

GOF 2121

Chapter 2121: The Moment of Life and Death

Faced with Lord of Stone's tyrannical attack, Mojo did not retreat, nor could it. Mojo could only defend itself. Boundless divine force of darkness surged out from his body, purer and stronger than Dragon Phantom Lord.

Endless darkness descended, wanting to envelop this entire world. It was as if it wanted to devour everything in the world, presumably the end of the world had begun.

Billions of dark arcane runes interweaved, forming a massive object. It was shaped like a heart, and countless veins extended from its surface. It was as if it wanted to use this as a foundation to evolve into a terrifying creature.

The three objects that Lord of Stone had evolved shook, and ten thousand streams of AzureTerra Qi descended, crushing the skies and forcing the darkness to retreat.

BANG!

Even though Mojo had transformed into a heart, it released a very majestic divine force, it was still unable to withstand the attacks of the three objects and was shattered by force.

However, at this moment, Mojo released three pitch-black tentacles that carried the power of ten thousand hectares and shattered the three objects.

The collision between the two was too intense. The land within a radius of a thousand miles was crumbling and sinking for thousands of meters.

One had to know that this was True Dragon Island and the suppression of heavenly and earthly percepts was extremely strong. An ordinary person's battle would not be able to cause too much damage.

If they were in the outside world, such a terrifying collision would probably change the shape of the world. Even the stars in the outer realms would fall.

Lord of Stone looked nonchalantly and its brows lifted. An AzureTerra sacred spear flew out. There were countless patterns on the surface of the spear, like dragon scales. At a glance, it looked like a divine dragon.

The AzureTerra spear was a genuine regal weapon. It was born from Lord of Stone's body and was like one with him. The tip of the spear was sharp as a razor and could split the sky.

With the AzureTerra sacred spear in hand, Lord of Stone pressed forward and displayed an extremely tyrannical spear technique. Countless sharp spear shadows appeared in the void, enveloping Mojo's true form.

WAWA!

In the darkness, ear-piercing cries rang out. Vast spiritual power surged out and swept towards Lord of Stone like a tidal wave.

For a moment, the entire world turned dark red. The sky split open and countless corpses of divine demes fell, piling up into mountains on the ground. The blood of the divine demons converged into a pool. One could faintly hear the angry roars of countless divine demons, shaking the hearts of people.

The sceneries were all anomalies, but they gave people an awfully realistic feeling. It was as if they had entered the most chaotic dark age.

Mojo was very clear about Lord of Stone's weaknesses. It wanted to use spiritual power to attack and make Lord of Stone's spiritual intelligence even more chaotic.

However, Mojo did not know was that Lord of Stone has been reborn. Its spiritual intelligence was pure, and its spiritual will was as firm as a rock. The spiritual attack will have no effect.

BOOM!

The AzureTerra sacred spear shook, and the frightening phenomenon that illuminated the world immediately shattered.

When Lord of Stone approached, a dark golden sacred shield appeared. Its entire body emitted holy light, revealing a gorgeous and colorful starry sky. Countless stars were rotating within it, releasing majestic star power.

The stars arranged themselves according to the mysterious formation, transforming into a vast and mighty space that enveloped Lord of Stone in a wink.

The next moment, endless starlight became blazing, turning into a raging fire of stars that drowned Lord of Stone.

'Such powerful top-tier regal weapon.' Zhang Ruochen was astonished.

A regal weapon was a saint weapon exclusive to the top-cultivators of Supreme Sainthood. Only in the hands of a top-cultivator of Supreme Sainthood could it unleash its true power.

For a terrifying powerhouse like Mojo, to activate a regal weapon was much more powerful than a Supreme Artifact triggered by a top-notch Saint King.

No matter how powerful a sacred artifact or even a divine artifact was, one had to have sufficient strength to activate it. Otherwise, one would only be allowed to gain the upper hand in a battle of the same level.

Lord of Stone did not show any signs of panic when it was trapped in that strange starry sky and immolated by the astral fire. A large amount of AzureTerra Qi surged out from its body and gathered on the AzureTerra sacred spear.

"Break!" Lord of Stone shouted explosively and swung the AzureTerra sacred spear discharging brilliant sharp rays.

Boom!

Countless stars were destroyed in an instant. The starry sky was torn apart, unable to trap Lord of Stone.

“Mojo, your life is mine.” Lord of Stone growled. As it waved the AzureTerra sacred spear, it performed a mystical conjuration.

An intense battle erupted. Lord of Stone was like an unparalleled war god, valiantly charged at Mojo.

In the blink of an eye, both Lord of Stone and Mojo had fought for hundreds of rounds. Everything within a radius of thousands of miles had been shattered, yet there was still no victor.

Despite losing part of its power to the God-Defiance Stele, the fact that Lord of Stone could still fight at the peak with Mojo showed how mighty Lord of Stone was. As Lord of Stone was the strongest of the five overlords.

Zhang Ruochen narrowed his eyes and said, “As expected from the god of Infernal Court’s heart. It will be difficult to deal with. Let’s attack together and get rid of it as soon as possible.”

As he spoke, Zhang Ruochen had already taken out the Zangshan Demonic Mirror and activated it together with the Dragon Phantom Lord.

The Zangshan Demonic Mirror resurrected speedily and released impressive Supreme Power to attack Mojo.

Although Mojo was focused on fighting with Lord of Stone, it also paid attention to the movements of Lord of Sword and Dragon Phantom Lord. When it sensed the threat, it immediately summoned the sacred shield.

BANG!

The starry sky formed by the sacred shield was shattered by the Supreme Power right away and blown away.

Combining the power of Zhang Ruochen and Dragon Phantom Lord to activate a Supreme Artifact, the power was significant and could threaten Mojo.

“Are you still hesitating, Lord of Sword? Once Mojo and the Infernal Court come together, a great disaster will unfold,” Zhang Ruochen shouted.

If Zhang Ruochen wished to end Mojo as soon as possible, he would undoubtedly need the power from Lord of Sword.

Lord of Sword’s emotions fluctuated. Many thoughts flashed through its mind quickly, and it had mixed feelings about this.

A moment later, Lord of Sword’s eyes became firm, and a sharp sword’s will exuding from its body. It said, “Very well then. Let’s join hands and put an end to this blight, the final act for the past war between gods.”

After making the decision, Lord of Sword no longer hesitated. It immediately waved the sacred sword in its hand and joined in the battle. Together with Lord of Stone, they attacked Mojo.

Mojo was indeed overpowered, but it still could not withstand the attacks of two powerhouses of the same level.

In just a few dozen moves, Mojo was at a disadvantage. It could only passively defend itself.

Zhang Ruochen and Dragon Lord Emperor used the Zangshan Demonic Mirror to completely block Mojos's path of retreat. From time to time, they would launch an attack to interfere with Mojo.

It did not take long for Lord of Stone and Lord of Sword's cooperation to become quite tacit. They had suppressed Mojo entirely.

BANG!

Lord of Stone's spear sent the sacred shield flying and Lord of Sword struck out at the right time. Thousands of sword Qi slashed out. Not only did it cut off Mojo's tentacles, but it also broke through the thick divine power of darkness.

When the darkness dispersed, Zhang Ruochen finally saw the true form of Mojo. It was a dark crimson heart and was covered with dark divine marks and had many tentacles.

This was a heart of a god. It had been cut out for a long time, but it hadn't withered. Instead, it had turned into a terrifying monster.

"Blasphemy! You must all die." At this moment, a hoarse voice came from the divine heart.

Swoosh

The eighteen most fundamental tentacles extended immediately upon and attacked both Lord of Stone and Lord of Sword.

At the same time, the creepy children protected by Mojo exploded and turned into a mist of blood, all of which entered the true form of Mojo.

After swallowing so much blood qi, the true form of Mojo expanded rapidly. Its diameter reached thousands of meters, like a small star.

Majestic dark divine power surged out of the divine heart and condensed into a very tall figure as if it was about to burst through the world.

At this moment, Zhang Ruochen and the others felt the terrifying divine power. It was overwhelming as if a true god had descended.

Undeniably, Mojo was displaying the divine power of the god from the Infernal Court and condensed into a divine shadow.

Facing the tall divine shadow, Lord of Stone said coldly, "A mere divine heart dares to call itself a god. Watch how I smash your true form into pieces."

Before it could finish its words, Lord of Stone had already made a strong move. It gathered the power of AzureTerra and punched out four utmost Yang punches. At the same time, it swung the AzureTerra sacred spear and chopped down at Mojo's head.

Lord of Sword didn't utter a word, but it was also performing an exquisite sword technique. Its sword's will is linked with heaven and earth.

“Now.” Zhang Ruochen commanded.

Dragon Phantom Lord performed the Great Dimensional Shift and suddenly appeared behind Mojo with Zhang Ruochen.

Zhang Ruochen didn't hesitate at all. He flipped his hand and took out the God-Defiance Stele. Then he activated the Precept and inserted them into the ancient characters.

The moment the God-Defiance Stele appeared, both the divine power and dark divine power dispersed rapidly.

Suddenly, the divine shadow became unstable and showed signs of collapsing.

Before Mojo could react, Zhang Ruochen had already put away the God-Defiance Stele. He and Dragon Phantom Lord activated the Zangshan Demonic Mirror to attack Mojo.

If Zhang Ruochen continued to activate the God-Defiance Stele, the attacks of Lord Stone and Lord of Sword would fade.

With Lord of Sword present, Zhang Ruochen did not plan to expose the God-Defiance Stele.

Zhang Ruochen used the God-Defiance Stele behind Mojo. It was only for a moment, and he did not make any movements. In addition, Lord of Sword's attention was on Mojo, so it did not notice it.

With such a turn of events, Mojo immediately ran into big trouble. It was struck by many terrifying attacks.

BANG!

The divine shadow instantly collapsed, and the divine power dissipated.

The Supreme Power unleashed by the Zangshan Demonic Mirror and the peerless sword ray slashed out by Lord of Sword all struck Mojo's true form.

The AzureTerra sacred spear in the hands of the stone emperor was even more terrifying. It actually broke through the barrier of the dark divine marks and pierced through Mojo's true form.

Pfft

Dark crimson divine blood flew out. Each drop contained a terrifying power that could corrode everything.

ROAR!

Bathing in the divine blood, Lord of Stone couldn't help but lifted its head and roared.

Only Lord of Stone who possessed the AzureTerra stone body could prevent the corrosion of the divine blood.

Lord of Stone mobilized the even more dynamic power of the AzureTerra and transferred it into Mojo's true body through the AzureTerra sacred spear. Tens of thousands of AzureTerra power flowed out from the tip of the spear, like streams and dragons. They intertwined together as if they wanted to prop up an AzureTerra world within the Mojo's body.

This was a type of offensive power that attacked from the inside out.

Immediately, Mojo's true form swelled up once again. Many cracks appeared on its surface, and divine blood gushed out.

Just as Lord of Stone was about to shatter the Mojo's true form, a powerful force burst out and sent it flying backward.

"This is not good... Mojo is going to fight back with all its might. It's dangerous." Zhang Ruochen was alarmed. He quickly retrieved the Zangshan Demonic Mirror to protect himself.

Before he could say anything, Dragon Phantom Lord had already retreated rapidly. It also felt a great threat.

Lub-dub.

The divine heart trembled, and its voice was like a loud bell.

Endless blood qi as vast as the ocean spread out from the divine heart. It carried an unparalleled divine power as it swept through all corners of the world. It was unstoppable.

What was even more terrifying was that an extremely grim spiritual will burst out from the divine heart. It changed the colors of the world, thunder rumbling and lightning flashed from the sky.

"Do not underestimate the divine powers. You will have to pay the price of your lives for this." Mojo roared furiously, and its ferocious power overflowed the sky.

The expressions on both Lord of Stone and Lord of Stone's changed. They could feel an immense threat.

No one had expected that Mojo's body actually still contained the terrifying spiritual will of the god from the Infernal Court. Moreover, Mojo was still able to release it.

Without a doubt, this was Mojo's final and strongest trump card. Such a powerful spiritual will was probably something even Mojo itself would find it difficult to withstand.

BANG!

Lord of Stone was the closest to Mojo. It was the first to bear the brunt and was sent flying.

Lord of Stone's body was unscathed, but its saint soul had suffered a great impact. If it had not just refined six divine wills, it would most likely be in grave danger.

Immediately after, Lord of Sword also suffered a terrifying attack. The sacred sword in its hand, which was a Regal Artifact, shattered into pieces directly.

BOOM!

Lord of Sword could not withstand this power, and its body exploded instantly.

It was not that they were outmatched, but the trump card of Mojo was too terrifying. It was as if the god of Infernal Court in the past had been revived at this moment.

Even the Regal Artifact was shattered, and the Supreme Saint's body was torn apart.

At this moment, Zhang Ruochen felt a chill run down his spine. His body was definitely not as strong as the Regal Artifact, much less than Lord of Sword. At the critical moment, he took out the God-Defiance Stele once more.

Rumble.

The God-Defiance Stele acted as a shield, blocking Zhang Ruochen.

Even so, the remaining strength still attacks through the God-Defiance Stele. Zhang Ruochen was badly injured. He almost couldn't hold on and fell into a pool of blood.

After about fifteen minutes of resistance, the vast blood qi released by Mojo was finally suppressed by the God-Defiance Stele. Although it was still surging, it couldn't touch Zhang Ruochen and Dragon Phantom Lord.

The spiritual will of the god of the Infernal Court was also suppressed, but the effect was not obvious.

The reason was that Zhang Ruochen's own strength was not strong enough. He can be invincible in the realm of Saint King. However, there was still a huge gap between him and the Supreme Saint, or even a god.

Even with the God-Defiance Stele in hand, it could not crush the spiritual will of a god.

ROAR!

Dragon Phantom Lord let out a painful roar.

Faced with the impact of the spiritual will of a god, its Saint Soul showed signs of cracking no matter how tough it was.

Zhang Ruochen's Saint Soul was also affected, and his face turned pale.

Buzz

At this moment, a ray of divine light suddenly flew out of Zhang Ruochen's body and blocked the vast spiritual will of the god.

The next moment, the divine light faded and revealed a simple-looking wooden staff. It was the Staff of the Divine Envoy bestowed by Yueshen.

Whenever the Staff of the Divine Envoy was in the outside realm, a Supreme Saint or higher power can activate it. Zhang Ruochen could borrow part of Yueshen's divine force with it.

However, in Kunlun Realm, the Staff of the Divine Envoy had lost its function. It could only be used to communicate with Yueshen but could not borrow divine power. The attack of a Supreme Saint could not activate it either.

But now, under the impact of the god of Infernal Court's spiritual wills, it was the spiritual wills of Yueshen and Shushen that were contained in the Staff of the Divine Envoy that was triggered. Thus, the staff flew out automatically.

When it sensed the spiritual wills of Yueshen and Shushen, the spiritual wills of the god of the Infernal Court were also triggered. It abandoned both Lord of Stone and Lord of Sword and rushed towards the Staff of the Divine Envoy.

In the blink of an eye, all the spiritual wills of the god of the Infernal Court entered the Staff of the Divine Envoy.

For a moment, the Staff of the Divine Envoy shook violently. Light and darkness flickered. Clearly, the spiritual wills of the three gods were fighting.

Fortunately, the Staff of the Divine Envoy was made from the branches of Shushen. It contained robust divine force and never deteriorate. Otherwise, it would have been destroyed.

Zhang Ruochen's expression became serious. He hadn't expected such a turn of events.

'I hope the will of Yueshen and Shushen contained in the wooden staff can suppress the will of the god of Infernal Court. Otherwise, it will be catastrophic,' Zhang Ruochen said in a deep voice.

Zhang Ruochen looked at Mojo. After releasing monstrous blood qi and the will of the spirit of the god, Mojo was like a deflated rubber ball and its true form had withered.

Zhang Ruochen snorted. He deployed the Zangshan Demonic Mirror and said, "Suppress it."

Mojo had also been attacked by the spiritual will of the gods. The power was uncontrollable. Now that it was heavily injured and its blood qi was suppressed by the God-Defiance Stele, it could no longer resist.

The surface of the Zangshan Demonic Mirror shone with a dark light. Like an enormous black hole, absorbed the true form of Mojo right away.

In any case, suppressing Mojo's true form first could eliminate plenty of hidden dangers and prevent any further changes.

Chapter 2122: Someone from the Imperial Court

Zangshan Demonic Mirror shook violently. Countless profound demonic inscriptions appeared on the surface of the mirror. It unleashed an even stronger suction force to devour the vast divine Blood Qi

There was a hint of surprise on Zhang Ruochen's face. Initially, he had wanted to retrieve Zangshan Demonic Mirror. Never had he expected this to happen.

He could sense that the implement spirit of Zangshan Demonic Mirror had awakened. It was craving the divine Blood Qi.

Zhang Ruochen believed that Zangshan Demonic Mirror tried to devour the divine Blood Qi to heal its damage.

With a wave of his hand, Zhang Ruochen put away God-Defiance Stele. He then looked at the Staff of the Divine Envoy again.

Although the crash between the spiritual wills of the three deities only happened inside the Staff of the Divine Envoy, it had caused a big impact on the outside world.

With the Staff of the Divine Envoy as the center, a terrifying spiritual storm formed within a 300-meter radius. It was so powerful that it could even tear a Supreme Saint's will to pieces.

Dragon Phantom Lord had already retreated far enough with Zhang Ruochen to avoid getting dragged into it. Its eyes were filled with fear. It had almost been killed.

On the other side, Lord of Sword's shattered body coalesced back together. It looked fine on the surface, but its aura became much weaker.

Lord of Sword was different from ordinary creatures. It was the Swordwill left behind by a sword god from the Middle Ages. It had cultivated a body with all kinds of vital Qi it had gathered. Similar to Dragon Phantom's body, its body could coalesce back together after it dispersed. On top of that, it was not so different from a Supreme Saint's body.

As long as the core of the Swordwill was not destroyed, Lord of Sword would be able to reassemble its body. However, it would need to refine its body again to restore its condition to its prime.

It was obvious that Lord of Sword had suffered great injuries. Otherwise, it would not have taken long to reassemble its body.

On the other hand, Lord of Stone was in a much better condition. With its AzureTerra Stone body, it greatly weakened the attack from divine Blood Qi and spiritual power.

At this moment, Lord of Stone and Lord of Sword looked at the Staff of the Divine Envoy with grave expressions.

After an hour of long stare, the Staff of the Divine Envoy finally calmed down. Everything, including the spiritual storm, was restored to its peace.

Despite that, Zhang Ruochen did not approach the Staff of the Divine rashly. Instead, he released a wisp of spiritual power to probe into it.

"Huh? The spiritual will of Infernal Court's deity has yet been destroyed. Instead, it was integrated into the Staff of the Divine Envoy." There was a slight change in Zhang Ruochen's expression.

He reached out and took the Staff of the Divine Envoy, holding it in his hand.

He could clearly feel that the Staff of the Divine Envoy had become different. It faintly emitted an evil aura.

One could only conclude that this spiritual will of the Infernal Court's deity was strong. The spiritual wills of Yueshen and Tree God left in the Staff of the Divine Envoy could only restrict it mutually. They sort of neutralizing each other. Their most fundamental forces fused with each other.

However, for Zhang Ruochen, this was the best result. At least he had solved a big problem.

The current Staff of the Divine Envoy contained powerful spiritual power, but it was full of sinister aura. On the surface of the staff, a vague devil mark appeared faintly. It seemed to have a life. The staff would devour any approaching spiritual power.

