal Court where you can do as you please."

He could now see that Supreme Saint Xuefu wanted to destroy the Blood God's altar and rescue Xuetu from the altar at the same time. It was a really brazen move.

Zhang Ruochen unleashed a powerful aura, as the Zangshan Demonic Mirror appeared, ready to strike at Supreme Saint Xuefu at any moment.

Since the other side was so insolent, there was no need for him to abide by any rules any longer.

No matter how terrifying the aura of Supreme Saint Xuefu was, or how profound his cultivation was, he was just an avatar. Zhang Ruochen dared to fight even an avatar of a God and was not afraid of him.

Of course, Zhang Ruochen also accurately predicted that the several other Emissaries Vigilant of the Celestial Court will not yet Supreme Saint Xuefu run rampant under their noses.

Chapter 2065: Blasphemy

Hearing Zhang Ruochen's threatening words, a thick murderous intent appeared in the eyes of Supreme Saint Xuefu.

"Insolence, a mere Saint King dares to raise his voice before me? You have a death wish?"

As he spoke, Supreme Saint Xuefu extended his hand, unleashing the condensed power of evil blood and wrapping it around Zhang Ruochen. Earlier on, he was rueing that he had no reason to strike but since Zhang Ruochen voluntarily affronted him, he naturally will not let this chance slide.

Great Emperor Ji Mie was just about to make a move but someone else was faster than him. A majestic aura of righteous Qi blasted out, easily dissipating the power of evil blood.

An energetic old man in Confucian robes stood before Supreme Saint Xuefu with a firm expression, without any anger but full of gravitas.

He was no one else, but one of the nine emperors of Kunlun Realm eight hundred years ago, Emperor Wen.

"Xuefu, it's you who are insolent. Do you really think there's no one from Kunlun Realm here?"

Emperor Wen shouted as a white light emerged from his body, transforming into a vigorous and awe-inspiring Qi of righteousness.

Normally, Emperor Wen was an extremely kind and affable old master in his seventies or eighties. He was gentle and unpretentious, no different than an ordinary old person.

However, when angered, it will be a totally different situation. As a person that was crowned emperor, his majesty was inviolable.

Emperor Wen was one of the most unpredictable of the Kunlun Realm Supreme Saint. He was infinitely closer to godhood, and of those who could be compared to him, only a few like the Saturn Peach Tree, or Spirit Lord Haitang. What he lacked was an opportunity to become a god.

For an Infernal Court Supreme Saint to do as he pleased in the Kunlun Realm, as the Supreme Saint of the land, Emperor Wen would naturally not let it slide.

Great Emperor Ji Mie too stood out and coldly said, "Xuefu, you want to kill our Guanghan Realm's Divine Envoy? You don't think I would kill you right this moment?"

Seeing Emperor Wen and Great Emperor Ji Mie stepping up one after another so forcefully, Supreme Saint Hunling of the Celestial Palace frowned slightly as he said, "Xuefu, although you are an Emissary of the Infernal Court, you also need to follow the rules, or else, I will need you to leave the Kunlun Realm."

In any case, the Kunlun Realm belonged to the Celestial Court, and if he were to allow an Infernal Court Emissary to do as he pleased here, it was undoubtedly an affront to the Celestial Court.

Moreover, their trip this time to the Sect of the Blood God was to investigate the matter regarding Xue Lingxian, and it was not appropriate to create any more issues or else things would just become more and more troublesome.

After being warned by three people one after another, Supreme Saint Xuefu's eyes became extremely gloomy, he wanted to attack immediately but after thinking about it, he held back.

The purpose of his trip had not been achieved yet, and he had not been able to get hold of something of the Sect of the Blood God to rescue Xuetu. If he were to cause things to go south now, it will undoubtedly be a total loss.

As such, Supreme Saint Xuefu quickly calmed down, and completely retracted his aura.

"I just want to quickly investigate and remove Xue Lingxian as soon as I can, so I got a little impatient. After all, this is related to the rules of the Battlefield of Merit. Once an uncontrollable factor appears, I think all of you should know the potential consequences." Supreme Saint Xuefu said calmly.

His remarks were so righteous that no one could find any sticking points.

Emperor Wen retracted his aura, and once again became refined and calm, giving everyone a sense of a transcendent being.

Great Emperor Ji Mie gave Supreme Saint Xuefu a cold glare before walking towards Zhang Ruochen.

If the Supreme Saint Xuefu was not an Emissary sent by the Infernal Court, he really wanted to smash him into a puddle of gore.

"Zhang Ruochen, get Xue Lingxian to appear right now."

A cold voice suddenly rang out.

The man speaking was a heroic-looking man in golden armor, standing over nine feet tall. He also had long golden locks, with a jade scepter in hand. There were three pairs of white wings on his back, emitting bright holy light.

Great Emperor Ji Mie walked to Zhang Ruochen's side and secretly sent a telepathic message. *"This person is Supreme Saint Aust of the Heavenly Realm and hails from the Fane of Light, a senior brother of Zou Yu under the same god. He has lived for more than ten thousand years, and his strength is unfathomable."*

"As for the other four Emissary, Emperor Wen belongs to Kunlun Realm, and you should be no stranger to him. The white-haired Supreme Saint Hunling represents the Celestial Palace and is very powerful. That person wearing black armor is Supreme Saint Black Quill. He was originally a ferocious demon bird, and he represents the Black Demon Realm."

"The one who struck earlier is Supreme Saint Xuefu from the Infernal Court. He had been fighting on the Battlefield of Merit, and many Supreme Saint of the Celestial Court had lost their lives to him."

Hearing that, Zhang Ruochen's mind moved, as he immediately got a general understanding of the Six Emissaries Vigilant there.

His mind moved quickly as Zhang Ruochen turned his gaze at Supreme Saint Aust as he said in a tone that was neither humble nor pretentious. "Xue Lingxian had been slain by the ancestral master of our sect. Leaving only a sacred will behind. After reacting that time, it had disappeared into the void, so I have no way to make Xue Lingxian appear again."

"Mere pretenses, how can a mere sacred will that had been dormant for hundreds of thousands of years so easily suppress so many top-level Saint Kings? From my perspective, this may not be a spiritual remnant of Xue Lingxian, but a Supreme Saint-realm elite hiding inside the Sect of the Blood God." Supreme Saint Aust bellowed coldly.

Supreme Saint Black Quill took a step forward with a sharp glint in its eyes as it rumbled. "No one can break the rules of the Battlefield of Merit. Zhang Ruochen, since you said it was the spiritual remnant of Xue Lingxian who struck and has since dissipated, why are you so afraid being investigated?"

Since the incident at the Sect of the Blood God, there had always been Emissary Vigilant monitoring the movements in the sect from the heavens, and no one had come in or out of it during this period.

The more obstructive Zhang Ruochen, the more likely there was a problem here.

"Zhang Ruochen, get out of the way, I want to personally inspect this altar. If you dare to obstruct me, don't blame me for not showing mercy." Supreme Saint Xuefu took the opportunity to take a jab, looking extremely overbearing.

When someone from the Celestial Court wants to target the Sect of the Blood God and was something Supreme Saint Xuefu was naturally very happy to see. The more serious the infighting was, the more beneficial it was to him.

After all, if all five Emissaries Vigilant of the Celestial Court were united against an outside force, then it would be difficult for him to make any move.

Supreme Saint Hunling pondered a little before looking at Zhang Ruochen and said. "The Celestial Palace has given orders, that this matter is to be investigated, so the Sect of the Blood God must cooperate."

Who would dare disobey the orders of the Celestial Palace?

Zhang Ruochen understood that. He knew that the Emissaries Vigilant from the Celestial Palace, the Heavenly Realm, the Black Demon Realm, and the Infernal Court would not let this matter rest without getting to the bottom of this.

As he thought about this, Zhang Ruochen could not help but say solemnly. "Since the Celestial Palace has issued an order, I will naturally cooperate with all my might. But if anyone wants to wantonly destroy the Sect of the Blood God, I however cannot agree to that."

"This, you can rest assured," Supreme Saint Hunling said.

Hearing this, Zhang Ruochen said nothing more.

At this moment, Supreme Saint Aust glanced at Zou Yu who was imprisoned on Blood God's Altar and his eyes turned chilly immediately, as he growled. "Zhang Ruochen, release Zou Yu and Mo Sheng at once."

Few people knew what sort of agreement Yueshen had reached with the Heavenly Realm faction, but Supreme Saint Aust knew very well.

Five types of top-level Five-Elements Divine Objects, sixty thousand Godstones, allowing Guanghan Realm to move into the Ziluo Celestial Domain. The Heavenly Realm faction had paid an extremely high price this time.

If this was another place, Supreme Saint Aust would have wanted to kill Zhang Ruochen immediately to avenge this shame.

Great Emperor Ji Mie took out a dimensional bag and handed it over to Zhang Ruochen. "This is what Yueshen asked me to give you. Let them go."

Zhang Ruochen quickly reached out to take the item. Using his spiritual power to scan it and confirming that there were five top-level Five-Element Divine Objects and twenty Godstones, he nodded slightly.

With a wave of his hand, Zhang Ruochen released the imprisoned Zou Yu and Mo Sheng, and at the same time sent them off the altar.

Both Zou Yu and Mo Sheng's expressions were very bitter as they retreated behind their allied Supreme Saints without saying a word. They had really lost face this time, and saying anything was useless.

"Also the cultivators from Black Demon Realm." Supreme Saint Black Quill said.

For the Heavenly Realm faction to pay such a huge price, it was naturally not only to exchange for Zou Yu and Mo Sheng but also the other subdued Black Demon cultivators.

If there were to lose thousands of Saint King-realm elites at once, it would undoubtedly be a great blow to the Black Demon Realm.

Zhang Ruochen did not say anything and took out an Exquisite Dimensional Orb with a casual flip of his hand, and simply just let all of the Black Demon Realm cultivators subdued inside it out.

"Hand the Black Demon Realm traitors over." Supreme Saint Black Quill said.

The traitors he mentioned were naturally Du Mosheng, Pei Linhu, and the others.

How could Zhang Ruochen not know what was going on in Supreme Saint Black Quill's mind? The latter felt that Du Mosheng's defection to the Sect of the Blood God was tantamount to trampling on the majesty of Black Demon Realm, and he had to be eliminated.

Zhang Ruochen said, "Du Mosheng and his folks are now members of my sect, so please forgive me that I cannot hand them over."

"I want to clear out the rabble, and no one can stop me." Supreme Saint Black Quill said forcefully.

Zhang Ruochen's eyes sank and hissed, "You can try then."

Hearing this, Supreme Saint Black Quill could not help but exude a terrible murderous intent. For a Saint King-realm junior dared to confront him like this, the latter really did not know his limits.

Great Emperor Ji Mie stood forward and wiped Supreme Saint Black Quill's killing intent away. "Black Quill, are you trying to break the rules? Those who had betrayed Black Demon Realm are beyond your rights to question now."

Seeing Great Emperor Ji Mie coming forward, Supreme Saint Black Quill's face became more and more gloomy.

"We are here to investigate the matter of Xue Lingxian. Put all personal matters aside first, and don't let them interfere with our business." Emperor Wen said impassively.

Supreme Saint Hunling nodded. "See to our business first. I still need to return to the Celestial Palace as soon as possible to report."

Hearing this, Supreme Saint Black Quill ceased to continue troubling Zhang Ruochen. The matter of eliminating the traitors can only be put aside for now.

Zhang Ruochen looked very calm and composed as he grabbed Xuetu up casually and tossed him into the Exquisite Dimensional Orb.

And this move was caught by the eyes of Supreme Saint Xuefu, as a fierce glint appeared in his eyes.

"Zhang Ruochen, let Xuetu go and I can pretend that nothing had happened here and will leave the Sect of the Blood God at once." Supreme Saint Xuefu secretly transmitted his message through telepathy.

The corner of Zhang Ruochen's mouth rose slightly as he responded in kind. "You want me to let Xuetu go, sure, hand me a Supreme Sacred Artifact."

Hearing Zhang Ruochen's condition, the corner of Supreme Saint Xuefu's mouth twitched. A supreme Sacred Artifact, Zhang Ruochen sure dared to make such a demand.

How precious was a Supreme Sacred Artifact? So much so that many Supreme Saint-realm powerhouses had never owned one.

"What do you take a Supreme Sacred Artifact for? I can at most give you a top-level Sacred Artifact. You should know that if I managed to get hold of something on you, not only you will not gain anything, you will be staring down very big troubles." Supreme Saint Xuefu transmitted his voice once again.

Zhang Ruochen responded. "Are you threatening me? A pity that I don't buy it. No Supreme Sacred Artifact, you can forget about getting Xuetu back."

"You..."

Supreme Saint Xuefu was furious as the flames of fury roared in his chest.

For a Saint King-realm junior to be so insolent before him, this was really unforgivable.

Zhang Ruochen acted like nothing had happened as he kept the Azuresky Holy Dragon into the Exquisite Dimensional Orb.

Seeing this, Zou Yu could not help but clench his fists. That was a being he had expended lots of strength to capture from the Wild Realms. He had wanted to make it his mount, but now it ended up in Zhang Ruochen's hands.

After that, Zhang Ruochen left the Blood God's Altar so that the Emissaries Vigilant from all factions could investigate it.

Although these six Emissaries Vigilant were strong, only their avatars could come to the Sect of the Blood God. If he were to hide that Bloodmist Dimension inside the Dimensional Bubble, he should be able to hide it from them.

Soon, all six Emissaries Vigilant got onto the altar and started investigating it carefully.

Supreme Saint Xuefu, Supreme Saint Aust, and Supreme Saint Black Quill were the most thorough with their investigations, not letting go of any clues.

Zhang Ruochen was very calm on the surface but he was quite nervous down inside, fearing for any mistakes.

At a certain moment, Emperor Wen suddenly cast his gaze over, with a meaningful look in his eyes, and Zhang Ruochen could not help but shudder.

Zhang Ruochen suddenly remembered that Emperor Wen was the leader of the Confucianists, and was a top-level spiritual power Supreme Saint. In terms of investigative ability, there was no one who could compare to him.

Although the Dimensional Bubble he created was very arcane, it might not be able to escape the attention of Emperor Wen's spiritual power.

Just as Zhang Ruochen was feeling nervous, Emperor Wen's gentle voice suddenly rang in his ears. "For you to be able to create Dimensional Bubbles with your current cultivation level, you really surprised this old one. However, it's not enough, these people are not so easily fooled. However, don't you worry, I will not allow anyone to know about the secrets of Kunlun Realm, and they will not be able to find anything."

Hearing this, Zhang Ruochen could not help but to silently heave a sigh of relief. With Emperor Wen's help, there should not be any unforeseen troubles.

Come to think of it, Emperor Wen should have known far more secrets than him. Perhaps it was possible that he already knew about the secrets inside the Blood God's Altar.

Emperor Wen closed his eyes, seemingly to do nothing as his aura disappeared without a trace, seemingly blending into the background. Zhang Ruochen secretly guessed that he was probably using some kind of spiritual power to disrupt the senses of the other five Emissaries Vigilant.

"How could there be nothing? Could it be that Xue Lingxian is hiding beneath this altar?" Supreme Saint Xuefu could not help but frown.

Immediately, Supreme Saint Xuefu wanted to go to the bottom of the altar.

Zhang Ruochen roared coldly. "The ground beneath the altar is the sleeping place of our ancestral master, the Blood God, no one can enter it."

"No matter what the place is, as long as there is suspicion, I must investigate it." Supreme Saint Xuefu sneered.

As he said that, without waiting for Zhang Ruochen's response, Supreme Saint Xuefu rushed straight to the underground space beneath the Blood God's Altar.

Zhang Ruochen frowned slightly before stretching out his brow again. There was only the divine corpse of the Blood God there, and no matter how Supreme Saint Xuefu searched, he would not find anything.

Supreme Saint Xuefu soon entered the underground space as the thousand-foot-tall divine corpse of the Blood God entered his eyes.

Even though he had fallen for ages, from the outside of the corpse, there was still a powerful divine power shrouding it, making it for anyone to approach.

In particular, the Blood God was still full of vitality, causing people to doubt whether if he was still alive, and was just in a state of deep sleep.

"The Blood God's corpse is indeed very powerful. I wonder if the treasure he took away from the Immortal Vampires back then is in his corpse?" A glint appeared in Supreme Saint Xuefu's eyes.

How could Supreme Saint Xuefu not know a secret that even Xuetu knows?

Now that the Blood God's divine corpse was before him, Supreme Saint Xuefu would naturally not let this great opportunity go. If he could get that treasure, he may very well be able to ascend to Godhood soon.

Immediately, Supreme Saint Xuefu did not hesitate as he quickly approached the Blood God's divine corpse, stretching a hand out as he released a majestic power of evil blood, wanting to penetrate into the Blood God's body.

Hummmm.

Just as the power of evil blood entered the Blood God's body, a surge of divine might suddenly erupted from the Blood God's body.

Causing the entire Blood God Altar to shake violently.

The divine power shrouding the Blood God's divine corpse surged as a majestic voice rang out in the void. "Die."

Baaaam!

The divine power blasted into Supreme Saint Xuefu's body, shooting him out of the underground space.

Supreme Saint Xuefu slammed heavily on the ground, his body almost bursting apart as his aura suddenly wilted.

Seeing this, a surprised look appeared on the faces of the other Emissaries Vigilant, not knowing what had happened.

“You dare to blaspheme the gods, and this is the consequence of that transgression.” Zhang Ruochen spat.

As the Grand Master of the Sect of the Blood God, Zhang Ruochen knew a lot about the Blood God. According to rumors, the Blood God had mastered the Supreme Canon, so even after his fall, his divine will remained eternal, and wandered the heavens, nigh incomparable to those gods that have yet to master the Supreme Canon.

For Supreme Saint Xuefu to end up like this, it was definitely because he had been disrespectful to the Blood God, activating its Immortal Divine Will, and was thus punished. This was literally him asking for trouble.

Chapter 2066: The Four Heavenly Kings Gathered

The five other Emissaries Vigilant all rushed down from the top of the Blood God’s Altar as they cast their gaze at the underground space.

Although the Supreme Saint Xuefu that descended upon the Sect of the Blood God was just a blood avatar, it was not weak by any means. No one expected that after he entered the underground space beneath the altar, only to suffer a terrible blow.

As for what Supreme Saint Xuefu had encountered inside the space, the over Emissaries were naturally very curious but they dare not rush in hastily.

Supreme Saint Xuefu stood up, his face was very pale as a look of fear flashed past his eyes. He had never expected, even so long after the Blood God’s fall, the divine will he had left behind was still so terrifying.

Sadly, only his blood avatar had descended upon this world, and it was totally unable to resist the Immortal Divine Will.

Emperor Wen perceived slightly, and then glanced at Supreme Saint Xuefu, and said. “You are so bold, to actually touch the divine corpse, causing the Blood God’s Immortal Divine Will to revive.”

Zhang Ruochen’s eyes were cold as he stared daggers at Supreme Saint Xuefu. “Supreme Saint Xuefu, while you are an emissary from the Infernal Court, that doesn’t mean you can do as you please. No one can blaspheme the divine corpse of our sect’s ancestral master. The Immortal Vampires are known to be bloodthirsty, were you trying to draw the divine blood out of our master’s divine corpse?”

Upon hearing this, Supreme Saint Xuefu immediately snorted and said. “Brazen, Zhang Ruochen, but you can forget about slandering me. I was just entering to investigate it and had accidentally triggered the Blood God’s Immortal Divine Will.

“Is that so? That I would like to ask, did you find anything? If not, please leave the Sect of the Blood God now.” Zhang Ruochen stepped forward and said.

Anyone could hear that Zhang Ruochen’s remarks were not only aimed at Supreme Saint Xuefu, it was an eviction notice to all of the Emissaries Vigilant.

For someone to be as bold as him, and took them for nothing, there were scant few if any among the Saint Kings.

Supreme Saint Xuefu's expression turned gloomy. A mere Saint King dared to embarrass him again and again. Heavens damn him!

Suppressing the anger in his heart, Supreme Saint Xuefu yelled. "Although I found nothing on this altar, that doesn't mean that there are no problems with other parts of the sect. For you to be so anxious to see me off, are you hiding something?"

As he said that, Supreme Saint Xuefu rose into the air and flew towards the other places inside the sect, obviously not giving up yet.

If he was to find any problems with the sect, he'll make Zhang Ruochen pay.

Seeing this, the other five Emissaries Vigilant all set out to investigate other spots.

While Emperor Ji Mie was not too fussed about this, but as an Emissary Vigilant, he still needed to do his part.

Not long after, the six Emissaries Vigilant searched through the entire grounds of the Sect of the Blood God, including Yingzhu Peak and Qianyuan Mountain, but they found nothing.

Forget the traces of Xue Lingxian, they did not even find Xue Lingxian's aura at all.

It seemed that it was just as Zhang Ruochen had said. Xue Lingxian's remnant will had already dissipated into nothingness.

On the contrary, when Supreme Saint Blackquill saw Du Mosheng, Pei Linhu, and the others on Yingzhu Peak, and almost could not restrain himself from striking at them.

Before the arrival of the six Emissaries Vigilant, Zhang Ruochen had already placed all of the members of the sect, including Mu Lingxi, Han Xue and the others on Yingzhu Peak.

Soon, all six Emissaries Vigilant gathered together again, and exchanged views with one another.

Supreme Saint Hunling waved his sleeve and said flatly. "Since there's nothing wrong with the Sect of the Blood God, that's the end of this matter. I should also return to the Celestial Palace to report."

Such a result actually fit what Supreme Saint Hunling wanted.

With the presence of an Infernal Court emissary here this time, if there was any problems, it will undoubtedly damage the reputation of the Celestial Court, and allow the Infernal Court an advantage.

Moreover, this time around, the trouble had gotten big enough, and needed to be calmed down as soon as possible.

If this were to go on, it may very well proceed to the point of no return, and it will not be good for anyone, so the Celestial Palace will never allow such a thing to happen.

Hearing this, Supreme Saint Xuefu, Supreme Saint Aust, Supreme Saint Blackquill frowned. This was definitely not the result they wanted.

Having found nothing, no matter how bitter they were, there was nothing they could do.

After a pause, Supreme Saint Hunling continued. "The Celestial Palace had ordered, that no more infighting is allowed to occur any longer. If anyone dares to do this again, the punishment will be severe.

Supreme Saint Hunling's expression was very serious. There were a series of infighting in Kunlun Realm, causing the deaths of many elites, and the impact was extremely bad, enough to incur the wrath of the Celestial Palace. Thus, a strict order was issued to restrain all parties.

When he said these words, it was undoubtedly to remind Zhang Ruochen, Zou Yu, and Mo Sheng. After all, the enmity the three had created this time was very deep, and it was impossible to guarantee that there would be no conflict again.

All three of them have the potential to become gods, and should anything happen to either of them, it will be a great loss to the Celestial Court.

Saying that, Supreme Saint Hunling did not dither as he transformed into a stream of light and flew out of the Sect of the Blood God into the heavens, and fusing with his true body.

The face of Supreme Saint Xuefu was so gloomy that ice could form. Not only did he gain nothing out of this trip, he had also lost face for nothing.

Not only he did not find Xue Lingxian, he could not rescue Xuetu either.

After giving Zhang Ruochen a fierce look, Supreme Saint Xuefu turned and flew away from the Sect of the Blood God.

Upon seeing this Supreme Saint Aust and Supreme Saint Black Quill also prepared to leave, unwilling to waste any more time here.

Zou Yu rushed to the side of Supreme Saint Aust and said telepathically. "Senior brother, my Heavenly Tome of Light had been taken away."

At the same time, Mo Sheng and Zhuo Gu also flashed to the side of Supreme Saint Black Quill.

"Senior Brother Black Quill, my Nethersun Wheel and Blade of the Voracious Wolf, and also the collected Demonstone Engravings had also fallen into Zhang Ruochen's hands." Mo Sheng said.

Zhuo Gu also said. "My Purple-Gold Demonic Spear and the treasures of the others were also taken away."

Hearing this, Supreme Saint Aust raised his eyebrows and immediately looked at Zhang Ruochen, growling. "Zhang Ruochen, hand over the treasures you have seized."

"According to the agreement the Heavenly Realm faction made with Yueshen, it only ask of me to let go those I had subdued, and did not ask me to return the seized treasures, so I cannot agree to that." Zhang Ruochen said impassively.

Supreme Saint Aust's eyes immediately turn chilly. "You seriously don't intend to hand them over?"

"There are some things that you should not get involve with. If you don't know your place, your end will not be pretty." Supreme Saint Blackquill also spoke, his tone very threatening.

Zhang Ruochen did not show any fear as he sneered. "No matter how my end will be, I have no need for outsiders to bother about it. It's impossible that you'll get those treasures back."

Whoosh!

Mu Lingxi, Han Xue and the others flashed out Yingzhu Peak and landed beside Zhang Ruochen.

"For you lot to have the cheek to ask for the items you lost to Zhang Ruochen, even I would feel embarrassed for you. Get out of the Sect of the Blood God, and stop being an eyesore here." Blackie said with extreme contempt.

A cold glint appeared in Supreme Saint Blackquill's eyes as he spat. "Where this that owl come from, and dare offend an Emissary. Die!"

WHOOOSH!

Supreme Saint Blackquill waved his hand as a sticky mass of demonic Qi blasted out towards Blackie.

BAAAMMM!

Great Emperor Ji Mie intervened, and easily neutralized the demonic Qi.

Immediately after, his face darkened and said. "Aust, Blackquill, don't push your luck. This time, it was the Heavenly Realm faction who had picked the fight, since you lost, take the lost then."

"I am a phoenix, many times more noble than a mutt of a bird like you. When I was running rampant back then, your ancestors were still sucking their mother's teats!"

Hiding behind Great Emperor Ji Mie, Blackie shot back triumphantly.

A terrifying murderous intent appeared in Supreme Saint Blackquill's eyes, and he really wanted to strike and cleave Blackie into pieces.

At this moment, Zhang Ruochen spoke. "Zou Yu, Mo Sheng, if you have the ability, you can come back to retrieve your items from me at any time."

Hearing this, both Zou Yu and Mo Sheng clenching their fists. They had lost far too much this time, not only did they lost many treasures, they also had to give their Canons of Truth to Zhang Ruochen. Those were canons of the Eternal Paths, and were invaluable.

Thinking of this, the two could not help but want to vomit blood.

Although Supreme Saint Aust and Supreme Saint Blackquill were furious, they did not lose their composure. It could only be said that when the Heavenly Realm faction negotiated with Yueshen, they had overlooked this, and did not mention anything about the right to the treasures.

The treasures of more than a thousand Saint King-realm powerhouses, including two divine artifacts, this kind of loss would be very painful to any major realms.

With Great Emperor Ji Mie and Emperor Wen present, and the fact it was not their true body who had descended upon the realm, they were destined to never be able to forcibly take the treasures back.

With things as it is, everything was a foregone conclusion, and it was useless to say anything more.

Supreme Saint Aust and Supreme Saint Blackquill's expressions returned to normal as both of them took a deep look at Zhang Ruochen and then flew away.

Seeing the Supreme Saints on their side leaving, Zou Yu and Mo Sheng suddenly understood in their hearts that there were no hope of retaking their treasures.

Without exception, deep hatred appeared deeply in their eyes, wishing that they could flay Zhang Ruochen alive. Sensing the hatred from the two, Zhang Ruochen smiled faintly, and did not care at all.

If these two wanted to trouble him in the future, he will definitely make them pay a greater price, and there will never be such good luck as this time.

Soon, Zou Yu, Mo Sheng, and the Saint Kings of the Black Demon Realm all left the Sect of the Blood God. They did not want to spend a second longer at this place.

"Zhang Ruochen."

Emperor Wen spoke gently, with a meaningful look in his eyes, saying. "One need to let go of something, so they can proceed further in another."

After Emperor Wen left, Zhang Ruochen carefully comprehended his words, and sighed lightly. "With the world in chaos and destruction today, everyone just goes with the flow, how can you even just let something go?"

In any case, Emperor Wen had helped him cover up the secrets of the Blood God's Altar this time, and he recognized this favor.

Great Emperor Ji Mie smiled and said. "Good job, to let both the Heavenly Realm faction and the Infernal Court eat dirt, that felt really good. After this incident, the Heavenly Realm faction should be a little more wary, but keep your guard up and be careful about everything."

"Thank you for the reminder, Great Emperor." Zhang Ruochen nodded and said.

Great Emperor Ji Mie said. "Well, with that, I shall return to report to Yueshen."

As he said that, Great Emperor Ji Mie flew into the sky and towards the heavens in a flash.

In a blink of an eye, all six stalwart figures standing outside the heavens all disappeared.

Seeing this, everyone in the Sect of the Blood God heaved a sigh of relief. The trouble was finally resolved.

Zhang Ruochen looked up into the sky and many thoughts passed his mind. His strength was still weak. If he was strong enough, he would have no need to make compromises with anyone.

Seeing that Zou Yu, Mo Sheng and the others coming out from the Sect of the Blood God grounds, and then the Emissaries Vigilant leaving one after another, all of the cultivators entrenched near the sect grounds were very surprised.

"It's really rare for Zhang Ruochen to actually compromise."

“This time, the Celestial Palace got involved. As long as Zhang Ruochen is not stupid, he will never face off with the Celestial Palace.”

“No matter what, Zhang Ruochen is still the ultimate winner, making the Heavenly Realm faction lose face; and I’m sure that both sides must have reached some kind of agreement, otherwise Zhang Ruochen would not have let Zou Yu and Mo Sheng go so easily.

“I wonder what’s the situation with Xue Lingxian though?”

...

Many were very curious about what happened inside the Sect of the Blood God, but they had no way to get the answers.

And seeing that things had come to an end here, many left one after another, and did not stay for long.

In the Darkmourn Mountains, far away from the Sect of the Blood God.

Yan Wushen unleashed the ten-thousand times speed of sound ability of the Meritorious Armor of Flowing Light, exploding in a speed beyond imagination as he instantly crossed tens of thousands of miles in a flash.

“Pan Ruo, where do you think you are taking my disciple to?”

With a roar, Yan Wushen appeared out of thin air and blocked Pan Ruo’s path.

A powerful power of dimension surged, immediately enveloping a radius of hundreds of miles, blocking all of Pan Ruo’s path of retreat.

Sensing the changes in the dimension around her, Pan Ruo had to stop as a surprised glint flashed past her eyes as she clearly did not expect Yan Wushen to catch up so quickly.

“Naturally to bring him back to the Fane of Destiny.” Pan Ruo said calmly.

Yan Wushen snorted heavily and said. “He is my disciple, and you have no right to decide where he goes.”

“Chi Kunlun is the heir of both Zhang Ruochen and Empress Chi Yao. His person is very special and could perhaps be the key to deal with Empress Chi Yao. As long as he is brought back to the Fane of Destiny, we can naturally predict many useful things through him.” Pan Ruo said.

Yan Wushen stretched out and grabbed Chi Kunlun back to his side and said at the same time. “To make such a contribution, you would stand a better chance to become the Shennü of the Fane of Destiny. You sure thought things out.”

Chi Kunlun looked at Pan Ruo with a look of wariness in his eyes. To use him to act against Empress Chi Yao, this was something he will never accede to.

A surprised look suddenly appeared in Pan Ruo’s eyes as she said. “Yan Wushen, you are in big trouble!”

Yan Wushen frowned slightly as he whispered. “Those four sure are persistent. It seems like I had leaked my aura while fighting with Xuemo earlier, and attracted their attention.”

“Yan Wushen, lets see where you run now.”

A roar suddenly thundered.

Immediately after, four bright lights flew over from the horizon, occupying four directions as they instantly surrounded Yan Wushen and Pan Ruo.

The four holy lights shot through the heavens, like four heavenly pillars, suppressing this part of the realm.

In each saint light was a tall and powerful figure, such as a god descending from the heavens, absolutely majestic.

“The Four Heavenly Kings, aren’t you guys tired chasing after me for so long?”

Yan Wushen looked around with a terrifying cold glint in his eyes.

After being chased by the Four Heavenly Kings of the Celestial Palace for so long, Yan Wushen had been pissed off since long.

If it was only one person, he may not even bother with them, but these Four Heavenly Kings had always been inseparable, and it was very troublesome.

The Heavenly King standing in the east wore white armor and held a white jade pipa in his hand, standing tall as he looked at Yan Wushen, saying. Yan Wushen, you can’t escape, so just obediently follow us back to the Celestial Palace.”

“There’s even a candidate for the Shennü of the Fane of Destiny, take her back too.” The Heavenly King who stood in the south said.

He was dressed in cyan armor, and held a simple yet quaint sword, looking very powerful.

Hearing this, Pan Ruo could not help but to raise her head as she stared at the Heavenly King standing in the south, and said in a cold voice. “If you want to catch me, that depends if you have the ability to do so.”

Even in the face of the legendary Four Heavenly Kings of the Celestial Palace, Pan Ruo showed no signs of fear, but instead, her eyes were sharp, like a world-dominating Demon Queen.

Chapter 2067: The Vessel Spirit of Emperor Ming’s Hundred Dragon Cuirass

Yan Wushen glanced at Pan Ruo with a look of amazement. He did not expect this upstart from the Fane of Destiny to be so courageous, that she dared to challenge the Four Heavenly Kings.

Yan Wushen waved his hand, and kept Chi Kunlun inside one of his treasures.

That way, Yan Wushen no longer had any worries, and even when the Four Heavenly Kings of the Celestial Palace, he could go in fighting without being shackled.

Having being pursued by the Four Heavenly Kings for so long, Yan Wushen was already pissed, and it was time for him to vent it all out of them.

“Yan Wushen, you’re lucky enough to escape last time, but it won’t happen again this time.”

The Heavenly King holding the white jade pipa looked down upon Yan Wushen, as if everything was already predetermined.

As he spoke, he unleashed an extremely powerful force as an immortal aura radiated, like a top-level Neverwither Supreme Saint ascending upon the realm.

Its flesh was almost completely in a neverwither-state, leaving only its heart and the Lingtai meridian on its head. Both parts, were however shrouded in the immortal aura, and so there was no obvious weaknesses.

A look of shock appeared in Pan Ruo's eyes. She did not expect this Heavenly King to have immortalized his body to such a degree, and could still control it perfectly, while staying in the Saint King-realm.

Under normal circumstances, after more than half of one's body had crossed the neverwither-state, it would be very difficult to control the powerful energies in the body, and will involuntarily breakthrough into the realm of a Neverwither Supreme Saint.

This Heavenly King of the Celestial Palace was very close to becoming a Supreme Saint. As long as he wanted to, he could instantly break through, and cast the strongest Immortal Saint Body.

But he somehow could control it such powerful strength and not allow himself to break through. This was just incredible.

Yan Wushen glanced at the Heavenly King holding the white jade pipa and said. "Run? Heavenly King Chiguo, don't think that just because your body is in an advanced Neverwither-state you can look down upon the realm. Without your three brothers, I can beat you down with just one hand.

Yan Wushen's eyes were full of contempt. His weakness was that he was a solo player, if there was someone who can hold back one or two of the Four Heavenly Kings, he would not have needed to suffer in their hands, nor would he need to avoid them all over.

"Yan Wushen, your provocations are useless against us. The four of us advance and retreat together. If you don't want to suffer, then surrender now."

The Heavenly King holding the simple, quaint sword said faintly.

He ranked second among the Four Heavenly Kings, named Heavenly King Zengzhang. Although he seemed indifferent, when he strikes, his murder strokes would be decisive.

The divine sword in his hand had killed many a powerhouse, including Neverwither Supreme Saints.

The directions the Four Heavenly Kings stood was in accordance to their station, east, south, west and north; and they were Heavenly King Chiguo, Heavenly King Zengzhang, Heavenly King Guangmu, and Heavenly King Duowen.

Rumor has it that the Four Heavenly Kings had inherited the Heavenly King heritage from a previous civilization, with a powerful force of fate empowering them, they were destined to achieve godhood.

In distant times, there was an ancient Celestial Palace, and the Four Heavenly Kings were the ancient Celestial Palace's guardians. They were famous and shook the heavens with their might.

For them to get those heritances, the Celestial Palace naturally placed a lot of importance on them as they went all out nurturing them. The treatment the four enjoyed was something a normal person would never be able to imagine.

Yan Wushen's eyes were sharp as he said. "If you want to fight, fight then, while waste so much banter. I want to see how much growth you four Heavenly Kings had in this time."

As he spoke, Yan Wushen's body shook as powerful Neverwither aura emanated from it, comparable to that of Heavenly King Chiguo.

Heavenly King Chiguo still had his heart and the Lingtai meridian on his head that had yet to be in a Neverwither-state, but Yan Wushen only had the Lingtai meridian on his head left.

That was to say, Yan Wushen had truly reached the extreme pinnacle of a Nine-step Saint King.

Heavenly King Chiguo's eyes sharpened as he did not expect Yan Wushen to be ahead of him in cultivating his physical body.

Pan Ruo took a deep look at Yan Wushen, the number one powerhouse of the Infernal Realm sure indeed lived up to his name.

From ancient times to now, only a scant few had managed to cultivate their body to such a point while still in the Saint King-realm.

The saint Qi in Heavenly King Chiguo surged and infused into the white jade pipa, and between strums, surges of precepts of heaven and earth and the power of the land came together in a frenzy, forming a torrent of precepts that blasted at Yan Wushen and Pan Ruo.

Most of the power of the torrent was rushing at Pan Ruo. Clearly, Heavenly King Chiguo intended to first suppress Pan Ruo, and then focus all his efforts on Yan Wushen.

"Hmph."

Pan Ruo let out a cold sneer as a vast power of death surged out from her body.

Hummmmm

The space around her shook as a wide Nether River flowed out from the void, with no source nor end in sight. Within it flowed countless precepts, as they swallowed all of the precepts within the land.

And Pan Ruo was the goddess that ruled over these precepts as she stepped upon the Nether River under her feet.

Whoosh!

A wave was suddenly set off in the Nether River as if an ancient beast had awakened, unleashing a terrifying aura.

Voosh!

The Nether River contained a surge of power of death and could erode everything. Where ever it passed through, even space slowly melted away.

With the protection of the Nether River, Heavenly King Chiguo's attack did not work, and soon both attacks disappeared into nothingness.

Pan Ruo stood on top of the river, as she slowly rose and looked around.

"No wonder you can become a candidate for the Shennü of the Fane of Destiny. You have some skill I give you that, and it seems like I have underestimated you," Heavenly King Chiguo said.

As he spoke, Heavenly King Chiguo once again strummed the white jade pipa as an invisible sound wave spread out, causing wind and fire to burst forth with huge momentum.

At the same time, Heavenly King Zengzhang wielded the divine sword in hand, slashing out a sword Qi, causing the space to shatter as it struck instantly at Yan Wushen.

Immediately after, Heavenly King Guangmu and Heavenly King Duowen also made their move, seemingly having a very tacit understanding of one another as their cooperation was seamless.

A crimson dragon wrapped around the arms of Heavenly King Guangmu, a rare ancient species, whose power level had similarly reached the realm of Path's Anterior.

When encountering a weaker foe, Heavenly King Guangmu had no need to get involved personally as the flames of the crimson dragon were enough to burn everything to ashes.

He held a bronze-colored double whip with strange runes on the surface of the whip. As he swung it, there was a force that could tear the heaven and earth apart.

Heavenly King Duowen held a chaotic-colored umbrella, and there were eighty-one different gemstones inlaid on the surface of the umbrella, and with a swing, countless gemstones bloomed, unleashing countless brilliant glows, leaving nothing untouched.

With the three Heavenly Kings struck at the same time, even someone as strong as Yan Wushen dared not to be careless.

The Infernal Yanluo Qi surged out of his body as a gloomy light rushed out from his spirit, and transformed into a simple-looking and unpretentious tome.

With the three Heavenly Kings all used their powerful sacred weapons, Yan Wushen did not dare to act tough, and fighting barehanded would just put him at a disadvantage.

On the cover of the ancient tomes were three arcane fonts, seemingly to have infinite demonic power that could turn life and death upside down.

"The Book of Death, and I shall master life and death."

From the void, an ancient voice rumbled.

The ancient tome opened by itself as terrifying arcane light of life and death burst out of the tome, blocking the attacks by the trio of Heavenly Kings.

On the other side, Pan Ruo roused her Path of Destiny, as a blue-brown compass flew out from her body and hung above her head.

A series of powerful power of destiny was released from the compass, distorting the space around it, causing Heavenly King Chiguo's attack to dissipate into nothingness.

"It's actually the Compass of Destiny! For the divine artifact that had been sealed by the Fane of Destiny for so long would end up in her hands."

Seeing the treasure Pan Ruo had deployed, Yan Wushen could not help but show a look of surprise.

It was no wonder the other two more senior candidates would seek him out for an alliance as they had clearly perceived a huge threat from Pan Ruo.

Pan Ruo's ability had been recognized by the Compass of Destiny, and to a certain extent, will affect those pillars of the Fane of Destiny with their final decision.

Originally, Yan Wushen was worried that Pan Ruo would be rolled over very quickly, but now it seemed like she could help him hold Heavenly King Chiguo back for a good while, allowing him to go all out and fight with the three other Heavenly Kings.

With one less Heavenly King to deal with, the pressure Yan Wushen faced would undoubtedly be much smaller.

"Hahaha, since you lot want to play, I'll play with you to the end. Dimensional Vortex."

Yan Wushen laughed as he stretched his hand out and unleashed a powerful dimensional force.

Suddenly, a terrifying dimensional vortex appeared next to the Heavenly King Zengzhang, and through a rapid rotation, as a terrifying devouring force formed; and wanting to forcibly suck Heavenly King Zengzhang into it.

Heavenly King Zengzhang swung his blade, as four strange runes of Earth, Wind, Water, and Fire appeared on the blade of the sword, instantly freezing the space around him.

Speaking of which, all of the weapons the Four Heavenly Kings used contained the Mystics of Earth, Wind, Water, and Fire, and could easily mobilize these four powers that made up the heaven and earth for both offense and defense.

The Four Heavenly Kings, like Xuemo, were not masters of the Nine Great Eternal Paths, but they have mastered the World Creation power that was comparable to the Nine Great Eternal Paths and could create worlds and suppress worlds with the power of the four elements.

Just as Yan Wushen and Pan Ruo clashed fiercely with the Four Heavenly Kings, a golden light flashed out from the depths of the Darkmourn Mountains, appearing thousands of miles away from the battlefield as it looked on in secret.

The golden light was a dragon, a golden dragon crafted out of divine gold. It was only ten feet long as it hid behind a huge rock.

On one of Jinlong's claws was a huge piece of dried meat. As it watched the battle in the distance, it chewed on it with huge mouthfuls.

As its eyes turned, Jinlong watched closely at Pan Ruo who was fighting on equal footing with Heavenly King Chiguo as a strange look appeared in its eyes.

“The Emperor Ming’s Hundred Dragon Cuirass, why is it on that Nether-clan woman? Did I sense thing wrong?”

Jinling whispered, its eyes full of doubts.

It then carefully sensed once again.

Soon, Jinlong was sure that he did not sense it wrong, and the aura of Emperor Ming’s Hundred Dragon Cuirass was from Pan Ruo.

Emperor Ming’s Hundred Dragon Cuirass was a Supreme Sacred Artifact of the Shengming Zhang clan and was the symbol of the past Emperor Mings. It was of extraordinary significance, so why would it be on someone else? Especially on someone from the Infernal Court...

“I heard that the Shengming Central Empire that the Zhang clan established was destroyed by a woman. Was that her?”

Such a guess appeared in Jinlong’s mind.

Immediately after, it shook its head vigorously and said. “Impossible, she’s not even a Supreme Saint, how can she wipe out the Zhang clan?”

“Unless...there’s a loser among the Zhang clan’s descendant, and was tempted by her beauty, causing the destruction of the clan, and the cuirass being taken away? Good lord, there should be a loser in the family, yes. Ah, trouble in the form of a beauty! What a nation-destroying woman.”

“Sigh, this Dragon Lord had protected the Zhang clan for how many thousand years, and I did not expect a prosperous clan like the Zhangs would have a time of decline like this. I hope the Zhang clan isn’t wiped up. There should be one or two heirs right? Even if it is just a boy left, this Dragon Lord can assist him in recreating a glorious Zhang clan again.”

While it thought of it, Jinlong did not forget to continue chewing on the jerky. Even if the sky were to come crashing down, it would still not stop it from eating.

“Boy, the other vessel spirits have all left the Darkmourn Mountains, and have fused with their vessels. Why do I alone need to suffer like this? First, I couldn’t sense where my vessel was, and now that I’ve found it after so much trouble, it’s on the Infernal Court woman. What should I do?”

Jinling frowned and felt distressed.

Especially now that it could not act rashly now, if it was to be discovered by an Emissary Vigilant, then it would be in serious trouble.

With no other recourse, Jinlong could only choose to continue hiding the dark and observe the situation first.

After eating a piece of jerky, Jinlong pulled out another piece from who knows where. "I'm almost through my supply of jerkies. I need to get more. I'm so miserable, don't even have enough meat to get full. Sigh."

As it sighed, it took another big bite off the jerky.

The meat jerky was no ordinary meat but made out of the meat of a Saint King-realm wild beast. But it was unhappy, this time around, it wanted to run rampant, kill a Supreme Saint, dry the meat, and hoard up more.

Only the meat of a Supreme Saint had enough chew to it.

On the battlefield, the fight still continued, and it became more and more intense.

Earlier on, Pan Ruo was fighting Heavenly Ling Chiguo, while Yan Wushen fought three of the other Heavenly Kings. But now, Pan Ruo, Yan Wushen were working together against the Four Heavenly Kings.

Although they were at a numerical disadvantage, Pan Ruo and Yan Wushen were able to fight the Four Heavenly Kings on even footing when they joined forces.

It was undeniable that Pan Ruo's strength was still lacking, but the Path of Destiny she cultivated was mysterious and arcane, causing the Four Heavenly Kings lots of trouble.

Behind Pan Ruo was a tall and solid Gate of Destiny, which seemingly been carved out of some sort of magical stones, but actually had many mottled marks.

Any attacks that got close to the Gate of Destiny would immediately see their power reduced.

The Path of Destiny was as famous as the Path of Oblivion, and compared to the other seven Eternal Paths, they were even more arcane and more powerful, with all kinds of incredible powers.

Relying on the Gate of Destiny and the Compass of Destiny, Pan Ruo was almost invincible.

"To think that she could cultivate the Path of Destiny to such a level in a few short years, I really wonder where she comes from." Seeing Pan Ruo's performance, Yan Wushen could not help but become more and more curious.

Everything about Pan Ruo was a mystery. Even the leaders of the Fate of Destiny could not predict anything of her.

although Pan Ruo was not a master of destiny, her talents in the Path of Destiny were almost ungodly, and there were scant few who could compare to her in the history of the Fane of Destiny.

At this moment, Yan Wushen would naturally not care about Pan Ruo's origins. What he cared about now was Pan Ruo's amazing strength.

The feeling of not being restrained by the combined might of the Four Heavenly Kings was really something.

"Heavenly King Chiguo, take my fist again! Wrath of Yanshen!"

Yan Wushen yelled and blasted a punch out.

The majestic Infernal Yanluo Qi surged and a massive phantom formed outside of Yan Wushen's body, with raging fires burning its surface, seemingly wanting to immolate the entire world.

Heavenly King Chiguo plucked four strings on the pipa at the same time as the power of Earth, Wind, Water, and Fire appeared, evolving into a massive world as it tried to envelop both the massive phantom and Yan Wushen alongside it into it.

Boom!

The world created by the four elements exploded in an instant, unable to withstand the power of Yan Wushen's fist.

However, at this moment, Heavenly King Zengzhang swung his blade, as four arcane marks on his sword appeared, as the power of four elements surged out in a frenzy, fusing with each other and creating a power that could destroy everything.

Yan Wushen glanced at Heavenly King Zengzhang, as he took out the Book of Death in his hand to meet the divine blade.

A series of shadows appeared out of the Book of Death and rushed to block the divine blade. Although they were destroyed one after another, the sword's destructive power was also quickly consumed.

Immediately after, Yan Wushen struck his finger out as a large number of precepts of dimension formed, causing the space around him to contract rapidly into a small black dot.

Whoosh!

The black dot blasted out and darted over in a flash.

Heavenly King Zengzhang's gaze sharpened as he changed his sword stance, and placed the sword vertically before him.

Clang!

The black dot that contained a large area of compressed space slammed onto the sword, causing the divine blade to shudder as the devastating shock wave almost cause the sword to fly off his hand.

Chapter 2068: Lose-Lose Situation

Using the power of space to push Heavenly King Zengzhang back, Yan Wushen did not waste any time as he turned his sights to Heavenly King Guangmu, rousing his dimensional techniques to its extreme as he instantly unleashed a palm strike.

An invisible wave shot out from Yan Wushen's palm, and everywhere it passed, the space around it collapsed, forming a terrifying vacuum zone.

"Return to Oblivion!"

Heavenly King Guangmu's eyes shrank. "Path of Origins!"

Without hesitation, Heavenly King Guangmu struck, mobilizing the power of world creation he had, and used a large amount of the four elements to create a miniature world in his hand, very similar to the ultimate technique of the Bodhis, the Palm-top Buddhaksetra.

Crack!

Yan Wushen's palm strike was extremely bizarre, there was not much movement as it collided, yet the miniature world in Heavenly King Guangmu's hand suddenly burst apart.

Endless elements surged as a destructive aura blasted out, forming four menacing dragons as they charged at Yan Wushen.

The four dragons were extremely solid and lifelike as they radiated a terrifying aura enough to rip any ordinary Path Anterior elites apart.

Yet, before they even got close to Yan Wushen, they were shattered by an invisible force, turning into tiny particles invisible to the naked eye, and dissipated into the realm.

Heavenly King Guangmu wore a solemn expression as he whispered. "What a Return to Oblivion. To think Yan Wushen's mastery of the Path of Origin has reached such a point."

Yan Wushen had always been secretive, and he rarely showed himself. So, there was very scant information about him.

Some top-level powerhouses would perhaps know that Yan Wushen was a master of dimensions, but few know that he was also a master of origins, and had cultivated these two Eternal Paths to a very high level.

The main thing was, against normal powerhouses, Yan Wushen could not be bothered to use his Eternal Paths.

Only top powerhouses at the level of the Four Heavenly Kings would allow Yan Wushen to use all of his abilities without reservations.

After all, the Four Heavenly Kings have mastered the incomparably powerful power of world creation and were completely comparable to the Nine Great Eternal Paths.

Thousands of miles away, the vessel spirit of Emperor Ming's Hundred Dragon Cuirass still hid behind the boulder as it completely put away all of its auras. It continued to chew on the Saint-king wild beast jerky as it observed the battle in the distance.

"The power of dimensions and the power of origin, this Yanluo clan junior sure is powerful. A master of two Eternal Paths, have not seen that in a very long time now."

Seeing Yan Wushen's abilities, Jinlong could not help but reveal a shocked look.

Even back in the Middle Ages, it had never seen many talented elites that could compare with Yan Wushen, much less surpass him.

Of course, the Four Heavenly King's abilities too surprised Jinlong. A power that was comparable to the Nine Great Eternal Paths was extremely rare, and even fewer could be passed on.

On the other side, Heavenly King Duowen roused the treasure umbrella as eighty-one of the gemstones all lit up, forming an incomparably dazzling light as it blasted out at Pan Ruo.

Pan Ruo stood before the Gate of Destiny, as her hands formed a very arcane mudra rapidly as series of golden Bodhi light appeared on the surface of her body, transforming into a golden lotus as it wrapped her inside it.

It seemed as though the Bodhi Lotus had been cast from divine gold, exuding an immortal aura that was inviolable.

The light of the treasure umbrella was said to be able to wipe out everything, but this time, something different happened and the desired effect was not reached.

In addition to the golden lotus, there were countless golden Buddhas emerged as they sat in the void, reciting the supreme verses of Buddhism, perfectly protecting Pan Ruo within it.

Pan Ruo was solemn, like a female bodhisattva walking in the mortal realm. She held a string of quaint Buddha beads, radiating a vast Bodhi power.

“Saint arts of Buddhism, and also the beads left behind by the ancient Buddha. Interesting.” A look of surprise appeared in Yan Wushen’s eyes.

One needed to know that Pan Ruo was of the Nether-clan and should have been very afraid of the power of the Bodhi, but not only she was not afraid of it, but she had also managed to cultivate a powerful Bodhi power. She was very different.

Yan Wushen could see that the Bodhi beads in Pan Ruo’s hand were not a great treasure, but it contained incomparably vast Bodhi power, which was of great help in cultivating and using Bodhi saint arts.

If she did not rely on the beads to amplify the power of her saint art, it was certainly difficult for Pan Ruo to block off the attack of the Chaos Pearl Umbrella.

Seeing this, Jinlong’s eyes could not help but widen. “Her cultivating the Path of Destiny was one thing, but as a Netherkin, she actually managed to cultivate the Dharma. Strange, strange indeed. I’ve been asleep for a hundred thousand years, had the world changed that much?”

It was just a rare trip out, and it ran into six extremely powerful juniors, Jinlong was really at a loss for words.

It felt like it had returned to the Middle Ages, with all sorts of heroes and villains that appeared one after another, fighting for supremacy.

In a blink of an eye, Jinlong ate up the jerky in its claws, and just as it was about to take out another piece, it hesitated. “I don’t have much stock left, gotta eat it sparingly. Sigh. I never thought that I’d reach the point of having issues with food. Life back then with the Zhang clan sure was good, I can eat whatever I want to unlike now where I need to ration my jerkies.”

“The loser of Zhang clan, how did you get screwed over by a woman? Even my body had fallen into that Netherkin lady’s hand, why is my life so hard?”

As he complained, Jinlong took out another piece of wild beast jerky. Only food can provide it some sort of spiritual comfort.

As soon as it took a bite, Jinlong suddenly sensed something as it could not help but turn its head aside.

Even from far away, Jinlong saw a surge of Yin Qi surging over violently like a tsunami.

Amidst the potent Yin Qi, countless ghastly phantoms flickered alongside gray ancient corpses and hideous white skeletons.

“Hmmm? The armies of the three middle clans of the Infernal Court actually dared to come out.”

A surprised look appeared in Jinlong’s eyes.

The Darkmourn Mountains was an ancient battlefield, and no one knew how many souls had been buried here. It was a place where the Yin Qi was particularly heavy and was no different from the Underworld in the Eastern Region.

Ever since the Infernal Court broke through the cracks of Kunlun Realm, the Darkmourn Mountains had also become a Battlefield of Merit, with countless armies of Ghosts, Bonekin, and Corpsekin having gathered here.

But the real battlefield was the hidden dimension within the Darkmourn Mountains. The armies of both sides rarely appear outside the Darkmourn Mountains.

Otherwise, with Darkmourn Mountains as the center, the area of tens of thousands of miles would have long been reduced to scorched earth, with no peaceful towns existing around it.

Jinlong had been in the Darkmourn Mountains and was no stranger to the Infernal Court armies.

A moment later, the Infernal Court army arrived and surrounded Yan Wushen, Pan Ruo, and the Four Heavenly Kings.

Amidst the Yin Qi, a series of powerful aura shot into the sky one after another.

While the Infernal Court army gathered was not much, but they were extremely strong, all were above the realm of the Saint King, with many top-level Saint King powerhouses among them as well.

Between the surging Yin Qi, three massive figures appeared, one was a red-haired Ghost Lord, one was Skeleton King with a dark gold body, and a Corpse King with bronze skin. All of them exuded an extremely tyrannical aura, with many terrifying visions appearing around them like a Demonic God.

Yan Wushen’s gaze faintly swept past the three powerhouses that had appeared. “Yunlin, Jinlie, Yuanjue, so it’s you three.”

There were countless powerhouses in the Infernal Court, yet there were only scant few who can make Yan Wushen remember their names.

For Yan Wushen to be able to speak the names of this three, that meant their strength must be at a top level in the Infernal Court.

“If we have the opportunity to deal with the Four Heavenly Kings, we will naturally not let it slip. If we can kill one or two, the Celestial Palace will definitely writhe in pain.” The red-haired Ghost Lord said with a smile.

The Four Heavenly King stood side by side, looking at the Infernal Court army with a cold gaze.

Heavenly King Guangmu raised his eyebrows and snorted coldly. “A mere eyesore of a rabble dare to show their heads.”

“Raaawr!”

The crimson dragon coiling around Heavenly King Guangmu flew out as it grew bigger and let out a sky-shattering dragon’s roar.

“Don’t you even dare!”

The three powerhouses roared as they struck immediately to protect their men.

Baaam!!

The three powerhouses activated very quickly, but still, they failed to completely ward off the dragon’s roar, as a small part of the army was smashed into oblivion.

Immediately after, the crimson dragon opened its mouth and breathed extremely red and devastating flames, as if it could boil the seas and incinerate the heavens.

This flame was extremely radiant and tyrannical and could be said to be the antithesis of the dark evil powers. Using it against the middle three clans of the Infernal Court was the perfect counter.

“Hmph! Perish!”

Ghost King Yulin sneered as he stretched a ghastly hand out.

A majestic evil ghastly Qi gathered and was extremely viscous as it actually took a liquid form.

For a moment, a torrent of black rain began to fall from the sky.

Voosh!

The moment the black rain touched the crimson flames, it was immediately evaporated.

Correspondingly, the power for the crimson flames was also suppressed and gradually weakened.

“Formation set!”

Skeleton King Jinlie, with its dark gold skeleton body, shouted in a dry voice.

Immediately, the elites of the three clans all reacted as they quickly formed a bizarre formation at top speed, combining each other’s power and focused them on the three powerhouses.

For a time, the aura of the three powerhouses skyrocketed, and their form also grew correspondingly.

“Four Heavenly Kings, witness the power of the Demonic Banner of Malice!”

Ghost Lord Yulin said coldly.

As they talked, a pitch-black Demonic Banner flew out from his body, and swelled in the wind, instantly turning thousand of feet long. There were a large number of arcane and mystical runes etched upon the surface of the banner, each had the power to rip one's soul out.

The Demonic Banner was something the three powerhouses had obtained in the Darkmourn Mountains. It was a lost treasure from the Middle Ages. It was extremely powerful, as it fluttered, violent winds roared, as the demons ran rampant.

As to why they dared to face the Four Heavenly Kings, having the Demonic Banner was one of the most important factors.

Even if they were no match against the Four Heavenly Kings, with the Demonic Banner in hand, they at least have the ability to protect themselves.

"It seems like the three of you did not come for nothing, strike with me, and show the Four Heavenly King's who's boss." Yan Wushen unleashed a powerful fighting spirit.

He did not need the Ghost Lord Yulin and the other two to take the Four Heavenly Kings head-on, just like Pan Ruo, as long as they were able to restrain the Four Heavenly Kings somewhat was enough.

Heavenly King Zengzhang said indifferently. "Yan Wushen, you underestimate us, Four Heavenly Kings, far too much. You think just those three can cause us any trouble?"

The Four Heavenly Kings were connected through the soul, and there was no need for any verbal communication at all as they all struck at the same time.

Heavenly King Chiguo plucked the four strings of the white jade pipa, Heavenly King Zengzhang roused the divine sword in his hand, Heavenly King Guangmu whirled the double whip as Heavenly King shook the Chaos Pearl Umbrella.

The power of Earth, Wind, Water, and Fire all appear together, transforming into four torrents as they looked like they have flowed from a distant era and were unstoppable.

The power of the four elements not only could merge to create worlds, but they could also separate to destroy worlds.

The Four Heavenly Kings of the old Celestial Palace had the power of World Creation, and the life and death of many lives across all realms were under their control.

"Good timing."

Yan Wushen let out a long howl as the battle spirit from his body became even stronger.