Zhang Ruochen—the owner of Staff of the Divine Envoy—had his spiritual power devoured by it several times, so he could not accurately figure the situation inside the staff.

After carefully sizing up the staff for a moment, Zhang Ruochen suddenly had a thought. He whispered, “If the true body of Mojo is smelted into the staff, the staff may become a powerful spiritual power Saint Artifact.”

Spiritual power Saint Artifacts were very rare, and high-level ones were even more precious. Zhang Ruochen had killed many elites, but he had not obtained much high-level spiritual power Saint Artifacts. The only one he could use was Golden Thunder Orb.

With Zhang Ruochen’s powerful spiritual power, if he had a top-level spiritual power Saint Artifact, he might be able to kill a top Saint King with just his spiritual power.

“Oh no. The power that Mojo released just now is too strong. It has triggered the incomplete divine array in Dragon Temple.”

When Zhang Ruochen was deep in his thought, Lord of Stone suddenly spoke in a deep voice.

Zhang Ruochen immediately reacted. He turned his eyes and noticed a strange movement in Dragon Temple’s main building not far away. A faint divine light burst out, and a terrible aura spread out.

Complicated array patterns emerged from the ground and spread in all directions.

The divine array was extremely powerful. Even the war of Gods in the past had only crippled it, not completely destroyed it.

It had stayed silent for 100,000 years. Under the impact of the divine power of the Infernal Court’s deity, the divine array was finally activated again.

Dragon Phantom Lord said anxiously, “Master, if the divine array is revived, there will definitely be a huge change on True Dragon Island. It might destroy everything. We have to leave immediately.”

The divine array—despite its incomplete state—was powerful enough to slay most Supreme Saints and even cause deities some damages.

“Kunlun has become a Battlefield of Merits. At this stage, Supreme Saints are forbidden to join the battle. If you go out like this, the Emissaries Vigilants from Infernal Court will throw you a tribulation that kills you. So, you can only hide,” said Zhang Ruochen with a grim look.

Those powerhouses from Infernal Court must have spread the news about the presence of Supreme-Saint level elites on True Dragon Island. Therefore, the Emissaries Vigilants of Infernal Court would certainly keep their eyes on them.

Fortunately, True Dragon Island was isolated from the world. Even the power of deities could not penetrate it, so Lord of Stone and the others had been safe and sound.

Zhang Ruochen took out the Secret Tome of Time and Space and wanted to send them inside. However, he changed his mind later and tried opening the gateway to Qiankun Realm instead.

He was worried the Secret Tome of Time and Space would not slip under the radar of deities from Infernal Court.

It was likely because Zhang Ruochen's cultivation of the Path of Dimension had improved greatly, and True Dragon Island was unstable. He could successfully open the gateway.

The Dragon Phantom Lord was the most proactive. He was the first to enter Qiankun Realm.

Lord of Stone turned to look at Lord of Sword and said, "Swordie, let's go. If we stay on True Dragon Island, it will be hard for us to make breakthrough in our cultivation. We can make great progress in our cultivation in the vast heaven and earth in Infernal Court and Celestial Court."

Hearing this, Lord of Sword did not say a word. Its gaze landed on the main building of Dragon Temple for a moment. Apparently, it was reluctant to leave. After all, this was its homeland.

Then, along with Lord of Stone, Lord of Sword stepped into the temporary dimensional gate Zhang Ruochen had built. They bid farewell to their homeland and did not know when they could return.

Zhang Ruochen immediately closed the gateway. At the same time, he retrieved and tucked Zangshan Demonic Mirror—that had swallowed a large amount of divine Blood Qi—away. He immediately rushed out of the island at the highest speed after performing Dimensional Shift with no hesitation. He did not want to stay on True Dragon Island.

Ao Xinyan and the others had already left the island before him. He did not have to worry about them.

As time passed, more and more divine array patterns emerged from the ground. They spread very quickly. Zhang Ruochen could not help but feel a strong sense of urgency.

Finally, Zhang Ruochen came to the edge of True Dragon Island. All he could see were dense array patterns interweaving into a net. The divine array was almost complete.

A brilliant light flashed in Zhang Ruochen's eyes. He merged with space and turned into a stream of light. He flashed through the gaps of the divine array patterns.

Rumble.

The sea where True Dragon Island was located was experiencing violent power fluctuations. Billions of divine lights burst out. It was as if an incredible divine artifact had descended.

However, in just a moment, the divine lights became dim. All the power fluctuations disappeared without a trace. Only the surface of the sea was still surging. The phenomenon lasted for a long time.

Zhang Ruochen stood on the surface of the sea thousands of miles away. Looking from afar, he could no longer see True Dragon Island.

The incomplete divine array was activated, so True Dragon Island was once again sealed and isolated from the world.

Perhaps only the deities of Infernal Court could reopen True Dragon Island.

“The divine array sealed off True Dragon Island. Let’s hope that all parties, be it Infernal Court or Celestial Court, will give up the idea of taking the key to the World Gate for themselves,” Zhang Ruochen whispered.

However, he was also a little worried. After all, the Fane of Darkness had predicted that the key to the World Gate would appear on True Dragon Island. In other words, it could also predict that it was no longer on the island.

Of course, with his current strength, as long as Infernal Court did not send anyone with cultivation rank higher than a Supreme Saint, he was confident that he could protect the key to the World Gate.

At this moment, there were still many cultivators, from both Celestial Court and Infernal Court, in the waters near True Dragon Island. Most of them were unwilling to give up on the key to the World Gate.

Even though they had all been expelled, none of them believed that Zhang Ruochen would stay on True Dragon Island for a long time. As for the Supreme-Saint level monsters on the island, they could still find a way to deal with them.

But now, all the powerful figures could not help but widen their eyes. Never had they expected True Dragon Island to be sealed again; the seal was a hundred times stronger than the previous one.

“What did Zhang Ruochen do? How could a divine array be activated? D*mn it.” The powerful figures in Infernal Court were furious.

The Seven Top Killers from Nether Hall and the three Emperors and five Reverends of the Bone Clan gathered together. They could only watch as the divine array sealed true Dragon Island. The atmosphere was extremely heavy.

Xuanming Wushang’s face was gloomy. “The divine array forbids us to enter True Dragon Island from now on. Zhang Ruochen alone has made Infernal Court suffer so much. We can’t let him go.”

“Yes, Zhang Ruochen must die,” Emperor Shiling said coldly.

Five surviving Reverends of Bone Clan, including the Either-armed Reverend, hated Zhang Ruochen to his core. They wanted nothing more than to burn Zhang Ruochen into ashes.

Just as Xuanming Wushang and the others were about to attack, a spiritual sense swept over them and sent them a message, telling them to retreat immediately.

There was only one reason—it was no longer a secret that the key to the World Gate was in Ying Yang Sea. Everyone had heard the news and moved. If they continued to stay, they were afraid of even greater changes.

“Let Zhang Ruochen live a little longer. When I attended the Battlefield of Merits in Kunlun, I’ll come and kill him.”

Although Xuanming Wushang and the others showed reluctance, they didn’t dare to disobey a deity’s order. They quickly retreated.

In other waters, four huge warships were hidden in the fog. They belonged to Thousand-Star Civilization, Giant Spirit Civilization, Beidou Civilization, and Celestial Dragon Realm.

“Zhang Ruochen is indeed powerful. He can activate a divine array and cut off everyone’s plan from a root.” Great Spirit King squinted.

Immortal Minghu sighed. “Who would have thought that Zhang Ruochen could sweep True Dragon Island by himself? He’s the biggest winner. I wonder if he got the key to the World Gate.”

The Maiden of a Thousand Stars was struck by the words she heard. She had told Zhang Ruochen that the short, skinny old man might know where the key to the World Gate was. However, the old man was elusive, and some events had happened. Did Zhang Ruochen succeed in catching the old man?

‘Perhaps the best outcome is to keep the key to the World Gate sealed on True Dragon Island,’ the Maiden of a Thousand Stars thought to herself.

Ao Xukong smiled and said, “As long as Infernal Court is not advantaged, it’s a good thing. Now that True Dragon Island has been re-sealed, it’s meaningless to stay here. Everyone, Let’s go.”

Hearing this, many elites could not help but smile bitterly. Never had they expected things to turn out this way.

Seeing the battleships of Celestial Dragon Realm set sail, the battleships from Thousand-Star Civilization, Giant Spirit Civilization, and Beidou Civilization didn’t stay any longer. They urged their battleships to leave.

Sensing that the elites hiding in the dark were quietly retreating, Zhang Ruochen also set off toward the sea area where Silver Dragon Island was located.

“Huh?”

Suddenly, Zhang Ruochen stopped and looked at the hazy sea area ahead.

Even though a dense fog was blocking him, he could still clearly see a canoe slowly approaching him from thousands of miles away.

There were two figures standing on the green boat, a man and a woman.

The young woman in white was a peerless beauty. Her black hair was as long as a waterfall, her body delicate. Her eyes were bright and deep, emitting a holy light. She was full of grace. With a refined and quiet temperament, she was like an ethereal goddess descending from the heavens.

The beauty was someone Zhang Ruochen knew very well. She was Nalan Danqing, the Divine Scripture Maiden who was a part of the Nine-heavens Maiden.

As he gave her a once over, his eyes lit up. He could clearly sense the changes in her. She was emitting a mysterious aura of Confucianism of ten million years of knowledge and cultivation. It was elegant, natural, and unfathomable. Could it be that Sacred Confucian Tome had merged with her?

With the Divine Scripture Maiden’s current cultivation level in Path of Confucianism, even Shangguan Que might not be able to beat her.

As for the man, he was shrouded in black fog. Zhang Ruochen could not see his appearance clearly, but the blood-red robe on his body was particularly eye-catching.

“Ye Bei, the Exterminator who slay the lands at nightfall.” Zhang Ruochen’s gaze was fixed on the man in the blood-red robe.

Judging from the man’s robe, Zhang Ruochen could tell his identity. He was the number one killing machine of the Imperial Court’s Ministry of War—the Exterminator.

It was mainly because the blood-red robe had left Zhang Ruochen a deep impression. Back then, at the same location—Ying Yang Sea—he had seen it before. A glimpse of it had sent him shivers.

He could still recall that Bu Qianfan, Wan Huayu, and the others had shown great fear when they saw the Exterminator.

Ye Bei, the Exterminator, had slain 19 counties of Southern Region in one night, leaving no one alive. It was terrifying to even think about it.

In the hearts of the billions of living beings in Kunlun, the Exterminator was the embodiment of fear. He had a strong deterrent effect on all beings in Kunlun, which had contributed to the long-term stability under the rule of Imperial Court.

In terms of the number of lives killed, no one in Kunlun could surpass the Exterminator.

Among the people Zhang Ruochen had met, no one had a murderous intent stronger than the Exterminator.

If one’s spiritual will was not strong enough, they could get affected by the Exterminator’s presence easily, letting fear take over their minds.

Before Kunlun was revived, the Exterminator was already a top elite at Saint Kingdom. Now, he was even more unfathomable. He had slaughtered countless Ashuran powerhouses in Southern Region.

Zhang Ruochen’s eyes were fixed on Divine Scripture Maiden and the Exterminator. He had already figured their purpose of coming to Ying Yang Sea.

Swoosh.

Suddenly, the Exterminator rushed out of the canoe. He condensed a terrifying killing intent and shot a punch strike at Zhang Ruochen directly.

A terrifying fist print filled with killing intent appeared along with faint wailing cries of countless creatures. It was clearly a fist technique, but it carried an attack targetting spiritual will.

Seeing the Exterminator’s attack, Zhang Ruochen could not help but let out a cold snort. He also launched a strike with his fist.

A divine shadow and a phantom shadow appeared at the same time. As the shadows walked side by side, the surface of the sea shook, huge waves surging.

Zhang Ruochen had refined a top-tier aquatic divine object. On top of that, he was currently at Ying Yang Sea. Hence, Zhang Ruochen could unleash a more powerful move from Luoshui Fist Technique.

BANG!

The Exterminator's fist print was instantly destroyed.

The divine and phantom shadows continued to walk on the waves. Looking down from above, they charged at the Exterminator.

Clang.

The Exterminator's body was different. He reached out and pulled out the Saint blade on his back.

The Saint blade was extremely sharp. The blade was blood-red in color, and it was filled with killing intent. No one knew how much blood it had been stained with.

This blade had an extraordinary origin. When the Exterminator had slain the 19 counties of Southern Region, a strange phenomenon occurred in the sky. Blood-red lightning pierced through heaven and earth, splitting open an ancient tomb. This Saint blade flew out from the ancient tomb and acknowledged the Exterminator as its master.

It was rumored that the blood-red Saint blade belonged to a Supreme Saint who had massacred countless people tens of thousands of years ago. In his lifetime, he had slain hundreds of millions of lives. He was known as the "Mortal Slayer." The blood-red Saint blade was forged with endless blood and killing intent. Ordinary people simply could not wield it.

Although the blood-red Saint blade was only a regal weapon, it was not much weaker than an ordinary Supreme Artifact in terms of attack power.

In the hands of the Exterminator, it could be even more powerful than an ordinary Supreme Artifact.

The Exterminator wielded the blood-red Saint blade and slashed out with lightning speed.

A 30,000-meter-long blade light slashed out. It was indestructible, cutting through the huge waves. At the same time, it shattered the divine and phantom shadows.

As a result, the 30,000-meter-long blade light, too, shattered inch by inch. It was obliterated by the gentle Fistwill contained in the Luoshui Fist technique.

Zhang Ruochen took a deep look at the Exterminator and thought to himself, 'It seems that the Exterminator has indeed inherited techniques from that Mortal Slayer. He has displayed the slaying blade technique that slaughters, and he has merged with the blade. His combat strength is amazing, and he is almost as powerful as a Reverend of the Bone clan.'

When one practiced cultivation on the Path of Slaughter, the more cultivators they killed, the stronger they became.

Kunlun had become a Battlefield of Merits, which had given the Exterminator the advantage.

Zhang Ruochen changed his fist movement in an instant. He mobilized the Precepts of Water and Precepts of Fist, causing more turbulent waves on the sea's surface. The waves condensed into a giant sword and slashed down in the air.

The Exterminator immediately changed his blade move. He slashed from bottom to top, trying to block the giant sword formed by the waves.

Rumble.

Before the giant sword fell, a crack was formed at the sea's surface, revealing a huge gully that was thousands of miles long.

The blade light that the Exterminator sent out shattered, and the huge sword continued to slash down with unstoppable momentum.

RAAAWRRR!

The Exterminator let out a long roar and raised the blood-colored Saint blade high above his head.

At this moment, the Exterminator freed his restraints and unleashed his murderous intent without reservation, dyeing the entire realm blood-colored. He became the main character of this world, and there were billions of corpses beneath his feet.

However, as the giant sword slashed down, the terrifying vision formed by the murderous intent collapsed.

The Exterminator tried his best to resist, but his body kept falling. He completely sank into the sea gully.

"Please stop."

Seeing that the Exterminator was about to lose his resistance, Divine Scripture Maiden's voice suddenly sounded.

Zhang Ruochen glanced at her. He withdrew his Fistwill and let the giant sword dissipate.

BOOM.

The Exterminator broke through the water current and rose into the air. He returned to the canoe.

Seeing this, Divine Scripture Maiden couldn't help but let out a sigh of relief. She steered the canoe and sped toward Zhang Ruochen.

"I didn't expect your strength to be so strong. It seems that Son of Darkness has indeed been defeated by you," the Exterminator said solemnly.

Obviously, he had heard about what happened on True Dragon Island, so he was trying to test Zhang Ruochen's strength.

Zhang Ruochen said indifferently, "You'd better don't make a move against me from now on. Otherwise, I won't show mercy no matter who you are."

He did not bother whether the Exterminator's aim was to test him. As long as he attacked him, he would be an enemy. Zhang Ruochen would never show mercy to an enemy.

When she saw that Zhang Ruochen was angry, Divine Scripture Maiden quickly said, "Zhang Ruochen, don't be angry. Ye Bei didn't mean any harm."

After a pause, Divine Scripture Maiden continued, "When Imperial court found out about Infernal Court's plot, they immediately sent me and Ye Bei. Unfortunately, we were too late."

“Infernal Court sent Son of Darkness, the Seven Top Killers from Nether Hall, the three emperors and twelve Reverends of the Bone Clan, and tens of thousands of Saint King troops. Contrary, Imperial Court only deployed the two of you. It doesn’t matter whether it’s early or late, the outcome would be the same,” Zhang Ruochen said.

Divine Scripture Maiden sighed. “Imperial Court is under relentless attacks from Infernal Court, our force is already stretched thin. There’s no way to send large number of elites to Ying Yang Sea.”

“Kunlun has only been recovering for a short time. Although the number of Saints and Saint Kings has increased in Kunlun, we are still a lack of top powerhouses. There are even fewer who listen to Imperial Court’s orders. If it weren’t Blood Dripper[1], Imperial Court would be in even worse situation.”

Imperial Court in Kunlun was indeed very powerful, but its strength could not hold a candle to Infernal Court’s. It was not easy for them to be able to hold on until now.

If it were not for the key to the World Gate—which was deemed highly important, Imperial Court would not have purposely recalled the Exterminator from the Battlefield of Merits at Southern Region and deployed him to Ying Yang Sea instead.

[1] The Swordsoul of Chi Yao’s Blood Dripper.

Chapter 2123: The Painter’s Death

Although Zhang Ruochen didn’t have a good relationship with the imperial court, he had to admit that they played a huge role in keeping the five regions in a relatively stable state ever since Kunlun Realm became the Battlefield of Merits.

However, as the attacks of the Infernal Court became fiercer, the imperial court’s power became further stretched to the limit. The key problem was that there was a lack of top powerhouses. No matter how strong Blood Dripper was, it could not defeat all powerhouses of Infernal Court’s Ten Clans.

Many thoughts flashed through Zhang Ruochen’s mind. He said, “You’re too late. There’s an incomplete divine formation that has been revived, so True Dragon Island has been re-sealed. No one can enter nor leave.”

Upon hearing this, Divine Scripture Maiden and the Exterminator’s expressions changed. They had come for the key to the World Gate. Never had they expected that they couldn’t even enter True Dragon Island.

At this moment, they also finally understood why Zhang Ruochen showed up here and not on True Dragon Island.

“Is there any news about the key to the World Gate?” the Exterminator asked.

Zhang Ruochen pondered for a moment and said, “The key to the World Gate is extremely mysterious. No one should be able to find it. Otherwise, World Spirit would be in danger.”

Although the key to the World Gate, which had turned into the short skinny old man, had already fallen into their hands, it was clearly not Zhang Ruochen’s intention to hand it over to the imperial court.

There were many reasons for this. Most importantly, the imperial court was an enemy of Zhang Ruochen. There was no reason for him to hand the key to the World Gate over to them. Secondly, the imperial court was too weak, and it would be difficult for them to protect the key to the World Gate.

Since the key to the World Gate was derived from Kunlun Realm's Origin, it couldn't be brought out of Kunlun Realm. If not for this reason, they would have handed it over to the taboo character of Yin Yang Sea. This would undoubtedly be the safest.

"In that case, I should return to Southern Region," the Exterminator was very anxious.

Without any delay, the Exterminator rose into the air, turned into a streak of blood-red light and left in a flash.

Seeing the Exterminator leave, Zhang Ruochen moved and appeared on a canoe, standing face-to-face with Divine Scripture Maiden.

Their eyes met, and Zhang Ruochen saw the tiredness in Divine Scripture Maiden's eyes. He could not help but ask:

"Are you okay?"