His Infernal Yanluo Qi and the strange mark on his forehead let out a dark brilliance, reflecting the void as a massive black hole formed, causing a large area of space to distort violently.

For a time, time and space seemed to be upside down as the world dimmed.

"Endless Hell!"

A unique aura that belonged to hell rushed out of the black hole.

The black hole seemed to be a passage to hell, it was deep and terrifying, with no end in sight; looking like if someone fell into it, they will never be able to break free.

The Book of Death flew out and fused with the black hole as swirls of Light of Life and Death wandered in it, destroying everything.

Suddenly, the four torrents unleashed by the Four Heavenly Kings were all drawn as they rushed at the black hole.

At the same time, Pan Ruo struck as well, blasting out the Gate of Destiny to suppress the Four Heavenly Kings.

Inside the Gate of Destiny, a large number of Precepts of Destiny were intertwined as it blasted out the terrifying power of destiny, forming a net that no one can resist.

The Compass of Destiny also flew out, and many Chains of Destiny formed out of it, and once caught, there was no escape.

All the while, Ghost Lord Yulin, Skeleton King Jinlie, and Corpse King Yuanjue gathered the powers of all of the powerhouses as they roused the Demonic Banner of Malice. A violent surge of evil Yin Qi rushed out of the banner, as demonic thunder roared and shook the sky.

“World Creation.”

The Four Heavenly Kings yelled.

The power of Earth, Wind, Water, and Fire immediately merged with one another, forming a massive world.

This world was extremely dense and contained an extremely majestic power as it completely suppressed the space within a several-thousand-mile radius.

The Four Heavenly Kings were using the ability of the same heritage and their techniques were all but the same, so when used together, it was extremely seamless.

Once they used their combination attack, it was enough to kill any ordinary Neverwithther Supreme Saint.

Baaam!

The offensive power of the evil Yin Qi was instantly crushed, and the Demonic Banner itself was sent flying by the impact.

Immediately afterward, there were signs of damage on Pan Ruo’s Gate of Destiny, as cracks appeared on its surface and it almost came apart.

And the Chains of Destiny released by the Compass of Destiny could not penetrate the world even as they had enveloped it.

Only the black hole Yan Wushen had unleashed was still intact, and the devouring power released was getting stronger and stronger, seemingly wanting to devour the world created by the Four Heavenly Kings.

“Annihilate.”

A single, plain word, came out from the mouth of the Four Heavenly Kings.

Boom!

The massive world suddenly imploded, unleashing a violent torrent of devastating power.

A cold glint flashed in Yan Wushen’s eyes, as he destroyed the black hole, unleashing a similarly violent destructive power.

At the same time, Pan Ruo let the Gate of Destiny collapse, as a vast power of destiny turned into a river and rushed out.

For a time, the entire area was completely shrouded in destructive power, and nothing could be seen anymore.

And wherever this power spread out, a scene of devastation followed as heaven and earth buckled, and the ground within a radius of tens of thousands of miles shook violently.

“Is this really a group of Saint King-realm juniors fighting? Each and every one of them is even crazier than me.” Jinlong yelped as the rock it hid behind was instantly annihilated.

Jinlong itself was safe and sound. This bit of impact was only enough to tickle it.

But without any shelter, Jinlong could only retreat further as it did not want to be exposed in full view of everyone.

Although the impact caused by both sides was extremely powerful and destroyed countless mountains, when they got close to the heart of the Darkmourn Mountains, the shock wave disappeared and did not cause any damage to the mountain itself.

After a long while, this destructive force gradually dissipated.

There were no more mountains standing within a radius of thousands of miles, and even the earth had sunk several hundreds of feet in as countless bones were ground to dust.

Within the core area of the battle, the space was extremely unstable, as dimensional rifts continued to appear.

The original potent Yin Qi had completely dissipated at this moment, as the battle formation formed by the powerhouses of the three clans had also shattered.

Of the army of ten thousand strong, barely a thousand were left at this moment, with many broken bodies and torn limbs on the ground.

Ghost Lord Yulin, Skeleton King Jinlie, and Corpse King Yuanjue had all suffered serious injuries. They had underestimated the gap in strength between them and the Four Heavenly Kings. Even with the Demonic Banner of Malice, they were unable to gain any advantage at all.

The golden lotus protecting Pan Ruo had also shattered at this moment, and even the Bodhi light outside Pan Ruo's body had dimmed as there were traces of blood on the corners of her mouth. She was clearly wounded.

Yan Wushen stood straight and proud, his long hair fluttered in the air as he stood in the front with traces of blood in the corners of his mouth as well.

If it hadn't been for Yan Wushen taking the brunt of most of the impact, Pan Ruo and the others would have been even more severely wounded.

Although Yan Wushen was wounded, he did not care at all. Instead, a smile of excitement appeared on his face.

There was no other reason than in this clash, the Four Heavenly Kings also failed to gain an upper hand, as all of them were injured.

"You four, still want to fight? I'll be more than happy to tango." Yan Wushen said loudly.

Hearing this, a solemn look appeared in the eyes of the Four Heavenly King.

And this time, the situation was different. Yan Wushen had help, and they no longer had the upper hand. If they were to continue fighting, the results would be unpredictable.

Whoosh!

Pan Ruo, Ghost Lord Yulin, and the others all rushed to Yan Wushen's side.

Having already fought to this point, there was no reason for them to shirk.

"Yan Wushen, now that our strengths are almost on par, it does not make much sense to continue fighting. However, you better keep a low profile and not run rampant in Kunlun Realm. Otherwise, no matter where you are, we the Four Heavenly Kings will find you." Heavenly King Chiguo said solemnly.

After saying that, the Four Heavenly Kings transformed into four streams of light and left just like that as they disappeared without a trace in an instant.

Looking at the direction the Four Heavenly Kings left, Yan Wushen whispered. "Next time, maybe it'll be you four vexing goons turn to have a headache."

Chapter 2069: Jinlong Seizes the Armor

Seeing the Four Heavenly Kings retreating, Ghost Lord Yulin, Skeleton King Jinlie and Corpse King Yuanjue all heaved a sigh of relief as a look of excitement appeared in their eyes.

Having the opportunity to fight against the Four Heavenly Kings was something countless Infernal Court powerhouses all desired, but it was mostly a daydream.

After all, the Four Heavenly Kings were really powerful, and if they were to run into them, their end will probably be rather miserable.

The trio led by Ghost Kings Yulin considered their long-held ambition to be fulfilled. Even though all of them have suffered serious injuries, and had lost many men, to wound the Four Heavenly Kings, such a price was without a doubt totally worth it.

When word was sent back to the Infernal Court, it will definitely cause great fanfare, and their reputation will undoubtedly increase greatly as their ranking among the elites of the ten clans will also increase accordingly.

Pan Ruo was very calm, as she quickly retracted all of her power, and at the same time absorbed the Compass of Destiny into her body.

Yan Wushen also put away the Book of Death, as he turned around and looked at Pan Ruo and the others with a smile. "This time, it's thanks to you guys, or else dealing with the Four Heavenly Kings would be really troublesome. Consider me owing all of you a favor. If you run into anything trouble in the future, you can come to look for me."

"Brother Yan, you are too generous. It is our duty to deal with the Celestial Court's powerhouses, plus, it is our honor to be able to fight beside you." Ghost Lord Yulin said with a smile and complimented.

There was no choice, Yan Wushen was very powerful and forceful, even in the Infernal Court, there was no one that dared to pick a fight with him.

There were people who had challenged Yan Wushen before, but they were all given a proper beating. Even the top powerhouses in the Infernal Court's Saint Kings ranking second and third were also beaten to a pulp by Yan Wushen before.

So, against Yan Wushen, Ghost Lord Yulin had to be cautious, lest he raised the former's ire.

Yan Wushen naturally knew what Ghost Lord Yulin meant and said seriously. "I know what's right and wrong. Since you lot have aided me, I will remember this. All right, you guys may return to your stations to mend your wounds."

"Then, we shall take our leave." Ghost Lord Yulin said.

After bidding farewell to Yan Wushen and Pan Ruo, Ghost Lord Yulin, Skeleton King Jinlie and Corpse King Yuanjue quickly exited the ruined battlefield with the surviving powerhouses.

From the beginning to the end, Corpse King Yuanjue was extremely silent and said nary a word.

No one was surprised at this because everyone knew that he was a person of few words.

Yan Wushen looked at Pan Ruo with a thoughtful look, saying. "With my strength alone, I have no chance winning against the Four Heavenly Kings, but... hahaha, from now on, you are my ally and I shall aid you to become the Chosen of the Fane of Destiny. When you get stronger, if you joining forces with me, we should be able to fight them on equal footing, or even overwhelm them."

"The strength of the Four Heavenly Kings are indeed very powerful. The power of World Creation they have is also extremely unusual. I am very interested in fighting them again." Pan Ruo's tone was calm but there was a brilliant glint in her eyes.

Although she did not expressly agree to Yan Wushen's proposal of an alliance, she had no doubt expressed her thoughts on the matter with these words.

At this moment, a saint light flew from the sky and fell into Yan Wushen's hands.

"Hmmm? The sacred will of Xue Lingxian had already dissipated. A shame, I wanted to fight him too. Seems like there's no chance now."

Upon reading the content on the light talisman, Yan Wushen could not help but let out a sigh.

With the matter here over, Yan Wushen was prepared to leave for the Sect of the Blood God, but now, he had to give up upon this idea.

"Never mind, I'll just look for a place to heal up first, and cultivate a little more. Pan Ruo, what're your plans?" Yan Wushen turned his head toward Pan Ruo.

Pan Ruo looked into the depths of the Darkmourn Mountains and said. "I want to enter the Darkmourn Mountains and further comprehend the Path of Destiny."

"I wish you luck then."

As he said that, Yan Wushen did not linger as he disappeared without a trace.

Pan Ruo stood there for a while as she pondered a little before setting off, darting towards the depths of the Darkmourn Mountains.

The duel between the top powerhouses of the Celestial Court and the Infernal Court thus came to an end, with both Yan Wushen and the Four Heavenly Kings all wounded. If this were to spread out, one could only imagine what sort of uproar it will cause.

It was a pity that there were no spectators of this battle, save for only Jinlong who only knew how to eat that secretly observed while hidden in the dark.

"Hmm? What is this Netherkin woman doing entering the Darkmourn Mountains? I need to follow and have a look, and perhaps even get my body back."

Jinlong's eyes whirled about as it quietly followed Pan Ruo.

...

After sending the six Emissaries Vigilant away, peace once again returned to the Sect of the Blood God as everything seemed to have been settled.

After suffering repeated attacks, the sect grounds were seriously damaged. Aside from Yingzhu Peak, Qianyuan Mountain, and the Blood God's Altar, the other places were nothing but a scene of devastation. They needed rebuilding as the formation arrays too needed redeploying.

These things were not troublesome, and there was no need to trouble the grandmaster, Zhang Ruochen.

Yingzhu Peak, Inside Guiyuan Hall.

After some treatment, Zhang Ruochen's injury was basically fully healed. Only now he had the time and energy to count the spoils from the previous battle.

With the exception of a piece of the Demonstone Engraving and Rune Suppression Stones that were given to Blackie, all of the treasures seized were with Zhang Ruochen.

With a flip of his hand, Zhang Ruochen took out the Exquisite Dimensional Orb that contained the treasures.

There were not only many treasures inside it, but it also subdued the Azuresky Holy Dragon and Xuetu.

The total net worth of more than a thousand Saint King-realm elites was definitely a bonanza, even Zhang Ruochen could not help but look forward to it.

It did not take long for Zhang Ruochen to roughly count the treasures in the orb as a bright smile appeared on his face.

“One Supreme Sacred Artifact, two Divine Artifacts, three King’s Weapons, seven Demonstone Engravings, eight precious items to forge the Neverwithier Saint Body, thirteen Godstones...”

Pieces of precious treasures were taken out by Zhang Ruochen from the orb, and any one of them would attract countless powerhouses to fight for it. Even a Supreme Saint powerhouse or even the gods would be tempted.

Some weaker major realms may not even be able to produce such an amount of treasures.

The Infernal Purgatory Tower was a Supreme Sacred Artifact, and the Nethersun Wheel and the Tome of Light were ancient divine artifacts, but all of them had one thing in common, that they were all created by powerful gods. So their power was unparalleled, and they had even slew gods before.

Of the three King’s Weapons, Mo Sheng’s Blade of the Voracious Wolf was the best, but unfortunately, it suffered some damage. Zhuo Gu’s Purple-Gold Demonic Spear and the Blacksoul Umbrella that many Black Demon cultivators had used to fight Zhang Ruochen’s thunder attacks were slightly worse in quality but were still very powerful.

Speaking of which, if not for that Blacksoul Umbrella, those eight hundred Black Demon Saint Kings would have been blasted to smithereens by Zhang Ruochen’s thunder attacks, and there was no need to wait until Xue Lingxian to come out and deal with them.

“The people of Black Demon Realm sure are capable, to collect so many Demonstone Engravings. Blackie said that the engravings are probably related to a divine artifact, and I wonder if it’s true or not.”

Reaching out to touch the engravings on the ancient stone carvings, Zhang Ruochen had many thoughts in his mind.

There were a total of 12 Demonstone Engravings before him, and counting the one Blackie had, there were 13 in total, which was more than one-third of the total number.

This amount was more than the Black Market’s own collection.

In Zhang Ruochen’s mind, the Saint King-realm powerhouses of Black Demon Realm were many, and the number of Demonstone Engravings they have collected should be more than eight pieces, but he had no idea who were holding the remaining engravings.

There were a total of 36 Demonstone Engravings, Zhang Ruochen had thirteen, the Black Market nine, the Moon Worship Demonic Sect three, which adds up to a total of 25 pieces.

In other words, there were still eleven pieces scattered outside, and collecting all of them would not be easy.

The Black Market had very deep tendrils, and the Moon Worship Demonic Sect were no pushovers as well, so the Black Demon Realm have little hope of getting the Demonstone Engravings from these two factions.

And some of the Demonstone Engravings had long since disappeared, with their whereabouts unknown.

So, no matter how great the Black Demon Realm was, the Demonstone Engravings they had were probably a handful.

“Losing eight Demonstone Engravings to me in a single go, I suppose the people in Black Demon Realm now hates me right into the bone.” Zhang Ruochen smiled slightly.

Black Demon Realm was once under Kunlun Realm’s grace, but they shamelessly betrayed the latter in the end and willingly became the minions of the Heavenly Realm. Zhang Ruochen had no goodwill towards this major realm, and naturally would not allow them any hint of satisfaction.

Anyone in Kunlun Realm should not be willing to see Black Demon Realm continue to grow bigger.

If possible, Zhang Ruochen would not let anyone from Black Demon Realm take away a single piece of the Demonstone Engravings.

After carefully observing the twelve Demonstone Engravings before him, Zhang Ruochen could not help but show a contemplative expression. “The Demonstone Engravings sure is arcane, and a sacred artifact of the Demonic Path. Cultivating anyone to its pinnacle means a chance to become a god. I wonder what powerful existence had created it. Although I don’t cultivate the demonic arts, I still can gain something useful from them.”

In his previous life, Zhang Ruochen’s cultivation level was too low, and could not understand the Demonstone Engravings.

In this lifetime, Zhang Ruochen’s cultivation was profound and his strength powerful, and he could comprehend the mysteries inside the Demonstone Engravings and enhance his own accumulations.

In his recent battles, Zhang Ruochen had been more and more aware that he had a lot of flaws in his swordsmanship. Except for the Swordsmanship of Time, and Sword Ten, he had no other sword techniques that he could rely upon. Be it the True Thunder-Fire Sword Technique of the Dreadblade, or Ling Feiyu’s Nine Lives Sword Technique was no longer on par with his current cultivation level.

If he cannot learn a more powerful swordsmanship technique, then there was only one path to go, to create his own sword technique.

Although this is difficult, it was a step that must be taken.

For those peerless sword masters, almost all of the strongest sword techniques they mastered were their own creations.

It was because only a self-created sword technique can bring out one's strongest power.

"I've now cultivated over seven hundred thousand precepts of the sword. With such an accumulation, and if I were to spend some time, I should be able to create my own sword technique."

A brilliant glint appeared in Zhang Ruochen's eyes, as he made a decision in his heart.

With thirty-three Godstones in hand, time was not a problem.

Too many things had happened recently, and Zhang Ruochen had been pushed to the cusp of the storm, so it was time to lay low and reduce the attention he gets from all parties.

"Hmm?"

Suddenly, Zhang Ruochen noticed something.

With a flicker, Zhang Ruochen left the Guiyuan Hall and appeared outside the sect grounds.

"Come out." Zhang Ruochen looked in a direction and said indifferently.

Suddenly, a handsome figure appeared out of thin air as he bowed and saluted Zhang Ruochen. "Greetings, Your Royal Highness."

The young man that appeared before him was no stranger to Zhang Ruochen. He was the former Crown Prince of the Qitian Clan of the Immortal Vampire of Kunlun Realm, Qi Sheng.

Back then, after Empress Chi Yao returned as a goddess, she had wiped out the Immortal Vampires in Kunlun Realm in one fell swoop, only Qi Sheng and the Undying Shennü, Ying Huo were lucky to escape that fate.

Back then in the Eastern Region, Zhang Ruochen accidentally met the two and seized the Godslayer Cross Shield and the Grimoire of Beasts from their hands. He had wanted to kill them, but the Beguiler Demon Qiu Yichi suddenly appeared and rescued both of them.

Zhang Ruochen looked at Qi Sheng for a while, with a look of surprise in his eyes. He had not expected Qi Sheng's cultivation to have reached the realm of a Seven-step Saint King.

However, when he thought of the many precious cultivation resources that the Blood Empress had, and Qi Sheng's already excellent fundamental aptitude, it was not surprising for him to rise by two realms in a short period of time.

Especially when the second level of the Endless Abyss had many mysterious and unfathomable secret areas, one of them had a time flow rate that was different from the outside world.

Making full use of these, cultivating a powerhouse was not too difficult.

"Qi Sheng, what business have you with me?" Zhang Ruochen asked faintly.

Qi Sheng wore a respectful look, saying. "Your Royal Highness, I came with orders from Her Majesty the Blood Empress, and hope that Your Royal Highness can hand over Xuetu to me."

Hearing this, Zhang Ruochen's expression suddenly changed slightly. He really did not expect the Blood Empress would send someone to ask for Xuetu from him.

There were deep grievances between him and Xuetu, and Xuetu was an Immortal Vampire. Now that the latter had fallen into his hand, there was no possibility of him letting the Xuetu go.

Inadvertently, a tinge of murderous intent radiated out of Zhang Ruochen's body.

Sensing the murderous intent, Qi Sheng's eyes could not help but twitch, as he said. "Her Majesty the Blood Empress beckoned me to inform you that Xuetu Shenzi is very useful to her, and she guarantees that Xuetu will never appear in Kunlun Realm again, nor will he be your enemy anymore."

"Also, this is something Her Majesty asked me to hand over this to Your Highness in exchange for Xuetu Shenzi."

Zhang Ruochen wanted to refuse straight away, but upon remembering that Kong Lanyou and Chi Kunlun were still in the second level of the Endless Abyss, if the Blood Empress were to take her anger out on them, things will undoubtedly be troublesome.

His mind ran quickly as Zhang Ruochen said solemnly. "Tell her, I hope that she could keep her promise. I do not want to see Xuetu in Kunlun Realm ever again."

As he said that, Zhang Ruochen released Xuetu from the Exquisite Dimensional Orb, and casually tossed the latter to Qi Sheng.

"Your Royal Highness, this..."

Qi Sheng raised the dimensional bag with a distressed look.

"I don't need anything from her."

After saying that, Zhang Ruochen disappeared without a trace.

Qi Sheng was taken aback for a moment, and could only put the dimensional bag away. This result was totally expected by the Blood Empress.

Regardless, he had finally completed his task and successfully obtained Xuetu Shenzi from Zhang Ruochen's hands.

Not wasting any time lingering, Qi Sheng immediately took Xuetu Shenzi and left towards the direction of the Endless Abyss.

...

In the depths of the Darkmourn Mountains, it was enveloped by a powerful evil Yin Qi all year round, and the environment was extremely complicated, even a top-level Saint King powerhouse would not dare to go into the place willy-nilly.

Pan Ruo seemed to be very familiar with the Darkmourn Mountains, and it did not take long before she was deep inside it.

Darkmourn Mountains was a world of its own. It was gray throughout, with countless spirits of the dead and ghosts roaming within it. It was silent, without any signs of life.

Before Pan Ruo was an extremely majestic mountain. This mountain was very different, and its outline looked much like a standing giant.

Compared to the surrounding peaks, this human-shaped peak had the strongest concentration of Yin Qi and death Qi, and many fragments of fate lingered outside the peak.

“The Darkmourn Mountains is indeed very unusual, for it to contain the Fragments of Destiny of living creatures here. This place is indeed very suitable for me to cultivate my Path of Destiny.

Looking at the towering human-shaped peak, a glint appeared in Pan Ruo’s eyes.

“Let’s cultivate here for a while, and then look for the vessel spirit of the Emperor Ming’s Hundred Dragon Cuirass, or perhaps it will come looking for it itself.”

With a whisper, Pan Ruo stepped forward and headed towards the human-shaped mountain.

She did not fly directly to the mountain top, but instead slowly climbed up from the foot of the mountain as she carefully comprehended the mysteries of the mountain, and absorbed the Fragments of Destiny into her body.

As it looked at Pan Ruo climbing the mountain, a surprised look appeared in its eyes. “Oh? She sure knows how to look, this is indeed a wonderful place to cultivate the Path of Destiny.”

“Let’s take back the cuirass first.”

After staring for a moment, Jinlong stretched its dragon claw out and grabbed the void as a series of inscriptions that matched Emperor Ming’s Hundred Dragon Cuirass formed in its claw.

When it was outside, it was not convenient for it to strike, for fear of attracting the attention of the Emissaries Vigilant, but now that it is in the depths of the Darkmourn Mountains, it had no more of such concerns.

Suddenly, the phantom of the cuirass appeared on the surface of Pan Ruo’s body as hundreds of golden light rushed out of it, turning into golden dragons and let out a heaven-shaking dragon roar.

“Hmm?”

Pan Ruo’s expression froze for a moment, as she quickly roused the precepts of destiny in her body, forming an ancient Gate of Destiny to try to suppress the cuirass.

It was just that Jinlong’s strength was too strong, and as the vessel spirit of Emperor Ming’s Hundred Dragon Cuirass, it had a very mystical connection with its body, and Pan Ruo’s strength as it was today could not suppress it at all.

Baaaamm!

The Gate of Destiny blasted open, and the true form of Emperor Ming’s Hundred Dragon Cuirass flew out of her body.

Whoosh!

The Hundred Dragon Cuirass fell into Jinlong’s hand as it grabbed onto it firmly.

Suddenly, Jinlong's body grew rapidly and instantly transforming into a giant dragon tens of thousands of feet long. Each of its dragon scales was several dozens feet in size, and its whole body radiated with golden light as if they were made of divine gold.

Jinlong coiled in the sky as its body exuded a vast and powerful Supreme Saint aura, that pressed onto Pan Ruo like a series of ancient sacred mountains, causing her to feel like she was unable to move. However, she did not panic and remained very calm.

Jinlong lowered its head as it looked at Pan Ruo from high above with cold eyes and nary any emotions as if it was looking at a gnat.

"Netherkin woman, where did you get Emperor Ming's Hundred Dragon Cuirass from? You better be honest about this, or I will rip your soul out and burn it for ten thousand years with divine flames, making you wish that you were dead."

Chapter 2070: The Immovable Wisdom King's Seal

Jinlong was aggressive as it unleashed an unparallelly mighty Supreme Saint aura that spread across all directions like a tide, causing everything to tremble as if it was the master of this part of the world.

Facing Jinlong's massive body, Pan Ruo looked undoubtedly very tiny, and could be crushed to pieces at any moment.

If it was any other person, they would have knelt on the ground in fear, but Pan Ruo was very calm as her eyes looked at Jinlong with resolute calmness.

"What strong willpower, this Netherkin junior sure isn't any pushover." Jinling said to itself.

Be it cultivating martial arts or spiritual power, willpower was particularly important, to become a top level Supreme Saint, or even a God, a strong will was indispensable.

Even if one's basic aptitude was weaker, as long as one had a tenacious will, one could still achieve quite some significant things.

Looking at Jinling for a moment, Pan Ruo said slowly. "The Hundred Dragon Cuirass is an item passed down from generation to generation by the Zhang clan, so naturally the Zhang clan had given this to me."

"Stop spouting nonsense. How could someone from the Zhang clan hand the cuirass to a Netherkin like you? You think I'm that easy to fool?" Jinlong yelled.

In an instant, the aura radiating from Jinlong became even stronger as it constant crushed at Pan Ruo.

Pan Ruo said indifferently. "Times had changed. You had been asleep for too long in the Darkmourn Mountains, and there are many things that you will not understand at all. There is a deep reason why the Zhang clan handed me the Emperor Ming's Hundread Dragon Cuirass. When you return with me to the Infernal Court, you will naturally get the answers you seek."

After a pause, she continued. "Although I am a Netherkin, but I may not necessarily be your enemy, and those of the Celestial Court may not necessarily be your friends."

Her words undoubtedly contained deep meanings, and had vaguely revealed a lot of information.

Hearing this, Jinlong could not help but to show a contemplative look. One thing it could be sure of was that even if there was a loser in the Zhang clan, the cuirass would not so easily fall into the hands of the others, especially into the hands of an Infernal Court cultivator.

And it had noticed that the Zhang clan mark on the cuirass had not been erased.

This way, not only it could determine that the Emperor Ming's Hundred Dragon Armor had not truly changed hands, and Jinlong could also perceive the existence of the Zhang clan bloodline.

"Thank goodness that there are surviving kin of the Zhang clan. Otherwise, it would be me who had been negligent of my duty." Jinlong secretly breathed a sigh of relief.

At this moment, Pan Ruo actually withstood the massive pressure as she slowly formed a mudra in her hand and a faint Bodhi light appeared on her left palm, forming a strange seal.

As soon as the seal appeared, it exuded a mysterious charm, giving someone a sense that they were unmoving as the earth, and a hint of the Will of the Vajras, unshakable and indestructible.

Jinlong cast its gaze on the seal in Pan Ruo's hand as the look in its eyes changed drastically, as it exclaimed. "The Immovable Wisdom King's Seal!"

"How did you have the seal? Who are you?"

Jinlong was very agitated, that its voice also trembled a little.

Pan Ruo took all of Jinlong's reaction into her eyes as she said calmly. "You don't need to know where I got the Immovable Wisdom King's Seal from, you only need to know the significance it represents."

Hearing this, Jinlong could not help but to furrow its brows as many dusty memories quickly surfaced in its mind.

The Immovable Wisdom King's Seal was no trivial matter, and it had a very significant background, related to the Immovable Wisdom King of the Zhang clan.

However, to this day, few people know that as the Immovable Wisdom King had long become a legend, and this particular hand seal had been lost, even members of the Zhang clan had not mastered it."

Jinlong had never expected that after so long, the Immovable Wisdom King's Seal had reappeared in this world, and for it to reappear on the person of a Netherkin woman.

For the Emperor Mings Hundred Dragon Cuirass and the Immovable Wisdom King's Seal to appear on the same person, it was absolutely impossible for it to be a coincidence.

"I wonder what is the origin of this Netherkin woman? For her to get the heritage of the Immovable Wisdom King's Seal, and to successfully cultivate it, is she the chosen successor of His Eminence? Why would he chose a Netherkin as his heritor?"

"A long time ago, His Eminence had dealt with the Infernal Court, and fought very fiercely against them. Logically speaking, he would not have any links to the Infernal Court, but for a Netherkin to be able to

cultivate the Bodhi Arts, that probably has a lot to do with His Eminence. What sort of plans did he make?”

Jinlong thought to itself, but was unable to figure out what the Immovable Wisdom King had in mind.

Before that, Jinlong had never thought that it would encounter such a situation, so for a good while, it had no idea what to do.

After much thought, Jinlong looked at Pan Ruo again, and said solemnly. “For the sake of you having cultivated the Immovable Wisdom King’s Seal, I shall spare you. Leave the Darkmourn Mountains, and return to the Infernal Court.”

When it comes to His Eminence the Immovable Wisdom King, Jinlong naturally dared not act rashly. With so many things that he did not understand now, chasing Pan Ruo away should be the best choice.

Pan Ruo took a deep look at Jinlong as an old mottled Gate of Destiny appeared behind her as countless Precepts of Destiny within it flowed, revealing many obscure imageries.

“Hmmm? The Emperor Ming’s Hundred Dragon Armor will be broken?”

Jinlong caught onto one of the scenes and could not help but to show a look of surprise.

Pan Ruo put away the Gate of Destiny and said seriously. “In the near future, you will encounter a great tribulation, if you cannot surmount it, your cultivation over so many Yuanhui’s will be all for nothing.”

“You dare to curse me? Want to see me squeeze you to death with my claw right now?” Jinlong puffed its beard and glared at her as it raised one of its dragon claws.

Pan Ruo was not afraid as she continued. “My main cultivation is the Path of Destiny, and I can see the fates of all life. You are destined to undergo great tribulations, and only I can help you resolve it.”

“Nonsense! You think you can scare me? I am invincible, and who can do anything to me?” Jinlong spat disdainfully.

As the vessel spirit of an ancient Supreme Sacred Artifact, Jinlong had survived many Yuanhui Tribulations, and its strength had grown to an astonishing level, it did not believe that there was a tribulation that could threaten it.

Pan Ruo wore a serious look as she slowly spoke three words. “The Soul Devouring Lamp.”

Hearing this, Jinlong’s heart shuddered. The reason why the vessel spirits of the Supreme Sacred Artifacts had hidden themselves at first, was to avoid the Yuanhui Tribulation, but at the same time, was also to avoid the Divine Artifact of the Infernal Court, the devouring of the Soul Devouring Lamp.

The Soul Devouring Lamp was just too terrifying. During the battle between Kunlun Realm and the Infernal Court during the Middle Ages, Jinlong had witnessed with its own eyes many powerful vessel spirits were devoured by the lamp, and even the vessel spirit of Divine Artifact were also severely damaged.

The Soul Devourer Lamp was literally the nemesis of vessel spirits, and encountering one was definitely a disaster.

Jinlong was not afraid of anything, but the Soul Devouring Lamp.

Although it was shocked, but on the surface, Jinlong still appeared very calm, saying. "Don't use the Soul Devouring Lamp to scare me. It's not like I've not dealt with it before. It won't be easy for it to devour me."

But immediately after, Jinlong changed its tone and said. "However, I've been asleep in the Darkmourn Mountains for a hundred thousand years now, and I'm bored of this place, I don't mind going out for a walk."

"You should have a good understanding of the outside world, so you'll lead me on then. As long as you listen to me, and feed me well with delicious food, I will not treat you badly. Just giving you pointers alone will give you endless benefits."

Hearing this, a look of contempt appeared in Pan Ruo's eyes as she stretched her hand out and said. "Return the Emperor Ming's Hundred Dragon Cuirass to me first."

"Take it, and keep it well for me."

Jinlong waved its dragon claws and simply just tossed the Hundred Dragon Cuirass to Pan Ruo.

In any case, as long as it wanted to, it could take the armor back at any time.

Pan Ruo took the armor and put it inside her body once again and then ignored Jinlong as she continued to climb the human-shaped mountain and absorb the Fragments of Destiny, comprehending the Path of Destiny.

It was rare to have such an excellent spot to cultivate her Path of Destiny, and Pan Ruo naturally will not let it slip her by.

Only when she was strong enough that she could do whatever she wanted.

"Bo-ring."

Jinlong pouted as it took out a jerky and starting gnawing on it.

It really wanted to go to the outside world soon, but if Pan Ruo wanted to comprehend the Path of Destiny here, then it could only wait by her side.

...

Zhouwan Sacred Grounds, within the Sect of the Blood God.

Blackie led many of the sects disciples and quickly repaired the three Ninth-Rank Formations and divine runes of Yingzhu Peak.

Fortunately, the Rune Suppression Stone only created a gap in the formation, and it was not severely damage, so repairing them were not troublesome.

With the guardian array was fixed, there was no need to consume the power of the Blood God's Altar to form the Bloodmist Barrier.

The Blood God's Altar was of great importance, and the power accumulated in it was better not used if at all possible.

Inside Guiyan Hall, Zhang Ruochen looked at the many treasures before him, but there was a sigh in his eyes. "Unfortunately, the Infernal Purgatory Tower, the Nethersun Wheel and the Tome of Light cannot be refined, and cannot be used."

The Nethersun Wheel and the Tome of Light were both Ancient Divine Artifacts, such treasures usually needed to be compatible with the user to unleash its powerful strength. Otherwise, they could only use some surface power, and would not be as good as some top-level Sacred Artifacts.

Unless one was strong enough to forcibly refine it, there was no need to bother whether it was compatible or not.

And the Infernal Purgatory Tower was a powerful Supreme Sacred Artifact, and had already recognized Xuetu as its master. With Zhang Ruochen's current strength, it was not enough to forcibly refine it, so he could only keep it under suppression.

The three most precious treasures he had obtained can only be shelved, which was a pity to anyone.

Then there's the Purple-gold Demonic Spear, and the Blade of the Voracious Wolf, Zhang Ruochen had no use for these two weapons. After all, he had never trained in the arts of the spear or the blade, so he would not be able to unleash their full might in his hands.

It was the Blacksoul Umbrella that Zhang Ruochen valued. He had handed it over to the Divine Sword Manor for them to fuse it with the Eight Dragon Umbrella to make a stronger weapon.

With his current cultivation strength, the Eight Dragon Umbrella and the Nine-dragon Carriage's item level were undoubtedly too low, and was no use in battle. So he needed to further improve them.

After counting all of the treasures, Zhang Ruochen summoned everyone from the Sect of the Blood God.

After repeated fierce battles, Zhang Ruochen had many thoughts and wanted to use the Sundial to seclude himself for refining for a period of time.

Like last time, the place for this seclusion was still Qianyuan Mountain.

Before the seclusion, Zhang Ruochen took out more than a dozen divine objects and gave them to Mu Lingxi, Han Xue, Jin Yu and the others. He already had the five Five-element Divine Objects Great Emperor Ji Mie had brought him, and was enough for him to cast his Five-Element Chaotic Immortal Saint Body, and so there was no need to keep the rest.

"Fifth Senior Brother, this King's Weapon is yours."

With a wave of his hand, Zhang Ruochen tossed the Purple-gold Demonic Spear to Bao Lie.

Bao Lie immediately grabbed it and said with great surprise. "I finally have a King's Weapon! Hahaha, thank you Junior Brother."

With the Purple-gold Demonic Spear, his strength was bound to be greatly improved.

Afterwards, Zhang Ruochen took out the Blade of the Voracious Wolf and handed it to Mu Lingxi, saying. "Lingxi, while the Blade of the Voracious Wolf is slightly damaged, but as long as it is nourished with demonic energy for a period of time, it can be completely repaired."

Mu Lingxi was born to the Moon Worship Demonic Sect, and had cultivated a powerful demonic exercises, and was the best candidate to refine the Blade of the Voracious Wolf.

Naturally, Mu Lingxi would not be reserved with Zhang Ruochen, and simply just put away the blade before stretching her hand out and said. "It's not enough to just have the Blade of the Voracious Wolf, you also need to lend me the Demonic Voracious Wolf Portrait for me to study it for a while. Otherwise I won't be able to draw out its full power."

"What do you mean by lending you? What's mine is yours. Take it." Zhang Ruochen waved his hand and took out the Demonic Voracious Wolf Portrait.

In fact, even if Mu Lingxi had not asked for it, he would still give her the Demonic Voracious Wolf Portrait.

Zhang Ruochen had always been generous when it came to treating Mu Lingxi.

After arranging everything, Zhang Ruochen delayed no longer and immediately activated the Sundial. The power of time covered a radius of hundreds of feet, enveloping everyone on Qianyuan Mountain inside it.

Immediately, everyone quickly entered a cultivation state.

In the earlier battle, all of those in the Sect of the Blood God were aware of their own weakness, so much so that they cannot even protect themselves, much less guarding the Sect of the Blood God.

Affected by this, they were all desperate to become stronger, and never wanted to see what that had happened before happen again.

Zhang Ruochen sat cross-legged directly under the Sundial. Before him, eleven Demonstone Engravings were lined up, as he held the Secret Tome of Time and Space in his hand.

At Zhang Ruochen's side, the Ancient Abyssal Blade was doing its best refining pieces of sacred artifacts. It was now a Sacred Artifact of Tenth Radiance, and although it was not weak by any means, it was also obviously not enough now. It needed to continue to increase its item level, so that it could transform into a King's Weapon as soon as possible.

In this seclusion, Zhang Ruochen had a very clear plan, and there were four things that he wanted to achieve.

First, was to try and unlock the seal left behind by Yueshen on Yanshen's leg, and unlock the second level of the god's leg's power. That power should be a Supreme Saint-level power.

The second goal was to create a sword technique that belonged to him alone, and take a crucial step forward in his Path of the Sword.

The third goal was to cultivate more Precepts of Time and Precepts of Dimensions. As his main focused paths, his Precepts of Dimensional only numbered a hundred thousand, while his Precepts of Time only

numbered seventy thousand, that was without a doubt too few. This would also have no small impact on his strength.

There was also the Precepts of Truth, and it was necessary to cultivate more so that he could multiply the power of his attacks by nine times as soon as possible.

Now that Zhang Ruochen already possessed thirty-ninth of ten thousand Canon of Truth, he should be able to get twice the result with half the effort in his comprehension of various precepts.

The fourth goal was to do everything possible to break through his current cultivation level. In the face of so many powerful enemies, his Precept Dominion realm was undoubtedly too low, and he was restricted in many aspects.

If he could break through to the realm of Heaven's Reach, his strength will undoubtedly make a significant qualitative leap, and should he encounter powerful enemies at the level like Zou Yu and Mo Sheng, it would not be so difficult to fight them.

After setting his goals, Zhang Ruochen calmed himself down as he summoned all six of his Divine Aspects, and soon entered a deep cultivation state, unaffected by anything on the outside.

Chapter 2071: Heaven's Reach

The massive Sect of the Blood God suddenly became empty as everyone was gathered at the top of Qianyuan Mountain, including Du Mosheng, Pei Linhu, He Yuan and the other demonic cultivators who had submitted.

When the Black Demon Realm came charging in, no matter what the reason was, Du Mosheng and the rest did not flinch, and performed fairly well, and this quite satisfied Zhang Ruochen

Now that the Sect of the Blood God had need for talents, so Zhang Ruochen planned to raise the three of them. All three of them were bound by the Blood God's Curse Seal, and was absolutely loyal, so he could safely invest various resources on them without worry.

Du Mosheng cultivated the Demonic God Devouring Portrait, and it was one of the four engravings that the Sect of the Blood God had kept in their collection, while Pei Linhu cultivated the Demonic Tiger Roar Portrait, which was also in Zhang Ruochen's hands, but that was won from the Black Demon Realm through the gambit battle.

The Black Demon Realm had only recently obtained the Demonic Tiger Roar Portrait, so much so that Pei Linhu had not had the time to comprehend it at all. If he had not submitted to the Sect of the Blood God, he would be destined to never see this Demonstone Engraving.

For the cultivators who cultivated the Demonstone Engravings, the significance of directly comprehending from the true imprints was extremely huge, and only by comprehending the true imprints that one can hope to cultivate a powerful destructive demonic Qi.

He Yuan was also a cultivator of the Black Demon Realm, while he did not cultivate the Demonstone Engravings, Zhang Ruochen had one piece of the engraving that was very compatible with the demonic arts he had cultivated. This was also the reason why he had agreed to cooperate with Pei Linhu and the others.

And upon receiving Zhang Ruochen's cultivation, Du Mosheng, Pei Linhu and He Yuan were naturally very excited, secretly feeling glad that they had made a wise choice. Not only they had saved their own lives, but also to receive such good treatment as they did now.

In the second year of seclusion, Zhang Ruochen's cultivation level was truly at the peak of the Precept Dominion realm, the number of Saint Path Precepts in his body had reached 19,999,999, and was just one short of reaching 20 million precepts. Once successfully, he could enter the realm of Heaven's Reach.

But Zhang Ruochen ran into a bottleneck at this stage, and unlike before, he was unable to breakthrough in a single go.

The Heaven's Reach realm was no trivial matter, it was to reach into the heavens and draw upon its power into his body, refining his form and soul in preparation for casting his Immortal Saint Body later on.

After most people cultivated to the peak of Precept Dominion-realm, they need to go through a long period of accumulation, and then use that accumulation to break through that sliver into Heaven's Reach-realm.

Like Du Mosheng, Pei Linhu, and He Yuan, they had been at the peak of Precept Dominion realm for quite some time now, but they too had been stuck at the bottleneck, and it was impossible to determine when they will be able to break through.

However, now that they have the opportunity to comprehend the Demonstone Engravings, perhaps they would be able to find an opportunity to break through their cultivation level.

"It seemed like I used to only increase the quantity of my saint path precepts but did not pay attention to quality, and had planted a hidden danger in my body. Of the nearly 20 million saint path precepts in my body, seventy percent are from cultivating the hundred thousand minor paths, and their ratio is far too big."

Zhang Ruochen frowned and quickly found the problem.

With Zhang Ruochen's fundamental aptitude, if the saint path precepts he cultivated were strong enough, the Heaven's Reach-realm would not become a bottleneck and could be easily broken through.

Since returning to Kunlun Realm, Zhang Ruochen had faced an endless stream of powerful enemies, and had been under tremendous pressure to find ways to improve his strength quickly.

In contrast, comprehending the hundred thousand minor paths to increase the amount of his saint path precepts was undoubtedly the fastest.

As a result, as his cultivation level increased, the proportion of the minor paths in Zhang Ruochen's body became larger and larger, and was very difficult to reverse now.

The most troublesome thing was that once the saint path precepts was cultivated, although it was not impossible to change them, it was also extremely difficult.

"All of my saint path precepts are very closely integrated, if I were to rashly extracted some out, problems will definitely occur, and may even collapse my Heavenly Stream."

Zhang Ruochen felt a headache, and could not help but to feel his hands tied.

The saint path precepts can be forcibly extracted from his body, but doing so rashly will have very serious consequences. A single carelessness could ruin his path forward, and end his path of cultivation.

But if this problem was not resolved, as a master of time and space, the time Zhang Ruochen need to break through to the Heaven's Reach realm will definitely not be short, and it was also a massive trouble in itself.

Many thoughts flashed through Zhang Ruochen's mind as he went through many methods. This was just a small twist in his path of cultivation, and if he cannot solve this, what else was there to talk about becoming a god?

"Perhaps this method may work."

Zhang Ruochen whispered and stretched out to gently stroke the Armor of the Fire God on his body.

The next moment, he roused all of the Canons of Truth in his body, and infused them into his Armor of the Fire God.

A large amount of mysterious arcane runes appeared on the surface of the Armor of the Fire God as a terrifying flame rose.

With the help of the thirty-ninth of ten thousand Canons of Truth, Zhang Ruochen had undoubtedly further roused the power of the Armor of the Fire God.

At the same time, Zhang Ruochen extracted ten saint path precepts from his Heavenly Stream, and floated them outside his body.

These saint path precepts were all minor path precepts. They looked very slender, and the power they contained was also very weak.

Zhang Ruochen placed the ten saint path precepts into the flames, and carefully tempered them.

The Armor of the Fire God was left behind by Huoshen back in the day, and the divine flame contained inside it was extremely terrifying and could immolate all things.

Not too long later, one of the minor path precepts showing signs of ablation.

Zhang Ruochen wore a serious look as he carefully controlled the flames coming out from the armor to allow the ten minor path precepts to fuse with each other.

It was obviously not easy to accomplish this, and if he did not do it well, these ten saint path precepts will all be destroyed.

BAAMM!!

A saint path precept burst into pieces and dissipated into nothingness.

Zhang Ruochen's expression became grim, but he did not stop because of it, but instead became much more careful.

Even so, the ten saint path precepts still burst into pieces one after another, and were annihilated.

“Again.”

After some thought, Zhang Ruochen pulled out another ten minor path precepts out from the Heavenly Stream.

As before, he still used the flames of the Armor of the Fire God to temper them.

Unfortunately, the results this time was still the same as before.

However, Zhang Ruochen obviously had no intentions of giving up. After pausing for a while, he started again.

And just like that, after hundreds of attempts, and losing thousands of saint path precepts, even his Heavenly Stream experienced slight shocks and became a little unstable.

Finally, after combining the experience from his numerous attempts, the minor path precepts appeared to show signs of fusion, as ten fused into one, forming an incomplete but stout precept.

Seeing this, Zhang Ruochen did not hesitate as he immediately pulled out another dozen of saint path precepts and tempered them using the same method.

In this process, Zhang Ruochen used all of his spiritual power to grasp at every single detail.

After a while, a relatively stout saint path precept appeared in the tempering flames, and it was already very different in nature.

Looking at this brand new saint path precept, Zhang Ruochen suddenly smiled. “This makes losing thousands of saint path precepts worth it. Using thirty-three minor path precepts to merge into a single major path precept. While this process is difficult, it could be done.”

The Eternal Paths, the Supreme Paths, the Major and the Minor Paths all had a wondrous connection between each other.

The Nine Eternal Paths are the most fundamental of paths, with 72 Supreme Paths being derived from it, before 3,000 Major Paths and 100,000 Minor Paths were further derived from it.

In contrast, dozens of minor paths of the same type can be returned to form, and fuse into a Major Path.

If one were to push further forward, dozens of Major Paths of the same time can, in theory, also fuse into a Supreme Path.

Of course, the theory may be that, but achieving it would be extremely difficult.

To Zhang Ruochen, only fusing Minor Paths into Major Paths could work, and he could simply just forget about the others.

“Now, I need to do my best in fusing my Minor Path Precepts into Major Path Precepts, and resolve this issue from my fundamentals.”

Now that a solution had been found, Zhang Ruochen naturally wanted to finish this matter as soon as possible.

Fusing was not an easy thing to do, and require incomparable care, and even if he found knack for it, it would still be difficult to quickly increase his efficiency.

As his Minor Path Precepts being reduced, Zhang Ruochen was undoubtedly able to cultivate even more powerful precepts.

In a blink of an eye, ten years had passed.

The Minor Path Precepts in Zhang Ruochen's body had been reduced by seven million, and fused into more than two hundred thousand Major Path Precepts.

At the same time, in this ten years, Zhang Ruochen had also cultivated another three million powerful Saint Path Precepts, and the number of Saint Path Precepts in his body still had about 16 million of them, and did not lead to a regression in his cultivation.

Now, the Minor Path Precepts in Zhang Ruochen's body was less than seven million, accounting for forty percent of the total.

At this point, Zhang Ruochen stopped and no longer continue to fuse his Minor Path Precepts.

No cultivators can exist without Minor Path Precepts, which was an important foundation and was indispensable.

"Next, I should cultivate using this ratio. If my Minor Path Precepts get any lesser, my Heavenly Stream will become unstable."

Zhang Ruochen whispered to himself, and already had a plan for his future cultivation.

Although the number of precepts had decreased, the size of the Heavenly Stream was significantly larger now.

There was no other reason, the Heavenly Stream had more powerful and stout precepts, and the power contained within it was far stronger than in the past.

With the strength of the Heavenly Stream now, its ability to mobilize the Precepts of Heaven and Earth, and the power of the land, be it in terms of radius or quantity, will be greatly increased.

Correspondingly, Zhang Ruochen's own strength had also increased instead of decreasing.

As long as he re-cultivated to the peak of Precept Dominion-realm, his strength was bound to be greatly enhanced.

However, Zhang Ruochen also found a problem, that any kind of Saint Path Precepts, upon reaching half a million, would be very difficult to continue increasing their numbers.

Of the Saint Path Precepts in Zhang Ruochen's body with the largest number of precepts, it was the Precepts of the Sword. Before his seclusion, he already than seven hundred thousand of them, which could be said to be a very rare achievement.

During this seclusion of almost twelve years, his Precepts of the Sword had increased by about seventy thousand. Zhang Ruochen's understanding of the Path of the Sword became even more profound, and was even more confident to create his own sword technique.

After adjusting the Saint Path Precepts in his body, Zhang Ruochen once again threw himself into his deep cultivation. He wanted to continue increasing his cultivation, and at the same time, complete his four goals before he completes his seclusion.

On the fifteenth year of the seclusion, Du Mosheng broke through the bottleneck and broke into the realm of Heaven's Reach.

More importantly, the Blood Sea Demonic Qi inside Du Mosheng undergone a metamorphosis, and at the moment of breaking through, the first trace of Destructive Demonic Qi appeared in his body.

A year later, Pei Linhu and He Yuan also broke into in the realm of Heaven's Reach, but they were not as lucky as Du Mosheng, and had no idea when do they need to wait before they have the hope to cultivate the Destructive Demonic Qi.

Whoosh!

An extremely corporeal Sword soul flew out from Zhang Ruochen's body.

A wisp of sword Qi sprayed out, forming a saint sword as it was held in the hands of the Sword Soul.

The Sword Soul held the sword and started swung it around. The technique on display was not advanced, and were all the most basic sword techniques, but it gave someone an impression of being very subtle yet spiritual.

As time passed, the sword techniques used by the Sword Soul became deeper and deeper, as it performed all of the sword technique that Zhang Ruochen had learnt.

When the final form of the True Thunder-Fire Sword Technique was completed, the sword will from the Sword Soul suddenly changed.

The saint sword traversed a very bizarre trajectory as slight ripples appeared in space, and the flow of time also showed subtle changes.

A crystal clear flower appeared out of nowhere, blooming slowly and beautifully. And at the moment this strange flower bloomed, there was obvious fluctuations in the surrounding time and space.

A Sacred Artifact of Seventh Radiance flew out of Zhang Ruochen's body, and entered the area enveloped by the sword will.

Hummmm

In an instant, countless tiny cracks appeared on the surface of the sacred artifact as it shattered, turning into dust.

Seeing this, a smile appeared on Zhang Ruochen's face.

"I finally created the first form of my own technique. Now I have finally taken another huge step forward in the Path of the Sword.

Zhang Ruochen could not help but feel proud at the preliminary creation of his very own sword technique.

Although this sword technique had only just been created, and was not even close to perfect, but in terms of power, it should at least reach the level of a high level Saint Arts.

As long as it was further perfected, its power can still be further improved.

Zhang Ruochen combined everything he had learnt, and integrated the Path of Time and Path of Dimensions into his sword technique. Once used, it can form a special dimension that could envelope the enemy, trapping them and killing them.

Although the power of this attack was still not as powerful as the Swordsmanship of Time, it was easier to perform, and could be used in tandem with the Swordsmanship of Time.

Speaking of which, it was also because Zhang Ruochen had cultivated a large amount of Precepts of Time and Precepts of Dimension, and as his understanding of the Path of Time and the Path of Dimension that he can successfully create his own technique.

“This sword technique, lets call it the Blossoming Cadence.”

After some thought, Zhang Ruochen decided on the name of the sword technique.

Cadence represented time, and in Buddhism, there was a saying of one flower one world, and the flower represented space, so this name was undoubtedly very appropriate.

BOOOMM!

At this moment, the flow of the Heavenly Stream suddenly accelerated, and instantly rushed out of Zhang Ruochen’s body.

“I did not expect that the creation of my own sword technique to be the opportunity for me to break into the realm of Heaven’s Reach.”

Seeing this Zhang Ruochen, the smile on Zhang Ruochen’s face grew even more brilliant.

The Heavenly Stream coiled around Zhang Ruochen, and flowed at an astonishing speed as a series of saint path precepts swam in it like a fish, and was full of life.

Drawn by the Heavenly River as a wave of power of the land ripped through the air and poured into Zhang Ruochen’s body.

Originally, Zhang Ruochen’s physical body had reached its limits, and was difficult to further improve it.

But the moment the power of the land entering his body, he could clearly feel that the limit on his physical body being broken, and it became stronger bit by bit.

The effect of using the power of the land to refine his body was undoubtedly the best, and as Zhang Ruochen quickly refocused and devoted himself to cultivating.

Zhang Ruochen’s physical body was already extremely powerful, and at this moment, the benefits he would get was naturally far superior to ordinary persons.

Zhang Ruochen did not stop until his physical body was completely saturated and could no longer contain any more power of the land.

Next, he needed to let it settle down before he could continue to draw upon the power of the land to refine his body.

At this moment, the Heavenly Stream also became calm again as it submerged into Zhang Ruochen's body.

At this point, Zhang Ruochen had truly entered the realm of Heaven's Reach.

If we were to face powerhouses of the level of Zou Yu and Mo Sheng, fighting them would not be as strenuous as before.

"My Precept of Dimension have reached 280,000, and my Precept of Time has reached 210,000, my Precept of Truth, 480,000. Compared to before the seclusion, all of them have doubled, and are inline with my current cultivation level."

Zhang Ruochen was quite satisfied with the results of his cultivation over the years.

Before his seclusion, he had set four goals for himself, and now he had completed three of them, leaving only the unlocking of the second seal on Yanshen's Leg.

"My cultivation level had reached the Heaven's Reach realm, and I should be able to unlock the second seal of Yanshen's Leg, I hope I won't be disappointed."

Zhang Ruochen whispered as he looked forward to accomplishing this.

Yanshen's Leg was truly a divine leg and contained immense power. If not for the fact that Yueshen had placed four layers of seals in it, Zhang Ruochen would have never been able to control it.

Merely unlocking the first seal allowed him to have power that could threaten a Neverwithier Supreme Saint. He can only wonder how powerful it would get after unlocking the second seal.

Rousing the Scripture of Emperor Ming's Empyrean, Zhang Ruochen gathered all of the saint Qi in his body into his left leg.

At the same time, Zhang Ruochen also mobilized the essence of the Divine Sun in his Sea of Qi into his left leg.

Roused by the saint Qi and the essence of the divine sun, Zhang Ruochen's left leg instantly turned crimson, like a red hot iron pillar as thick Precepts of the Gods emerged.

"Shatter!"

When the power accumulation reached the limit, Zhang Ruochen let out a violent roar.

BOOM!

Like the falling of stars, a powerful force smashed upon the second seal on Yanshen's Leg in a frenzy.

Even though the seal set by Yueshen was extremely strong, but under that impact, it quickly shattered.

The seal shattered, and an extremely violent force emerged in a frenzy, causing the surrounding space to fragment.

Zhang Ruochen reacted extremely quickly, and immediately took out the Zangshan Demonic Mirror to seal the space around him to prevent the power of Yanshen's leg from spreading outwards.

This power was extremely terrifying, and it would be a catastrophe should it spread out.

"There's a million Precepts of the Gods in there, no wonder it's so terrifying."

Seeing the stout precepts coming out from his left leg, a look of shock appeared in Zhang Ruochen's eyes.

He had known from a long time that it was impossible for Yanshen's Leg to have only a hundred thousand Precept of the God, and most of them were sealed by Yueshen.

Only by breaking all four seals would the all of the Precepts of the Gods to be fully revealed.

And at that moment, the power of Yanshen's Leg could be used to destroy the entire world.

"With my current saint Qi foundation, it is not enough to fully rouse this one million Precepts of the Gods. It seems like I need to further improve my cultivation level to unlock the power of the last two seals, and release them."

Zhang Ruochen was shocked as he truly felt the power of Yanshen's Leg.

Pulling back his saint Qi, Yanshen's Leg gradually returned to normal, as the million strong Precepts of the Gods became hidden again.

After some recuperation, the saint Qi in Zhang Ruochen's body fully recovered, and his essence, Qi and spirit returned to its peak once again.

With all four goals being achieved, Zhang Ruochen intended to leave his seclusion.

In all, he had been in seclusion for 24 years, and had spent 24 Godstones, longer than any previous seclusion.

"I should come out from seclusion now. I'll just stow the remaining nine Godstones away first, perhaps they can be used again later."

Zhang Ruochen looked at the Sundial with a thought in mind.

As the energy of the two Godstones inlaid in it were exhausted, the Sundial fell silent and Zhang Ruochen grabbed it in his hand.

After staring at the Sundial for a moment did Zhang Ruochen put it away.

Then, Zhang Ruochen was about to stand up, but just as soon as he moved, his expression changed drastically. The reason was his left leg had become extremely heavy, and made it difficult for him to stand up.

"I never thought that after unlocking the second seal, it would be the same as the time I first got Yanshen's Leg. It seems like I would be limping for a while now."

After ascertaining the condition of his left leg, Zhang Ruochen could not help but to shake his head with a bitter smile.

Chapter 2072: The Resurrection of the Female Three-eyed Ancient Corpse

After the seclusion had ended, the Sect of the Blood God's overall strength had taken a great leap. Be it Saints or Saint Kings, all of them had greatly increased in numbers, allowing everyone to see the hope of a revival.

As long as it continued to develop this way, the Sect of the Blood God would be able to rise again sooner or later and stand proudly among all realms.

It was also because of this, everyone in the sect was even more in awe of the Grand Master, Zhang Ruochen, as all of the changes, were after all, due to him.

Jin Yu, Luo Chen and Bao Lie had all reached the Path's Anterior-realm, and was difficult to make any great improvements, but they too still made some good gains.

The only thing that Zhang Ruochen felt pity for was that both Mu Lingxi and Han Xue were not able to break through to the Heaven's Reach Realm as they ran into bottlenecks like Zhang Ruochen did. They had cultivated way too quickly, and most of the precepts they had cultivated were mostly minor paths.

If there was no special opportunity, it would be difficult for them to break into the Heaven's Reach realm, and would need to accumulate for a period of time.

"Master, I want to go out to train and gain experience, and also look for opportunities for my breakthrough."

As she thought about it, Han Xue walked over and said seriously. "Master, I want to go out to train alone, to broaden my knowledge, and seek an opportunity for my breakthrough."

Clearly, Han Xue was also aware of her own problems, and secluding alone would take who knows how long for her to get her breakthrough.

The Thousand Bone Physique's potential would require countless battles to be fully tapped.

Zhang Ruochen instantly understood what Han Xue was thinking and nodded. "Whatever you want to do, do it, Master will support you. Just be careful with everything. If you run into troubles that you cannot solve, inform me."

"Yes, I know. Master, Mistress, Blackie, Senior Uncles, all of you take care." A look of reluctance appeared in Han Xue's eyes as she bid goodbye to Zhang Ruochen and the others.

After coming back from the Infernal Court, she had no chance to get along with Zhang Ruochen, and now she had to part ways with him again, she had much hesitancy in her heart.

But, she was the heritor of the Empress of Thousand Bones, and was destined to walk an unusual path. The heart of taking that path must be extremely firm, and advance without fear and cut off all distracting thoughts.

In order to pursue the path of becoming a god, everything else can be thrown away.

WOOSH!!

Han Xue did not delay any longer as she turned around and stepped the air and flew away from the Sect of the Blood God grounds.

Watching Han Xue leave, Zhang Ruochen had a complex look in his eyes. Han Xue's growth had both pleased him and pained him at the same time.

Because he knew that Han Xue's current achievements were paved with a lot of hardships.

As her master, all he can do was to give her his full support.

Zhang Ruochen believed that in the near future, Han Xue would be able to become the new Empress of Thousand Bones, and gain fame. But it was a pity that as a master, he did not seem to look the part.

Mu Lingxi walked to Zhang Ruochen's side and said. "Since Han Xue had gone to seek experience, I too have to work hard. I am returning to the Phoenix Lake to obtain the inheritance from the Ancestral Ice Phoenix."

Zhang Ruochen snapped back to his senses immediately, as he stared at Mu Lingxi and said. "Are you sure?"