Zhang Ruochen and Divine Scripture Maiden asked at the same time.

Zhang Ruochen smiled and said as casually as possible, "I'm alright. I've been walking around and admiring all kinds of scenery."

He didn't want to talk about all the killings and blood.

Speaking of which, it had been a long time since he last saw Divine Scripture Maiden. Although she had been to Peacock Manor, she came in the form of the Nine-heavens Maiden. They hadn't even had a chance to talk properly.

"Too many cultivators have died at your hands. I'm afraid that Infernal and Celestial Courts will not let this matter rest. You must be careful," Divine Scripture Maiden reminded him seriously.

She knew that Zhang Ruochen was very powerful. He was already a top-tier cultivator who was in the first-tier below Supreme Sainthood. However, things had gotten more dangerous for him since he gained more attention. He couldn't afford to be careless. Any carelessness could be fatal.

Zhang Ruochen said, "Many people want to kill me, but I'm still alive. I have to thank these external pressures so that I was able to improve my abilities in such a short time. Don't worry about me, I will be careful."

"I just don't want anything to happen to you," Divine Scripture Maiden whispered. A hint of sadness flashed in her eyes.

Sensing the change in Divine Scripture Maiden's emotions, Zhang Ruochen felt a bit uneasy. He quickly asked, "Are you alright? Did something happen?"

"I'm fine. I have to deal with something in the imperial court, so I can't stay for long. Take care," Divine Scripture Maiden's eyes flashed. She didn't dare to look Zhang Ruochen in the eye.

Seeing this, Zhang Ruochen became even more suspicious. He stared at Divine Scripture Maiden, "Tell me, what exactly happened? As long as it's within my capability, I'll help you."

He didn't want to have anything to do with the imperial court, but he couldn't just stand by and watch when things had something to do with Divine Scripture Maiden.

Divine Scripture Maiden slowly sat down on the canoe. She hugged her knees and bit her lips. A faint mist appeared in her eyes, and she looked as if she had been wronged.

Zhang Ruochen's heart skipped a beat. He had never seen Divine Scripture Maiden in such a weak state.

Even when she was trapped in the first level of Endless Abyss, she still appeared very strong, unlike how she was now.

Just when Zhang Ruochen wanted to ask more questions, Divine Scripture Maiden murmured, "Elder Art Saint, he has passed away... he..."

Hearing this, Zhang Ruochen was stunned. He then stared at her in disbelief, thinking that he had misheard what was said.

Chu Siyuan had practiced for hundreds of years. Before Kunlun Realm recovered, he had already reached the pinnacle of Saint Realm and became a Grandmaster of Path of Confucianism. He had accumulated rich experiences.

In the Battlefield of Merits of Zuling Realm, Chu Siyuan had made a breakthrough and became a Spirit Saint in one fell swoop. After that, he became stronger and stronger. He was one of the top cultivators of Path of Confucianism .

Moreover, Chu Siyuan was in possession of Path of Confucianism's most precious treasure — the Portrait of Seven Lives and Seven Deaths. With this, he should be able to protect himself even if he met an invincible enemy.

For those reasons, Zhang Ruochen found it hard to believe that Chu Siyuan had died.

"When did this happen?" Zhang Ruochen asked with a heavy heart.

Divine Scripture Maiden said with a sad look in her eyes, "Just three days ago."

"With Elder Chu's... shrewdness and power, who could kill him?" Zhang Ruochen asked.

Divine Scripture Maiden lowered her head even further, and her eyes began to well up. She said, "It was Great Prince Mara of Rakshasa."

Zhang Ruochen frowned. He hadn't expected the powerhouses of Rakshasa to do this. After all, Rakshasa's main battlefield was in Southern Region, not Central Region.

Central Region had its own Battlefield of Merits, but it was dominated by the Immortal Vampires.

In Rakshasa, those whose cultivation had reached the Precept Domain level could be conferred the title of 'Prince'. Above that, there was also 'Great Prince', whose status was even more revered.

Any Great Prince had to be at least in the third tier below the Supreme Sainthood. They were usually well-known in Celestial and Infernal Courts.

However, even if he encountered Great Prince of Rakshasa, Chu Siyuan should still have a chance to escape since he could rely on the Portrait of Seven Lives and Seven Deaths. Furthermore, what had Chu Siyuan done to provoke Rakshasa suddenly?

“Not only Elder Art Saint, but the entire Art Sect has been destroyed by Great Prince Mara’s army,” Divine Scripture Maiden could no longer hold back her tears and started to sob softly.

She was once an apprentice under the Four Schools of Confucianism. Art Sect was her root, and Chu Siyuan was also her master. She was inevitably sad that they were all gone.

Zhang Ruochen was shocked. At this point, he had understood that it was not Chu Siyuan who provoked Rakshasa, but it was Rakshasa who came to destroy Art Sect.

Zhang Ruochen asked in a deep voice, “Why did Rakshasa want to destroy Art Sect?”

“That’s because Art Sect still has the last Saint Ancient Tea Tree, which was planted by the Confucius forefathers. It’s the spiritual symbol of Path of Confucianism. Even the deities from Infernal Court would be tempted by it. They treat it as treasure since it can help them comprehend the supreme way of the gods,” Divine Scripture Maiden said.

The relationship between Path of Confucianism and the imperial court was too deep. Their fates were closely intertwined as they rise and fall together.

Tens of millions of years ago, the four Confucius forefathers each planted a Saint Ancient Tea Tree. During the middle age catastrophe, three of those were destroyed, so the one by Art Sect was the only one left.

Saint Ancient Tea Tree meant a lot to Path of Confucianism. It was as if the Confucius forefathers were still alive. It also held an extremely high position in the hearts of the disciples of Path of Confucianism.

A large Rakshasa army had sneaked into Central Region and attacked Art Sect. This was something that Path of Confucianism and the imperial court had never expected. By then, it was too late for anyone to step in and help.

Since Chu Siyuan was dead, Saint Ancient Tea Tree had most likely fallen into Rakshasa’s hands.

“The Rakshasa army, led by Great Prince Mara had thousands of dukes and hundreds of princes. Although Art Sect has tens of thousands of disciples, most of them are weak. There was no way that they could defend themselves.

“Elder Art Saint originally had the chance to escape, but he chose to stay and fight for Art Sect. He risked his life to protect Saint Ancient Tea Tree. It was planted by the Confucius forefathers and represents the spirit of Path of Confucianism. No matter what, it must not fall into the hands of Infernal Court.

“Elder Luo Xu received the news and wanted to help, but he couldn’t enter into Art Sect. He was heavily injured by Great Prince Mara and chased by Rakshasa cultivators. Even until now, we don’t know whether he’s dead or alive.

“Within a short period of time, Art Sect became like hell. The Rakshasa army killed everyone they saw. Elder Art Saint fought with all his might, yet he was powerless to turn the situation around. He was grabbed by Great Prince Mara, hung by his neck, and hung on Saint Ancient Tea Tree. Great Prince Mara used a demonic blade to cut off Elder Art Saint’s flesh piece by piece and eat it. In the end, only his white bones were left swaying in the wind.”

Divine Scripture Maiden started to cry loudly as she spoke. Tears kept flowing down her face.

At this point, she had completely lost control of her emotions. She couldn’t accept the fact that a respectable Elder had died so tragically.

Zhang Ruochen was stunned upon hearing the news. He felt like he was suffocating. He clenched his fists, and his joints cracked. Cold killing intent surged in his eyes.

There should be a bottomline for everything. Great Prince Mara not only killed Chu Siyuan, but also cut off his flesh piece-by-piece and ate them in front of him. How cruel was that?

Needless to say, Chu Siyuan must have suffered unimaginable pain before he died eventually.

Zhang Ruochen had a strong impression of Chu Siyuan. Their first encounter was when Chu Siyuan was leading Ling Feiyu, who had damaged her willpower, to escape the pursuit of the saints of the evil way.

At that time, Chu Siyuan only drew a picture and destroyed all 100,000 troops of the Qitian Clan Immortal Vampires. It was absolutely shocking.

Then, Chu Siyuan used the Portrait of Seven Lives and Seven Deaths, Art Sect’s precious treasure, to help Ling Feiyu recover her willpower. That was also when he and Ling Feiyu started a special relationship.

In Zhang Ruochen’s heart, Chu Siyuan was a very stubborn person, but he was full of righteousness. He abhorred evil, and treated it as if it was his enemy.

He still remembered that Chu Siyuan had gone to Shengming City with him and taught him not to go astray.

When Sect of the Blood God was in great danger, Chu Siyuan had set aside his prejudice and stepped in to fight the missus of the Sect of the Blood God leader. Even though he wasn’t strong enough, he didn’t retreat.

Now, he had died protecting Art Sect and Saint Ancient Tea Tree. He had demonstrated the noble character of Confucianism to the fullest.

Thinking that the old man had been eaten and turned into bones, and the entire Art Sect scorched, Zhang Ruochen was in a daze for a moment. His eyes welled up unconsciously.

War was cruel and merciless after all. Perhaps one day, his family and close friends would all die in battle.

Who would be next?

Chapter 2124: Their own Respective Paths

Looking at the Divine Scripture Maiden, Zhang Ruochen felt very unpleasant. He knew that she must have been extremely depressed.

As a Divine Scripture Maiden, she couldn't show such a weak side in the imperial court. She need not to worried and could release her suppressed grief now that there was no one else around.

Zhang Ruochen was the only one facing Divine Scripture Maiden.

It seems that Zhang Ruochen had a special place in her heart.

'It is still far from enough to protect the people and things I care about with my current strength. I need to become stronger. If I don't become a god, I will become an ant in the end,' Zhang Ruochen thought to himself as he looked up at the sky.

As time passed, the situation in Kunlun Realm would only become more and more serious. No one could tell how long they could withstand the surging attacks of the Infernal Court.

Countless top-cultivators from Kunlun Realm were defeated by the Infernal Court a hundred thousand years ago. Whether they could still defy the heavens are a no-answer question.

Zhang Ruochen shook his head slightly and put aside all the distracting thoughts. He squatted down, he said softly, "Senior Chu sacrificed himself for a martyr. His morality will live on, and his bravery will be the song that bard sings. We should inherit his will and turn grief into strength to fight against the Infernal Court to the end. We must not let his blood flow in vain."

As he spoke, Zhang Ruochen walked towards Divine Scripture Maiden. He smelled the faint fragrance on her body and felt pity for her. He could not help but reach out a hand, twirling his sleeve and wiping away the tears in her eyes.

Zhang Ruochen recalled the first time they met. At that time, Divine Scripture Maiden was high up like a goddess in the nine heavens. He did not dare to have the slightest sense of blasphemy.

Time had changed. Now, Zhang Ruochen was famous throughout the world. Many from the Celestial Court and the Infernal Court would think twice before facing him. Divine Scripture Maiden, on the other hand, seemed delicate in his eyes.

Divine Scripture Maiden slowly raised her head. A blush appeared on her soul-stirring face. She quickly turned to avoid Zhang Ruochen.

Divine Scripture Maiden's emotions gradually calmed down. After a cry, she felt much better.

"Elder Art Saint knew that he wouldn't be able to escape, so he used a secret technique to let a disciple of the Art Sect escape with the Portrait of Seven Lives and Seven Deaths. He didn't let this treasure fall into the hands of the Rakshasa," Divine Scripture Maiden whispered as she took out an old painting.

Zhang Ruochen wasn't unfamiliar with this painting. He had once shared seven lives with Ling Feiyu in the illusory world of the painting. Although it wasn't real, everything he had experienced was as real as it was. It was engraved so deeply in his heart that it was unforgettable.

Seeing the Portrait of Seven Lives and Seven Deaths again made Zhang Ruochen sigh with emotion. Unfortunately, he would never see the stubborn and boastful "Old man Chu" again.

Zhang Ruochen sighed lightly and said, "Senior Chu entrusted the Portrait of Seven Lives and Seven Deaths to you, which is the same as trusting the hope of the Art Sect to you. The disciples of the Art Sect are all over the world. Even if the Rakshasa destroys the Art Sect, it will not be truly destroyed."

"Danqing, you are the scion of Senior Chu. As long as you show up and raise your arm, all the disciples of the Art Sect in the world will definitely gather and rebuild the Art Sect. This is the best consolation for Senior Chu's spirit in heaven."

The Four Schools of Confucianism had existed in Kunlun Realm for tens of millions of years. They had experienced countless storms and tribulations, but they had never fallen. Their foundations were unfathomable. Their Paths had long been spread across the other worlds. Even if Kunlun Realm was destroyed, Confucianism would not perish.

The catastrophe at the end of the Middle Ages had spread far and wide. Qin Sect, Chess Sect, and the Calligraphy Sect had all been destroyed along with the Saint Ancient Tea tree of the three sects. But after that, the three sects had been rebuilt. They were still as powerful as ever.

"I won't let Senior Art Saint fail. After the catastrophe, the Art Sect will be stronger than before." Divine Scripture Maiden stood up with determination in her eyes.

Zhang Ruochen also stood up and said solemnly, "Senior Chu has been gracious to me. I will avenge for him. Where is Great Prince Mara now? I will take his head as a tribute to Senior Chu."

As of today, Zhang Ruochen was very clear about the information of the powerhouses of the ten clans of Infernal Court, including Great Prince Mara.

Great Prince Mara was a top-notch cultivator below the Supreme Saint. Although he was not as famous as Yan Wushen, he should not be underestimated.

Over the centuries, Great Prince Mara had dominated the Battlefield of Merits from many great worlds. His favorite hobby was to cut off the flesh of the captured top-cultivators and eat them in front of him, cruel indeed.

"Great Prince Mara is not in Kunlun Realm now. He is escorting the Saint Ancient Tea Tree back to the Infernal Court." Divine Scripture Maiden shook her head.

Zhang Ruochen frowned slightly and said, "Keep a close eye on Great Prince Mara. If he shows up, let me know immediately. I will sever his head off his neck."

He did not do this for Confucianism, nor for the imperial court. He only did it because he admired Chu Siyuan's integrity and wanted to repay the favor he had done in the past.

Divine Scripture Maiden nodded slightly and said, "Well, the situation of Confucianism is very chaotic now. I have to go back and deal with it as soon as possible. You have to take care of yourself."

Ever since the news of the destruction of the Art Sect spread, all the scholars in the world were furious and wanted to avenge Chu Siyuan. More and more great Confucianists and saint Confucianists had rushed to the southern region. If anything went wrong, the impact on Confucianism would undoubtedly be greater.

If the key to the World Gate wasn't the priority, Divine Scripture Maiden would not have put aside the matter of Confucianism and rushed to the Ying Yang Sea at this time.

"You'd take care as well. If you run into trouble, send a message to me. You should know that as long as you send a message, I'll do my best to help you, no matter how dangerous could it be," Zhang Ruochen said.

Although Divine Scripture Maiden was from the imperial court, and someone close to Chi Yao, Zhang Ruochen couldn't just stand by and watch as long as something happened to her.

Today, Zhang Ruochen finally dared to express the feelings he had from the bottom of his heart.

Perhaps this was also a breakthrough in the state of mind. Without this breakthrough, even if Zhang Ruochen had attained the Path's Anterior realm, he would not be able to become a Supreme Saint.

The Divine Scripture Maiden's delicate body trembled, and a warm feeling emerged in her heart. For her, as long as she had Zhang Ruochen's words, it would be enough.

What else could she ask for in her life?

She only hated that the knot between them had been unsolvable for thousands of years. With the gap that Chi Yao and Zhang Ruochen had drawn with their own hands, the entire Kunlun had been divided into two. It was destined that the two of them would not have a happy ending.

"Farewell. Perhaps this time, when we return to the imperial city, we will really be parted forever."

The Divine Scripture Maiden thought so. Some things could only be hidden from the bottom of her heart, but she did not tell Zhang Ruochen in the end. She smiled bitterly and did not dare to turn around. She was afraid that Zhang Ruochen would see the tears in her eyes again. She steered the canoe and slowly disappeared into the fog.

Zhang Ruochen stood on the surface of the sea for a long time. His eyes were filled with complicated emotions as he looked in the direction where Divine Scripture Maiden had left.

The news of Chu Siyuan's death had touched him greatly. It made him yearn to become stronger. Not only would he become stronger, but he would also make the people around him stronger and can survive in the chaotic world.

Phew

Zhang Ruochen took a deep breath and cast aside his distracting thoughts. He continued to rush to the sea region where Silver Dragon Island was.

Ao Xinyan had been waiting for him outside the island early on.

Zhang Ruochen briefly informed the situation on True Dragon Island, which made Ao Xinyan very happy.

Even if the key to the World Gate was no longer on True Dragon Island, it was still the sacred ground of the Divine Dragon Clan. Ao Xinyan naturally did not want any outsiders to casually step on it.

It was undoubtedly the best outcome for the divine array to re-seal True Dragon Island.

As soon as he landed on the island, Zhang Ruochen ran into the Heaven-devourer Dragon and several dragon kings from Mount Zulong. They were waiting for him and the reason why was obvious.

With a flip of his hand, Zhang Ruochen took out an Exquisite Dimensional Orb and released all the rescued dragon clans from Mount Zulong.

Although Mount Zulong had suffered a great calamity, the Infernal Court wanted to use their Divine Dragon Bloodline to activate True Dragon Island. They did not kill wantonly. Therefore, most of the dragon clans survived and could rebuild Mount Zulong.

Seeing so many dragons being saved, the Heaven-devourer Dragon and the dragon kings were very excited. Yet they had mixed feelings about it. After all, Mount Zulong used to be hostile to Zhang Ruochen. Now, Zhang Ruochen had saved them.

After a moment of silence, the Heaven-devourer Dragon walked forward. Lowering his arrogant head, he said seriously, "I can't say how thankful I am. But If you have any request in the future, the entire Mount Zulong will not refuse."

Zhang Ruochen said indifferently, "Kunlun Realm is in a precarious situation. No matter what grudges we have in the past, we should put them aside and fight against the Infernal Court together."

"From now on, Mount Zulong and the Infernal court will fight to the death," the Heaven-devourer Dragon said firmly.

Mount Zulong's lineage had almost been exterminated by the Infernal Court. How could they let go of such a deep hatred?

Considering that Mount Zulong had been destroyed and the situation in Kunlun Realm was grim, Ao Xinyan made the decision to let the dragon race of Mount Zulong stay on Silver Dragon Island for the time being.

After all, the dragon race of Mount Zulong also had traces of Divine Dragon Blood flowing in their bodies. At this time, it was reasonable to give them some care.

Under the call of Ao Xinyan, all the top-cultivators who had returned from True Dragon Island gathered in the main hall of Silver Dragon Palace.

Glancing at everyone present, Zhang Ruochen said seriously, "The key to the World Gate determines the rise and fall of Kunlun Realm. I hope you can keep it a secret and not leak it to anyone. Otherwise, all our efforts for this may be in vain."

Hearing this, everyone could not help but nod seriously. Although they had different identities and origins, they all had the same intention to protect Kunlun Realm.

Zhang Ruochen had displayed his strength in the battle with the Son of Darkness, and he had gained everyone's recognition. No one was more suitable than him to be the guardian of the key to the World Gate.

The matter of the key to the World Gate had come to an end temporarily. The Elder Patriarch Death Zen and the Corpse Emperor Tianming hadn't stayed on Silver Dragon Island for long. They had other important matters to attend to.

Before they left, they had promised Zhang Ruochen that they would help as long as the matters related to the key to the World Gate.