"I wasn't back then, but now my cultivation level had reached the peak of the Precept Dominion realm, and also cultivated the Heavenly Phoenix Body, so I should be able to accept the heritage. Don't worry, I won't do anything I'm not sure about." Mu Lingxi said.

Hearing this, Zhang Ruochen pondered a little, and then said. "Do as you wish then. Once I'm done with the matters of the sect, I'll take you back to the Phoenix Lake."

The current situation in Kunlun Realm was very complicated and perilous. For Mu Lingxi to go Phoenix Lake to accept the inheritance of the Ancestral Ice Phoenix, right or wrong aside, was undoubtedly a very good thing.

Should she be successful, then she would soar into the air like a veritable phoenix, and would stand to gain everything.

Immediately, Zhang Ruochen began to deal with some of the important matters within the sect. After the previous battle, there shouldn't be anyone who would dare to come to find trouble with the Sect of the Blood God.

The only thing that Zhang Ruochen really need to be bothered about was how to deal with the Demonstone Engravings.

He did not cultivate demonic arts himself, so he did not plan to carry the Demonstone Engravings with him.

Except for the four pieces on Mu Lingxi, Du Mosheng, Pei Linhu and He Yuan. He needed to properly store the other eight pieces, not only to ensure their safety, but also to facilitate the cultivating of the disciples of the sect.

After some thoughts, Zhang Ruochen finally decided to place them into the underground space beneath the Blood God's Altar, which was equivalent to let the Blood God's divine corpse guard them.

With Zhang Ruochen's various arrangements, as long as anyone dared touch the Demonstone Engravings, they would also touch the divine corpse of the Blood God, and the consequences of that was something even a true Supreme Saint would not be able to bear.

What Supreme Saint Xuefu of the Infernal Court had suffered earlier was proof of that.

After entrusting the affairs of the congregation to the elders, Zhang Ruochen left the sect grounds with Mu Lingxi and Blackie.

Blackie felt it would be boring staying in the Sect of the Blood God, and following Zhang Ruochen would be much more interesting.

As soon as she returned to the Phoenix Lake, Mu Lingxi immediately entered the secret grounds, and could not wait to accept her ancestral inheritance. She had made up her mind this time that she would succeed this time no matter what.

Seeing Mu Lingxi entering the secret grounds, Zhang Ruochen whispered. "I hope everything goes well."

Now he was at the Phoenix Lake, Zhang Ruochen was in no hurry to leave. There was nothing on right now, so he could use some relaxation and accompany Concubine Lin at the same time.

Earlier on, during the incident at Shengming City, he had left in a hurry, and had no time to say goodbye her.

And upon seeing Zhang Ruochen's return, Concubine Lin was naturally very happy, and immediately wanted to prepare meals herself.

Zhang Ruochen pulled Concubine Lin and bade her to sit as he asked. "Mother, why I don't see Kong Xuan around?"

In the past, Kong Xuan had always followed every step of Concubine Lin, but this time, she was missing.

Zhang Ruochen had already swept his spiritual power through the entire Phoenix Lake, but did not find Kong Xuan's whereabouts.

"Kong Xuan is no longer here." Concubine Lin said.

Zhang Ruochen showed a surprised look, saying. "Where did Kong Xuan go?"

"Chen'er, not long after you left, a mysterious person appeared and took Kong Xuan away." Concubine Lin said.

Zhang Ruochen frowned slightly and said. "What mysterious person? Why take Kong Xuan away?"

This was the Phoenix Lake, and had two top-level Saint Kings of Guanghan standing guard her. For someone to break in and take Kong Xuan away, this was obviously no anybody.

A glint appeared in Concubine Lin's eyes as she said. "That mysterious man, like Kong Xuan, had seven-colored wings, and said he wanted to take Kong Xuan to a place to cultivate. Kong Xuan was unwilling at first, and it was I who advised her to go. This is her opportunity, and it will be a shame for her to miss it."

Hearing this, Zhang Ruochen was surprised. He did not expect Concubine Lin to say such a thing at all.

At the same time, Zhang Ruochen also understood something, and if he was not wrong, the person who took Kong Xuan away was a mysterious powerhouse of the peacock demi-human clan.

It was indeed a good thing that Kong Xuan can cultivate together with him.

In fact, when he came back earlier, he noticed Kong Xuan's cultivation had reached the realm of a Saint King and that piqued Zhang Ruochen's curiosity. The Sacred Peacock Tome he had given to Kong Xuan was incomplete, and it stood to reason that it was impossible for Kong Xuan to cultivate to the realm of a Saint King.

Coming to think of it, Kong Xuan should have encountered another opportunity, and that was probably related to the mysterious powerhouse of the peacock demi-human clan.

Zhang Ruochen looked forward to see Kong Xuan grow into a top-level powerhouse.

On the third day after arriving at Phoenix Lake. Zhang Ruochen went to the island at the center of the lake and called upon the Drunkard, and Gu Songzi to drink and chat.

The Drunkard and Gu Songzi's days could be described as very leisurely. There was no need to go out to fight and kill, as they only needed to brew wine and refine elixers.

Gu Songzi's expression suddenly changed. "Someone broke into the Phoenix Lake."

Just at this moment, Zhang Ruochen noticed the slight spatial fluctuations in the Phoenix Lake as he turned around and cast his gaze over the vast blue lake.

Suddenly, a purple-robed woman stepping upon the water came into his eyes.

The figure of the woman in purple was extremely graceful, with exquisite features and without any blemishes. Her skin was white as jade, and her body exuded an extraordinary temperament, as if she was a fairy that came down from the heavens.

The most special thing about her was there was a vertical eye at the center of her forehead. It was as deep as a stars, and seemingly able to see through the essence of everything in the world.

"The Three-Eyed Ancients."

Zhang Ruochen squinted his eyes slightly, and saw through the identity of the woman in purple at a glance.

The Three-Eyed Ancients, they were an extremely mysterious and powerful tribe of Kunlun Realm in the past.

However, in the Middle Ages, the Three-Eyed Ancient clan went extinct, leaving only legends behind.

Yet, at this moment, a woman Three-Eyed Ancients appeared before him, and that gave birth to many guesses in Zhang Ruochen's mind.

But the Drunkard's expression changed drastically at this instant as his eyes widened and stared at the woman in purple intently, with cold sweat on his forehead.

"How could it be her? Zhang Ruochen.... Don't you think she look familiar?"

The Drunkard's heart trembled as he could not believe what he saw.

Zhang Ruochen said. "Look familiar? Somewhat I guess, have we met her before? No, probably not."

The Drunkard reminded him. "The Three-Eyed Ancient Clan had been destroyed back in the Middle Ages, but when we went to the Yinyang Sea, the ancestral grounds of the Shenlong clan, we had found a female Three-Eyed Ancient corpse at the deepest part of the desolate divine sea.

At this point, the Drunkard stopped again, and gasped.

Zhang Ruochen dug through that old memory and was stunned for a moment. That woman in purple actually looked exactly the same as the corpse they had found in the desolate divine sea.

It was really weird that an ancient corpse that had been dead for over a hundred thousand years would come back alive and appear before him.

In particular, the Drunkard felt very guilty, because he did take away the Three Leaf Nine Lives Flower from the female corpse.

In a blink of an eye, the woman in purple appeared on the island at the center of the lake.

She ignored Zhang Ruochen and Gu Songzi as she stared at the Drunkard and said lightly. "Hand over the sacred artifact of my people."

Hearing this, the Drunkard's heart suddenly stopped. It seemed like his guess was right on the mark, and the woman in purple before him was the same one he had met in the desolate divine sea.

Recomposing himself, he said calmly. "What sacred artifact of your people? I don't know what you are talking about. I'm afraid you got the wrong person."

"Do you need me to specify it for you? Hand over the Three Leaf Nine Lives Flower." The expression of the woman in purple turned cold.

Although the Drunkard was a little wary of the woman in purple, but he still kept the charade up. "I don't know what Three Leaf Nine Lives Flower you're talking about. Don't you accuse a good man for nothing."

"Since you don't want to play ball, then don't blame me for not holding back then." A cold glint appeared in the woman in purple's eyes as she exuded an extremely terrifying aura.

Especially when her vertical eye on her eyes bloomed with a strange brilliance, locking the Drunkard in place seemingly able to rip his soul out.

"What strength."

Sensing the aura unleashed by the woman in purple, Zhang Ruochen was somewhat moved.

He had faintly guessed that the woman in purple should be the same creature that was encased in iceberg at the bottom of the desolate divine sea and she was resurrected for some reason. There was still a trace of cold aura that belonged to the desolate divine sea.

Now that the woman in purple had resurrected, have all other in the iceberg also been resurrected.

There were countless icebergs in the desolate divine sea, and sealed within an iceberg was a corpse, and each of the corpses were all very powerful during their lifetime, each of them were Saints and above, with many of the Saint King realm as well.

Especially the creatures imprisoned on the stone bridge were extremely terrifying, with all of them terrifying demons. Blackie's body was also imprisoned there.

If all of those creatures were resurrected, they would undoubtedly be an extremely terrifying force.

Many thoughts quickly flashed in his hand, and before the woman in purple struck, Zhang Ruochen moved and appeared before the Drunkard. He stretched his palm out and pressed it forward, forming a dazzling cloud of fire and neutralized the power enveloping the Drunkard.

A look of horro appeared in the eyes of the Drunkard as he became extremely wary of the woman in purple.

The moment the woman in purple locked him down, he really felt the claws of death approaching.

"You mean to stop me?" The woman in purple gave Zhang Ruochen and unfriendly look.

Zhang Ruochen shook his head slightly and said. "I have no such intentions, I just did not want you to hurt my friend."

Immediately after, Zhang Ruochen turned towards the Drunkard and said with a serious expression. "Drunkard, take the Three Leaf Nine Lives Flower out. That is a sacred artifact of the Three-Eyed Ancients, it is not a good thing for you to hold on to it.

Upon hearing this, the Drunkard showed a look of reluctance, but after seeing the cold light in the eyes of the woman in purple, he had to listen to Zhang Ruochen and take out the Three Leaf Nine Lives Flower.

Upon seeing the Drunkard's reluctance, Zhang Ruochen had to take the Three Leaf Nine Lives Flower from his hand and then tossed it at the woman in purple

"Thus the item is returned to its rightful owner."

The woman in purple robe stretched her hand out and took the Three Leaf Nine Lives Flower.

Immediately, the chill in her eyes faded away as her powerful aura were also retracted.

Her trip here was to take back the Three Leaf Nine Lives Flower. If there was no need, she did not want any conflict with anyone.

Of course, if someone wanted to prevent her from retrieving the sacred artifacts of the Ancient Three-Eyed Clan, she would not mind using force.

As long as there was someone of the clan that was still around, the sacred artifacts of the clan were to never be lost to outsiders.

With a flip of her hand, the woman in purple put away the Three Leaf Nine Lives Flower before turning around and prepared to leave the Phoenix Lake.

“Please hold on for a moment.” Zhang Ruochen said.

The woman in purple turned around and cast her gaze on Zhang Ruochen as she said. “What is it?”

“If you wouldn’t mind me asking, how did you get resurrected? And what’s the situation in the Yinyang Sea now?”

Zhang Ruochen asked with a solemn expression.

Hearing this, a terrifying killing intent appeared in the woman’s eyes, as she spat out two cold words. “No comment.”

Without waiting for Zhang Ruochen to say anything else, she turned around and left. Her figure flickered and disappeared without a trace in a blink of an eye.

“This woman is no pushover. You old drunkard, you sure have balls of steel, to dare steal things from a powerhouse of this level.” Gu Songzi said in a speechless tone.

The Drunkard wore a painful expression on his face as he said angrily. “How would I know that a dead body can come back alive. My Three Leaf Nine Lives Flower. Zhang Ruochen, aren’t you like super powerful? Why are you afraid of that woman?”

He was indeed not her match, but with Zhang Ruochen’s strength, why would he give in like that?

“It’s not that I’m afraid! This woman should’ve been dead since the Middle Ages, for her to suddenly come back alive, and then to think of what happened in the Yinyang Sea back then, don’t you think there’s something even more to this? I’m afraid that there might be a shocking change that had happened in the Yinyang Sea.”

Zhang Ruochen’s eyes were grim, and somewhat suspected that the woman in purple was a survivor of Kunlun Realm, and it was very likely that she was not dead at all, but instead fell into a strange state that was similar to suspended animation.

It seems like he needed pay The Yinyang Sea a visit.

The Drunkard’s pupils could not help but shrink as he gasped. Hearing what Zhang Ruochen had said, the secrets hidden inside the Yinyang Sea must be very terrifying.

Chapter 2073: Dimensional Crack Over the Ying Yang Sea

Every cultivator who had entered the Ying Yang Sea had fresh memories of what happened in it. The birth of the Shenlong Chaos Tower of Sun and Moon, one of the top ten weapons, attracted the most powerful beings from all sides. But they all ended up beating a hasty retreat.

According to Blackie, if it wasn’t for the taboo figure unwilling to kill, no one could have made it out of the Ying Yang Sea alive.

Since then, the Yin Yang Sea had become a forbidden place, where no one dared to enter.

Someone, who should have been dead for hundreds of thousands of years, walked out of the Ying Yang Sea after so many years. There must be many mysteries behind this.

While Zhang Ruochen was deep in thought, a saint light flew from the outer sky all of a sudden.

Zhang Ruochen grabbed it with his hand as he came out of his thoughts.

“It is a communication talisman from Ao Xinyan.”

Taking a look at the transmission light charm in his hand, Zhang Ruochen’s face changed when he saw the communication talisman in his hand.

Ao Xinyan’s message was simple, with only one line of text: *captain, hurry to Yin Yang Sea, something important needs your help.*

“There is a taboo figure and Re-Awakeners in the Ying Yang Sea. What is it that needs my help?” Zhang Ruochen could not help feeling curious.

Wanting to ask Ao Xinyan what exactly it was about, he engraved a message and cast out the communication talisman.

Back then, Zhang Ruochen’s three meridians were destroyed. He left the Divine Dragon Halfling clan, planning to come back to Ao Xinyan to take back the dimensional teleportation array.

But then Ao Xinyan informed him it was the taboo figure of Yin Yang Sea who came forward to move the entire Divine Dragon Halfling clan to the ancestral land of the Divine Dragon race. The place was isolated and communication with the outside world was difficult.

Zhang Ruochen was happy for Ao Xinyan having such an encounter. So there was no hurry to retrieve the dimensional teleportation array anymore, as he knew the things would be in good hands.

He did not expect that there would be news from Ao Xinyan after so many years.

It did not take long before he got a reply from Ao Xinyan.

The situation in Yin Yang Sea is unique. I can’t tell exactly what through communication talismans. I wouldn’t have asked you for help if not for me being at my wit’s end.

After seeing the message on the communication talisman, Zhang Ruochen frowned spontaneously. What was it that made Ao Xinyan so anxious?

But at this time, he could not refuse Ao Xinyan, no matter what.

He immediately replied to Ao Xinyan, saying that he would depart for Ying Yang Sea right away.

After thinking for a while, he cast out another communication talisman. But this time, it was meant for Princess Bai Li in the Jiuli Palace, asking her about the situation of Yin Yang Sea.

I just got the news that Infernal Court has opened a dimensional crack near the Yin Yang Sea. A massive number of troops are gathering. I am afraid that they are planning for something big. Princess Baili quickly replied.

Now it had become clear that Ao Xinyan’s request for help must be related to the Infernal Court. But there should also be a deeper reason for that.

“You summoned me all of a sudden—what’s up, Zhang Ruochen? I am busy studying the Divine Marks of Lake Phoenix, you know.” Blackie appeared to be not so happy.

“Come with me to the Yin Yang Sea. Something big is going to happen there.” Zhang Ruochen looked grave.

He could not help but tell Blackie about what he had learned and some of his conjectures.

“Infernal Court is quite something. I didn’t know that they could open a dimensional crack near the Ying Yang Sea. It surely consumes a lot of resources. What are they up to? Could it be that they have discovered the secret hidden in the Yin Yang Sea? Furthermore, how could the taboo figure in Yin Yang Sea allow the Infernal Court to poke its nose into the Yin Yang Sea? Is he no longer in the Yin Yang Sea? Or is he hibernating again? Also, what help does Ao Xinyan need from you so much that she has to ask you to go to the Ying Yang Sea? Is it related to the Infernal Court or something else?” Blackie asked a lot of questions when it opened its mouth.

Zhang Ruochen sank into contemplation. He had the same questions, too. Just that he hadn’t a clue for the moment.

If he wanted to figure out these things, perhaps he would have to go to the Ying Yang Sea.

He had little worries with his current level of strength.

He believed he could protect himself in case of trouble.

“I have got a feeling that the Yin Yang Sea is going to be a rabbit hole. Be prepared for trouble, Zhang Ruochen. Are you sure you really want to go down the rabbit hole?” Blackie looked grave.

Zhang Ruochen knew what Blackie was thinking. “This matter is of the first importance. It is likely to pose a great threat to the Kunlun Realm. I have got to check it out.”

“Besides, I have promised Ao Xinyan that I will do her a favor. So this trip down the rabbit hole is necessary.”

Blackie pondered as Zhang Ruochen had decided to go for it. “I will go with you then.”

As the decision was made, the two wasted no time departing for the Ying Yang Sea.

The usual route to the Yin-Yang Sea was departing from the Eastern Region, entering the wild and secret realm, and then going through the wormhole of the Divine-Dragon Halfling race.

But this route was way too slow.

Zhang Ruochen thought of the Three-Eyed Ancient lady, whose appearance in the Central Region probably meant that she knew a faster route.

Zhang Ruochen and Blackie followed the scent of the Three-Eyed Ancient lady and chased after her.

The Three-Eyed Ancient lady was quick. After tens of thousands of miles, Zhang Ruochen and Blackie finally caught up with her.

“Hold on a second.”

Zhang Ruochen performed a Dimensional Shift and came in front of the lady out of thin air. He hovered in the air above the clouds, blocking her way.

The purple-dress lady stopped. Layers of saint light with ancient Qi force appeared on her body; she was ready to fight. "You have followed me for so long. Are you thinking of taking back the Three-Leaf Nine-Life Flower?"

While speaking, her body exuded a powerful energy of hostility.

Zhang Ruochen couldn't help but chuckle. "Don't get me wrong. I come in peace, just wanting to go to Yin Yang Sea with you."

"What are you going to do in the Ying Yang Sea?"

There was a cautious look in the eyes of the woman in a purple shirt. She did not really believe what Zhang Ruochen said.

"I don't know what I will do until I arrive at the Ying Yang Sea."

Zhang Ruochen did not lie. He really did not know what help Ao Xinyan needed.

How could anyone go somewhere and not even know what to do there?

The lady in a purple dress sneered, now even more suspicious of Zhang Ruochen.

She knew at first glance that Zhang Ruochen was Heaven's Reach in his cultivation base. He could be deemed a top expert. But she did not see him as her opponent.

"The current situation in the Yin Yang Sea is complicated. As strong as you are, I am afraid that you are not going to make it back alive. My advice to you is to turn back."

The lady in a purple dress apparently did not know Zhang Ruochen, nor did she know his achievements in the Kunlun Realm. Otherwise, she would not have underestimated him.

But that came as no surprise, considering she had always been staying in the Ying Yang Sea after her awakening. She knew little about what happened in the outside world.

Zhang Ruochen did not refute, and he insisted. "Thanks for reminding me. But I absolutely have to go there for a reason. Please lead the way."

"Since you have a death wish, follow me then." The purple-dressed lady hissed.

She then moved quickly into the mountains.

She had warned Zhang Ruochen. She would not say it the second time since he insisted on going to the Yin Yang Sea. He went at his own peril and could blame no one, even if he died.

Zhang Ruochen brought Blackie and followed her with no hesitation.

Just as Zhang Ruochen had expected, the lady in a purple dress knew the shortcut to the Yin Yang Sea. In the depths of the forest was an ancient dimensional teleportation array, through which they could reach the vicinity of the Yin Yang Sea.

The long-distance teleportation ability suggested that this dimensional teleportation array was of trans-realm level, not something that ordinary dimensional cultivators could create.

With the help of this dimensional teleportation array, Zhang Ruochen, Blackie, and the lady in purple dress soon arrived at the wild secret realm from the Central Region.

“It’s freaking cold here!” Blackie shuddered spontaneously as it stood on the edge of the Ying Yang Sea.

“The Yin Yang Sea has become colder than before.”

Zhang Ruochen could also clearly feel it. As cold as the Yin Yang Sea was before, the outer area was only detrimental to those cultivators below Demi-Saint rank.

But now it was completely different. The outer area could now pose a threat to top Saints, and even Saint Kings. No one knew what it would be like once they entered the Ying Yang Sea.

Zhang Ruochen suspected that most likely, it was that taboo figure who caused the Ying Yang Sea to turn into such an inhospitable place so that it would keep ordinary cultivators out.

“The Yin Yang Sea’s forbidden array has been fully activated. Even Supreme Saints could die here. Beside the danger of the Yin Yang Sea itself, there was also the threat from the Infernal Court. Did you see that dimensional crack? The army of the Nether Clan and Bone Clan from the Infernal Court is passing over to the Kunlun Realm through that crack.”

“There is no shortage of top-notch cultivators there. It is a bad idea to engage them.”

The lady in a purple dress was cold in temperament, not particularly approachable. There were always layers of saint light on her body as she had never let down her guard against Zhang Ruochen.

Zhang Ruochen and Blackie looked at the horizon in the distance, where a huge dimensional crack came into view.

This dimensional crack was a thousand-yard-long, the opening looking like the bloody mouth of a beast that devoured everything.

A chill and dark energy was leaking out of the dimensional cracks in the air, filling an area of thousands of miles in the sky as dark clouds that blocked off the sun.

Many cultivators from the Nether Clan and Bone Clan were guarding the dimensional crack to keep intruders out. There was a skeleton as massive as a mountain suspended in the air. Its eyes gave out a divine light that was as bright as the scorching sun.

There were also enormous palaces floating in the dark clouds. In the foreground of the blue sky were flags and people moving back and forth. Each palace was radiating with an endless energy, which suggested that there were cultivators of incredible strength inside.

Zhang Ruochen could feel that powerful energy from hundreds of miles away.

Thunk!

Several behemoths fell from the sky. The earth violently shook as they hit the ground.

It turned out to be a few giant dragons. They were of different shapes, powerful energy radiating from their bodies. But they were all seriously injured and could hardly move, let alone fight back.

Swoosh!

Several figures descended from a palace and stepped on a dragon. That dragon wailed in pain. Its body, which was as strong as molten steel, nearly split in half. It was a horrible sight.

“The dragons that ran away have all been captured. We should be able to unlock part of the Yin Yang Sea’s seal with them,” said a Netherkin cultivator.

They had double horns, bodies draped in dragon-scale battle armor and exuding an intense, dark curse aura.

A light gleamed in Zhang Ruochen’s eyes as he looked at a black Divine Dragon. He knew this dragon; it was the Heaven-devourer Dragon that had a vendetta against him in the past.

The Heaven-devourer Dragon was an ancient remnant, once the most powerful dragon in the Kunlun Realm. It was stronger than the nine Realm Bearers selected by the Divine Scripture Maiden.

Zhang Ruochen did not recognize the other dragons. But judging by their powerful aura, they must be the top powerhouses of Mount Zulong.

By the sounds of that Netherkin cultivator, it seemed that Mount Zulong had fallen and none of the dragons could escape.

“I see. They must be trying to extract the blood of the dragons and use it to remove the seal of the Yin Yang Sea. All dragons are more or less of the Divine Dragon bloodline. When all the bloodlines on Mount Zulong add up, it is no small matter,” said Blackie suddenly.

Zhang Ruochen could not help frowning upon hearing that. What was the Infernal Court up to by going to such great lengths to force open a dimensional crack and capture all the dragons on Mount Zulong?

While he was in thoughts, a massive dark battleship that looked like a hideous taotie appeared on the Ying Yang Sea.

There were many cultivators of the Infernal Court on this battleship. All of them were above Saint Kingdom in their cultivation base, none of them weak.

The bodies of giant dragons were seen lying on the deck.

All the dragon bodies had shriveled, with no more blood in them.

“These dragons are inferior to the Divine Dragons, but they still have some uses. The thin bloodline of the Divine Dragons in these bodies could break the seal of an island. There is a tremendous benefit to be gained from it and there is hope of taking The True Dragon Islands, the island.” An elderly-looking powerful being from the Infernal Court burst into laughter.

“Since it is workable, then take all the dragons and go to The True Dragon Islands to meet the masters,” said the Netherkin cultivator with a pair of horns in a deep voice.

While speaking, this powerful being from the Infernal Court grabbed several severely wounded dragons and threw them directly onto the black battleship.

Resentment filled the eyes of the Heaven-devourer Dragon, but there was nothing it could do. As the heir to Mount Zulong, it was harrowing to watch the fall of Mount Zulong.

“Damn it! They are eyeing The True Dragon Islands.” The lady in a purple dress looked bitter.

“Legend has it that the True Dragon Islands are the ancestral land of the True Dragon race and contain many treasures collected by the True Dragons. It seems that there is still a rare treasure there. Is the Infernal Court after that treasure?” said Blackie after pondering for a while.

Most of the things about the True Dragons were mere legends. No one was sure if they were true. Blackie had heard that the True Dragons possessed a rare treasure by which even the immortals would be tempted.

“We must not allow them to invade the True Dragon Islands. I wonder if Ao Xinyan has contacted those powerful beings of the Kunlun Realm.” There was an anxious look in the eyes of the lady in a purple dress.

She wanted to stop the powerful beings from the Infernal Court, but she apparently hesitated.

Zhang Ruochen’s heart skipped a beat when he heard that. He did not know that he was not the only person whom Ao Xinyan had contacted. So what was going on?

Chapter 2074: Total Annihilation

Shadows lunged out from the dimensional cracks and boarded the black battleship in a flash. These people were from the Nether Clan and Bone Clan, their aura extremely powerful.

“Depart!”

The black battleship departed at the sound of a hoarse voice. It pierced through the water, heading out to the Yin Yang Sea.

Being able to sail on the Yin-Yang Sea meant that this black battleship was unusual. There were Supreme-Saint-class inscriptions engraved on it, making it resistant to the erosion of the icy-cold forces.

The Yin Yang Sea of today had become extremely dangerous to even top Saint-King cultivators. It would undoubtedly be much safer with the help of foreign objects.

The fog in the Ying Yang Sea was thick. It affected not only visibility but also spiritual power.

The black battleship disappeared into the thick fog in the blink of an eye.

“There are three hundred and ninety-five Saint-King cultivators, and seventeen of them have attained Nine-Step Saint Kinghood. They are a force to be reckoned with.” Zhang Ruochen whispered with a cold light in his eyes.

“Just the Infernal Court cultivators on this battleship can kill you ten times over. Leave now if you don’t want to die,” said the lady in a purple dress in an indifferent voice.

The lady in a purple dress said nothing further. She moved in a flash and disappeared into the fog on the Ying Yang Sea.

She thought Zhang Ruochen would be wise enough to leave when he saw so many powerful beings from the Infernal Court.

“Hey, Zhang Ruochen, you are being disdained. By the way, what should we do now?” Blackie gloated.

Zhang Ruochen did not mind it. He stared at the foggy Yin Yang Sea. “Let’s follow her.”

He then performed a Dimensional Shift and vanished from the spot.

With his existing attainment in dimensional techniques, he could shift a short distance even on the Ying Yang Sea. He could remain stealthy to even top Saint-King cultivators if he wanted by using the dimensional technique.

The last time he came to the Ying Yang Sea, he was too weak and could only rely on the ancient ship of the dead souls. But now he did not have to do that.

He caught up with the black battleship before long.

At this time, Blackie spotted the Three-eyed Ancient lady in a purple dress. She was seen walking on water, stepping on the sea spray as she followed closely behind the black battleship. Hovering above her head was the Three-Leaf Nine-Life Flower. Her body became almost transparent, her breath concealed.

But Blackie’s keen eyes were as sharp as that of a Supreme Saint. It could see the subtlest things, and that included her.

“With the help of the Three-Leaf Nine-Life Flower, she is perfectly in harmony with the water of the Ying Yang Sea, without being affected by it. Impressive!” Zhang Ruochen was astonished at hearing what Blackie said.

The water temperature of the Yin Yang Sea was so forbidding that even the most powerful Saint-King cultivators could hardly stay in it for long. It would freeze them into ice sculptures if they were not careful.

“What do you think this woman is doing, Zhang Ruochen? She just follows the battleship and does nothing. Is she waiting for a helper?” Puzzlement filled Blackie’s eyes.

Its vision was sharp that it could see the impressive cultivation base of the lady in a purple dress, and that she was a top Path’s Anterior cultivator.

With such a level of cultivation, no wonder she looked down on Zhang Ruochen.

How strong could a nascent Heaven’s Reach cultivator be under normal circumstances?

“She is definitely not the only Re-Awakener at the Yin Yang Sea. By the looks of things, those Re-Awakener have acted against the Netherkin and Bone Clan cultivators. I wonder why. What are they worrying about?”

No matter how they looked at it, all this seemed very abnormal.

At first, it was only the taboo, powerful being who remained quiet. So why did even the other Re-Awakened stay quiet? Did they not care when the Netherkin and Bone Clan took the treasures of the Divine Dragon race?

Waves of hundreds of yards high rose from the sea all of a sudden.

An ancient ship of dead souls sailed out of the black fog like a skeleton. It carried tons of human and savage beast skeletons with phantoms flickering inside. It looked like a ship of death from hell.

Zhang Ruochen also heard ghastly cackles in the distance.

His eyes fixated on the ancient ship of the dead souls.

He still remembered that the last time he entered the Yin Yang Sea, the ancient ship of the dead souls that he took was similar to this one. He had many strange encounters and almost died onboard.

Seeing this ghastly ship again here was totally unexpected. He dreaded even though he was at the pinnacle of Saint Kinghood in his strength.

“Shit! I can’t believe to see this boat of death on the Ying Yang Sea again.”

The appearance of the ancient ship of the dead souls alarmed all the powerful beings of the Nether Clan and Bone Clan, too.

They had apparently studied the Ying Yang Sea before and knew the danger of this ancient ship of the dead souls.

The Netherkin cultivator with two horns immediately acted when he saw the ancient ship of the dead souls approaching. He grabbed a white dragon with a broken tail, cut open its body and let its blood spurt.

Strangely, as the dragon’s blood splattered on the ancient ship of the dead souls, the ship slowed

“The blood of these dragons is very useful in the Ying Yang Sea.” A cultivator from the Bone Clan sneered.

The Netherkin cultivator with two horns nodded in agreement. “Indeed. So we have got to use it sparingly. Their blood is precious for opening True Dragon Island. We can’t afford to mess up the plan of the lords.”

The white dragon with a broken tail was struggling in pain. It was suppressed, seriously injured. It became weaker and started to lose consciousness as its blood was drained.

The White Dragon King could not accept the fact that it was dying such a tragic death.

Swish!

A silvery-white sword light flashed across, cutting off the arm of the Netherkin cultivator who gripped the White Dragon King.

Before the cultivators on the battleship could know what happened, all dragons, including the White Dragon King, vanished into thin air.

“Who is it?” The Netherkin cultivator with two horns roared in anger.

Zhang Ruochen emerged from the black fog and stared coldly at all the cultivators on the battleship.
“The one who comes to kill you all.”

Far away from the dimensional crack at this moment, Zhang Ruochen did not want to wait any longer and was ready to strike.

He could not turn a blind eye like the lady in a purple dress could.

After all, those dragons are all living beings of the Kunlun Realm.

Zhang Ruochen also had conflicts with the dragon of Mount Zulong. They had even fought in the past. But it was an internal conflict in the Kunlun Realm. It was another matter when the Infernal Court poked its nose into the matter.

All the major races in the Kunlun Realm should unite to fight off the Infernal Court’s invasion and massacre.

The lady in a purple dress hiding behind the battleship had a surprised look on her face. “He was tailing me, and now, he even snatched the dragon from so many Netherkin and Bone Clan cultivators. Does he have a death wish?”

But those Netherkin and Bone Clan cultivators onboard the battleship had a completely opposite reaction to those of the lady in a purple dress.

They all were alarmed when they saw it was Zhang Ruochen. “How—how come you are here, Zhang Ruochen?”

They had never expected to see this killer in the Ying Yang Sea.

Supreme Saint-class inscriptions appeared on the surface of the black battleship, intertwining and surging with dark power to form a dark light curtain.

“Hurry up! Leave the Yin Yang Sea immediately.”

All the cultivators onboard the battleship decided to leave. There was no hesitation.

The Yin Yang Sea could affect the defense effectiveness of the dark light curtain, which might not withstand Zhang Ruochen’s attack.

They would be safe once they left the Ying Yang Sea.

No one in their right mind would want to fight against Zhang Ruochen.

During the battle of the Sect of the Blood God, Zhang Ruochen had shown her formidable second level non-Supreme Saint combat strength. News had spread far and wide throughout the Celestial Court and Infernal Court. Who would not be intimidated?

There were many powerful beings aboard the battleship, among them were the many Path’s Anterior cultivators. But there was not one third level non-Supreme Saint being here, let alone second level. How could they beat Zhang Ruochen?

Swish!

Green vines appeared out of nowhere and wrapped around the black battleship.

Moyin lunged out of Zhang Ruochen's spine and launched a fiery attack on the battleship.

She had attained Path's Anterior in her cultivation base during her previous closed-door cultivation. Her actual strength now was at the limit of Path's Anterior.

Every vine released by Moyin was extremely tough, comparable to a Thousand-Inscription Sacred Artifact, extremely powerful.

The black battleship was putting out a powerful energy, but it could break away from the vines.

By Zhang Ruochen's side, several dragon kings of Mount Zulong had regained their freedom and form-shifted into human form.

"Zhang Ruochen." The Heaven-devourer Dragon looked at Zhang Ruochen with mixed feelings.

He and Zhang Ruochen were talented beings of the same era in the Kunlun Realm. He was once even more legendary than Zhang Ruochen was. Everyone feared him. He had been destined to become the new generation of dragon kings of Mount Zulong.

For a long time, the Heaven-devourer Dragon was proud and never thought someone else could be more powerful than he was.

But as time went by, the gap between him and Zhang Ruochen widened. He was lagging far behind.

While he had now become a prisoner at the mercy of others, Zhang Ruochen shocked the world to become the killer god in the eyes of many cultivators.

At the speed of Zhang Ruochen's rise eclipsed that of all other geniuses.

The Heaven-devourer Dragon never expected that he would actually need Zhang Ruochen to save him. He had nothing but despair in his heart now.

Rescued by his former enemy, who now saw his pathetic situation, the Heaven-devourer Dragon could not describe his feelings.

Boom!

Moyin breached the defense of the black battleship with an all-destroying force.

Zap!

The vines released by Moyin pierced through the bodies of dozens of cultivators.

A series of screams rose as those cultivators could not fight back. Moyin was quickly devouring their vital essence in their bodies.

As a Saint Devourer, the vital essence of cultivators could become a nutrient for its evolution.

"Still thinking of fleeing? You are all a bunch of craps. I don't even need to do it myself. Moyin, kill them!" Blackie burst into laughter.

There was a charming smile on Moyin's face, but she was extremely ruthless. Right now, she was slaughtering the cultivators of the Infernal Court aboard the battleship.

Not even Nine-Step Saint Kings could withstand Moyin's attack. She literally sucked those people dry of their vital essence.

But those Netherkin and Bone Clan cultivators had got a quick response. They all gathered together and launched counterattacks at once.

Nearly a hundred Netherkin cultivators gathered together to release a powerful dark power. A curse energy permeated the air and formed a torrent of curse to attack Moyin.

Those surviving Bone Clan cultivators performed a secret technique, joining to form into a skeleton giant nearly a thousand yards tall. A dark power surrounded it as the skeleton giant struck out a punch.

Curse was the natural ability of the Nether Clan. It was mysterious and could kill even the best cultivators in the most explicable way.

Whiff!

Corroded by the power of the curse, some vines released by Moyin withered instantly.

The skeleton giant's attack was so powerful that it broke many vines.

A group of Netherkin cultivators chanted some obscure mantras, gathering their spiritual energy to infiltrate the void.

"Hand of Curse!"

The dimension shook violently as a crack split open. A huge grayish brown hand that carried an endless curse energy and could deprive a person's soul reached out from it.

"Not good!"

When the grayish brown hand appeared, all the vines released by Moyin turned grayish white. They quickly lost their vitality, and the phenomenon spread towards her.

Moyin's face changed drastically. She quickly cut off all the vines and retreated as quick as she could.

"Die!"

The skeleton giant, comprising many Bone Clan cultivators, shouted. A cold energy formed on its fist. And then it struck out at Moyin at once.

Just then, an overpowering and blunt energy appeared, followed by Thunder God Reverend standing in front of Moyin.

"Annihilation Thunder!" Zhang Ruochen bellowed. With the help of the Golden Thunder Orb, he performed an extremely overpowering thunder technique.

A series of golden lightning bolts appeared, carrying a world-annihilating energy as it struck the grayish brown hand.

Each lightning strike reduced the curse power of the grayish brown hand a little.

Strangely, the grayish brown hand let out a painful cry each time it was struck.

Kaboom!

The fist of the skeleton giant exploded, and the cold energy disappeared.

The dimensional crack in the air continued to expand as more grayish brown hands reached out from it in tandem. The terrifying sight looked as if the hell gate had opened with vicious ghosts crawling out of it.

“Humph!”

Zhang Ruochen snorted as he spurred the Golden Thunder Orb to push Annihilation Thunder to the limit.

Golden Thunder Orbs started to form before shooting out at the dimensional crack and exploding.

Baroom!

The dimensional crack instantly shattered under the heavy bombardment, while that grayish brown hand vanished.

Barf!

The secret technique was defeated and all the Netherkin cultivators puked blood as they got a huge backlash.

Thunderclouds rolled in the sky as golden thunder dragons soared, sending down a barrage of powerful lightning bolts to engulf the entire battleship.

That skeleton giant exploded at once, as it could not withstand the powerful lightning strike. Shards of bones were all over the place. Most Bone Clan cultivators died while few barely survived.

The thunder technique was overpowering and blunt. It was a Nether Clan and Bone Clan killer.

There were only dozens of cultivators left on the battleship. Apart from struggling, there was nothing else they could do.

“I will bring you along with me even if I die, Zhang Ruochen!”

The Netherkin cultivator with two horns roared, a devastating energy radiating from his body.

But there was only a look of disdain in Zhang Ruochen’s eyes. “Do you think you have a chance to self-detonate in front of me?”

While speaking, a powerful force burst out of Zhang Ruochen’s body, instantly freezing a dimension as large as ten miles in radius.

Frozen along with the dimension was the violent power of the Netherkin cultivator.

Zhang Ruochen had accumulated 280,000 Precepts after his previous closed-door cultivation. So the power of his dimensional technique had also improved tremendously.

“How—how could this be possible?”

The Netherkin cultivator with two horns was shocked. He could not believe what happened.

This was the Ying Yang Sea, of which the dimension differed vastly from the outside world. This place reduced the effectiveness of any dimensional technique.

He could not believe that Zhang Ruochen’s dimensional technique could still be so terrifyingly powerful despite being suppressed.

The other cultivators were just equally shocked. Their eyes were wide open in fear.

“Annihilate.” Zhang Ruochen spelled out a word.

Kaboom!

The bodies of the remaining Netherkin and Bone cultivators exploded. Not even the powerful Nine-Step Saint Kings were spared.

The Netherkin cultivators vanished, while all that was left of the Bone Clan cultivators were pieces of shattered bones.

Nearly four hundred Saint-King cultivators were wiped out in the blink of an eye. They had fought with all their strength, yet they could not even hurt him a bit.

“So you are the Scion of Time and Space, Zhang Ruochen.”

The lady in a purple dress revealed herself, her beautiful eyes flickering with light. She looked at Zhang Ruochen as if he was a monster.

No matter how proud and cold her temperament was, she had difficulty remaining calm now. She had been wrong about Zhang Ruochen.

Chapter 2075: The Seven Top Killers

After a quick battle, the sea calmed down, and the black fog that had dissipated earlier returned.

The ancient ship of the dead souls that suddenly appeared earlier had changed its direction and vanished into the thick black fog.

“Huh? You heard of Zhang Ruochen? I thought you knew nothing,” said Blackie in a strange tone of voice.

The looks in the eyes of the lady in a purple dress kept changing as she carefully studied Zhang Ruochen. It was only after a while that her expression was back to normality. “The situation in the Yin Yang Sea is complicated now. Let me first take you to see Princess Shenlong.”

“Princess Shenlong?”

The lady in purple no longer despised Zhang Ruochen as much as before. After all, those who possessed combat strength like Zhang Ruochen after ancient times must be exceptional figures. Now she was more patient. “Princess Shenlong is the princess of the Divine Dragon Halfling. She found favor with a big shot,

who then taught her. Now, she has recovered her Divine Dragon bloodline, and her Divine Dragon body has fully developed.”

“I can’t believe that Ao Xinyan has become Princess Shenlong. I knew she was going to be somebody.” Blackie shot a smug look at Zhang Ruochen.

The Heaven-devourer Dragon appeared on the battleship, pleading as he stared at Zhang Ruochen. “All the dragons of Mount Zulong are captured and taken to True Dragon Island by the Netherkin and Bone Clan cultivators. Please help them.”

For the sake of his clan, he swallowed his pride and asked for help from his former enemy.

The other dragon kings also looked at Zhang Ruochen with a pleading look in their eyes. Since things had come to such a pass, Zhang Ruochen was the only person who could help them.

Zhang Ruochen’s eyes swept across the dragon kings of Mount Zulong and finally stopped on the Heaven-devourer Dragon. It really surprised him that the Heaven-devourer Dragon would ask him for help.

“True Dragon Island is a forbidden place in the Yin Yang Sea and the ancestral land of the Divine Dragons. It is not easy to invade. They could get themselves killed if they are not careful. So why do the Netherkin and Bone Clan cultivators want to take such a risk?” Zhang Ruochen looked puzzled.

The Heaven-devourer Dragon pondered for a while and then shook his head. “I don’t know. But I heard a Netherkin cultivator mention something: The Key to the World Gate, which seems to be their purpose of attacking True Dragon Island.”

“The Key to the World Gate? What is that exactly?” Zhang Ruochen was even more puzzled now.

Blackie’s face changed drastically. “How is it possible? How could the Key to the World Gate be on True Dragon Island? Shit! This is not good. My God! I didn’t know that the Infernal Court is after this thing. Zhang Ruochen, we will have to do something, and must never let them get the Key to the World Gate.”

“Huh? Why is that?” Zhang Ruochen had a curious look on his face.

As far as he remembered, Blackie rarely had such a serious look on its face. It seemed the Key to the World Gate was not that simple.

“Don’t ask for now. Let us go to True Dragon Island first,” said Blackie in a hurried tone of voice.

The lady in purple must have sensed something with her mighty spiritual power, her expression solemn. “The Netherkin cultivators are here.”

While speaking, her body vanished into the black fog. With the help of the Three-leaf Nine-life Flower, she made her body transparent to blend in with the seawater.

“She hid pretty fast.”

Blackie glanced with disdain at the spot where the lady in purple was hiding. She had the nerve to claim as a powerful being of ancient times when she hid at the first instance of danger. That made no sense at all.

The lady in purple ignored Blackie and concealed her energy so that the Infernal Court cultivators could not notice her.

Zhang Ruochen was now at his acme as a non-Supreme Saint cultivator. He had self-esteem, and so he did not flee. He was looking up ahead to the front of the battleship.

Swish! Swish! Swish!

Three bursts of air sounded in succession.

The dimension shook violently as a strong dark force and curse energy spread in the air, the sky dim in an instant.

A powerful dark force emerged and almost covered the entire Ying Yang Sea in it, as if the source of darkness was opened.

“That’s a powerful energy release. It is stronger than those released earlier by the hundreds of Saint Kings from the Infernal Court combined.” Zhang Ruochen muttered softly with a cautious expression.

Three figures slowly appeared from the dark clouds. They were in different shapes, but all of them were wrapped in pure dark energy, as if they were three great demons.

The intense energy release from their bodies was so powerful that it turned the surrounding world into a whirlpool.

“Huh? It is you, Zhang Ruochen.” The person who spoke was the Infernal Court cultivator standing on the left.

He had a hideous face, with one eye, and a large mouth. Scales covered his head that had two soft tentacles.

The most striking thing was that he had four muscular arms with bulging muscles, as if four horned dragons.

His name was Night Sorrow.

Zhang Ruochen was well known throughout the Celestial Court and Infernal Court. Any well-informed cultivators surely knew who he was.

The stronger a cultivator, the more concerned the cultivator about Zhang Ruochen.

Zhang Ruochen was doing nothing but studying the three powerful beings right now.

The three cultivators in front of him were obviously from the Nether Clan. The tens of millions of Precepts appearing like spider web on their bodies were plain to see.

The one in the middle was relatively skinny. He had a sharp nose that looked like an eagle’s beak, a pair of eyes that were as sharp as eagle’s eyes, and a pair of black wings on his back that possessed a powerful dark energy.

He had no name. But every cultivator in the Infernal Court and the Celestial Court called him Never Die.

The one on the right was a woman. She was tall with attractive body curves and a pretty face; she was nearly perfect. Unfortunately, her expression was always icy, without a shred of emotion.

The most striking feature of her was the long scorpion tail on her back. The tail appeared dark gold with gleaming curse marks. People would shiver in fear by just looking at it.

Stung by her scorpion tail was the most horrible thing to happen to anyone.

She had no name, either. But people called her Bloody Ripples.

“I can’t believe that three of the Seven Top Killers from the Nether Clan are here: Night Sorrow, Never Die, and Bloody Ripples.”

There was finally a subtle change in Zhang Ruochen’s expression when he could see the three persons clearly.

As one of the three upper races in the Infernal Court, the Nether Clan produced many geniuses and powerful beings.

There were seven sub-Supreme Saint cultivators from the Nether Clan. They could definitely strike fear in the hearts of the cultivators in the Celestial Court. These seven powerful beings were known as the Seven Top Killers of the Nether Clan. They were Path’s Anterior cultivators, and each of them had defeated, or even killed, at least one Neverwithier Supreme Saint previously.

More importantly, they were good at fighting as a team. They formed a Seven Killer formation, and together, they were invincible. Even Yan Wushen, who was known as the number one cultivator in the Infernal Court, would probably have to keep himself out of their way.

The Seven Top Killers operated in a team. Since Night Sorrow, Never Die, and Bloody Ripples were here, it meant that the other Four Top Killers had also come to the Ying Yang Sea.

“What the hell is the Key to the World Gate? Why are the Seven Top Killers of the Nether Clan here? Are the Three Emperors and Twelve Reverends of the Bone Clan here, too?” asked Zhang Ruochen through telepathy.

Blackie hemmed softly. “Like I said, that thing is of great importance. It is possible that the Nether Clan and Bone Clan have come all out to get it.”

The Heaven-devourer Dragon and several dragon kings trembled in fear when they sensed the powerful aura of the three powerful beings from the Infernal Court. The difference in strength between them was huge. The three powerful beings could kill them with the wink of an eye.

“Zhang Ruochen, since you have come here on your own, you can’t blame anyone but yourself.” Never Die, who had four arms, smirked.

While he spoke, four sabers glowing with cold light flew out of him. He gripped each saber with one hand.

These four war sabers were unusual. They were regal weapons, extremely sharp—so much so that

“Four-Season Sabers! Four sabers denote four seasons, and all four seasons represent death.”

As Never Die swung the four sabers in his hands, dark energy surged and poured in, activating the regal-class inscriptions in the sabers and the swords to appear in the surrounding air.

The four seasons of spring, summer, fall, and winter were like four big worlds floating around him.

Spring was full of vitality and blooming flowers.

In summer, the sun was blazing and melting the glaciers.

In fall, yellow leaves covered the mountains, everything withering.

In winter, snow and ice covered the world.

The four big worlds were all formed by the Precepts that Never Die had cultivated. They represented his attainment of the Path.

“Impressive! Never Die’s Path not only represents destruction and death but also symbolizes the power of life. Judging from this, his comprehension of life and death must have reached a very high realm, and is no lesser than Supreme Sainthood,” said Zhang Ruochen to himself.

Four sabers glinting with light struck out, each overlapping with the world’s shadow, its sharp edge seemingly capable of destroying a world and slaying all living beings.

Faced with a powerful opponent like Zhang Ruochen, Never Die was on a full-on attack.

Not wanting to underestimate his opponent, Zhang Ruochen willed the Ancient Abyssal Blade out of the Divine Light Sea of Qi and grabbed it with his hand.

The Ancient Abyssal Blade swung across the air in an amazing path with an absolutely sharp edge.

Where the sharp edge slit past, a long stretch of fissure formed in the dimension, from where a violent dimensional force escaped.

Woom!

The sharp edge instantly obliterated the shadows of the four worlds. It had become weaker, but its momentum remained as it struck toward Never Die.

After twenty-four years of closed-door cultivation, Zhang Ruochen’s attainments in sword’s path have improved. He wielded the long sword in his hand as if he was a sword god. Each move was unbeatable.

He combined his sword moves with Power of Dimensions to produce an even more powerful strike.

Besides, the Ancient Abyssal Blade had absorbed and refined many sacred artifacts in the past twenty-four years. It had reached the limit of Thousand-Inscription Sacred Artifacts with 129,599 inscriptions. It only needed one more inscription to become a regal weapon.

Of course, this was not a simple task. It needed to go through the baptism of tribulations, so that the inscriptions would be transformed.

If it passed the tribulation, it would become a regal weapon. If it failed, it would be destroyed.

Even the best weapon smith would find it difficult to forge a regal weapon.

The top regal weapons were something that even Supreme Saints coveted.

Zhang Ruochen had no intention of letting the Ancient Abyssal Blade to undergo the tribulation. Not that he was worried. He just wanted the Ancient Abyssal Blade to lay a better foundation for better future growth.

With the existing order of the Ancient Abyssal Blade and the boost from the Violet Godstone, it was no less powerful than an ordinary regal weapon.

Clunk!

Never Die wielded his saber and blocked the approaching attack with ease.

“A man who can be a god must not be underestimated. It’s no wonder that so many powerful beings have fallen at your hands.” Never Die sneered and his face turned stern. “Second and Seventh Brothers, let’s take him down.”

Night Sorrow and Bloody Ripples immediately struck.

The Seven Top Killers had once received an important inheritance from the Nether Temple. Each of them got one seventh of the inheritance. It was said that by making good use of this inheritance, they could become immortals together.

Since then, they worked as a team and created the unbeatable Seven Killer Formation.

There were only three of them here. But their combined combat strength was still formidable.

A long spear that was as dark as ink appeared in the hands of Night Sorrow. It had golden patterns engraved on the body, gleaming as if it had vitality.

Meanwhile, blood-red ripples were spreading into hundreds of miles from Bloody Ripples.

The strength of the three powerful beings rose. A Nether Lotus Flower with three petals appeared among them. It was this Nether Lotus Flower that combined the powers of the three, so that these three powers resonated and became one.

“Zhang Ruochen, something is wrong!” Blackie’s expression was grave.

But Zhang Ruochen was fearless. “This is a great opportunity. Let me see what the legendary Seven Top Killers have got.”

Night Sorrow flapped his wings and rapidly flew toward Zhang Ruochen. At the same time, he struck out the long spear in his hand like a bolt of lightning. Before the spear arrived, an all-destroying force had locked on Zhang Ruochen.

“Eat this!” Never Die shouted as he threw out his war saber.

Shhtaab!

The spear and the war saber pierced through Zhang Ruochen’s body in tandem.

But the next moment, Zhang Ruochen vanished, leaving only an afterimage behind.

He reappeared a hundred yards away and aimed his attack at Bloody Ripples.

Battling three of the Seven Top killers was putting a tremendous pressure on Zhang Ruochen. The best way was undoubtedly to drop one of them first.

“You could still perform a Dimensional Shift in the Ying Yang Sea. No wonder you have the guts to fight us.”

Bloody Ripples looked nonchalant. There was not the slightest fear on her face despite seeing Zhang Ruochen coming for her.

An enormous amount of poisonous mist was released from her slender body and drifted toward Zhang Ruochen. Her skin was fair as ice and jade, yet it was poisonous to the saints and fatal to any man.

The poisonous mist gushing out of Bloody Ripples’s body was so horrible that even the dimension was being corroded and became unstable.

Zhang Ruochen frowned, and his movement froze for a while.

It was during that moment of hesitation that Blood Ripples’s scorpion tail flicked across the void in a beautiful arc, slashing at Zhang Ruochen’s neck. It moved so quickly that it arrived almost instantaneously.

...

About fifty thousand miles from here, a ship was sailing on the Ying Yang Sea. This ship was so massive that if a person were to stand at the bow, that person would not see the stern.

The three iron-cloth divine sails on the ship were nearly 10,000 meters long and looked like three ancient mountains from a distance.

A woman in white clothes with bright eyes and white teeth, dressed in men’s clothing, holding a folding fan, was sitting on the bow of the ship. In front of her was a variety of fine wines and exquisite wine glasses.

Despite being in men’s attire, she still wore makeup. Her slender eyebrows, curvy eyelashes, and rosy lips were indescribably alluring.

She was guarded by a group of elders from the Thousand-Star Civilization.

The ship was filled with Saint-King cultivators of the Thousand-Star Civilization. It was a gathering of the aces. Of course, it was precisely because of the many powerful beings here that the Maiden of a Thousand Stars was still so calm when they entered the dangerous Yin Yang Sea.

Suddenly, there was a burst of powerful energy in the distance. Those cultivators might not have sensed it, but not Maiden of a Thousand Stars. She raised her eyebrows as she looked towards where the burst of energy came from with her Divine Eye of Origin.

There was a look of astonishment on her face, as if she had seen things from tens of thousands of miles away. “When such a major event happened, I told you Zhang Ruochen would surely come to the Ying Yang See. Now you believe me, don’t you?”

Opposite Maiden of a Thousand Stars were three guys and one girl, all of whom had amazing backgrounds.

The three guys were tianzis from three ancient civilizations, respectively. The girl was Fairy Linglong, one of the beauties on the Portrait of the Nine Beauties, a dragon girl from the Celestial Dragon Realm, which was one of the top ten realms in the Celestial Court.

One Tianzi with long golden hair with an extremely good look was looking at the direction of the energy burst. A golden sun mark appeared on his brow, illuminating the sea into sparkling gold.

He was the tianzi of the Sunshine Civilization. He shook his head and smiled after seeing the battle tens of thousands of miles away. "Zhang Ruochen should not have come to the Yin Yang Sea"

"What is that?" asked someone.

"He could have still lived for a little longer had he not come. At least, the two heaven-defying guys in the Heavenly Realm could not come to kill him just yet. But the Seven Top Killers of the Nether Clan will not let him live. This young god of war from the Kunlun Realm will probably die on the Ying Yang Sea," said Sunshine tianzi.

Chapter 2076: Dimensional Rift

Affected by the aftermath of the battle, the sea billowed with stormy waves. Winds of extremely low temperature blew, and ice crystals formed in mid-air.

Zhang Ruochen released a powerful spiritual power and controlled the Ancient Abyssal Blade to parry Night Sorrow's spear with just his thought.

At the same time, he clenched his hands into fists. Summoning all the Precepts of the Fist and with the help of various Precepts of water-attribute, he performed a Luoshui Fist Technique.

Swoosh!

Massive waves rose into the sky and formed a Celestial River around Zhang Ruochen. It was as agile as if it was a living thing.

Performing the Luoshui Fist Technique with the help of water-attribute energy in the Yin Yang Sea could boost his power severalfold.

The tremor of the Celestial River dissipated the poison released by Bloody Ripples so that it could not get close, let alone penetrate Zhang Ruochen's body.

Meanwhile, the Celestial River was also blocking off the four sabers of Never Die.

As powerful and unpredictable as Never Die's saber technique was, it was difficult to stop the Celestial River.

Seeing Zhang Ruochen and the three Top Killers in a brutal battle, Blackie spontaneously maneuvered the black battleship, steering it back to keep a distance from the battlefield.

"Absolutely mighty!"

The Heaven-devourer Dragon was shocked, its body trembling involuntarily.

Using the various resources of Mount Zulong, the Heaven-devourer Dragon had rapidly improved in its self-cultivation. It had attained Eight-Step Saint Kinghood, and its strength was comparable to that of a Nine-Step Saint King when it wielded the Zulong Scale.

With such strength, the Heaven-devourer Dragon thought it was strong enough to rank among the top powerhouses.

However, it clearly felt its inadequacy now. There was a huge gap between it and the top powerhouses. It was not in the same league as them.

“Only if I could have such strength, Mount Zulong would not have...”

The Heaven-devourer Dragon clenched its fists spontaneously. It was craving for strength.

Blackie turned his head around and glanced at the woman in purple who hid in the dark. “Are you just going to watch? You are the wimpiest Three-Eyed Ancient I have ever met. What is going on with Re-Awakeners like you? You merely watch the Infernal Court invade the Yin Yang Sea and remain indifferent? If so, you might as well continue to hibernate.”

Blackie despised the Re-Awakeners’ inaction, and he felt angry.

In other places, the Re-Awakeners had no choice but to hide, and that was completely understandable. But this was the Yin-Yang Sea, a forbidden place in the Kunlun Realm. Who could discover their existence?

Confronted by Blackie, the lady in purple responded in a low voice, “It’s not that I don’t want to do anything. It’s just that I can’t.”

“Why?” Blackie was puzzled.

The lady in purple remained silent for a while, and then she spoke again. “It was a god of the Infernal Court who opened the dimensional rift near the Yin Yang Sea. But he was not alone. A few other gods have been propping up the dimensional rift with divine power. Correspondingly, their divine spirits have also penetrated the Kunlun Realm. They can’t do anything, but what happens in the Yin Yang Sea can’t escape their eyes. Once we, the Re-Awakeners intervene, they will immediately spot us. No one can predict what the consequences will be once we are exposed. It could mean a catastrophe for the Kunlun Realm.”

It startled Blackie to hear that. He did not know there was such a story behind this.

Xue Lingxian’s intervention earlier had already attracted the attention of the Celestial Court and Infernal Court, which had dispatched their Emissaries Vigilant to investigate.

If these Re-Awakeners in the Yin Yang Sea were also exposed, the Celestial Court and Infernal Court would not sit idly by. They would surely do something. The situation in the Kunlun Realm would only get from bad to worse, and more crises would follow.

Who knew this action of the Infernal Court was a test?

Blackie's heart skipped a beat after he heard that. The more Blackie thought about it, the scarier things became.

"In fact, since the Kunlun Realm became a Battlefield of Merits, the Infernal Court has continuously sent their cultivators into the Yin Yang Sea. Princess Shenlong has been the only one fighting the invasion, while Re-Awakeners like us are helping her secretly. But this time around, the Infernal Court has come with overwhelming force. The Yin Yang Sea's forbidden formation has failed to stop them, and we can't intervene either. Princess Shenlong has no choice but to ask the powerhouses in the Kunlun Realm for help," said the lady in purple through telepathy.

She was as helpless as she was anxious upon seeing the tension in the Yin Yang Sea.

As a Re-Awakener, she had too many constraints. It was impossible to do whatever she wanted.

Blackie fell into silence. It would be strange if the Infernal Court did not go after the Key to the World Gate.

"Eat this one more time—knowing fall by a leaf; everything withers."

Never Die rushed to the front as his silence-filled World of Saber Will appeared to engulf Zhang Ruochen.

From the very beginning of the battle, Never Die had been on the battlefield. He possessed extremely powerful close-quarter combat capability. A single move of his saber could easily kill an ordinary Nine-Step Saint King.