Zhang Ruochen did not plan to stay on Silver Dragon Island either. He was ready to leave with Blackie, bringing the key to the World Gate.

The gods of the Fane of Darkness were almighty. If Zhang Ruochen let the key to the World Gate stayed in the Ying Yang Sea, they might notice it. It was better to relocate it. Zhang Ruochen had already thought of a place in mind.

Speaking of which, ever since he was brought out of True Dragon Island, the short and skinny old man had revealed his true form. He had turned into an ancient stone key. There were patterns etched on it naturally. Each of the patterns was perfectly compatible with the precepts of heaven and earth.

Cultivating near the key to the World Gate and comprehending the Precept could hasten the effort. Even comprehending the Path of Supreme Saint or the Path of the Ancients was no exception.

Moreover, as long as the key to the World Gate was located, the Saint Qi of heaven and earth would gather endlessly. Even a very ordinary place would become a sacred ground for cultivation after a while.

If it could be used well, it would undoubtedly be used to cultivate masses of powerhouses.

Ao Xinyan waved her hand and took out a complicated dimensional teleportation array. She said, "Captain, this is what you asked me to keep when you left the Divine Dragon Halfling clan. Now, it should be returned to its owner."

This was not an ordinary spatial teleportation array. It had an extraordinary origin and was left behind by Saint Monk Xumi.

When they were in the Black Dragon Ruins Realm, Zhang Ruochen and the others had discovered a dimensional teleportation array underground. After activating it, they had been teleported to the distant Golden Ruins Realm. Then, they had been teleported again and again until they finally reached the desolate Ever-white Planet.

Above Ever-white Planet, there was a vast milky way of Styx and a massive Death's Door. There were many mysteries.

Later, they had been transported in reverse and were able to return to Kunlun Realm. However, they were in the Endless Abyss.

To reach the Ever-white Planet again, they had put away the dimensional teleportation array in the Endless Abyss.

The last time Zhang Ruochen came to the Ying Yang Sea, he was oppressed by Mount Zulong. He had to use the dimensional teleportation array to escape and left it in the hands of the Divine Dragon Halfling clan.

Many years passed in a flash. Seeing the dimensional teleportation array again reminded Zhang Ruochen of Death's Door. He was too weak and didn't even have the strength to break through it.

The gatekeeper had said that only those who had attained the Saint King realm were qualified to break through the Death's Door, and it would still be deadly.

Zhang Ruochen was very curious. who'd built the Gate of Hell and why? Was It really infernal behind it?

With his current strength, he might be able to solve these mysteries.

Blackie's eyes lit up when he saw the dimensional teleportation array. He quickly put it away.

"Hey hey, take your time to say goodbye. I won't be in your way." Blackie moved and disappeared.

Zhang Ruochen smiled and said, "Thank you."

"Captain, I don't think we need to be so polite between?" Ao Xinyan rolled her eyes.

Zhang Ruochen said, "Xinyan, Congratulations on becoming the disciple of that taboo figure. I hope that one day, the Divine Dragon Clan will rise again because of you and regain its former glory."

"If it weren't for your help, Captain. I wouldn't have such an opportunity. It's a pity that I have my master's orders and need to guard the Ying Yang Sea. Otherwise, I would like to travel with you everywhere, just like before." Ao Xinyan sighed.

As Princess Shenlong, she had a significant duty on her shoulders. She could no longer be as carefree as before.

Zhang Ruochen said, "There will be opportunities in the future. The most important thing now is for you to become stronger so that you can complete your master's orders better. The road we need to walk is still very long. It's just the beginning."

As he spoke, Zhang Ruochen's eyes lit up. His goal was very ambitious. Not only to become a god but to become a powerful figure among the gods. Only then could he truly control his own destiny.

Chapter 2125: Challenging a Supreme Saint

After bidding farewell to Ao Xinyan, Zhang Ruochen went straight to Merit Star. On the other hand, Blackie had brought the key to the World Gate to a safe place.

Merit Star was still very lively even after some time.

As the situation in the Battlefield of Merits intensified, numerous powerhouses visited Kunlun Realm every day. They all came from the macroworld and ancient civilizations of Celestial Court.

Being a long-lasting realm, Kunlun Realm contained countless opportunities. This was extremely attractive to both Infernal and Celestial Courts. It attracted the attention of all Celestial Courts and the Infernal Court's Ten Clans.

Zhang Ruochen was in the limelight now. As soon as he arrived on Merit Star, he immediately caused a great sensation and became the focus of attention of cultivators from various realms.

There were many cultivators involved in the incident at Yin Yang Sea, hence it was impossible to hide the news. It would not take long for the news to be spread all over the world.

"Why are you all looking at Zhang Ruochen? Did he do anything incredible again?"

Some cultivators had no idea what happened previously and were confused.

“You are late to the party. Not long ago, a series of huge incidents happened in Kunlun Realm’s Yin Yang Sea. They were all related to Zhang Ruochen.”

“Infernal Court sent a powerful army of Saint Kings, led by Son of Darkness, Nether Hall’s Seven Top Killers, and the Three Emperors and Twelve Reverends of Bone Clan into Yin Yang Sea. They wanted to seize the key to the World Gate, which was closely related to the World Spirit of Kunlun Realm. Thousand-Star Civilization, Beidou Civilization, Giant Spirit civilization, Sunshine Civilization, and the Celestial Dragon Realm were somehow informed of the news. They also sent many cultivators.”

“But in the end, Infernal Court lost thousands of Saint Kings, including Son of Darkness and the Seven Reverends of Bone Clan. The Tianzi of Sunshine Civilization was also killed. Jinyang Twin Kings, along with thousands of the Saint Kings of Sunshine Civilization were also subdued.”

Immediately, some cultivators who knew the details began to explain.

After hearing this, those cultivators who hadn’t heard about the recent news were shocked. They couldn’t believe what they had just heard.

“Son of Darkness is a peerless genius nurtured by the Fane of Darkness. He’s fused with the strange power of Darkness of the Abyss of Darkness, and his power has reached the first tier below Supreme Sainthood. Zhang Ruochen may be powerful, but how can he kill Son of Darkness?”

“Jinyang Twin Kings’ power can reach the first tier below Supreme Sainthood if they join hands. Who can suppress them? If Zhang Ruochen was really this powerful, how could Sect of the Blood God have broken through?”

Some cultivators shook their heads. They didn’t believe it was true.

It wasn’t easy to rise from the second tier below Supreme Sainthood to the first tier. Zhang Ruochen did have such potential, but it should take some time.

In Celestial and Infernal Courts, all those in the first tier below Supreme Sainthood had practiced for a long time. It would take hundreds of years to accumulate experience. It couldn’t be achieved overnight.

“You have to believe it. Son of Darkness was indeed defeated by Zhang Ruochen. After that, he even broke the rules and took a King Grade Sacred Pill to break through to the Neverwith Supreme Saint level. Yet, he was swallowed by a monster which Zhang Ruochen had subdued. It was a crushing defeat.”

“Also, Sunshine Civilization was indeed defeated by Zhang Ruochen this time. Their Tianzi was killed, and JinYang Twin Kings wanted to take revenge. However, they were no match for Zhang Ruochen. He easily subdued them.”

“Zhang Ruochen has truly risen. No one can stop him. He is Kunlun Realm’s true god of war now. Since he made his return to Kunlun Realm, he has made Infernal Court suffer too many losses.”

...

Many cultivators couldn’t help but discuss about it. Some cultivators even had reverence in their eyes.

The strong were always respected. This was a rule that had never changed.

Zhang Ruochen paid no attention to those discussions. He ignored them and walked straight to Merit Exchange Hall.

Wherever he passed, cultivators made way for him. Even the cultivators from Heavenly Realm didn't dare to frown in front of him.

"Hurry up and see how many merits Zhang Ruochen can exchange this time."

All of a sudden, many cultivators followed Zhang Ruochen.

Upon entering Merit Exchange Hall, Zhang Ruochen immediately shifted his gaze at the Saint King Merit List to check the recent changes.

The number of people on the Saint King Merit List had increased again, but there were no significant changes in the top 10,000 rankings.

The last time he came, Zhang Ruochen had 6.6 billion merit points, ranking at 3,342. Now, his ranking has only dropped over 20 places.

With a flip of his hand, Zhang Ruochen took out a dimensional jade bottle and began to pour out the collected Saint Souls of the powerhouses of Infernal Court.

As the Saint Souls were poured out, his merit points also increased rapidly.

After all the Saint Souls were poured out, Zhang Ruochen's merit value increased from 6.6 billion points to 11.4 billion points. His ranking also rose sharply, and he was now ranked at 786, entering the top 1,000.

Although Zhang Ruochen had only killed thousands of Infernal Court cultivators, they were all powerhouses of Saint King Realm. This was why he could receive such an astonishing amount of merit points.

Entering the top 1,000 also meant that Zhang Ruochen could exchange for a better Meritorious Armor of Flowing Light.

Although Zhang Ruochen might not be able to use the Meritorious Armor of Flowing Light with his current attainments in the Path of Dimension, he had no reason to refuse it.

Zhang Ruochen immediately took out the Meritorious Armor of Flowing Light, which was 1,000 times the speed of sound, for the Fane of Merit to summon back. At the same time, he began to enhance his powers with Merit Qi.

The Merit Qi power upgrade for those in the top 1,000 of Saint King Merit List was extremely effective. Even someone as strong as Zhang Ruochen who was now a top cultivator below the first tier of Supreme Sainthood could still benefit from many upgrades. Now, the slight flaws in his body and Saint Soul were eliminated, and he became tougher.

"What a powerful Neverwither Saint Light. Zhang Ruochen actually used Merit Qi to make his arms immortal," some cultivators exclaimed.

With all cultivators in the hall watching, Zhang Ruochen's arms emitted a bright Neverwithr Saint Light. A dragon and an elephant appeared, giving off an extremely powerful pressure.

Another cultivator widened his eyes and said in disbelief, "Zhang Ruochen's body was not immortal at all when he fought with Son of Darkness. How could..."

Before his body was immortal, Zhang Ruochen's strength had already reached the first tier below Supreme Sainthood. If most of his body became immortal, how much stronger could he be?

Not too long later, the Merit Qi upgrade was over. A strange armor glowing with silver light appeared out of thin air and automatically wore on Zhang Ruochen's body. It fitted him perfectly, as if it had been tailor made for him.

'The Meritorious Armor of Flowing Light is 2,000 times the speed of sound. It's not bad. Maybe there will be a time where I can use this,' Zhang Ruochen thought.

After feeling it for a bit, Zhang Ruochen put the Meritorious Armor of Flowing Light away.

However in comparison, the Armor of the Fire God increased his combat power and defense more.

Then, Zhang Ruochen looked at his arms. After the immortal transformation, he could clearly feel the difference in his arms. Be it palm techniques or fist techniques, his power would definitely increase vastly.

However, at this stage, this could only be considered as the initial immortal transformation. The strength of his arms would be further enhanced after he refined all Five-element Divine Objects.

Without stopping for long, Zhang Ruochen walked straight to the Merit Treasure Exchange Counter.

Now that he had obtained the top-level Five-element Divine Objects, there is no need to save his merits. He could use his merit points to exchange other treasures.

Zhang Ruochen still had 7.5 billion merit points left to spend. Obviously, he could use them to redeem a large number of treasures.

After careful selection, Zhang Ruochen used these merit points to redeem hundreds of treasures. These were rare items and could be used to cultivate many more powerhouses.

Zhang Ruochen was about to leave after redeeming the treasures. Strangely, he felt that he was being targeted by someone suddenly. He frowned and had his guard up secretly. Following his senses, he looked over to the source.

'It's a Supreme Saint,' Zhang Ruochen couldn't open his eyes because of the brilliant saint light.

That person was dozens of miles away, but the light and heat he emitted seemed to be melting Zhang Ruochen's body.

Zhang Ruochen wasn't an ordinary Saint cultivator. He quickly blocked the holy light. At the end of his line of sight, he saw a tall, middle-aged man in golden armor. He was majestic and held the Sky-Piercer Halberd. He looked like a god of war.

The Grand Terminal of Merits was specially built for Saints and Saint Kings. Under normal circumstances, no Supreme Saints would visit.

If there was an exception, it would be the Emissaries Vigilant appointed by the Celestial Palace.

'Such strong hostility. It seems that the comer isn't friendly.'

It wasn't that Zhang Ruochen had never interacted with an Emissaries Vigilant, but he had only interacted with their clones. This was the first time he had seen an Emissaries Vigilant in person. It would be impossible for him not to be afraid.

An actual Supreme Saint, the Emperor of Saint Realm, was right in front of him.

The middle-aged man had long golden hair. Each strand of hair seemed to contain thousands of Precepts. He walked slowly in the void space and appeared in front of Zhang Ruochen. With a stern tone, he shouted, "Zhang Ruochen, how dare you ignore the rules of heaven set by the Celestial Palace and kill and subdue your allies? How should you be punished?"

At this moment, many cultivators had gathered around and surrounded the Merit Treasure Exchange Counter.

A familiar Saint's shadow appeared nearby, he sneered and said, "It was so noble of Sunshine Tianzi to visit Yin Yang Sea to stop Infernal Court's conspiracy. However, Zhang Ruochen killed the Tianzi in order to take his precious treasure. This was outrageous! If we don't punish him severely, we will definitely disappoint our allies."

Another saint tone came from afar, "Zhang Ruochen has repeatedly violated the rules of heaven and trampled on the majesty of the Celestial Palace. He should be punished severely. Please arrest him, Emissaries Vigilant."

A cold light flashed in Zhang Ruochen's eyes. These people were probably cultivators of Heavenly Realm who had deep grudges with him.

These people must also be the ones who informed the Emissaries Vigilant about his whereabouts, or else he wouldn't have cornered him here.

If not mistaken, this Emissaries Vigilant should be from Sunshine Civilization. Their Tianzi's death was a huge deal for them.

"Immediately release the cultivators of Sunshine Civilization and surrender. Don't make me do anything," the middle-aged man said in a commanding tone, expressing his strong will.

Initially, Sunshine Civilization didn't know how to deal with Zhang Ruochen. Now that he had left Kunlun Realm and came to Merit Star, he was walking right into a trap.

Without the restrictions of Kunlun Realm, no matter how powerful Zhang Ruochen was, he could not escape from his grasp.

Although the other party was a Supreme Saint, Zhang Ruochen isn't someone who could be easily controlled. He said with an indifferent expression, "Is this the attitude of Sunshine Civilization? It's not up to you to decide what's right and wrong."

So what if he was an Emissaries Vigilant?

It was impossible for him to subdue Zhang Ruochen with force.

“Zhang Ruochen, no matter how you quibble, you can’t change the fact that you killed Sunshine Tianzi. Not only did you violate the rules of heaven which forbids internal strife, but you also subdued thousands of Sunshine Civilization cultivators. This is a flagrant disregard of the rules.”

The saint shadow who had been standing in a distance walked out from a group of Saint Realm cultivators and said loudly.

This person wore a three-colored armor and a jade crown. His eyes were deep and he looked extraordinary.

He was no stranger to Zhang Ruochen. He had met him in Peacock Manor previously. He was Shang Ziyang’s senior brother, Xing Yuan. He was a top powerhouse in the third tier below Supreme Sainthood, trained by the Fane of Merit.

Xing Yuan looked at Zhang Ruochen coldly. He cupped his hands and said to the middle-aged man, “Supreme Saint Jinhui, given your status, you don’t need to say anything to Zhang Ruochen. Just arrest him.”

“Brother Xing Yuan is right. Zhang Ruochen has repeatedly violated the rules of heaven and is unpardonable. Even if you kill him, no one will dare to say anything,” another person chimed in.

This person had also appeared in the Peacock Manor. He was Chen Hu, a Scarlet Angel of the previous generation, nurtured by the Fane of Bloody War. His strength wasn’t much weaker than Xing Yuan’s.

The Fane of Merit and the Fane of Bloody War undoubtedly hated Zhang Ruochen to the bone. This was a rare opportunity to add insult to injury. Naturally, they wouldn’t let this chance slip through their fingers.

Xing Yuan and Chen Hu were harboring evil intentions. They were eager for Supreme Saint Jinhui to attack Zhang Ruochen. It would be best if he could kill Zhang Ruochen.

After all, Zhang Ruochen had Yueshen behind him. Even if they brought him back to the Celestial Palace, they would not be able to do anything to him.

“Do both of you want to die?” Zhang Ruochen’s eyes flashed with terrifying killing intent.

Back then, Shang Ziyang had led a group to attack Shengming City. These two had contributed a lot to the killings. Countless Shengming citizens had died because of them.

If it wasn’t for the involvement of the Emissaries Vigilant, Zhang Ruochen wouldn’t have let them leave Peacock Manor.

Yet, these two people still dared to appear in front of him. They even dared to incite Supreme Saint Jinhui to attack him. They were truly despicable.

Xing Yuan’s eyes turned cold. He quickly said, “Zhang Ruochen is already crazy and murderous. If we continue to let him go, more allies will be killed. Please call the shots, Supreme Saint Jinhui.”

“Zhang Ruochen, you are too presumptuous. Do you still want to kill people in front of me? Do you really think that no one can stop you?” said Supreme Saint Jinhui.

Zhang Ruochen’s expression turned cold. “If I really want to kill them, no one can stop me. Quit putting on airs in front of me. If you want me to release Jinyang Twin Kings and the others, you better change your attitude.”

Hearing this, Supreme Saint Jinhui’s expression turned grim. No junior in the Saint King Realm had ever dared to speak to him like this.

He knew that Zhang Ruochen had already reached the first tier below Supreme Sainthood. He may be standing at the peak of Saint King Realm, but that doesn’t mean he had the right to act all arrogant in front of him.

Without becoming a Supreme Saint, no one would ever know the true meaning of Path.

Similarly, without becoming a Supreme Saint, one would only be cultivators of Saint Realm and not Saint Emperors.

The three strongest levels below the Supreme Sainthood corresponded to the combat power that could rival, defeat and kill a Neverwith Supreme Saint.

However, they were all referring to the Supreme Saints in the initial stage of the Neverwilt Realm.

Furthermore, those Supreme Saints who were defeated by Saint Kings only cultivated 30 million Precepts in Saint King Realm. The immortal saint bodies that they forged were also very weak. Their potential was almost exhausted and it would be difficult for them to improve during their lifetime.

In other words, they were the weakest among the Supreme Saints.

Although Supreme Saint Jinhui wasn’t the most talented, he had cultivated more than 40 million Precepts when he was in Saint King Realm. He had broken through to Supreme Sainthood for almost a thousand years. He had cultivated his strength to the mid-stages of the Neverwilt Realm step by step, and he wasn’t far from the advanced stage. His strength wasn’t something that the Supreme Saints who had just entered the Neverwilt Realm could compare to.

Supreme Saint Jinhui had absolute confidence in his own strength. Below the Supreme Sainthood, not to mention Zhang Ruochen, even Yan Wushen was no match for him.

“Zhang Ruochen, since you don’t have any sense of propriety, don’t blame me for humiliating you,” Supreme Saint Jinhui’s eyes were sharp, and his body exuded a vast Supreme Saint’s pressure.

Chapter 2126: The Battle In The Starry Sky

Xing Yuan and Chen Hu were shocked and fall back helplessly. They were third-level top-notch Saint Kings below the Supreme Saint, yet they could not resist Supreme Saint Jinhui’s coercion.

The so-called power of a Neverwith Supreme Saint was nothing in front of Supreme Saint Jinhui.

Seeing Supreme Saint Jinhui was about to make a move, the atmosphere became extremely solemn. Almost everyone was silent, not daring to even breathe.

“So powerful.” Zhang Ruochen was shocked. He quietly circulated the Saint Qi in his body to neutralize the Supreme Saint’s coercion.

Although Zhang Ruochen knew that the Supreme Saint Jinhui had come with ill intentions, yet he did not expect that the Supreme Saint Jinhui would attack him at the Grand Terminal of Merits.

However, even if the opponent was a powerful Emissaries Vigilant, he would not be able to make Zhang Ruochen bow his head.

Back on Mount Yueshen, Zhang Ruochen had not even flinched when faced with Blackheart Demonlord’s divine avatar, much less now.

“Supreme Saint Jinhui, please calm down.”

At this moment, a voice suddenly sounded.

A young man in gray-white armor walked out of the crowd and walked to Zhang Ruochen’s side under great coercion.

This man looked ordinary, but he exuded an extremely noble temperament. He was born with the aura of an emperor even though he had not become a Supreme Saint.

“The first son of Emperor Ji Mie — Ji Kongyuan.”

Although it was the first time they had met, Zhang Ruochen knew his identity at first glance.

Ji Kongyuan was the first person in hundreds of years to attained Guanghan Realm’s Saint King apart from Zhang Ruochen. He could even occupy a place on the Saint King Merit List of the Celestial Court.

However, Ji Kongyuan was low-key and mysterious, so only a handful of people could really see through him.

After sizing up, Zhang Ruochen thought, ‘It seems that everyone has underestimated Ji Kongyuan. His strength has reached at least the third level below the Supreme Saint, perhaps even the second level. He hid it very well.’

Ji Kongyuan cupped his hands and humbly said, “Everyone knew about the life-and-death challenge between the Divine Envoy and Son of Darkness on True Dragon Island, Supreme Saint Jinhui. The Jinyang Twin Kings launched an attack on the Divine Envoy at this moment. They initiated infighting, but the Divine Envoy didn’t kill them. He only suppressed them. This proves that the Divine Envoy isn’t a bloodthirsty person.

“So, there must be some misunderstanding in the matter of the Divine Envoy killing Sunshine Tianzi.”

Ji Kongyuan didn’t wish to get involved, but if he allowed Zhang Ruochen to fight with the Supreme Saint Jinhui, things might become a point of no return.

No matter what, Zhang Ruochen was the Divine Envoy appointed by Yueshen. Once the matter blew up, the entire Guanghan Realm could not stay out of it.

At the same time, Ji Kong Yuan secretly transmitted his voice to Zhang Ruochen, “Divine Envoy, bear with it for a while. Don’t fight head-on with the Sunshine Civilization. Supreme Saint Jinhui is not someone easy to dealt with. If you fight with him, you will be at a disadvantage.

“Supreme Saint Jinhui’s strength has reached the pinnacle of the middle stage of Neverwilt Realm. He has condensed the Grade Eight Spearmanship Saintwill and cultivated two high-level Neverwither Saint techniques. The Saint Kings will be no match of him.”

Upon hearing this, Zhang Ruochen’s heart skipped a beat. With his experience, he clearly knew the difference between a Supreme Saint and a Saint King.

Even the weakest Neverwither Supreme Saint would be able to cast a powerful Neverwither Saint’s body. It wouldn’t decay even after ten thousand years and wasn’t something a Saint King’s body could compare.

In addition, the power in the body of a Supreme Saint was miraculous, the control over the precepts of heaven and earth and the surrounding vitality would become exquisite. The range and amount he could control would be greatly increased. Furthermore, he would be able to cast high-level saint techniques, the power would also become even stronger.

Most importantly, once he reached the middle stage of Neverwilt Realm, he would be able to condense Saintwill. The abilities of the Supreme Saint in all aspects would be enhanced.

The so-called Saintwill was extracted from a Precept bit by bit and condense continuously. The extracted Path was like a soul, mysterious indeed.

Three thousand Major Paths, seventy-two Paths of Supreme Saint, and nine great Path of the Ancients could all condense the Saintwill.

Every cultivator cultivated more than one type of Paths. Therefore, the Saintwill that could be condensed was not limited to one type.

In theory, a Supreme Saint could at most condense nine types of Saintwill. This was an extreme number.

However, the difficulty of condensing one more type of Saintwill would increase exponentially. Furthermore, the more Saintwill there was, the better. More importantly, it depended on the grade of the Saintwill.

Some Supreme Saints who were skilled could fuse two different types of Saintwill together to form a different kind of Saintwill, it’s extraordinary.

For every Supreme Saint, forming Saintwill was not a child’s play as once it was successfully condensed, the grade would almost be fixed, and raising the grade of it would be difficult.

The Saintwill would directly affect their future achievements. Only by condensing a high-grade Saintwill would they have a chance of becoming a god. They could even become powerful gods who could control the canon.

According to the previous cultivators, if one wished to become a god, one needed to condense at least a Grade Five Saintwill.

And if one wanted to control the canon, one needed to condense a Grade Three or higher Saintwill. There was an extremely close connection between the two.

No matter which great world it was in, a Supreme Saint that could condense a Grade Five or higher Saintwill would be highly valued. They were called God Candidate, which meant that one had the hope of becoming a god.

However, it was too complex to condense a high-grade Saintwill. Even if they cultivated the Path of Supreme Saint, the Saintwill they condensed might not be of a high grade.

Supreme Saint Jinhui was a good example. He was able to extract the Precept of Spearmanship from the 72 Paths. He expended a lot of energy to condense the Spearmanship Saintwill, though it was only Grade Eight.

This kind of achievement was quite common among the Supreme Saints. However, it was not something that those Neverwithers Supreme Saints at the bottom could compare to. It was a world of difference from the Saint King.

No matter how strong the Saint King was when he met a Supreme Saint who had condensed the Saintwill, he did not even have a high chance of fighting back, let alone winning.

“A Misunderstanding? Sunshine Tianzi’s Golden Sun of Destruction is in Zhang Ruochen’s hands. Everything is crystal clear. How would there be a misunderstanding?”

“If it wasn’t for Immortal Minghu, Zhang Ruochen would have killed the Jinyang Twin Kings long ago instead of suppressing them. Ji Kongyuan, it’s a waste of effort for you to defend him. He’s a bloodthirsty demon deep in his blood.”

Seeing Ji Kongyuan mediate, Xing Yuan said immediately.

Ji Kongyuan frowned slightly. He looked at Xing Yuan deeply and said, “Supreme Saint Jinhui, the Divine Envoy...”

“Who do you think you are? How dare you interfere with my business? Get out of my sight!” Supreme Saint Jinhui shouted. He released an even more powerful Supreme Saint’s pressure.

An invisible force hit Ji Kongyuan’s chest, forcing him to retreat. He groaned.

Ji Kongyuan was not happy about it. As the eldest son of Emperor Ji Mie, no one had ever dared to scold him like this. This was not only insulting him but also trampling on Emperor Ji Mie’s prestige.

At the same time, Supreme Saint Jinhui had already attacked Zhang Ruochen. He condensed a large golden hand with Saint Qi and grabbed at Zhang Ruochen.

Ji Kongyuan quickly said, “Supreme Saint Jinhui, Zhang Ruochen is Yueshen’s appointed Divine Envoy. Aren’t you afraid of Yueshen’s wrath by attacking him so recklessly?”

“Zhang Ruochen killed the Tianzi of Sunshine Civilization and suppressed many Sunshine Civilization cultivators as well. An explanation is required from him and no one can protect him,” Supreme Saint Jinhui said loudly.

Supreme Saint Jinhui had come under the orders of the Sunshine Civilization's elder god. He was full of confidence. Even the name of Yueshen could not subdue him.

There was a cold glint in Zhang Ruochen's eyes. This time, he could not surrender. He immediately mobilized the Saint Qi in his body and struck out with his palm like lightning.

A giant green dragon flew out. It carried the unparalleled power of a Supreme Saint and crashed into Supreme Saint Jinhui's golden hand.

BOOM!

The giant green dragon and the golden hand exploded at the same time and the powers dissipated.

Is Zhang Ruochen Crazy? He dares to retaliate. Isn't he afraid of further angering Supreme Saint Jinhui?

He is indeed crazy. He thinks he can challenge the Supreme Saint just because he has made some achievements on the Battlefield of Merits. He really overestimates himself.

"No Saint King can fight against any of the Emissaries Vigilant. Zhang Ruochen couldn't make his decision whether to attack or back off. He's simply asking for trouble by openly fighting against Supreme Saint Jinhui."

...

Seeing Zhang Ruochen fought back, many cultivators around him were surprised, as if they saw a monster in making.

They heard that Zhang Ruochen had also attacked the Emissaries Vigilant in Kunlun Realm, though it was only a clone back then which is different from his true form.

At this moment, Supreme Saint Jinhui's eyes became colder and colder. If he couldn't suppress Zhang Ruochen now, how could he save himself from shame?

"Zhang Ruochen, how dare you strike back at me?" Supreme Saint Jinhui shouted coldly.

Zhang Ruochen wasn't afraid at all and snorted. "Why can't I fight back? Just because you're an Emissaries Vigilant and I must be at your mercy? Do you even have the heavenly decree of the Celestial Palace?"

"You are ignorant as dirt. Just because you're disrespectful to me, I have all the reason to teach you a lesson." A cold glint flashed in Supreme Saint Jinhui's eyes. He extended his hand again.

Zhang Ruochen frowned slightly. He didn't expect Supreme Saint Jinhui to be so stubborn.

It seemed that he had indeed caused a lot of trouble by killing Sunshine Tianzi. The Sunshine Civilization wouldn't let him off easily, even if it was just to save their own reputation.

A thought came to his mind, Zhang Ruochen soared into the air and rushed out of the Grand Terminal of Merits.

The Grand Terminal of Merits had all sorts of contraptions that greatly suppressed the spaces. If he fought with Supreme Saint Jinhui in there, it would undoubtedly be disadvantageous to Zhang Ruochen.

Moreover, a battle between the Supreme Saints would probably shatter this planet.

“Where do you think you’re going?”

Supreme Saint Jinhui did not hesitate and immediately chased after them.

Zhang Ruochen and the Supreme Saint Jinhui entered the dim starry sky outside the Grand Terminal of Merits in the blink of an eye.

BOOM!

Violent power fluctuations appeared in the starry sky. Bright saintly light burst forth like a comet piercing through the sky.

The cultivators in the Grand Terminal of Merits were all Saints and Saint Kings. They all have magnificent sights. Almost all of them could clearly see all the stars in the sky.

Their eyes were all fixed on Zhang Ruochen and Supreme Saint Jinhui and watched the fierce collision between the two.

It was Zhang Ruochen’s first time fighting with a real Supreme Saint. Moreover, he was a Supreme Saint in the middle stage of the immortal realm. Naturally, He wouldn’t dare to be careless.

From the beginning, Zhang Ruochen activated the Canon of Truth and the Armor of the Fire God to make up for the flaws in his physique.

Although his Five-element Chaotic Body was strong, he could only immortalize his arms. It wasn’t comparable to the immortal saint body of a Supreme Saint.

Of course, if he could become a Supreme Saint with his vessel, everything would be different.

ROAR!

With the earth-shaking roars of a dragon and an elephant, the Saint Aspect of his palm formed by a dragon and an elephant appeared on both sides of Zhang Ruochen.

In the Divine Light Sea of Qi, the divine sun formed by the Golden Sun of Destruction and the Sacred Seven-star Lingzhi’s Sun Leaf spun rapidly at the same time. It released extreme yang energy and merged into the palm technique.

Ever since Zhang Ruochen obtained the Golden Sun of Destruction, he rarely used it for direct attack. Instead, he used it to cultivate and refine his physical body, Saint Soul, and Saint Qi. At the same time, he adjusted the Yang Qi in his body that was hundreds of thousands of times more vigorous than an ordinary person.

With the aid from the Golden Sun of destruction, Zhang Ruochen’s power increased greatly when the Dragon-Elephant Prajna Palm Strike was used.

Seeing Zhang Ruochen’s powerful palm technique, Supreme Saint Jinhui said with contempt. “Let me show you what a high-level saint technique truly is.”

As he spoke, Supreme Saint Jinhui quickly formed a strange seal. Large amounts of Path and power of a Supreme Saint surged out of his body. They interweaved and released a bright golden light. It quickly turned into a golden ocean and flowed into the dim starry sky, it was beautiful and dazzling.

The brilliant Saint King could indeed cultivate a high-level Neverwither saint technique, but the effect of the technique he displayed couldn't compare to that of a Supreme Saint.

Only with the immortal saint body and the power of a Supreme Saint could the power of a high-level Neverwither saint technique be fully displayed.

Zhang Ruochen's expression was solemn. His arms released a bright immortal saint light. Hundreds of thousands of Precepts of Truth were mobilized and infused into the Dragon-Elephant Prajna Palm Strike.

In an instant, the Dragon-Elephant Prajna Palm Strike exploded with nine times the attack power. The dragon and the elephant exuded vast Supreme Saint's pressure. Their huge figure expanded throughout the starry sky.

Indeed, Zhang Ruochen didn't have an immortal saint body or the power of a Supreme Saint. However, he had cultivated the Path of Truth to an extremely high level. With the immortalized arms, the enhancement of the Golden Sun of Destruction, the Armor of the Fire God, and the Dragon-Elephant Prajna Palm Strike in his hands, he could unleash a terrifying power.

BOOM!

As if two stars had collided, the starry sky showered with endless saint light. It seemed to be able to pierce through the past, present, and future.

A dragon, an elephant, and the golden sea of stars exploded at the same time and disappeared into nothingness.

Under the impact of the powerful force, Zhang Ruochen retreated continuously. He drew a streak of light like a meteor and crashed into an asteroid thousands of miles away. It directly pierced through the asteroid and exploded into pieces. Some of the flames on Armor of the Fire God had been extinguished because of this. He had managed to block the attack.

On the other side, Supreme Saint Jinhui's figure only swayed for a moment before he stood still again. He was like an eternal divine sun in the starry sky, shining in all directions.

"The high-level saint technique that Supreme Saint Jinhui used was actually blocked by Zhang Ruochen. How is this possible?"

"It must be that Supreme Saint Jinhui hasn't used his full strength yet. No matter how strong Zhang Ruochen is, he is no match for the middle stage of Neverwilt Realm Supreme Saint."

"Just wait and see. Zhang Ruochen will definitely not be able to block the next attack of the Supreme Saint Jinhui. There is no suspense in this battle at all."

...

All of a sudden, many cultivators who were watching the battle began to discuss.

Zhang Ruochen's performance was stunning that even the Supreme Saint Jinhui could not suppress him immediately.

Xing Yuan whispered objectively, "Zhang Ruochen, the more powerful you are, the angrier the Supreme Saint Jinhui will be. Even if you have great abilities, you can not escape the suppression."

"If Supreme Saint Jinhui can miss and kill Zhang Ruochen, that would be the best." Chen Hu sneered.

Zhang Ruochen had grown up and become a great threat. No matter what, the sects of the Celestial Court did not want to see him become a Supreme Saint or even a god.

Since Zhang Ruochen was exceptionally talented in cultivating the Path of Time and Space, the sects of the Celestial Court worried that he would become the second Saint Monk Xumi. That would be a huge problem.

Chapter 2127: The Spearmanship Saintwill

Zhang Ruochen steadied himself. The Qi and blood in his body surged violently, almost rushing out of his body. Fortunately, the Armor of the Fire God blocked most of the attack power, so he was safe.

Through the collision earlier, Zhang Ruochen truly felt the terror of the middle stage of Neverwilt Realm Supreme Saint. His use of power and comprehension of saint technique was not comparable to that of a Saint King.

Even so, Zhang Ruochen still did not have the slightest intention of retreating. Instead, he released a stronger battle will, causing the Armor of the Fire God to burn with even more vigorous flames.

"Zhang Ruochen, do you still want to grapple on? Looks like I should make you suffer a little." Supreme Saint Jinhui said with a cold gaze.

Supreme Saint Jinhui assumed that after he attacked, Zhang Ruochen would obediently surrender. Yet, He did not expect Zhang Ruochen to be so indecisive and that enrages him.

As soon as he finished speaking, even greater power of the Supreme Saint emerged from Supreme Saint Jinhui's body. The precepts of heaven and earth within a radius of 10,000 miles gathered towards him.

In an instant, a vaster golden ocean appeared in the dim starry sky. There were countless golden flames of the sun burning in it as if they wanted to burn the entire starry sky into nothingness.

Zhang Ruochen's eyes narrowed. Without any hesitation, he immediately turned his palm into a fist. He shifted the Precepts of Fist and Precepts of Water to advance the Level Eleven Luoshui Fist Technique.

The aspect of the fist in the form of Celestial River appeared. It was more than a hundred miles wide and spread across the starry sky. It was vast and mighty.

As the Celestial River shook, precepts of heaven and earth in a large area were shifted. They gathered quickly, making the Celestial River bigger and bigger.

Performing the Luoshui Fist Technique in the starry sky was very different from performing it in Kunlun Realm. Zhang Ruochen vaguely felt that the Celestial River he advanced seemed to have a subtle connection with the Celestial River that flowed outside the Celestial Court, it was more majestic.

Burble.

The Celestial River flowed and swept up many star fragments. Like a huge divine dragon, it rushed toward the golden divine sea with unstoppable momentum.

During this process, Zhang Ruochen activated the Precepts of Truth once more and evoked nine times the attack power of the Celestial River.

With his current attainments in the Path of Truth, it was easy for him to trigger numerous times the power.

If he could condense the Realm-frame of Truth, he could use the Path of Truth as he pleased. As long as he manifested the Realm-frame of Truth, he didn't need to deliberately activate the Precept of Truth. Any saint technique he used would have multiple times the power.

Zhang Ruochen had refined the Primordial Water. Naturally, the Celestial River contained the characteristics of the Primordial Water and it could extinguish all kinds of flames in the world.

Rip.

The golden ocean's light dimmed after being eroded by the Celestial River.

BOOM!

There was a saying that water and fire were incompatible. When the two extreme forces collided, they exploded instantly, releasing a terrifying destructive force.

Under this impact, the small planet that had been shattered earlier was completely destroyed and turned into dust.

A large part of the starry sky shattered and revealed a pitch-black void. It looks extremely terrifying and fathomless.

Even though Zhang Ruochen was far away, he still received a heavy impact. Like a shooting star, he flew hundreds of miles away.

Even though the Celestial River was fragmented, it still surrounded Zhang Ruochen and neutralize the powerful impact.

Supreme Saint Jinhui's body shook violently and he almost fell back. Part of the Neverwithier Saint Light enveloping his body split apart.

"He can still withstand it. How did this happen?" Supreme Saint Jinhui was shocked.

Supreme Saint Jinhui did not hold back in this attack. He used all his strength and even activated precepts of heaven and earth within a radius of 10,000 miles. He thought that he could severely injure Zhang Ruochen. Surprisingly, Zhang Ruochen was able to withstand the attack.

He had used two high-level saint techniques in a row, but he was still unable to suppress Zhang Ruochen. Furthermore, he was being watched by many cultivators in the Grand Terminal of Merits. This made Supreme Saint Jinhui outraged.

If this continued, what will be left of his reputation when the other Emissaries Vigilant arrived?

With a piercing gaze in Supreme Saint Jinhui's eyes. He grabbed the Sky-Piercer Halberd. His entire aura suddenly changed, displaying his top-state as if he could tear apart the starry sky.