A light suddenly flashed in Zhang Ruochen's eyes. As he swung the Ancient Abyssal Blade in a strange move, the power of time and space emerged. A river of time appeared in the void, flowing slowly, without a beginning and an end.

Faint ripples then materialized in the space within a radius of hundreds of meters. A mysterious field of Sword Will formed and engulfed Never Die, Night Sorrow, and Bloody Ripples.

A crystal-clear flower took form as a result. It was the combination of the Sword Will of Time and Space that Zhang Ruochen had comprehended.

"Will Blooming," Zhang Ruochen whispered. His voice was extremely flat without the slightest emotion.

With the churn of his thought, the peculiar flower slowly bloomed. It looked so beautiful. An invisible power of time surged, wanting to annihilate everything inside.

Woom!

Never Die's World of Saber Will collapsed and vanished.

At the same time, the poisonous fog released by the Bloody Ripples was also broken up and quickly dissipated.

Sensing the deadly Sword Will, Never Die, and his mates reacted at once. They released purer dark energy to form a Dark Field that distorted the dimension.

Zhang Ruochen was performing his Sword Will of Time and Space at full strength. Even the Dark Field of the three could not stop it. The sword would tear it apart at once.

Taking advantage of the opportunity when the three of them were on the defensive, Zhang Ruochen formed a Sword Soul and approached Bloody Ripples with the Ancient Abyssal Blade in hand.

Bloody Ripples was the weakest among the three, so she would be an easy target.

The Sword Soul instantly captured a large number of Marks of Time. Then, the river of time's shadow appeared and engulfed Bloody Ripples.

With the Precepts of Time reaching 210,000 in number, Zhang Ruochen's comprehension of the Sword of Time had gone to the next level. He could perform a Null Time Domain effortlessly.

A bright moon appeared in the Null Time Domain, showing various states such as cloudy, sunny, round, and imperfection.

"Moonlight Melody!"

Time and space within a radius of several dozen yards from Bloody Ripples seemed to have come to a standstill.

Boom!

The Dark Field could not stop the Sword of Time's attack, and Bloody Ripples' body exploded in an instant.

"Huh?"

Zhang Ruochen frowned instead of being delighted.

He looked in the other direction and saw Bloody Ripples reappear. She was unscathed.

"The Sword of Time really deserves its reputation," said Bloody Ripples with a bitter expression.

It was a close call just now. If not for the mystery of the Joint-Attack Array, she would have paid a great price even if she could withstand Zhang Ruochen's Sword of Time.

Even so, the Sword of Time had still shaved decades of life off Bloody Ripples.

"What a strange Joint-Attack Array. It could teleport her in an instant. No wonder the Seven Top Killers could survive through all the battles, no matter how strong their opponents were." Zhang Ruochen could not help but think to himself as he shot a glance at Bloody Ripples.

He could not cripple her despite that fantastic opportunity just now. It would only get more difficult, as they would be more alert from now on.

"It seems that we three together can't even defeat Zhang Ruochen. This Scion of Time and Space has improved rapidly. We have to get rid of him as fast as possible," said Never Die telepathically.

"Zhang Ruochen is our greatest threat. If we let him be, he would definitely ruin our plan this time. I have contacted our elder brothers through a secret method. We just need to pin Zhang Ruochen down while we wait for their arrival," whispered Night Sorrow.

“He shaved off decades of my life. I swear I will swallow all of his vitality.” A killer look flashed in the eyes of Bloody Ripples.

It was apparent that the three of them were insufficient to do anything about Zhang Ruochen. But as soon as the other four brothers of the Seven Top Killers arrived, Zhang Ruochen would not be able to get away no matter how great his abilities were.

After a brief discussion, the trio decided to change their formation, with each of them taking a position to encircle Zhang Ruochen.

“Huh?”

Zhang Ruochen’s expression changed as he was about to lunge out.

Swish!

The scorpion tail flung out behind Bloody Ripples, instantly splitting into nine, blocking all of Zhang Ruochen’s escape routes.

Never Die also cast out four seemingly substantive Worlds of Saber Will in all directions.

Meanwhile, Night Sorrow took charge of the formation. His powerful dark power gushed out of the Nether Lotus Flower that connected three of their powers and rapidly spread everywhere.

Amid the power of darkness, thick and powerful Precepts that looked like intertwining chains appeared from the dark power.

A dark cage formed and trapped Zhang Ruochen in it in the blink of an eye.

“You should be proud that we have to use Dark Dungeon on you, Zhang Ruochen,” sneered Never Die.

The three of them joined hands to perform a Dark Dungeon. That would trap Zhang Ruochen for the moment, and everything would be okay.

Next, they only needed to wait for the other four of the Seven Top Killers to arrive.

...

Fifty thousand miles away, on the huge warship of the Thousand-Star Civilization, Maiden of a Thousand Stars and others were watching the brutal battle that was going on tens of thousands of miles away.

“Zhang Ruochen is trapped by Dark Dungeon. He is done for this time. It is a shame that he is still not a fully-grown Scion of Time and Space.” Sunshine Tianzi shook his head slightly.

Standing next to Sunshine Tianzi was an eighty-one-meter-tall golden giant. He was none other than Dazun, the tianzi of the Giant Spirit Civilization.

Zhang Ruochen had crossed paths with him on the Divinity Bestowment Altar last time.

Dazun could not help but sigh upon seeing Zhang Ruochen trapped by Dark Dungeon. “Unfortunately, our mission coming to the Yin Yang Sea this time is to fight the Infernal Court and get the Key to the World Gate. We can’t help Zhang Ruochen as that would expose us.”

“We had better not do anything stupid. Our mole in the Infernal Court has found out their plot. We must not screw up,” said someone in a low voice.

The eyes of Maiden of a Thousand Stars were locked on Dark Dungeon. But there was a smile on her face. “You two have underestimated Zhang Ruochen. He is the master of time and space. Do you really think Dark Dungeon could defeat his dimensional techniques? Let’s wait and see.”

“As the successor to Saint Monk Xumi, Zhang Ruochen will not die just like that,” said Fairy Linglong.

Sunshine Tianzi’s expression changed slightly. He did not know that Maiden of a Thousand Stars and Fairy Linglong were so confident of Zhang Ruochen’s ability. Probably, they would realize that the so-called Scion of Time and Space was not what they thought to be when the Seven Top Killers killed him.

...

Zhang Ruochen’s heart skipped a beat as he had read the minds of Never Die and his mates.

He knew very well that once the Seven Top Killers gathered, he would be as good as dead. After all, these three Top Killers were powerful enough.

How powerful would the Seven Top Killers be when they came together?

He figured he had better leave now.

“Dark Dungeon formed by the three of them is really unshakable. Ordinary attacks may not work. I would have to perform my latest dimensional technique.”

Zhang Ruochen whispered to himself and instantly mobilized all the 280,000 Precepts of Dimension in his body.

280,000 Precepts of Dimension, tightly bound together in a special way, gathered in his left hand.

A powerful dimensional force was released, compressed, and formed into a razor-sharp edge.

This razor-sharp edge seemed unstable, as if it might collapse at any time.

He carefully controlled this edge, focusing his essence, energy, and spirit to the extreme.

“Dimensional Slash!”

He shouted quietly, striking out his left hand like a knife.

A silvery white, deadly edge slashed out. It was unstoppable, appearing like a light that cut through the darkness.

Woom!

The dimension, along with Dark Dungeon, split open in an instant, revealing an endless dark void inside.

This move, seemingly similar to Dimensional Rift, was more powerful. It could cut open dimensions and reach into the void space. Its penetrating power was extremely horrifying.

Zhang Ruochen could barely pull off this move even with his current cultivation base in Dimensional techniques.

He immediately slipped out of Dark Dungeon through the gap.

Before Never Die and his mates knew what happened, he put away the dark battleship, performed a Dimensional Shift, and vanished.

Everything just happened in a blink of an eye, so that Never Die and his mates had no time to stop him.

“He could break Dark Dungeon in an instant. We all underestimated him.”

Never Die’s face turned grave.

Zhang Ruochen was the first person who could break free from Dark Dungeon so easily.

“Zhang Ruochen has already mastered the Path of Dimension to an exceedingly high level. We can’t do anything about it if he is serious about leaving. Unfortunately, a powerhouse such as Zhang Ruochen will invariably change the entire situation in the Ying Yang Sea,” said Night Sorrow with a frown.

“Zhang Ruochen killed many of our men and took several dragons with extremely powerful bloodlines. Damn it! I will make him pay a heavy price if he comes again.” There was a deadly look in the eyes of Bloody Ripples.

Chapter 2077: Silver Dragon Island

“What a powerful dimensional technique—it cut open the void! He deserves to be Saint Monk Xumi’s successor.”

There was a surprised look in Dazun’s eyes when he saw Zhang Ruochen break free from the Dark Dungeon.

“I have said long ago that with Zhang Ruochen’s ability, those Seven top Killers of the Nether Fane couldn’t defeat him easily,” the Maiden of a Thousand Stars said with a smile.

Apparently, she was delighted with the outcome.

“He might have escaped this time, but the Seven Top Killers have been targeting him. He will not be so lucky next time if he doesn’t leave the Ying Yang Sea,” said Sunshine Tianzi in a nonchalant tone of voice.

“It is nonetheless a good thing for Zhang Ruochen getting the Seven Top Killers’ attention. It would be even better for us if there are a few more people from the Kunlun Realm joining the party to bog down the Infernal Court,” said a tianzi from an ancient civilization.

He was none other than Tianzi from the Beidou Civilization. He was wearing a black costume, his face stern with a dreadful killer look in his eyes. The mark of the Big Dipper was emitting dots of pulsing light on his forehead. He looked as if he had gone through all the vicissitudes of ancient times.

“The Kunlun realm is too weak. Other than Zhang Ruochen, the others are just a bunch of mediocre cultivators. They will not make any impact, even if they all gather in the Ying Yang Sea,” said Dazun with a frown.

“I don’t think so. The Kunlun Realm is not as simple as you think. I’m sure that Zhang Ruochen is not alone here in the Yin Yang Sea this time. The Infernal Court could foul things up if they are not careful,” the Maiden of a Thousand Stars said with a meaningful look.

Unlike Sunshine Tianzi and the others, the Maiden of a Thousand Stars had arrived in the Kunlun Realm a long time ago. She had seen and heard enough, and because of this, she had never underestimated the Kunlun Realm.

“In any case, we have to go to True Dragon Island as soon as possible. The Infernal Court is coming with overwhelming force this time. They have brought many elites of the Nether Clan and Bone Clan. It seems that even the Son of Darkness is also here,” said Beiduo Tianzi.

“The Son of Darkness?”

Everyone’s expression changed upon hearing the name.

The Son of Darkness was the leader of the Fane of Darkness, the master of Path of Darkness, and known as the most outstanding successor to the helm of the Fane of Darkness for the past 100,000 years.

Legend has it that the Son of Darkness accidentally entered an extremely scary secret place. He not only survived but also, by serendipity, fully developed his body of darkness, which was infused with an exotic dark matter that could erode everything by serendipity.

The Son of Darkness had been living a seemingly mysterious, reclusive life for a long time

“It seems that it’s not easy to get the Key to the World Gate. Sister Linglong, when will your big brother arrive?” The Maiden of a Thousand Stars turned to look at Fairy Linglong.

“He is practicing self-cultivation in the ancestral land. But Lord Ancestor has let him out. He will be here soon,” said Fairy Linglong.

Sunshine Tianzi and others spontaneously breathed a sigh of relief—with the help of Fairy Linglong’s eldest brother, they need not have to fear the Son of Darkness anymore.

Swish!

Ripples appeared on the sea as huge battleships emerged from the black fog.

The four warships were different from those of the Thousand-Star Civilization, but they were equally massive with each warship jam-packed with Saint-King cultivators.

The four ancient civilizations and the Celestial Dragon Realm had come prepared, each dispatching a powerful army of Saint Kings as they were determined to take the Key to the World Gate.

...

After going for tens of thousands of miles, Zhang Ruochen stopped when he saw that Never Die and his mates had not caught up with him.

With the wave of his hand, the black battleship appeared on the sea.

It surprised him that the lady in purple from the Three-Eyed Ancients was also on board.

“Why are you following us?” A hint of displeasure flashed in Zhang Ruochen’s eyes.

When he brutally fought Never Die and his mates earlier, he could have hammered the trio had this lady in purple given him a hand. But she just watched on the sidelines.

So there was no wonder Zhang Ruochen did not like her at all.

The lady in purple had sensed his displeasure, too. "The sea around True Dragon Island is special. It is difficult to get to the island without someone leading the way. I'm afraid that Princess Shenlong's hands are full right now, and I am the only one who could bring you there."

At the same time, through telepathy, Blackie told Zhang Ruochen everything that the lady in purple said earlier.

His heart skipped a beat upon hearing what Blackie said. He did not know that the situation in the Yin Yang Sea had been so critical.

"What is the Key to the World Gate, really? Why does the Infernal Court mobilize their entire army just to get their hands on it?" asked Zhang Ruochen with a serious expression.

It was absolutely necessary to clarify something before he set out to thwart the plan of the Infernal Court.

Blackie's expression turned grave. "If the Key to the World Gate is really on True Dragon Island, Ao Xinyan should know better. It was probably because of this that she had sent you a message asking for help. So we had better meet Ao Xinyan first."

Ao Xinyan, as Princess Shenlong, definitely knew the many secrets in the Ying Yang Sea. Instead of continuing to make wild guesses, it would be better to ask Ao Xinyan.

"Let's go before things become more complicated," said Zhang Ruochen calmly.

The lady in purple quickly set the direction and steered the black battleship forward at full speed.

This battleship of the Infernal Court was highly advanced. It was the best transport and could cut out a lot of trouble sailing in the Ying Yang Sea.

As the black battleship moved forward, Zhang Ruochen sat down on the deck spontaneously and performed an Emyrean Emperor Ming's Scripture to restore his Saint Qi.

The situation in the Yin Yang Sea was extremely perilous. Encounter with enemies was possible at any time. He had to keep himself in the best condition at all times.

After a brutal battle with Never Die and his mates, he suddenly realized something, which he needed some time to digest.

The Joint-Attack Array of the Seven Top Killers of the Nether Fane was strange and unpredictable. He needed to study it carefully. Even if he could find no flaws with it, he could make himself more familiar with it, and this would help in future encounters.

Zhang Ruochen had been to Yin Yang Sea once, but he knew little about it. After all, he was on an ancient ship of the dead souls and the sailing route was fixed.

In fact, there were many islands in the Yin Yang Sea, and each island was extraordinary. They were rich in various treasures, many of which were rare in the outside world.

Since the forbidden array of the Yin Yang Sea had been set in place, accessing all those islands had been difficult.

Zhang Ruochen was not in the mood to explore these islands in time like this. He just wanted to see Ao Xinyan as soon as possible and figure out everything.

The black battleship was sailing fast. It did not take too long to sail across the vast sea.

“Here we are.”

The lady in purple stopped the black battleship.

Blackie looked around in puzzlement. “Where are we? There is nothing here.”

Zhang Ruochen opened his eyes and stood up from the deck. A strange light flashed in his eyes as he said, “What a mysterious folded dimension. This must be a holy land of awakening in the Yin Yang Sea.”

Had his dimensional attainment not been tremendously improved, he would not have discovered the existence of this folded dimension.

Faint ripples appeared in the dimension up ahead as a graceful figure wearing silver armor appeared.

Zhang Ruochen could not have been more familiar with this figure; she was Ao Xinyan.

It had been a few years since they last met. Ao Xinyan was more beautiful than ever. She had a noble aura that came out of her naturally and made her look unapproachable.

More importantly, she had that killer look in her eyes. Draping in divine-dragon silver armor, she was as heroic as a goddess of war.

There was a surprised look in Ao Xinyan’s eyes when she saw Zhang Ruochen. She moved in a flash and came on board the battleship in an instant.

“Captain, why didn’t you tell me you would come to the Ying Yang Sea?”

“My pleasure to meet you, Princess Shenlong.” The lady in purple cupped her hands as a sign of respect.

“Saint King Zixin, congratulations on your successful retrieval of the sacred artifacts of the Three-Eyed Ancient clan,” said Ao Xinyan with a smile.

A rare faint smile broke out on the icy face of the lady in purple. Obviously, she was thrilled to recover the Three-Leaf Nine-Life Flower.

“Something popped up just when I arrived at the Yin Yang Sea. With Saint King Zixin showing me the way, I didn’t inform you about it. Besides, I guess you must have been busy recently,” said Zhang Ruochen.

“This is not the place to talk. Please come in and we shall talk later,” said Ao Xinyan.

Ripples appeared again in the dimension up ahead. They matched with the sea waves as the black battleship sailed forward and disappeared into the rippling dimension.

The surroundings underwent a tremendous change in the blink of an eye.

While the battleship was still on the surface of the sea, the fog and the chilling air around the battleship had disappeared, and visibility was excellent.

A vast land with no edges in sight appeared up ahead.

The land was lush and green as towering trees, whose age no one knew, covered the island. It gave people the feeling that they had come to a wild world.

“Is this True Dragon Island?” asked Zhang Ruochen.

Ao Xinyan shook her head. “No, this is Silver Dragon Island, one of the Divine Dragons’ habitats. I believe you have explored it with your spiritual power, Captain. Silver Dragon Island is as vast as several million miles in diameter. It is a sacred, fertile land. Golden Dragon Island and True Dragon Island are comparable to Silver Dragon Island. While they are called islands, calling them continents would be more appropriate. The Divine Dragon Halfling Clan’s ancestor is a Pentaclaw Silver Dragon, so he has put us all on Silver Dragon Island.”

There were many branches of the Divine Dragons, among which the two most dominant branches were the Pentaclaw Golden Dragon and the Pentaclaw Silver Dragon. They were extremely powerful in every respect.

For this reason, among the many islands in the Yin Yang Sea, the islands where the Pentaclaw Golden Dragon and the Pentaclaw Silver Dragon inhabited, together with True Dragon Island, were the most special, as they were all the holy land of the Divine Dragons.

Zhang Ruochen’s heart skipped a beat upon hearing that. The islands where the Divine Dragons lived in the past were huge; they were not really islands, per se.

Only the Yin Yang Sea could accommodate so many massive islands.

“You asked me to come to Yin Yang Sea. What do you want me to do for you?” asked Zhang Ruochen bluntly.

Ao Xinyan’s expression turned serious in an instant. “A major event is about to happen in the Ying Yang Sea. It concerns the survival of the Kunlun Realm. That’s why I have to ask you for your help.”

“Is it about the Key to the World Gate?” asked Zhang Ruochen.

Ao Xinyan looked surprised at first, and then she nodded. “Yup. I didn’t know that you already knew.”

“What exactly is the Key to the World Gate? Why is the Infernal Court so crazy about it?” Zhang Ruochen was very puzzled.

So far, he still knew nothing about the Key to the World Gate.

Anyone would feel curious about that unknown thing that drove the Infernal Court crazy.

Blackie chimed in before Ao Xinyan could answer. “Is the Key of the World Gate really on True Dragon Island?”

“Yes, Master handed down his oracle. He told me the secret of the Key to the World Gate and wanted me to keep it safe,” said Ao Xinyan.

“The oracle? Is it the master you are talking about...” Blackie had thought of a taboo figure from the Divine Dragons. Who else could manifest the oracle beside him? “Where is your master? The Infernal Court is overrunning the Yin Yang Sea now. Yet he doesn’t even care about it.”

With the ability of that taboo figure, and if he wanted, he could have easily stopped the army of the Infernal Court from entering the Ying Yang Sea.

“Recently, Master left the Yin Yang Sea. He could have gone to the Celestial Dragon Realm. It is just that I don’t know when he will return. Besides, even if he did not leave, I am afraid he couldn’t intervene, anyway. If the Infernal Court knows he is still alive, they would become even more brutal in their attack.”

Blackie suddenly put two and two together. No wonder so many things happened. It turned out that it was because that taboo character was not in Yin Yang Sea.

Had he been here, he could have kept the army of the Infernal Court out of the Ying Yang Sea with various means, even if he did not intervene in person.

Woom!

Just then, there was a violent vibration in the dimension outside the island. A figure passed through the folded dimension and appeared on this hidden sea.

It was an old monk. He appeared avuncular, dressed in a monk’s robe. A faint Buddha glow emanated from him, making him look like a Bodhisattva walking between heaven and earth.

“Patriarch Dead Zen?” Zhang Ruochen cocked an eyebrow, feeling a little surprised.

But then he quickly recalled something. Saint King Zixin once said that Ao Xinyan had invited several top cultivators from the Kunlun Realm to the Yin Yang Sea.

Top cultivators at the pinnacle of self-cultivation were rare, and Patriarch Dead Zen was one of the few.

Zhang Ruochen could sense that the cultivation base of Patriarch Dead Zen had improved tremendously compared to many years ago.

At this moment, the energy of Patriarch Dad Zen was irregular. He looked as if he had been in the wars and lost it.

Patriarch Dead Zen came on board the battleship in the blink of an eye and stood in front of Zhang Ruochen with a smile. “We meet again, Mister Zhang.”

“Hey, Bald Donkey. Who bullied you?” Blackie smirked.

Patriarch Dead Zen shot a glance at Blackie. “While I was checking around True Dragon Island just now, I bumped into four of the Seven Top Killers of the Nether Fane. They were really powerful when they joined hands. I was almost trapped.”

“What a coincidence! We also met the Seven Top Killers of the Nether Fane—just that there were only three of them,” said Blackie with a strange expression.

Saint King Zixin's heart skipped a beat. She could not help but take a good look at Patriarch Dead Zen. It surprised her that this old monk could fight four of the Nether Fane's Seven Top Killers single-handedly. He might not have won, but at least he had shown his capability.

Zhang Ruochen nodded quietly. As the most outstanding disciple of the Path of a Thousand Buddhas in the past, Patriarch Dead Zen had created Death Zen Dharma. There was a question about his strength. He was also the best of the best in terms of creativity and talent.

Before the Kunlun Realm recovered, Patriarch Dead Zen was already a top non-Supreme Saint cultivator, who used Dead Zen Dharma to subdue the divine corpse, and fought against Shi Qianjue, who was a Supreme Saint.

Many years had passed since then, and Patriarch Dead Zen's cultivation base must have reached another higher level.

Zhang Ruochen was surprised that Ao Xinyan asked Patriarch Dead Zen for help because Patriarch Dead Zen was known as a fractious, wicked character.

He wondered who else Ao Xinyan had invited other than him and Patriarch Dead Zen.

Chapter 2078: Spirit of the World

After storing away the battleship, Zhang Ruochen and the others followed Ao Xinyan. Then they landed on the Silver Dragon Island, which looked more like a continent.

Tens of millions of Divine Dragon Halfling were now living on Silver Dragon Island. With the help of the self-cultivation resources of the Divine Dragon, their strength had improved by leaps and bounds.

As a descendant of Pentaclaw Silver Dragons, staying on Silver Dragon Island was undoubtedly very helpful for the Divine Dragon Halflings to awaken their Divine Dragon bloodline.

When the bloodline was fully revived, the body of the Divine Dragon fully developed, they would be not much different from the real Divine Dragons.

Just like Ao Xinyan, who now belonged to the Divine Dragons and was comparable to a real Pentaclaw Silver Dragon in all aspects. She was named Princess Shenlong by that taboo figure.

Soon, they came to a magnificent palace, where silver light was shining, and dragon Qi rose and turned into lifelike Pentaclaw Silver Dragons that flew in the sky.

"What a rich saint qi of heaven and earth! This place is a holy land for self-cultivation," whispered Zhang Ruochen.

"There are three holy veins under the Palace of Silver Dragons. It is one of the places with the highest level of saint Qi on Silver Dragon Island. I spend most of my time practicing self-cultivation here," said Ao Xinyan.

She waved her hand, and the thick dragon Qi dispersed automatically to form a passage leading to the Palace of Silver Dragons.

"Everyone, please." Ao Xinyan beckoned.

Everyone followed her into the holy palace with no hesitation.

The Palace of Silver Dragons was a shrine of the Pentaclaw Silver Dragons in the past. Several Pentaclaw Silver Dragons had lived in it in the past. There was still a powerful aura of the Divine Dragons lingering around now.

The Palace of Silver Dragons comprised several palaces and looked massive from the outside. But once inside, one would find that it was an entirely different world. It was much more massive than what it appeared to be on the outside.

Zhang Ruochen and the others felt they were so insignificant in front of these palaces as if they had come to the world of the giants.

With Ao Xinyan leading the way, Zhang Ruochen and others went past several palaces and entered the most magnificent one.

Once inside, a person immediately attracted Zhang Ruochen's attention.

The person was a teenager, sixteen or seventeen at most, wearing white, extremely good-looking, like a typical boy-next-door. Despite his age, there was a sense of depth in his eyes, as if he had experienced the vicissitudes of life. He had that authoritative aura in him, just like that of an emperor who ruled an immortal dynasty.

"The Destiny Corpse Emperor!" A light flashed in Zhang Ruochen's eyes.

Zhang Ruochen had crossed paths with the Destiny Corpse Emperor when the Destiny Corpse Emperor was first resurrected.

First, it was Patriarch Dead Zen. Now, it was the Destiny Corpse Emperor. Zhang Ruochen was impressed. It goes to show how influential Ao Xinyan was—so much so that she could invite these two characters to the Yin Yang Sea at once.

These two figures were legends. One had created the mysterious Dead Zen Dharma that could effortlessly control the dead. This technique was absolutely useful on the battlefield.

The other was the emperor who established the Central Empire and unified humanity after ancient times. He defied nature by changing his fate, getting a second life after tens of thousands of years.

The key was, his chance of getting a second life seemed to have something to do with Bi Luozi, a god-level being in ancient times. In the old days, Bi Luozi and Kong Chengzi were always together. They shared the same fame as Lord Wentian of the Ten Tribulations and Saint Monk Xumi when they joined hands. They were absolutely a pair of taboo figures.

Few characters throughout the Celestial Court and Infernal Court could rival figures like Zhang Ruochen, Patriarch Dead Zen, and the Destiny Corpse Emperor.

But both Patriarch Dead Zen and the Destiny Corpse Emperor were extremely low profile. Zhang Ruochen had never heard of any news about them although they had returned to the Kunlun Realm for such a long time. He once thought that they had attained Supreme Sainthood and could not join the War of Merits in the Kunlun Realm.

He did not expect to meet them in the Yin Yang Sea.

Both of them were shrouded in secrecy; no one could see through them and know how far their strength had gone.

Given the secrecy of Patriarch Dead Zen and the Destiny Corpse Emperor, probably no one in the Celestial Court and Infernal Court knew their existence.

Zhang Ruochen took a close look and found that the corpse aura on the Destiny Corpse Emperor's body had become so faint that it was hardly perceivable. Perhaps when the corpse aura completely went away, he would appear to be no different from ordinary people.

He used to be the supreme emperor who possessed many incredible powers. In terms of self-cultivation, he had practiced ten or even a hundred times longer than Zhang Ruochen had.

The Destiny Corpse Emperor turned his head around and looked at Zhang Ruochen, saying in a flat voice, "I didn't know you were here too, Zhang Ruochen."

Zhang Ruochen sat down opposite the Destiny Corpse Emperor. As young as he was, his aura was as powerful as a young emperor, not less powerful than that of the Destiny Corpse Emperor and Patriarch Dead Zen.

"I thought you wouldn't want to get involved in any trouble. I am surprised that you have come so early. This is completely out of your character," said Zhang Ruochen with a meaningful look.

"Emotions determine the character of a person. When you reach the height of us, emotions can no longer influence you. I came because this concerns the Key to the World Gate," said the Destiny Corpse Emperor.

Patriarch Dead Zen clapped his hands together with a solemn expression and uttered some Buddhist phrases. "Life is like being in the thorns; when the heart is not moving, the person does not move and will not get hurt. But if a person's heart moves, the thorns will hurt him to the bones and the person will feel all the pains in the world."

Knowing the meaning behind the words, the Destiny Corpse Emperor's expression was as calm as a millpond. "Dead Zen, it's true that I am looking to keep the Key of the World Gate. It is just in case. But as long as it does not fall into the hands of the Infernal Court and the World Gate is not opened, everything remains on the table. I never have second thoughts."

Just then, the other cultivators had also entered the hall, looking for a place to sit down. Being the host there, Ao Xinyan was sitting in the host's seat in the hall.

"First tell us about the Key to the World Gate, Ao Xinyan. As far as I know, the Key to the World Gate is missing since the Divine Sky-connecting Tree was chopped down. Why does it appear again now?" Blackie's eyes were filled with doubts.

"The existence of the Key to the World Gate is actually related to the state of the Spirit of the World," said Ao Xinyan with a solemn face.

"The Spirit of the World?" Zhang Ruochen's heart missed a beat upon hearing the name.

No wonder Ao Xinyan said that it was a matter of life and death for the Kunlun Realm. It turned out that things actually involved the Spirit of the World.

Zhang Ruochen was no stranger to the Spirit of the World. He had been in contact with the Black Dragon Ruins Realm back then.

The so-called Spirit of the World was something that could control everything in this world because its Qi of Origin was so strong that it had formed wisdom. It could be called the law of nature, to which all the orders and rules were related.

As an immortal macroworld, the Kunlun Realm possessed an extremely powerful Spirit of the World.

As everyone knew, the Spirit of the World that the Kunlun Realm used to have was the Divine Sky-connecting Tree. It existed when the Kunlun Realm existed. The relationship between the two was symbiotic.

At the end of ancient times, a wicked being cut down the Divine Sky-connecting Tree, causing great harm to the Qi of Origin of the Kunlun Realm. Since then, the Kunlun Realm declined gradually, laws broken, the self-cultivation environment going bad, and there had been no more beings that could attain immortality. Even those who attained Supreme Sainthood were few.

It was not until Empress Chi Yao attained immortality that this shackle was broken.

The Kunlun Realm started to recover and produce many precious training resources.

“All of you know that before ancient times, the Spirit of the World in the Kunlun Realm has always been the Divine Sky-connecting Tree. But it was not just the only one. As an immortal macroworld, the Qi of Origin of the Kunlun Realm was so powerful that it surpassed that of the ordinary macroworlds,” said Ao Xinyan. “The Qi of Origin of the Kunlun Realm was divided into two from the beginning. One part was combined with the Realm Root, and the other part was hidden in a mysterious dimension. In other words, the Kunlun Realm has always had a Spirit of the Dual World. It needs a special key to access that dimension, and that special key is the Key to the World Gate. Back then, when the Divine Sky-connecting Tree was cut down, it caused great harm to the Qi of origin of the Kunlun Realm. The other half of the Qi of Origin fell into silence, and the Key of the World Gate disappeared.”

This secret startled everyone as they had never heard about it before this.

According to Ao Xinyan, the Kunlun Realm possessed the Spirit of Dual Worlds, and what was hidden in that mysterious dimension should be even more important. It was the foundation of the Kunlun Realm, and from which the Divine Sky-connecting Tree was born.

“Why does the Key to the World Gate reappear, and how did the Infernal Court know about it?” asked Zhang Ruochen curiously.

He had made his own conjecture in his mind, but he still wanted to hear the answer from Ao Xinyan.

“The reappearance of the Key to the World Gate means that the Qi of Origin hidden in that mysterious dimension has recovered. The reason is that a new Realm Root has appeared and fits well with the Origin of the Kunlun realm,” said Ao Xinyan.

“The Fane of Darkness has always been eyeing the Origin of the Kunlun Realm. With a special method, they had detected the Key of the World Gate the moment it reappeared.”

Ao Xinyan could not help but sighed when she talked about this. The Fane of Darkness indeed had some powerful means to know the whereabouts of the Key of the World Gate, even if it was stored in the Ying Yang Sea.

“If the Infernal Court gets the Key to the World Gate, using it to open that mysterious dimension and take away the Spirit of the World that is the most fundamental to Kunlun Realm, then the Kunlun Realm will be done for. We must not let them succeed,” said Blackie with emotions.

Immediately Blackie looked at Ao Xinyan again. “Why didn’t your master take the Key to the World Gate with him?”

“The Key to the World Gate is very special. It is closely connected with the Spirit of the World Gate and cannot be taken out of the Kunlun Realm, or even out of the Yin Yang Sea,” said Ao Xinyan, shaking her head.

Blackie’s heart sank.

“The army of the Infernal Court has completely sealed off the sea area around True Dragon Island. Many powerful beings are guarding the area. Stopping them from taking the Key to the World Gate will be difficult once True Dragon Island is breached,” said Patriarch Dead Zen with a frown.

He had scouted True Dragon Island before and fought against four of the Nether Fane’s Seven Top Killers. He knew firsthand how powerful the Infernal Court army was.

It was apparent that there was no way they could fight the Infernal Court with so few of them.

“Why hasn’t the Infernal Court army attacked True Dragon Island?” asked Zhang Ruochen in bewilderment.

The Infernal Court was crazy about the Key to the World Gate; their calmness made no sense.

“True Dragon Island has the most powerful forbidden array in the Yin Yang Sea. A brute-force attack is not going to work. So the Infernal Court army is waiting for an opportunity. The change between day and night is the time when the forbidden array is at its weakest,” said Ao Xinyan.

The Yin Yang Sea was unique in that the change between day and night differed from that in the outside world. A change of day and night only happened once in half a month.

That meant a cycle of day and night in the Yin Yang Sea was equivalent to a month in the outside world.

“How long is it before the next day and night change?” asked Zhang Ruochen immediately.

“Three days,” said Saint King Zixin, the three-eyed Ancient.

Everyone’s heart sank upon hearing the answer. Three days were too short.

“The Infernal Court has captured all the dragons of Mount Zulong. Will they use this to bring forward their attack?” The Heaven-devourer Dragon looked worried.

Tens of thousands of dragons in Mount Zulong had fallen into the hands of the Infernal Court army. If they could not save the dragons, then Mount Zulong would decline. No one could tell how many years it would take for Mount Zulong to recover with just a few of them.

But they were still too weak in terms of strength. They could not even protect themselves, let alone save other dragons.

“Before the change between day and night, it is useless for the Infernal Court to sacrifice the dragons of Mount Zulong. They will not be so stupid. But it is not easy to rescue those dragons either,” said Ao Xinyan, shaking her head.

The Heaven-devourer Dragon said nothing more. After all, he could not force Zhang Ruochen and the others to fight for it.

Zhang Ruochen looked at Ao Xinyan after a moment of thought. “Can you get me a quiet place? I need to make some preparations.”

“No problem,” said Ao Xinyan.

With no delay, Zhang Ruochen got up and left with Blackie.

As Ao Xinyan said, many of the buildings in Silver Dragon Palace were vacant.

With little time to waste, Zhang Ruochen entered one of the palaces, and then sealed it off with a dimensional array. He did not want anyone to disturb him.

“Why did you bring me here, Zhang Ruochen?” asked Blackie in puzzlement.

“There will be a fierce battle in three days. The Infernal Court has so many powerful beings, I’m not so confident of beating them. I have to improve my strength further,” said Zhang Ruochen with a serious face.

“There are only three days left. Even with the help of the Sundial, you can only practice for three years. It is impossible for you to increase your cultivation base significantly. Do you have any shortcut to increase your strength?” Blackie looked worried.

The higher the cultivation base gets, the more difficult it is to improve it further. Thirty years were not enough to make any significant breakthrough, let alone three years.

“I plan to refine five top-grade Five-Element divine artifacts, cultivating my Five-element Chaotic Body to its limit. Hopefully it will significantly improve my strength. Besides, I need you to do something for me; lay out an even more powerful Time and Dimensional Arrays. It would be better to combine them with the Ninth Stratum Array as a means to counter the Seven Top Killers of the Nether Fane,” said Zhang Ruochen.

He alone might not be able to beat the Seven Top Killers of the Nether Fane.

But if he could get the Time and Dimensional Arrays in place in advance, he could probably put up a good fight, at least trap them at the critical moment.

“Is it too early to refine the Five Element Fetishes? The risk is high.” Blackie looked worried.

Cultivators who had just attained the level of Heaven's Reach, and whose body had not been toughened to perfection by the power of heaven and earth, refining the Five-element fetishes could harm them gravely, even if they possessed the Five-Element Chaotic Body.

"Nothing is absolutely safe in self-cultivation. Besides, this is the best option at the moment. Don't worry, I am confident I can refine the Five-element fetishes with my existing physical strength," said Zhang Ruochen.

Blackie nodded since Zhang Ruochen insisted. "Well, you may try it. But don't force yourself. Meanwhile, I will help you with the arrays."

Not that it had choices. It just could not think of a better way except for letting Zhang Ruochen take the risk.

Besides, as dangerous as refining the Five Elements Fetishes was, if everything went well, it would greatly help Zhang Ruochen in his subsequent self-cultivation practice.

Chapter 2079: Battle Is Imminent

Zhang Ruochen activated the Sundial and started his self-cultivation behind a closed door in the palace. He had only three days before the Infernal Court attacked True Dragon Island. There was no time to waste.

Fortunately, he did not use up all the Godstones he had collected earlier. Otherwise, he would have a big headache now.

Zhang Ruochen manifested both the Saint Aspects of Time and Dimensions with just the churn of a thought. These two Saint Aspects were the most special—they were invisible and formless, and no one else except him could see them.

The two Saint Aspects would join forces with Blackie to combine the Time and Dimensional Arrays with the Ninth Stratum Array to form a powerful defense.

Meanwhile, Zhang Ruochen was getting ready to refine the Five Element fetishes. It was a challenging task.

Even many Path's Anterior cultivators would find it extremely difficult to refine the top-grade Five-Element fetishes, let alone doing that in three years.

But at the moment, Zhang Ruochen had no other choice. Desperate times call for desperate measures. He had to improve his strength as quickly as he could.

His mind churned, and five sealed brocade boxes appeared in front of him. They were exactly what Emperor Ji Mie gave him. Each brocade box contained a top-grade Five-Element divine artifact.

All five brocade boxes opened with the wave of his hand. Lights of various colors shone out of the boxes, and the vitality of the Five-Element fetishes spread in the air. It was so rich that it condensed into liquid. Had this happened in the outside world, it would be an amazing vision.

Seeing the Five-Element fetishes in the brocade boxes, Zhang Ruochen's eyes brightened up. Had he not captured Zhou Yu and Mosheng, and held the Heavenly Realm to ransom, he would not have gotten any top-grade Five-Element fetish, let alone five.

Any top fetish was extremely precious. Even immortals kept it as a treasure and would not easily give it to others.

The two Five-Element fetishes that Zhang Ruochen had gotten from Cang Long were run-of-the-mill, not in the same league as the five top-grade Five-Element fetishes in front of him.

The most important thing for a Saint King cultivator to attain Supreme Sainthood was to forge an immortal saint body. The materials used directly affected the strength of the immortal saint body and how far one's self-cultivation could go in the future.

Everyone wanted the best materials, but getting one was extremely difficult. Few could get their hands on the ordinary fetishes to forge immortal saint bodies, let alone using top-grade ones. Most of them could only find average sacred artifacts.

"The Primordial Water and the Primordial Stone of Merits are rare fetishes. I hope they will surprise me in a good way." There was an expectant look in Zhang Ruochen's eyes.

He once saw the Primordial Stone of Merits at the Grand Terminal of Merits. It was exchangeable for 50 billion Merit Points apiece.

That meant to exchange for five top-grade fetishes like these would cost 250 billion Merit Points, which was simply impossible to get.

To put things in perspective, the Merit Points of the number one person on the Saint King Merit List were only in the tens of billions.

"Let's start with the Primordial Water," whispered Zhang Ruochen.

A ball of Primordial Water the size of a fist flew out from the brocade box as he stretched out his hand and grabbed remotely at the box. The Primordial Water appeared like mercury. It was not too much by volume but was incredibly heavy, exceeding one hundred thousand catties.

The Primordial Water was relatively mild and the least dangerous as it could nourish the body. Refining the Primordial Water would enhance the adaptability of the physical body, after which refining other fetishes would become easier.

With the Empyrean Emperor Ming's Scripture activated, Zhang Ruochen shook off every distraction from his mind and focused on refining the fetishes.

As mild as the Primordial Water was, it was also overpoweringly strong, which Zhang Ruochen had not expected. It nearly overwhelmed him and hurt his flesh and bones as he took in a small amount of the Primordial Water.

He had no choice but to slow down the refinement speed. This thing required patience.

“It is difficult, but at least it is doable. I don’t have to refine all the Five-Element fetishes this time. A small part of it will be enough to improve my Five-element Chaotic Body tremendously,” thought Zhang Rouchen to himself.

It was simply impossible to refine enough fetishes to forge an immortal saint body at one go. It needs to be done gradually, slowly accumulating, just like cultivating a Five-element Chaotic Body.

Blackie observed for a while. After making sure that Zhang Rouchen was all right, Blackie calmed down and started to study how it would combine the Time and Dimensional Arrays with the Ninth Stratum Array.

The Thirty-six Flags Array was in front of Blackie. Each flag was engraved with mysterious array inscriptions.

These array flags were Blackie’s brainchild, which could lay the more complex and mysterious Ninth Stratum Array. Once the array was formed, it could kill Saint Kings like slaughtering chickens, and even gave powerful beings like Zhou Yu and Mosheng a hard time.

But this was obviously not good enough to handle the Seven Top Killers of the Nether Fane. It needed a power upgrade.

“There are twelve million array inscriptions engraved on each array flag. If you are thinking of trapping the Seven Top Killers of the Nether Fane, you would have to double the number of array inscriptions and combine it with the Time and Dimensional Arrays. This massive project is going to break my back.”

Blackie felt the pressure when it thought of the magnitude of the things it had to accomplish in the next three years.

The time was too short, and Blackie could not guarantee that it could complete it in time. But since things had come to such a pass, it had to take chances.

But even if Blackie could finish upgrading the flags array, there were still many challenges ahead. The stronger the array, the more energy is needed to drive, and the higher the level of difficulty of control.

The real Ninth Stratum Array was often powered by the Godstones and assisted by a huge number of saint stones, and needed to be imbued with Supreme Saint-level array spirit. After all, the Ninth Stratum Array was originally used to fight Supreme Saint-level beings.

“First, get the flag array done. Let Zhang Rouchen figure out the rest.”

Blackie shook its head vigorously. It stopped worrying about it and concentrated on engraving the array inscriptions.

Worrying was pointless if it could not even upgrade the flags array.

While Zhang Rouchen and Blackie were in a retreat, the situation in the Ying Yang Sea was turning even more perilous as an increasing number of Infernal Court cultivators poured out from the dimensional rift.

Unlike the armies in other Battlefields of Merit, those who gathered in the Yin Yang Sea were mostly Saint King-level cultivators, and many were Nine-Step Saint Kings.

Almost the entire Yin Yang Sea had been under the blockade of the Infernal Court army. Accessing the Ying Yang Sea became difficult.

In the secret sea area near True Dragon Island, five massive battleships were moored and quietly observing the situation on True Dragon Island.

Strangely, a large group of Infernal Court cultivators were patrolling in the surrounding waters, but they had not spotted these five battleships. There was only one explanation: these battleships were extremely good at concealing themselves.

“The Son of Darkness has come as expected. His aura of Darkness is powerful, completely different from that of the ordinary cultivator of Darkness.”

Maiden of a Thousand Stars watched with a grave expression at a battleship of the Infernal Court in the far distance with her Divine Eye of Origin.

There were seven large battleships of the Infernal Court anchored in the waters of True Dragon Island. One top cultivator was on each ship, some even having more than one.

The one that Maiden of a Thousand Stars was watching was the largest among them. A mighty power of Darkness was shrouding it. So even with her Divine Eye of Origin, she could not see the ship clearly.

“The Son of Darkness is a rare genius of the Fane of Darkness in a thousand years. When entered the Abyss of Darkness, he not only survived but also, by serendipity, infused a dark matter into his body. Not only that, an ancient of the Fane of Darkness had taught him some skills. No one knew how powerful he had become,” said Dazun with a frown.

“The Son of Darkness is ranked in the top-three non-Supreme Saint cultivators of the Nether clan in terms of strength. The Fane of Darkness has sent him, and this shows that they are determined to get the Key of the World Gate.”

Few in the Celestial Court and Infernal Court were unafraid of the Son of Darkness.

“The Son of Darkness, the Seven Top Killers of the Nether Fane, the Three Emperors and Twelve Reverends of the Bone Clan are all nasty characters. It is going to be a tough fight to snatch the Key to the World Gate from them. Some of us might die on True Dragon Island,” said Beidou Tianzi solemnly.

The Infernal Court was banking heavily on this excursion to seize the Key to the World Gate. It had mobilized nearly all the elite forces of the Nether Clan and Bone Clan.

Under normal circumstances, the Son of Darkness, the Seven Top Killers of the Nether Fane, and the Three Emperors and Twelve Reverends of the Bone Clan were unlikely to appear in the same place. Any of them was powerful enough to dominate a Battlefield of Merits.

“In fact, there is no need to be so high-strung. We have nothing to lose even if we can’t get the Key to the World Gate. Instead, the Kunlun Realm should be the one worrying about it.”

“After this, we can also attack Golden Dragon Island and Silver Dragon Island, which are the habitats of the Pentaclaw Golden Dragon and the Pentaclaw Silver Dragon. The Divine Dragons store the treasures they have collected on these two islands. Head or tail, we still gain.”

Sunshine Tianzi chuckled. He did not look like he was under pressure.

Apparently, he had been laying his eyes on Golden Dragon Island and Silver Dragon Island from the very beginning. In any case, he did not want to leave empty-handed.

Especially if the Kunlun Realm were to fall. He should take this opportunity to loot more instead of letting the Infernal Court plunder everything.

Fairy Linglong shot a faint look at Sunshine Tianzi. “Golden Dragon Island and Silver Dragon Island are not as simple as you think. The Kunlun Realm’s Divine Dragons—both Pentaclaw Golden Dragons and Pentaclaw Silver Dragons—have powerful beings among them. You had better not set foot on their habitats. Otherwise, you could get yourself killed.”

As a Divine Dragon, Fairy Linglong knew the Divine Dragon of the Kunlun Realm well.

Before leaving the Celestial Dragon Realm, the elders of the clan had told that, except for True Dragon Island, she must never set foot on other islands in the Yin Yang Sea.

What is a hegemonic powerhouse? It is a being that rules the roost among the immortals and masters the Canon.

Whether an immortal masters the Canon or not has an absolute difference in its strength.

Just as Yueshen had only recovered 50% of her divine power but mastered the Canon back then, she could still easily defeat the Yanshen, who did not master the Canon.

Usually only those immortals who have mastered the Canon possess the ability to kill immortals.

Sunshine Tianzi’s heart skipped a beat, but he appeared nonchalant. “The hegemonic powerhouse was no doubt powerful. But he is dead. How many things could he leave behind? Don’t be overly cautious, Fairy.”

Fairy Linglong said nothing more. It was a waste of breath talking to someone not on the same wavelength.

“That’s strange. The Infernal Court is about to attack True Dragon Island soon. Why hasn’t Zhang Ruochen come? Has he left the Yin Yang Sea? Where are the other cultivators from the Kunlun Realm?” Maiden of a Thousand Stars looked puzzled.

“Those who are wise would have fled the Ying Ying Sea. With the current situation of Yin Yang Sea, even if Zhang Ruochen were here, it would not make a difference. Instead, he could get himself killed. He might be known as the god of war of the Kunlun Realm, but facing the Son of Darkness and the Seven Top Killers of the Nether Fane, he is just a clown.” Sunshine chuckled.

Anyone could feel that Sunshine Tianzi disdained Zhang Ruochen.

“As a tianzi of an ancient civilization, he is so shallow-minded and lacks discernment. After Zhang Ruochen returned to the Kunlun Realm, he had fought countless brutal battles and won them all, defeating countless powerful beings, including smashing the avatar of an Emissary Vigilant. I can’t believe that this tianzi is underestimating him. If Sunshine Tianzi was to become Tianzhu, the future for

the Sunshine Civilization would be bleak.” There was a hint of a sneer in the eyes of Maiden of a Thousand Stars.

“Be prepared, as the change between day and night will come soon. As soon as the Infernal Court successfully takes True Dragon Island, we are to make the landing and move toward the Dragon Temple in the center of the island, where the Key to the World Gate is,” said Beidou Tianzi with a serious expression.

It was going to be a tough fight for the Key of the World Gate. But they had four major ancient civilizations and the Celestial Dragon Realm, which were equally powerful, gathering in the Yin Yang Sea. They might stand a chance against the Infernal Court.

The Celestial Dragon Realm was the most powerful among them. It was a hegemonic superpower since ancient times, one of the top ten superpowers in the world, second only to the four dominant worlds. One hundred thousand years ago, none of the three superpowers of the Western Universe—the Heavenly Realm, Kunlun Realm, and Western Buddha Realm—was no match for the Celestial Dragon Realm. At that time, Saint Monk Xumi, Lord Wentian of the Ten Tribulations, Dragon Lord Jiwang, and others were based in the Kunlun Realm.

Of course, after the Sundial was activated, the Kunlun Realm entered the era of ‘one day in heaven, one year on Earth’, its strength advancing by leaps and bounds, leaving the Heavenly Realm, Western Buddha Realm, and Celestial Dragon Realm in the dust. It could almost establish a new universal order at that time. It was so near yet so far, though, as things fell through. Decline quickly set in following its glory, and only ruins remained of it.

Today, the Celestial Dragon Realm was even more powerful than it was 100,000 years ago. The Kunlun Realm today was pale in comparison.

The Thousand-Star Civilization, Sunshine Civilization, Beidou Civilization, and Wushen Civilization were the four superpowers of the ancient civilizations in the universe.

The coming of these five superpowers pointed to a massive, sinister plan.

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In the Palace of Silver Dragons, Ao Xinyan, the Destiny Corpse Emperor, and Patriarch Dead Zen gathered with over a dozen other powerful cultivators. Saint King Zixin of Three-Eyed Ancients was also among them.

The dozen figures and Ao Xinyan were seen as equals. They all exuded dragon- and phoenix-like aura, totally composed, full of vigor with ancient rhymes in them, literally the characters straight out of the ancient history books. Saint King Zixin was among them, but just sitting in the last seat.

“Why hasn’t the captain come out? The change between day and night will come soon. If we don’t depart toward True Dragon Island now, you will not only have no chance to save the Dragons of Mount Zulong but also cannot stop the Infernal Court from taking the Key to the World gate,” said Ao Xinyan anxiously.

“Time’s a-wastin! We have got to move now,” said the Destiny Corpse Emperor.

Patriarch Dead Zen sat on the back of an elaphure and suddenly uttered, “No rush. Mister Zhang is here.”

Zhang Ruochen and Blackie appeared in front of the four of them before his voice trailed off.

“I am sorry we are late. I am ready now and may depart at any time,” said Zhang Ruochen.

The Destiny Corpse Emperor took a closer look at Zhang Ruochen, and lights flashed in his eyes. He felt the enormous change in Zhang Ruochen compared to three days ago.

And this change was not superficial but inner, as if he had been reborn.

Chapter 2080: The Dragon Temple

Zhang Ruochen’s heart skipped a beat as he entered the temple, his eyes landing on a dozen powerful cultivators spontaneously.

Just by sensing the ancient rhyme exuding from these people, Zhang Ruochen knew they must be the Re-Awakeners, just like Saint King Zixin.

According to Saint King Zixin, Re-Awakeners like them were supposed to stay away. So what were they doing by gathering here?

“The purpose of me asking you here is that I hope you can secretly send these elders here to True Dragon Island after the forbidden array on True Dragon Island is breached. The island is so special that even the divine spirits of the Infernal Court could infiltrate and get to know the situation on the island.” Ao Xinyan seemed to have read the questions on Zhang Ruochen’s mind.

“Captain, you are the master of time and space. With your unfathomably powerful abilities and the Destiny Corpse Emperor’s, Patriarch Dead Zen’s, and my help, I believe we can evade the detection of the Infernal Court immortals.”

There was a pause before Ao Xinyan continued. “Of course, True Dragon Island’s forbidden array is powerful. With the intertwining inscriptions, it had impregnable defense and overwhelmingly powerful attack capability—so much so that it could easily kill a Supreme saint cultivator. So as strong as the Infernal Court army is, invading the island is not going to be easy. The Infernal Court would likely suffer huge casualties before it could even set foot on True Dragon Island.”

“It’s just that many things are unpredictable. We must be prepared for the worst, just in case. Once the forbidden array on True Dragon Island is breached, we have to be on the island to stop the Infernal Court army. We must not let them succeed.”

Zhang Ruochen suddenly put two and two together—this was what Ao Xinyan wanted him to help.

These Re-Awakeners were strong, as all of them were the top-level non-Supreme saint cultivators. Unfortunately, their number was too small, just a fraction of the number of the Infernal Court army. Even if they chose to strike outside the island regardless of the risk of exposure, they would not stand a chance.

Only by landing and lying in wait on True Dragon Island could they slow down the Infernal Court army.

Especially when the enemy was in the open while they were in the dark. This was undoubtedly an immense advantage for them.

As he was deep in thought, Ao Xinyan's voice spoke into his mind. "They are the first batch of Re-Awakeners. Master deliberately arranged for them to assist me and guard the Yin-Yang Sea. Unfortunately, we can't wake the other people up from their hibernation. Otherwise, the situation would not have become so critical."

Zhang Ruochen's heart skipped a beat upon hearing that. No wonder there were few Re-Awakeners here. At first, he thought Ao Xinyan was deliberately concealing her strength. He did not know that they were all the Re-Awakeners available at this time.

Apparently, this was a secret of the Yin Yang Sea, and Ao Xinyan told him this through telepathy because she trusted him.

"Time a-wasting! Let's go," said Zhang Ruochen with a serious look as he collected his thoughts.

With the move of her hand, Ao Xinyan activated the hidden inscriptions inside the Palace of Silver Dragons. "Here is a special dimensional teleportation array that can teleport us to anywhere in the Yin Yang Sea. Please get ready."

Everyone in the temple stood up and gathered around Ao Xinyan.

Those Re-Awakeners shot an apathetic glance at Zhang Ruochen, saying nothing. There was a proud look in their eyes.

They were proud, and rightly so because they were the top dogs in ancient times.

The dimensional teleportation array started. A white light flashed in the temple, and everyone vanished.

Black fog was floating over the sea off True Dragon Island as a secret dimensional tunnel formed. Zhang Ruochen and everyone else were standing inside.

This was the power of the Palace of Silver Dragons' teleportation array that concealed them. No one would discover them as long as they stay inside this dimensional tunnel.

"It's a strong lineup. Those standing on the seven warships are all Saint Kings. What the hell does the Infernal Court want to do?" Zhang Ruochen's eyes flashed with light.

"The Key to the World Gate is stored in the Dragon Temple on True Dragon Island, and the Dragon Temple is the temple of the Divine Dragons. In the heyday of the Divine Dragons, tens of millions of dragons and living beings came here to learn and for pilgrimage. This temple was one of the top three temples in the entire Kunlun Realm. The only comparable forces were the Heaven's Pass Temple of Lord Wentian of the Ten Tribulations, and the Jiuli Temple of the Jiuli Clan. It's a pity that the Dragon Temple was destroyed during the battle at the end of ancient times. There are still various sacred destructive forces lingering around. It is a forbidden ruin. But it is in such a forbidden ruin that holds the treasures of hundreds of millions of years of the Divine Dragons. This is exactly the target of the Infernal Court army. They will invade the ruins and plunder the remaining treasures that haven't been taken away at the end of ancient times. They are a bunch of robbers, insatiable demons. Had I been born one hundred

thousand years ago 100,000 years ago, I would have fought to the last drop of my blood to defend the temple,” said Ao Xinyan.

There were treasures on Golden Dragon Island and Silver Dragon Island, too, but they were nowhere near that on True Dragon Island.

Zhang Ruochen’s heart skipped a beat. 100,000 years ago, there were many powerful beings among the Divine Dragons, not to mention the formidable beings like Dragon Lord Jiwang. He could not believe that the Dragon Temple that the Divine Dragons were most proud of had been destroyed.

It was an absolutely brutal battle. But even if one-tenth of the treasures in the Dragon Temple remained, the Kunlun Realm could train a massive number of cultivators in a short time.

In any case, those treasures must not be taken away by the Infernal Court.

The destruction of the Dragon Temple was a humiliation for the Divine Dragons and the Kunlun Realm. If they could not even guard the treasures in the temple, it would not just be shameful, but also a slap in the face.

Zhang Ruochen looked around and then fixed his gaze on one of the battleships.

Standing on the bow was a powerful being from the Bone clan. He was ten-yard tall, each of his bones was extremely strong, dark gold with mysterious inscriptions on the surface. He had a powerful aura.

This powerful Bone Clan cultivator held an Exquisite Dimensional Orb, which was inconspicuous, with many shadows of dragons flying in it.

All the captured dragons from Mount Zulong were being held inside this Exquisite Dimensional Orb.

When the change between day and night came, this Bone Clan cultivator would sacrifice all these dragons in a blood sacrifice to break the forbidden array off True Dragon Island.

“We have got to think of a way to rescue all the Mount Zulong’s Dragons,” said Zhang Ruochen in a low voice.

“Zhang Ruochen, don’t act recklessly. It is the Spirit-Slaying Emperor, one of the three emperors of the Bone Clan, who controls the Exquisite Dimensional Orb. He is bloodthirsty. Don’t mess with him,” warned Saint King Zixin.

“Captain, I want to save Mount Zulong’s Dragons, too. But this is not the right time. Don’t put yourself in danger.” Ao Xinyan also tried to dissuade him.

Zhang Ruochen said nothing, but just looked at the empty sea.

For some reason, he had a gut feeling that something was not right on this sea.

“Blackie, use your Supreme Saint’s Eye to look in that direction,” said Zhang Ruochen spontaneously.

Blackie did not know what Zhang Ruochen wanted to do, but it still did as told, using Supreme Saint’s Eye to scan the part of the sea that Zhang Ruochen pointed to.

There was a strange look in Blackie's eyes. "Huh? There really is something in this sea area. It is such a subtle illusion technique that can even deceive Supreme Saint's Eye. I can't see exactly what and who is hiding here."

Others cast their eyes on the sea, but they could see nothing.

"It seems that we have another company coming for the Key to the World Gate. It is not a bad thing, though." The corner of Zhang Ruochen's mouth curled up.

"We don't have enough men to clash head-on with the Infernal Court army. If there are other forces coming to rock the boat, it will work in favor of us," said the Destiny Corpse Emperor.

"We might use them to rescue those Dragons of Mount Zulong." A light flashed in Zhang Ruochen's eyes.

"How?" asked Ao Xinyan in puzzlement.

"You will know soon." Zhang Ruochen let out a mysterious smile.

Before Ao Xinyan and others could say anything, he took one step forward and vanished.

"What an impressive stealth technique—he can blend in with the sea! It seems that he has cultivated his Five-Element Chaotic Body to its pinnacle," said Destiny Corpse Emperor in astonishment.

The Yin Yang Sea was inherently strange. As long as Zhang Ruochen remained stealthy in the sea without exposing his aura, no one would know his presence, even if he was in close range.

Of course, the seven battleships of the Infernal Court were not ordinary ships. They were extremely capable of detecting foreign objects or beings that came near. Anything that came too close to them would be invariably exposed.

Zhang Ruochen concealed his aura as best as he could as he let himself drift with the waves, and quickly approached the battleship on which the Bone Clan cultivator with an Exquisite Dimensional Orb was standing.

Zhang Ruochen secretly mobilized the Precepts of Dimension, releasing an invisible dimensional power toward the sea area shrouded by illusion.

This dimensional power was extremely weak. When combined with the sea, it would be undetectable.

But Zhang Ruochen had missed out on someone.

"Huh?"

In the far distance, on the battleship hidden in the illusion, the eyes of Maiden of a Thousand Stars glowed. Her Divine Eye of Origin had spotted a figure on the sea.