"Supreme Saint Jinhui is furious. He's finally using the regal weapon. With the Spearmanship Saintwill, he's going to use an extremely domineering halberd technique. A Saint King like Zhang Ruochen won't be able to stop him." Xing Yuan smirked.

Chen Hu grinned too and said, "Zhang Ruochen is too arrogant. He's asking for trouble when he insists on challenging Supreme Saint Jinhui. Just wait and see. Supreme Saint Jinhui might not hold back and slay Zhang Ruochen with his halberd."

At this moment, Ji Kongyuan's eyes were filled with worry. He had never expected things to escalate until this stage.

"Supreme Saint Jinhui has condensed the Grade Eight Spearmanship Saintwill. The Sky-Piercer Halberd in his hand is a regal weapon. He has also cultivated a high-level saint halberd technique. If to combine them, will the Divine Envoy be able to withstand them? And how long can he last?"

Just like high-level saint technique, a regal weapon could only unleash its true power if it was in the hands of a Supreme Saint.

Even if a Saint King who activated a Supreme Artifact might not be able to fight against a Supreme Saint who uses a regal weapon.

After all, a Supreme Artifact may be powerful, the amount of power a Saint King could unleash was probably less than 1%.

Supreme Saint Jinhui's greatest achievement was Spearmanship. With the help of the Grade Eight Spearmanship Saintwill and the regal weapon, it was hard to imagine how powerful the halberd technique would be.

As Supreme Saint Jinhui waved the Sky-Piercer Halberd, a shocking phenomenon appeared in the starry sky. The thousand-mile-long shadow of the halberd swept across the sky and triggered the precepts of heaven and earth within a radius of ten thousand miles, causing a huge wave of energy to surge.

For a moment, Supreme Saint Jinhui seemed to have become the ruler of this starry sky. Everything was under his control and the power of all things.

In this starry sky, Zhang Ruochen actually felt a strong repulsion. Even the circulation of Saint Qi was slightly affected.

"Have you finally decided to use your strongest move? I want to see how strong the middle stage of Neverwilt Realm Supreme Saint who has cultivated the Saintwill is. Can he really crush all the Saint Kings?" Not only was Zhang Ruochen fearless, but his eyes revealed a look of anticipation.

There were very few Saint Kings who had the chance to fight with a Neverwilt Supreme Saint. There were even fewer rumors regarding the fight with the middle stage of Neverwilt Realm Supreme Saint.

The so-called strongest three tiers below the Supreme Saint were divided according to certain criteria. Such as how many precepts of heaven and earth and Heaven and Earth Qi could be mobilized. However, everyone's situation was unique, their strength would naturally be different, sometimes, the difference would be even greater.

In theory, Zhang Ruochen already had the strength to kill the weakest Neverwither Supreme Saint. However strong he was, a test is still required.

In Zhang Ruochen's opinion, Supreme Saint Jinhui, who was in the middle stage of Neverwilt Realm, was undoubtedly the best person to help him testify his strength.

Activating the Emyrean Emperor Ming's Scripture, five-colored saint light flew out of Zhang Ruochen's body and quickly condensed into a world behind him. There was a dense chaotic qi filling the world.

Based on the Five-element Chaotic Body, a strange Spatial Domain was created. It covered a radius of 1,500 kilometers.

Actually, with Zhang Ruochen's current spatial attainments, the Spatial Domain could cover a radius of more than 5,000 kilometers. However, his control over space would be far inferior to now.

At the same time, Zhang Ruochen took out the Zangshan Demonic Mirror to further freeze space.

Looking at the Zangshan Demonic Mirror, Supreme Saint Jinhui said in a deep voice, "In the face of absolute power, the Supreme Artifact can not change anything. Star-splitting Spear!"

As he spoke, the Supreme Saint Jinhui suddenly performed a halberd technique.

Under the power of the Supreme Saint, the Sky-Piercer Halberd was completely restored. Hundreds of thousands of thick king class inscriptions appeared clearly.

A sharp halberd ray that was thousands of miles long appeared. It was like a comet dragging its long tail across the starry sky, tearing a huge black crack in the starry sky.

Seeing Supreme Saint Jinhui's terrifying attack, Zhang Ruochen didn't lower his guard. He immediately activated the Precepts of Dimension and released powerful dimensional power. He compressed it with all his might and condensed it into silver light.

Whoosh

The silver light flew out and cut open the starry sky in front of him completely. It revealed a bottomless void. It seemed to be able to connect to the starry sky in the universe and reach any great world.

BANG!

The thousand-mile-long halberd light shattered and was quickly destroyed by the violent dimensional power.

Under the impact of this power, more than half of the space domain that Zhang Ruochen had constructed was destroyed without delay. He had to rely on the Zangshan Demonic Mirror to withstand it.

Supreme Saint Jinhui did not hold back. Instead, he continued to display an even more powerful halberd technique. The entire starry sky was filled with countless sharp halberd lights.

Zhang Ruochen's gaze filled with ferocity. With the Secret Tome of Time and Space in hand, he displayed Time and Space Techniques to his heart's content.

BOOM!

An intense battle erupted. Saint lights flashed in the starry sky and bloomed like fireworks.

Relying on Time and Space Techniques, Zhang Ruochen managed to stabilize his footing. He engaged in a series of fierce battles with Supreme Saint Jinhui. He was gradually turning from a passive confrontation to an active attack.

With the Path of the Ancients, it was possible to fight against the Saintwill.

In fact, most of the first-tier powerhouses below the Supreme Saint cultivated the Path of the Ancients or had powers comparable to it. That was why they had the chance to kill the weakest Neverwith Supreme Saint.

In the Grand Terminal of Merits, the cultivators from each realm could not help but be stunned.

In their opinion, as long as Supreme Saint Jinhui made a serious move, he would be able to easily suppress Zhang Ruochen. However, the current situation was not like this. They could not believe what they had seen.

"Supreme Saint Jinhui could be testing him. He is deliberately playing with Zhang Ruochen," a weaker saint said with uncertainty.

A top-notch Saint King shook his head with a serious expression. "No, Supreme Saint Jinhui has used all his strength. He even used the Spearmanship Saintwill. It's because Zhang Ruochen is too powerful that this situation has occurred."

Hiss.

Many cultivators watching the battle couldn't help but gasp.

A Saint King couldn't defeat a Supreme Saint in the middle stage of Neverwilt Realm. But now, it was actually happening. Everyone felt that it was surreal.

Staring at the two figures fighting in outer space, Xing Yuan and Chen Hu's faces darkened. Zhang Ruochen's strength was far beyond their expectations.

"Why has Zhang Ruochen's strength increased so much in such a short time? What kind of monster is he?" Chen Hu said indignantly.

The battle outside the Peacock Manor hadn't been long. It had only been a few months.

For a powerhouse of Saint King Realm, time would pass in the blink of an eye. It was barely enough for one closed-door cultivation.

A few months ago, Zhang Ruochen's strength wasn't weak, but he couldn't defeat them either.

But in the blink of an eye, Zhang Ruochen had reached the pinnacle of the Saint King Realm. Even the Son of Darkness had been defeated by him. Now, he could even fight against Supreme Saint Jinhui. This speed of improvement was terrifying.

Xing Yuan said in a low voice, "Zhang Ruochen is indeed a scourge. We must not let him live and find a way to get rid of him. Otherwise, when he becomes a Supreme Saint or even a god, I'm afraid that the Celestial Court and Infernal Court will never be in peace because of him."

"But now, even Supreme Saint Jinhui can't do anything to him. If he stays in Kunlun Realm, who can threaten him?" Chen Hu frowned.

The Fane of Bloody War had been defeated by Zhang Ruochen one after another. They naturally wanted to get rid of Zhang Ruochen, but there was nothing they could do.

With Zhang Ruochen's terrifying strength, even the peerless cultivators from the sect of Heavenly Realm couldn't guarantee that they could deal with him.

A strange look flashed in Xing Yuan's eyes, "In fact, the Infernal Court wants to get rid of Zhang Ruochen more than we do. Since Kunlun Realm became the Battlefield of Merits, there have been many geniuses in the Infernal Court who have died at Zhang Ruochen's hands. The Deathkin, the Nether Clan, the Immortal Vampires, and the Bone Clan must have hated the sight of Zhang Ruochen. Just wait and see. Those clan's cultivators who don't often appear in the Battlefield of Merits will probably find a way to enter Kunlun's Field."

Hearing this, Chen Hu's expression changed slightly, and many figures that looked like Divine Demons appeared in his mind.

The Infernal Court could fight against the entire Celestial Court, and it even had a considerable advantage. Its foundation was naturally unfathomable.

Any one of the ten clans of Infernal Court was stronger than a ruler of a world.

The powerhouses of the Infernal Court recorded in The Maleficent Records of the Infernal Court's Ten Clans were all familiar to the Celestial Court, but they didn't include all the Saint King powerhouses of the Infernal Court.

For example, the Nether Clan naturally didn't only have Son of Darkness and The Seven Top Killers of Nether Clan. Otherwise, how could they be considered one of the three upper clans of the Infernal Court?

Excluding those very low-key demons, the Nether Clan had two top-notch Saint King cultivators namely Nether Demon and Nether Buddha. Their strength was no less than the Son of Darkness.

In fact, Immortal Ming who died in the Sword Vault Palace was a peerless demon who was on par with Nether Demon and Nether Buddha. Unfortunately, his strength hadn't reached the pinnacle yet, and he was killed by the Blood Dripper.

There was also the Bone clan, a top-notch powerhouse of the Saint King Realm. Besides the Three Emperors and Twelve Reverends, the strongest powerhouse of this generation was Dark Skeletal Lord.

It was rumored that Dark Skeletal Lord had a bone body at the demigod level. Just by relying on his bone body, he could crush most of the Nine-Step Saint Kings.

Even if the Three Emperors of the Bone Clan joined hands, they could only fight to a draw with Dark Skeletal Lord. They couldn't gain too much advantage.

"With Zhang Ruochen's terrifying rise, it's impossible for the Infernal Court to let him continue growing. Dark Skeletal Lord of Bone Clan, Nether Demon and Nether Buddha of Nether Clan, the talented demons, and even Yan Wushen, might not be able to resist attacking him after what happened on True Dragon Island," Chen Hu said seriously.

Any one of these peerless demons from the Infernal Court could affect the outcome of the Battlefield of Merits.

Xing Yuan narrowed his eyes, "That being said, I still want to see Zhang Ruochen fall at the hands of the Heavenly Realm sect. He has many secrets and all kinds of treasures. How could he fall into the hands of the people of the Infernal Court for nothing? I really hope that the Archangel Michael can come out of seclusion soon."

Hearing the name "Michael", Chen Hu's heart trembled. An incomparably majestic figure appeared in his mind. He couldn't help but feel a sense of awe.

Chapter 2128: Defeating the Supreme Saint

After a series of fierce battles, the starry sky outside the Grand Terminal of Merits had become empty. There were originally ten asteroids that were hundreds of miles in diameter around it, but now, they had been beaten into ashes.

In the beginning, Zhang Ruochen was still at a disadvantage, but gradually, he was able to fight evenly with Supreme Saint Jinhui and catching up with the pace.

Relying on the Secret Tome of Time and Space, he could use any Time and Space techniques with ease, and his power was multiplied.

'How can Zhang Ruochen's Time and Space techniques be so difficult to deal with? I can't even get close to him.' Supreme Saint Jinhui was anxious and annoyed.

Supreme Saint Jinhui's power was indeed much stronger than Zhang Ruochen's. Combined with the Spearmanship Saintwill, his halberd technique was also exceptionally tyrannical. However, it was restrained, and the effects of all his attacks were greatly reduced.

He couldn't suppress Zhang Ruochen for a long time, which made Supreme Saint Jinhui uneasy.

If this continued, what reputation would he have left?

ROAR!

The Supreme Saint Jinhui roared into the sky. Hundreds of millions of Precept emerged from his body.

Whoever broke through the Supreme Saint realm, the number of Precepts in their body would immediately double fold and become more solid.

Therefore, as long as their foundation wasn't infirm, after becoming the Neverwithier Supreme Saint, the number of Precepts would not be less than the top-notch Saint Kings.

The Supreme Saint Jinhui cultivated more than 40 million Precepts in the Saint King realm. When he broke through to the Supreme Saint realm, it immediately became 90 million. After almost a thousand years of hardcore cultivation, the number of Precepts had reached 150 million, which was more than three times that of Zhang Ruochen's.

However, the Precept cultivated by the Supreme Saint Jinhui were mainly Minor Paths, accounting for more than 80%. The Path cultivated from the Major Path and the Path of Supreme Saint only had less than 30 million. The overall quality could not be compared to Zhang Ruochen's.

A ball of bright saint light flew out from the Supreme Saint Jinhui's body. It gave off a sharp, domineering Qi and integrated into the Sky-Piercer Halberd.

It was the Spearmanship Saintwill condensed by the Supreme Saint Jinhui. Now that it was released, it means that he would be using his strongest move.

As the Sky-Piercer Halberd waved, the Supreme Saint Jinhui's own Precept and the heavenly and earthly precepts within a radius of 10,000 miles were activated. They surged like a tidal wave.

Before the halberd technique was fully unleashed, a large area of the starry sky was already rippling violently. Even Zhang Ruochen's Spatial Domain could not suppress it.

Zhang Ruochen's eyes narrowed slightly. Without any hesitation, he immediately formed a seal at the fastest speed. The Saint Aspects of Time and Dimensions in the form of a vortex appeared on his left and right respectively.

As the two invisible vortexes spun, they released an intensely powerful time and dimensional power and inserted it into the Secret Tome of Time and Space.

Instantly, countless fragments of time and space flew out of the Secret Tome of Time and Space. They collided with each other and merged into one. The fragments transformed into a powerful force that seemed to be able to pierce through the time and space of different periods.

Fusing both the power of time and dimensional power into the power of time and space was Zhang Ruochen's trump-card technique. Even though he wasn't very familiar with this power, he could still use it forcefully.

Of course, he couldn't use the power of time and space casually. If he didn't control it well, he would fall into it and be devoured by time and space.

Luckily, Zhang Ruochen was fully prepared this time. He had been using the power of time and dimensional power all this time. He was confident that he could condense the power of time and space in a battle with the Supreme Saint Jinhui.

BOOM!

The power of time and space struck hard. It ignored the barriers of space and clashed violently with the Supreme Saint Jinhui's strongest halberd technique.

In an instant, a large area of the starry sky was torn apart and a terrifying spatial storm appeared. Even the mysterious River of Time appeared.

No matter how powerful the Supreme Saint Jinhui's halberd technique was, it was destroyed in an instant.

Under the influence of the power of time and space, the shattered starry sky could not be repaired. Instead, terrifying distortions appeared and formed a huge black hole. It seemed like it wanted to devour everything.

Pfft.

Supreme Saint Jinhui was hit by the power of time and cough out a mouthful of blood. He was severely wounded.

To make things worse, Supreme Saint Jinhui was being sucked in by the black hole. He could not break free no matter what.

The area where he was in complete chaos. The terrifying power entered his body. Even someone with a powerful immortal saint body could not withstand it. Countless cracks appeared on his body and blood spurted out.

If this continued, Supreme Saint Jinhui's immortal saint body would probably be shattered before he was sucked into the black hole.

"No..." Feeling the threat of death, Supreme Saint Jinhui started to reveal his fearful side.

He had never thought that dealing with a Saint King realm junior would be so dangerous. He was about to lose his life.

Zhang Ruochen's face was pale. The time and space power he had condensed was too strong. It had completely gone out of control. He still couldn't manage to bend the time and space power as he wished.

In fact, even a Supreme Saint would find it difficult to control the time and space power perfectly, let alone a Saint King. If he didn't do it right, he might be exiled to an unknown time and space.

Seeing Supreme Saint Jinhui was about to be swallowed by the black hole, Zhang Ruochen could not help but frown slightly. He immediately took out the Zangshan Demonic Mirror and turned it into hundreds of miles in size to shield Supreme Saint Jinhui from the black hole.

Feeling the devouring power had dissipated, Supreme Saint Jinhui felt as if he had been pardoned. He did not dare to hesitate at all and immediately retreated at high speed.

The Zangshan Demonic Mirror released a vast amount of Demonic Qi that condensed into towering demon mountains and suppressed the black hole.

At the same time, Zhang Ruochen activated the Secret Tome of Time and Space and used the power of time and dimensional power to repair the chaotic time and space.

Before long, the black hole formed by the distortion of time and space disappeared without a trace, and the starry sky returned to stillness once more.

Zhang Ruochen did not actually care about the life and death of the Jinhui Grand Sage. However, if he killed the Supreme Saint Jinhui in front of everyone, the consequences would be unimaginable. The conflict between him and the Sunshine Civilization would probably never be alleviated.

Zhang Ruochen puts away the Zangshan Demonic Mirror and the Secret Tome of Time and Space. He gazed at the severely injured Supreme Saint Jinhui and said, "If you want me to release Jinyang Twin Kings and the others, the Sunshine Civilization had better send someone with a better attitude. In addition, I am returning to the Battlefield of Merits and continuing to fight with the Infernal Court. I don't wish for anyone to stab me in the back. Otherwise, don't blame me for being merciless."

Zhang Ruochen's voice wasn't loud, but it clearly reached everyone in the Grand Terminal of Merits. It was obvious that he wasn't just speaking to the Supreme Saint Jinhui.

After leaving these words, Zhang Ruochen flashed straight towards the Grand Terminal of Merits.

Supreme Saint Jinhui felt ashamed of himself and looked pale. He never thought that he would lose to Zhang Ruochen.

The middle stage of Neverwilt Realm Supreme Saint was destined to become a joke when he lost to a Saint King. It would soon spread throughout the corners of Celestial Court and Infernal Court.

Zhang Ruochen's reputation would be getting better and his influence shall surpass that of defeating the Son of Darkness on True Dragon Island.

"How is this possible? Zhang Ruochen actually defeated Supreme Saint Jinhui."

All the cultivators in the Grand Terminal of Merits were astonished.

The outcome of the battle was like a dream and surreal.

He was a Supreme Saint of middle stage Neverwilt Realm, who had condensed the Saintwill. Furthermore, he had the regal weapon. How could he be defeated by a Saint King?

Chen Hu's expression changed drastically. He said in a trembling voice, "How is this possible? is The Scion of Time and Space really undefeatable?"

Xing Yuan's expression also became serious. With the terrifying strength that Zhang Ruochen had displayed, he doubted that even if Archangel Michael came out of seclusion, could Zhang Ruochen be suppressed?

Bang!

Zhang Ruochen appeared in the Grand Terminal of Merits like a god descending from heaven.

Everyone in the Grand Terminal of Merits steps back involuntarily. Most of them showed their respect to Zhang Ruochen.

Xing Yuan and Chen Hu were panicking and wanted to find a hole to hide in. After all, they had been urging the Supreme Saint Jinhui to attack Zhang Ruochen.

However, Zhang Ruochen didn't even look at them. Obviously, he didn't care much about them.

Xing Yuan and Chen Hu heaved a sigh of relief. At the same time, they were furious. With their status and strength, they were being looked down upon for once in their whole life.

Ji Kong Yuan appeared beside Zhang Ruochen and advised. "Divine Envoy, you may have defeated Supreme Saint Jinhui, but the Sunshine Civilization will not let this go. No matter what, you must ensure the safety of the Jinyang Twin Kings."

"Why is that?" Zhang Ruochen asked curiously.

Ji Kongyuan said, "In the history of the Sunshine Civilization, there was a pair of powerful twin gods. Legend has it that they both grasped the canon and lived for many eras. In the end, they buried themselves in a secret place and only left the Golden Crow Ancient Cauldron they used in the outside world.

"These twin gods have many treasures and the Sunshine Civilization has always been eyeing on them. Unfortunately, only their descendants with the Golden Crow Ancient Cauldron can open their burial ground.

"However, after so many years, none of their descendants are pure-blooded. Due to some unforeseen circumstances, the clan is on the verge of extinction.

"It wasn't until this generation that the Jinyang Twin Kings appeared. Their bloodlines were strong. They had the glory of the twin gods when they were young and were recognized by the Golden Crow Ancient Cauldron. Therefore, the Sunshine Civilization placed great importance on them and focused on their cultivation."

Hearing this, Zhang Ruochen suddenly understood. He hadn't expected the Jinyang Twin Kings to have such a backstory.

If Zhang Ruochen did kill the Jinyang Twin Kings and kept the Golden Crow Ancient Cauldron to himself, the Sunshine Civilization would definitely go crazy.

"After this battle, I think the Sunshine Civilization will go look for Yueshen. It'll save you a lot of trouble," Ji Kong Yuan added.

Zhang Ruochen's heart skipped a beat. Although he didn't want to trouble Yueshen with everything, it would be much easier if she came forward.

However, he also understood that this matter wouldn't be easy to resolve. After all, he had killed the Tianzi of an ancient civilization, and everyone knew about it.

Otherwise, the Sunshine Civilization wouldn't have sent an Emissaries Vigilant to deal with him.

After chatting with Ji Kong Yuan again, Zhang Ruochen did not linger in the Grand Terminal of Merits. He went straight back to Kunlun Realm through the dimensional teleportation array.

Supreme Saint Jinhui stood in the starry sky and watched Zhang Ruochen leave, but he was powerless to stop him.

He was seriously injured this time. If he had not cultivated to the Supreme Saint realm for nearly a thousand years, his immortal saint body would have been broken.

Eastern region of Kunlun Realm, Omen Ridge.

After many twists and turns, Zhang Ruochen returned to his homeland.

Because of Luoshui, the Omen Ridge became very lively. People often came here to seek out opportunities.

Zhang Ruochen didn't stop for a moment. He rushed to Yunwu Commandery's Royal Mountain as fast as he could.

"Who dares to trespass the Royal Mountain? Take My Punch."

With a loud shout, a fat rabbit that looked like a pig appeared out of nowhere.

The rabbit looked aggressive. It stood up and punched out its forelegs like a fist.

Zhang Ruochen's eyes were calm and unmoved. He casually slapped out.

The heavenly and earthly precepts and the Qi of Heaven and Earth were mobilized and condensed into a 300-meter-long hand with unparalleled power.

BANG!

The fat rabbit did not have any power to resist. It was directly sent flying by the big hand and embedded into a mountain.

It had to be said that Zhang Ruochen controlled his power very well. Otherwise, not to mention a mountain, even an asteroid would have been smashed into pieces.

"Ahem, Lord Chen, I was just joking with you. Did you have to hit me so hard?" The rabbit struggled out of the mountain, its eyes full of resentment.

This rabbit was naturally the greedy Mastadon-Devouring Rabbit. It had eaten all kinds of sacred medicine, but it had stolen a leaf of the Sacred Seven-star Lingzhi.

Every time he thought of this, Zhang Ruochen felt so angry and his blood boiling all over. That was a divine medicine, one of its kind in the world. Yueshen could recover 50% of her divine power just by refining a leaf. Its value was immeasurable.

"You dare to be disrespectful to the Crown Prince. You deserve it."

The Demon Ape appeared and bowed respectfully. "Greetings, Crown Prince."

Zhang Ruochen glanced at the Mastadon-Devouring Rabbit and the Demon Ape. He couldn't help but nod secretly. After not seeing them for a while, their cultivation had already reached the Nine-Step Saint King cultivator of the Lesser Precept World. The divine medicine hadn't been eaten in vain.

With their physiques, there shouldn't be any problems dealing with ordinary top-cultivators from Precept Domain. They could even fight against top cultivators of the Precept Domain realm.

Zhang Ruochen had a thought and asked lightly, "Did anything happen while I was away?"

"Lord Chen, perhaps you are not aware. Someone has been watching this place since you left. Luckily, I was here. Otherwise, Royal Mountain would be in danger," the Mastadon-Devouring Rabbit said.

The Demon Ape rolled its eyes at the Mastadon-Devouring Rabbit and said, "Your Highness, don't listen to its nonsense. Someone indeed wanted to attack the Royal Mountain, but it was the fairy from Luoshui who eliminated several groups of people and stunned everyone."

Hearing this, Zhang Ruochen's heart skipped a beat. He knew without a doubt that the fairy from Luoshui mentioned by Demon Ape was Luoji, Fairy Tianchu.

It had been a while since they had parted at the Peacock Manor. Now that he had returned to Omen Ridge, he should go to Luoshui to see Fairy Tianchu.

Luoshui had the inheritance left by Luoshen and the Nine Carols Star. If there was nothing special, Fairy Tianchu would not have left.

"Your Highness, the master is waiting for you."

While Zhang Ruochen was deep in thought, the voice of Demon Ape sounded again.

The master of Demon Ape spoke of was none other than Blackie.

Thanks to Blackie being its master, Demon Ape was able to receive the teachings of the Archdemon's Ten Heavens. It cultivated slowly and gradually achieved its current state.

Zhang Ruochen came back to his senses and said, "Take me to it."

The Demon Ape and the Mastadon-Devouring Rabbit did not hesitate and immediately led the way.

According to Zhang Ruochen's request, Blackie rushed to Royal Mountain ahead of schedule and hid the key to the World Gate.

Zhang Ruochen had not only set foot in the awakened sacred land but there was no other place that could compare to Royal Mountain. This place was full of mysteries and magic. It was a good place to keep the key to the World Gate.

Sometimes, Zhang Ruochen even wondered if this place was an awakened sacred land?

Chapter 2129: War with Yan Wushen

During Zhang Ruochen's absence, Royal Mountain had gone through many changes. The internal space was wider, the Saint Qi of heaven and earth was thicker, and there were sacred medicines everywhere.

According to Mastadon-Devouring Rabbit and Demon Ape, there were even two one-hundred-thousand-year-old sacred medicines. However, they were all picked up and eaten by them immediately.

With Zhang Ruochen's current cultivation base and strength, obviously he wasn't interested in one-hundred-thousand-year-old sacred medicines. He would however be interested in the Yuanhui Tribulation sacred herb if there's one.

However, the Yuanhui Tribulation sacred herb was extremely precious and could not be easily obtained. Even if Royal Mountain was really an awakened divine ground, it would still be difficult to produce one in a short time.

Under the lead of Mastadon-Devouring Rabbit and Demon Ape, Zhang Ruochen entered a magnificent Weapon-Refining Pavilion and saw Blackie, who was staring blankly.

“How is this place? Is Royal Mountain suitable for us to place the key of the World Gate?” Zhang Ruochen went up and asked.

Blackie came back to his senses in a snap and said excitedly, “This is a really good place. After my careful investigation, it is very likely that this is an awakened divine ground, but it hasn’t fully recovered yet. I suspect that there might be divine medicine in the deepest areas of the folded dimension.”

“There’s divine medicine here?” Zhang Ruochen was surprised.

Blackie said, “That is just my speculation, but I can’t be sure for now. We wouldn’t be able to confirm this until the folded dimension is fully opened. Let’s talk about the key of the World Gate first.

“Your idea to use the key of the World Gate to build a sacred ground for cultivation is good, however, we need to set it up carefully to ensure that nothing goes wrong. You will have to provide me with sufficient materials to set up the array.”

Blackie became serious as it was speaking. The key of the World Gate was extremely important, and matters related to it must be treated seriously.

If they were exposed, all their efforts would be in vain.

“Don’t worry. As long as you can set it up properly, I can provide you with as many materials as you need,” Zhang Ruochen said.

He had obtained hundreds of millions of treasures collected by the four overlords of True Dragon Island. There were various kinds of treasures, so he could use them however he wanted.

The key to the World Gate couldn’t be brought out of Kunlun Realm nor stored in Qiankun Realm. If it could, they wouldn’t have to go through so much trouble.

Immediately, Blackie listed down all the materials he needed in detail and handed it to Zhang Ruochen.

Zhang Ruochen took out the Ring of Dimensions from the four overlords of True Dragon Island. Blackie needed a lot of materials, and most of them were very precious. He could only find them from here.

Due to several delays, he did not have time to check and count the treasures he had obtained.

There were too many treasures so it took a lot of time just to count them roughly. To add on to that, there were many treasures which Zhang Ruochen couldn’t recognize, so he had to ask Blackie to help him identify.

“What is this thing?”

Zhang Ruochen waved his hand and took out an object.

It was a huge rock. At first glance, there was nothing special about it. However, if one looked at it carefully, they would find many complicated patterns on the surface of the rock. They seemed to be formed naturally.

Upon seeing this, Blackie's eyes lit up. It immediately pounced forward and stared at the patterns on the surface of the boulder.

After a moment, Blackie said excitedly, "This is good stuff. It's actually the cornerstone of the divine array, and this one's so well-preserved. Zhang Ruochen, do you still have any?"

Hearing this, Zhang Ruochen could not help but look surprised. He immediately took out eight similar boulders.

These boulders were all collected by Mojo. Thankfully it was able to recognize these rocks as treasures.

"That's great. With these nine cornerstones of the divine array, I'm confident that I can set up a perfect maze array. No one can sense the aura of the key of the World Gate," Blackie said confidently.

This matter could not be delayed. After getting the materials, Blackie immediately got busy.

With Blackie's current array attainments, he had enough materials and was extremely efficient in setting up the array.

In the past few days, Blackie found some remnants of an ancient array in the depths of Royal Mountain. It was like a circular wall buried in the soil. After using its spiritual power to explore, Blackie could feel its grandeur. He suspected it to be an ancient divine array.

However, the ancient array was badly broken. Blackie and Zhang Ruochen spent a lot of effort to push some of the remnants of the array to the ground surface and set it up at the entrance of Royal Mountain.

It took Blackie another ten days to restore the ancient array. Although only less than one percent of the array pattern was restored, it was already enough to resist the attack of Nine-Step Saint King.

Then, Blackie began to set up the formation to seal the key of the World Gate. It was indeed a big project as they had to ensure that the key of the World Gate could not escape from the formation nor be discovered by anyone, but also that the formation could create an excellent cultivation environment.

Fortunately, there were some people who knew about arrays among the old Shengming cadres, so they were able to help Blackie.

In a cultivation room in the Weapon-Refining Pavilion, Zhang Ruochen was quietly adjusting his breath to make up for the vital energy he had used up in the battle with Supreme Saint Jinhui.

Suddenly, the Staff of the Divine Envoy flew out on its own. It shone with a bright divine light, and Yueshen's figure appeared out of thin air.

Zhang Ruochen immediately woke up. He stood up and bowed respectfully, "Greetings, Yueshen."

"You should give me an explanation for what happened to Sunshine Tianzi, don't you think?" Yueshen said coldly.

Zhang Ruochen could clearly feel Yueshen's dissatisfaction, but he remained calm and said, "This isn't what I intended. Sunshine Tianzi was too evil and vicious. He wanted to plot against me to snatch my treasure and then take over my body. I never attack anyone unless they attack me. Since he had attacked me, I had no choice but to kill him."

"None of those ancient civilizations are easy to deal with. Killing their Tianzi is a huge matter and will affect the entire ancient civilization. The elder Tianzhu of Sunshine Civilization is especially known for shielding shortcomings of his own people. This time, he visited Mount Yueshen in person and asked me to hand you over. What do you think I should do?" Yueshen's eyes shone with divine light, as she stared at Zhang Ruochen.

Hearing this, Zhang Ruochen frowned. He didn't expect Sunshine Civilization to be so aggressive to even have someone as powerful as Tianzhu to visit Yueshen in person. Were they so determined to kill him?

On the surface, Zhang Ruochen was still calm, but his eyes were sharp, "This is my fault, so I will take all responsibility. I won't make things difficult for Yueshen, and I won't implicate Guanghan Realm.

"However, I won't let Sunshine Civilization control me. If they want to deal with me, they will need to have the ability to do that. Also, Jinyang Twin Kings and the Golden Crow Ancient Cauldron will disappear forever."

Zhang Ruochen couldn't fight against the entire Sunshine Civilization with his current cultivation level, but he wouldn't be threatened by them either. If they really make this a big deal, he would make Sunshine Civilization regret it.

Zhang Ruochen and Yueshen looked at each other but neither of them spoke. There was a pin drop silence in the cultivation room, making the atmosphere extremely stifling.

After some time, Yueshen said, "Before you become powerful enough, you must always think twice before you act. Acting on impulse will only destroy you. You have to understand that I can't protect you every time. Of course, dealing with the sects in the Heavenly Realm is an exception."

"I understand," Zhang Ruochen nodded.

Of course he understood the principle of being flexible. However, there were some things that he just couldn't compromise. If his mood was affected, how could he become a Supreme Saint or even a God?

Yueshen slightly pondered, "Since you have a reason to kill him, things are different. It is me who should demand an explanation from Sunshine Civilization. Now that I have fully recovered my divine power, I should look for someone to spar with. Sunshine Tianzhu is a good candidate. Leave all the cultivators of Sunshine Civilization to me. With these bargaining chips, the initiative will be in my hands."

Hearing this, Zhang Ruochen could not help but think: when Yueshen had only recovered 50% of her divine power, she could already crush Yanshen, Blackheart Demonlord, and Bloodlord Erjia. Now that she had fully recovered her divine power, how powerful could she be?

Of course, the more powerful Yueshen was, the better it was for Zhang Ruochen. This would mean that he can do many things without scruples.

Thinking of this, Zhang Ruochen quickly replied, "It's up to Yueshen."

“Supreme Saint Manjian will look for you soon. Just hand over the cultivators from Sunshine Civilization to him.”

After leaving these words, Yueshen disappeared without a trace.

Zhang Ruochen put away the Staff of the Divine Envoy. A faint smile appeared in his eyes. Yueshen was indeed reliable.

In just six hours, a clone of Supreme Saint Manjian arrived at Yunwu Commandery.

Zhang Ruochen immediately went up to him and smiled, “Brother Manjian, congratulations. You survived a great disaster, and your cultivation has improved again.”

When Zhang Ruochen followed Yueshen to Celestial Court, he practiced in Supreme Saint Manjian’s sacred realm. Supreme Saint Manjian took great care of him and even lowered his status to talk to him as an equal.

During the battle on Mount Yueshen, Supreme Saint Manjian had his head chopped off, but he still fought with a headless body. This left a lasting impression on Zhang Ruochen.

Supreme Saint Manjian had practiced with his immortal body for more than a thousand years. His vitality was strong, even chopping off his head wasn’t enough to take his life.

“Brother Ruochen, what you did in Kunlun Realm really surprised me. Thanks to you, Guanghan Realm was able to acquire an excellent cultivation environment in Celestial Court,” Supreme Saint Manjian patted Zhang Ruochen on the shoulder.

Zhang Ruochen said, “Brother Manjian, don’t make fun of me. In the eyes of the gods, these fights are just insignificant matters.

“Oh right, the people Yueshen wants are all here. I’ll need to trouble you to bring them back, Brother Manjian.”

As he spoke, Zhang Ruochen took out an Exquisite Dimensional Orb.

Supreme Saint Manjian reached out his hand to catch the Exquisite Dimensional Orb and said, “In that case, I’ll go back and report to Yueshen first. We shall have a few more drinks when you visit Ziluo Domain.”

“Then, Brother Manjian, you must bring out your best wine,” Zhang Ruochen said.

Supreme Saint Manjian said, “Don’t worry, I won’t mistreat you. However, Brother Ruochen, you must be very careful in Battlefield of Merits. Kunlun Realm is not like Zuling Realm. The situation here is very complicated. Even with your current strength, you must not be careless.”

“Yes, I will be careful,” Zhang Ruochen nodded.

After a few more words of advice, Supreme Saint Manjian’s clone did not delay any longer. He took the Exquisite Dimensional Orb and soared into the sky. He came quickly and also left quickly.

Seeing Supreme Saint Manjian leave, Zhang Ruochen stood still for a moment. Then, he rushed to Royal Mountain.

Now that he had Yueshen to deal with this troublesome matter, Zhang Ruochen did not have any more worries. He could go into seclusion and cultivate for a period of time in peace, and also digest what he had gained on True Dragon Island.

While Zhang Ruochen was recuperating and recovering, Blackie had already chosen a place for the key to the World Gate — a valley which emerged from the folded dimension, located deep in Royal Mountain. It was very secluded and had a large internal space.

The Saint Qi of heaven and earth in this valley was very rich. There was a huge Saint Meridian underground that nurtured many sacred medicines.

If one looked carefully, one could even see hints of spiritual Qi of heaven and earth. This was the main reason why Blackie suspected that Royal Mountain was an awakened divine ground.

In a short time, Blackie had made some arrangements. It had built a Ninth Stratum Array using the boulders engraved with divine array patterns as its foundation. The array was used to seal the key of the World Gate and prevent it from emitting any aura. Yet, it could make the heavenly and earthly precepts and the Saint Qi of heaven and earth in the valley very active, making cultivation processes more efficient.

Although it hadn't finished all arrangements, the valley was already equipped with the basic functions to assist with cultivation. So, Zhang Ruochen gathered Mastadon-Devouring Rabbit, Demon Ape, and nearly a hundred female saints. At the same time, he released many old Shengming cadres from Qiankun Realm.

He had obtained a lot of cultivation resources on True Dragon Island. Obviously, he had to use them to train more powerhouses.

Wars in the future would be crueler. No one knew what would happen. Zhang Ruochen hoped that everyone around him would be equipped with the skills to protect themselves. After all, he might not always be able to protect them.

"I can also use the power of Sundial to cultivate. This time, I must break through to the greater precept world. No, I want to cultivate Precept Domain." Mastadon-Devouring Rabbit was very excited.

The others were also looking forward to it. With enough time and resources, as long as their innate talent was not too weak, their cultivation and strength would definitely improve vastly.

Sundial was opened, and the power of time covered a 2000-meter radius. Except for Blackie, who was going to continue setting up the array, the others all began to seclude themselves to cultivate.

It didn't take long for Zhang Ruochen to adjust to his best condition. He couldn't help but take out the King Grade Sacred Pill, which contained dragonsoul fire.

Zhang Ruochen had two goals for this seclusion. First was to refine this King Grade Sacred Pill, and the second was to refine all millions of Precepts of Gods in Yanshen's Leg.

Once he refined all millions of Precepts of Gods, the power Yanshen's Leg could emit would be shocking. This could become Zhang Ruochen's trump card.

At that point, Zhang Ruochen would be confident that he could fight against a Supreme Saint in the advanced stage of Neverwilt Realm.

At that point, Zhang Ruochen would be ready to challenge Yan Wushen, the number one cultivator below the Supreme Saints of Celestial and Infernal Courts.

This was every Saint King's dream!

As long as he could defeat Yan Wushen, he would defend the dignity of Kunlun Realm and announce to the whole universe that Kunlun Realm has someone with the name of Zhang Ruochen.

His path to becoming an emperor would begin with defeating Yan Wushen.

Of course, it was obviously not easy to refine the King Grade Sacred Pill or Precept of Gods. It would take a lot of time.

In addition, Zhang Ruochen would want to continue improving his cultivation and elevate the Paths that he was focusing on to a higher level.

With the six Saint Aspects, this was Zhang Ruochen's great advantage. He could do six different things at the same time.

'If I can transform Divine Purification Flame into Emperor-level flame, it will be of great help to me in forging the immortal saint body. It will also make it much easier to control the power of Yanshen's Leg,' Zhang Ruochen thought.

Zhang Ruochen was full of expectations as he put the King Grade Sacred Pill into his mouth.

The medicinal power of the King Grade Sacred Pill was amazing. Even a Supreme Saint had to be careful to refine it. Ordinary Saint Kings didn't even dare to touch it.

When Zhang Ruochen immersed himself in seclusion, the outside world was full of spirit. He had become the talk of the town in both Celestial and Infernal Courts.

Yet this wasn't something that was unexpected — first, Zhang Ruochen defeated Son of Darkness, a rare genius of the Fane of Darkness on True Dragon Island. Then, he defeated Supreme Saint Jinhui, who was in the mid-stages of Neverwilt Realm outside Grand Terminal of Merits. It was hard for him not to attract attention.

Those who didn't have a bad impression of Zhang Ruochen clapped their hands in satisfaction. Many younger cultivators even made him their idol.

Those who were hostile to Zhang Ruochen gritted their teeth in hatred. They wanted to get rid of him even more.

The native Kunlun Realm cultivators had mixed feelings. They were happy that Zhang Ruochen had killed many powerhouses of Infernal Court, but they felt sorry when they remembered that Zhang Ruochen was no longer a member of Kunlun Realm.

"Who would have thought that Zhang Ruochen could grow to such a level in such a short time? No one can stop him from rising. Perhaps he will soon be on par with Yan Wushen."

“Zhang Ruochen is very strong and can defeat a Supreme Saint in the mid-stages of Neverwilt Realm. Yet, he is still far from being on par with Yan Wushen. There are countless geniuses in Celestial and Infernal Courts, but there is only one Yan Wushen. He is the only one who can cause the Four Heavenly Kings of the Celestial Palace a headache.”

“Yan Wushen is temperamental. Recently, he’s been killing wantonly in Kunlun Realm. He single-handedly massacred the fifteen commanderies of the Western Region. Hundreds of millions of lives were robbed, and their corpses were scattered on the earth. It was like a purgatory on Earth.”

“This isn’t the first time Yan Wushen has done this. Before this, he had massacred all the lives in the three macroworlds. No one has ever killed as much as he did.”

“I believe that Yan Wushen will find Zhang Ruochen soon. Zhang Ruochen is definitely a worthy opponent, though I’m not sure if this heritor of time and space will be able to continue his legend of invincibility by then.”

...

The cultivators discussed animatedly. Their focus was on Zhang Ruochen and Yan Wushen since they had both done great things recently.

Therefore, many people were looking forward to the battle between Zhang Ruochen and Yan Wushen. However, it was hard to say what was going on internally in these people’s minds.

Chapter 2130: The Legendary Ancestral Land

No matter how chaotic the outside world was, it was quiet in the valley deep in Royal Mountain. Everyone was immersed in self-cultivation. After all, in the world of cultivation, strength was the key to survival.

Swoosh!

Zhang Ruochen suddenly opened his eyes. Pure white flames rose from his body.

After refining the King Grade Sacred Pill and top-class Pyro divine object, Zhang Ruochen finally upgraded his Divine Purification Flame, advancing it to Emperor-level flame from Envoy-level flame.

The Emperor-level flame was fundamentally different from the Envoy-level flame. Its power was incomparable. It could even refine a regal weapon.

The millions of Precepts of Divinity in Yanshen’s Leg had all been refined. The divine energy was terrifying.

Apart from that, Zhang Ruochen had also refined all five top-tier Five-element Divine Objects into his body. He had practiced Five-element Chaotic Body to the extreme. Other than the weakest organs and brain, his body had almost completely become immortal.

He just needed a little more time to forge an immortal saint body and breakthrough to the Neverwithers Supreme Sainthood.

Of course, Zhang Ruochen could not do that now. The higher achievement he was within his Saint Kinghood, the stronger he would be when he stepped in Supreme Sainthood. Zhang Ruochen followed his goal to maximize his cultivation attainment for every aspect, including his cultivation of Precepts and forging of immortal saint body within his Saint Kinghood.

“The transformation of Divine Purification Flame is indeed not easy to achieve. Even with the help of King Grade Sacred Pill and the top-tier Pyro divine object, it still took me 28 years. Fortunately, I gained enough Godstones on True Dragon Island. Otherwise, I might have to give up halfway,” Zhang Ruochen sighed.

According to his initial plan, he had thought that it would only take him about 10 years to upgrade the level of Divine Purification Flame to Emperor level. Never had he expected that it would take him nearly three times the time originally envisioned.

After retracting Divine Purification Flame into his body, Zhang Ruochen couldn't help but whisper, “Unfortunately, I still haven't succeeded in forming the Realm-frame of Truth. I'm still a little lacking. Without the secret techniques from Fane of Truth, it's really difficult to achieve it.”

Over the years, the number of Precepts of Truth in Zhang Ruochen's body had increased to 680,000. He still needed 200,000 more Precepts of Truth to enable tenfold amplification of attack power. However, if he failed to form the Realm-frame of Truth, tenfold amplification was not possible even if the number of his Precepts of Truth met the requirement.

The total number of Precepts one could practice in the Saint King realm was one million. The further one went, the harder the cultivation was.

And because of that, even if Zhang Ruochen was holding 0.0039 percent of Canon of Truth, his speed of cultivating Precepts of truth was far slower than before.

With the aid from all kinds of rare items and the effect of the key of the World Gate, Zhang Ruochen's Precepts had increased by 15 million, totaling 60 million.

Among them, the total of the Precepts of Dimension and Time had reached 610,000 and 570,000 respectively; the Precepts of Swordsmanship had increased to 880,000; as for the Precepts of the Palm and Fist, they had increased to 790,000 and 770,000 respectively.

With Zhang Ruochen's current strength, he should be able to defeat Supreme Saint Jinhui without resorting to the power of Time and Space.

Zhang Ruochen glanced over everybody and nodded in amazement.

As a result of 28-year cultivation and the ample resources he supplied, there was a great improvement in their cultivation base, especially Mastadon-Devouring Rabbit and Demon Ape. Both had reached the Path's Anterior realm. With their current strength, they could be regarded as elites in any macroworlds.

In this period, Blackie had also finished setting up the array. It turned the valley into an ideal place for self-cultivation. At the same time, it could ensure the safety of the key to the world gate.

Zhang Ruochen did not interrupt their training session. He put away Sundial and left the valley alone.

He only had seven Godstones left. Instead of using them, he would keep them for now, thinking that they could serve other purposes.

A streak of blue holy light flew out of Zhang Ruochen's sleeve. It then transformed into a hundred-mile-long blue dragon, emitting a vast dragon aura.

It was the Azure Dragon that Zhou Yu had caught from Hidden Barrens after spending tremendous efforts. This dragon was a descendant of ancient species with a powerful bloodline. It was no less than the Heaven-devourer Dragon; its cultivation and strength far surpassed that of the Heaven-devourer Dragon.

However, unlike Zhang Ruochen, Zhou Yu hadn't been able to tame the Azure Dragon successfully.

There were two reasons why the Azure Dragon had submitted.

First, Zhang Ruochen was powerful enough to suppress the Azure Dragon's urge to resist.

Second, the Dragonform Grass was a great temptation to the Azure Dragon.

After refining a Dragonform Grass, the Azure Dragon's divine dragon bloodline was fully activated, and it was about to attain a True Dragon's physique.

'True Dragon' referred to the divine dragon that had yet attained Godhood. Since the Middle Ages, Ao Xinyan was the only one in Kunlun who had cultivated a True Dragon's pure physique, which was why she was favored by the unspeakable figure at Yin Yang Sea.

Although the Azure Dragon had yet attained True Dragon's physique state, its strength improved significantly. If it fought Zhou Yu again, it might not lose.

Tap, tap

Footsteps sounded. A skinny old man appeared out of nowhere, his drooling eyes staring at the Azure Dragon.

"What a fat dragon. It must taste good."

As he spoke, the old man licked his lips, saliva almost drooling out.

Hearing this, the Azure Dragon was enraged. It flew down from the sky, landed in front of the old man, and let out a terrifying dragon breath.

Although the old man looked half-dead, he was extremely agile. He retreated instantly and distanced himself from the Azure Dragon. At the same time, he looked at Zhang Ruochen and shouted, "Watch your dragon, Zhang Ruochen. It's so scary."

Zhang Ruochen frowned slightly. He looked at the old man with an unfriendly gaze. He wanted to beat him up, but he restrained himself in the end.

It was the third time he had met this old man at Royal Mountain. The first time was when Royal Mountain was awakening. This old man had come out of the ground and claimed to be a grave robber. The second time, he had attempted to drug the group of saintesses. Even Fairy of a Hundred Flowers was almost drugged.

Unfortunately, the old man was too elusive. Zhang Ruochen had tried all methods, but he couldn't do anything to him.

Even now, Zhang Ruochen still could not see through the old man's cultivation base. He knew nothing about the old man's background and cultivation level.

"Hey old geezer, why are you still staying at Royal Mountain?" Zhang Ruochen asked with hostility.

The old man chuckled and said, "Didn't I tell you last time I am the guardian of Zhang clan? The ancestral land of Zhang clan is here. So of course, I have to stay here."

"Since you refuse to tell me the truth, you left me no choice." Zhang Ruochen's eyes suddenly became fierce.

As he spoke, Zhang Ruochen had already activated the Precepts of Dimension and released the Spatial Domain. It completely imposed a lockdown on space within hundreds of miles.

His current cultivation base was different from before. He could even fight against a Supreme Saint who was in the late Neverwithers realm.

RAAAWRRR!

The Azure Dragon charged at the old man.

A huge and sharp dragon claw reached out like lightning. It condensed into a whirlpool of wind and cloud blocking all the old man's escape routes.

"Wow, Zhang Ruochen, what are you trying to do?" the old man screamed and dodged swiftly.

What surprised Zhang Ruochen was that the old man could still move freely even though he had completely locked down the space within hundreds of miles. It seemed that the lockdown did not have any effect on him.

While he was surprised, Zhang Ruochen mobilized many Precepts of Dimension and cast a Dimensional Storm rushing toward the old man.

The Dimensional Storm affected a wide area and immediately approached, making it impossible for the old man to dodge.

Yet, the old man did not perform any Saint Techniques. Instead, he withstood the storm with his body of flesh and blood.

BANG!

The Dimensional Storm calmed down after being torn apart by the old man.

When Zhang Ruochen saw this, his eyelids twitching. With his current cultivation attainment in Path of Dimension, even a Neverwithers Supreme Saint could not withstand the Dimensional Storm he cast. Yet, the old man was able to break it so easily.

'How is this possible?'

Previously, he had suspected that the old man was a top-tier Nine-step Saint King. Now, it seemed that he had seriously underestimated him.

No wonder the old man had said that he could not leave Royal Mountain for fear of being discovered. His cultivation base would not allow him to stay in Kunlun.

Zhang Ruochen stopped and asked solemnly, "You are not a Saint King at all, and you are not a person of the present time. Tell me, who are you?"

He had already figured out that the old man could be a Re-Awakener. When they first met, he should have just risen from underground.

The old man was not an ordinary Re-Awakener. He was very powerful, with the level of a Supreme Saint, at least.

It was unbelievable that the once unremarkable Royal Mountain had become an awakening place, where even a Re-Awakener had emerged.

"Like you, I am a member of Zhang clan. Let's talk it out. Why do we have to fight? My old arms and legs can't take it," said the old man with a smile as he massaged his waist.

The Azure Dragon also witnessed the old man's strength. It could not help but retreat to Zhang Ruochen's side and watch him warily.

Rumble—

During the stalemate of both parties, a huge commotion suddenly was heard from the depths of Royal Mountain.

Zhang Ruochen immediately turned and looked in the direction. His eyes couldn't help but show a hint of surprise. "The folded dimension is open further, and Royal Mountain has become even wider."

In the blink of an eye, the old man had disappeared into thin air. No one knew where he had gone.

Zhang Ruochen tried to track him with Spatial Domain, but to no avail.

After thinking for a while, Zhang Ruochen put the Azure Dragon into his sleeve. He then performed Great Dimensional Shift, traveling to the depths of Royal Mountain.

With his current strength, he had the ability to explore this folded dimension. Even if there was any danger, he was confident that he could protect himself.

The Saint Qi of heavens and earth in the depths of Royal Mountain was even more potent to the extent that it was almost indispensible. Mixed with some Divine Qi of heavens and earth, it made the scenery looked spectacularly sacred.

As soon as he entered the depths of Royal Mountain, something had attracted him.

On a rocky wall, there was a huge green dragon of thousands of feet long. It was breathing Saint Qi of heavens and earth.

"This is a Dragonvine." Zhang Ruochen's eyes lit up.

The green dragon was not a real dragon but a sacred herb.

If it were an ordinary sacred herb, even if it were 100,000 years old, it would not have attracted Zhang Ruochen's attention. But this Dragonvine was different. It was a Yuanhui Tribulation sacred herb.

As if sensing the aura of the Dragonvine, the Azure Dragon immediately stuck its head out of Zhang Ruochen's sleeve, staring at it with an intent gaze

"Master, I want it," the Azure Dragon said excitedly.

Zhang Ruochen knew that a Dragonvine was the most useful to dragons. It could improve a dragon clan member in all aspects.

However, a Dragonvine was an extremely aggressive Yuanhui Tribulation sacred herb. Ordinary cultivators couldn't do anything to it.

Zhang Ruochen had already sensed that the aura of this Dragonvine. It was compelling and ferocious. It was definitely not an easy character to deal with.

ROAR!

At this moment, the Dragonvine suddenly let out an earth-shattering dragon roar. It revealed its fangs and struck out its claws as it pounced toward Zhang Ruochen.

Swoosh!

The Azure Dragon immediately flew out of Zhang Ruochen's sleeve. As its body expanded along with the wind, it collided with the incoming Dragonvine.

At the same time, Zhang Ruochen moved forward, continued walking toward the depths of the folded dimension. He did not have the slightest worry whether the Azure Dragon could defeat that Dragonvine.

Many sacred herbs were growing everywhere. Most of them were very old. They were all of the top grade, which would be useful even for Saint Kings.

Zhang Ruochen even found three 100,000-year-old sacred herbs. Each of them was extremely rare and valuable that even a Nine-step Saint King would yearn for them.

However, Zhang Ruochen did not collect them. After all, Royal Mountain was sealed away, so he did not have to worry that they would be taken away.

Zhang Ruochen had handed Seven-dragon Cauldron over to Blackie. With these high-quality sacred herbs, Blackie should be able to make many high-grade pills.

After passing through a few Saint Mountains, Zhang Ruochen stopped.

In front of him, a special area appeared. A brilliant nona-colored divine light enveloped it. It looked spectacularly sacred, like a holy land.

Somehow, when Zhang Ruochen approached it, his heart became very calm. He did not know the reason but he felt a sense of tranquility.

Through the nona-colored divine light, Zhang Ruochen saw many hills. They were densely scattered in the area that he couldn't see the end. He didn't know how many were there.

Each hill was unique, with huge gravestones before them. Ancient Supreme-Saint Precepts clouded the gravestones, so he could not see their true shapes. They also gave off an extremely intimidating aura of Supreme Saints.

"Are these the graves of Supreme Saints?"

Zhang Ruochen was shocked.

In Shengming Royal's gravesite of Zhang clan, nine graves were belonging to Supreme-Saint level ancestors that looked similar to these low hills.

As Zhang Ruochen speculated, he couldn't calm down anymore. There were thousands of graves within his sight. The actual number must be far higher.

'Does this mean at least thousands of Supreme Saints were buried here?

'Or could it be that all the Supreme Saints in Kunlun had died at some time and got buried here? But it was impossible.'

The aura of a Supreme Saint was intimidating. Even after death, it remained strong and would not disappear even after a long time.

Zhang Ruochen walked forward with puzzlement in his mind. However, as soon as he got close to that nona-colored divine light, circles of dimensional ripples appeared under his feet. Waves of terrifying Saint aura rushed over as if wanting to tear him into pieces.

Just as Zhang Ruochen wanted to fight back, he noticed something strange happened to his own blood, and the Saint aura rushing over just now dissipated with no reason.

Immediately, Zhang Ruochen felt that the intimidating pressure was greatly reduced. He was more comfortable now.

"What's going on? Why did the aura of Supreme Saints recede like a tide? Just now, my bloodline seemed to have an unprecedented throb," Zhang Ruochen vaguely figured something out.

He took another step further into the depths. After a great effort, he finally arrived at the foot of a hill.

In front of this hill was a stone tablet. There were some complicated characters engraved on it. They did not belong to the current era.

"What an ancient aura. The characters on it should be from the Middle Ages. They contain rhymes of Supreme-Saint Path.

"However, there is an invisible force clouding the surface of the characters. Even with my Saint Eyes, I can only see a general outline. It's a bit blurry and hardly visible."

Looking at the stone tablet in front of him, Zhang Ruochen could not calm down.

Immediately, he released a strong spiritual power, focusing on the characters engraved on the stone tablet. He began to decipher them.

What surprised Zhang Ruochen was that the characters were even more obscure than he had expected. Even with the current level of his spiritual power, it was extremely difficult for him to decipher them.

After fully utilizing his spiritual power, Zhang Ruochen finally managed to decipher the characters on the stone tablet.

“The grave of NorthBright Saint Lord, Zhang Lin.”

Zhang Ruochen’s eyes narrowed. “It really is the grave of a Supreme Saint. This...”

Here lay thousands of graves of Supreme Saints. It was an unbelievable, shocking scene.

“NorthBright Saint Lord, Zhang Lin. Why does this name sound so familiar?” Zhang Ruochen looked surprised.

Zhang Ruochen moved to a nearby grave. He mobilized his spiritual power to envelope the gravestone in front of him.

“The grave of Shadow Emperor, Zhang Tianshu ”

Zhang Ruochen was deep in thought. He murmured, “Zhang Lin, Zhang Tianshu, ...”

“Zhang Lin, Zhang Tianshu. Aren’t these the names of the two Supreme-Saint ancestors in the Middle Ages recorded in my family tree?” Zhang Ruochen suddenly recalled the names.

Zhang clan of Central Region had an extremely glorious history, with Supreme-Saint level elites born in every generation. Even now, there were dozens of statues of Supreme-Saint level ancestors enshrined in the imperial ancestral halls.

With a flip of his hand, Zhang Ruochen took out an object. It was a record of Zhang clan’s long-standing family tree.

It was incomplete, with only half of it.

He did not take long to find the names Zhang Lin and Zhang Tianshu on the family tree. Both had left an indelible mark in the history of Zhang clan.

“Is this really the legendary ancestral land of the Zhang clan?” Zhang Ruochen was shocked and could not remain calm.

He had read an ancient record that mentioned an ancestral land of Zhang clan. However, according to the record, the land was destroyed during the late Middle Ages and could not be found by the descendants.

‘Does this imply that Zhang clan of Yunwu Commandery really belongs to the same lineage as Zhang clan of Shengming in Central Region?’

‘However, there were so many Supreme Saints’ graves here. Could it be that all the deceased resting in peace here were the ancestors of Zhang clan?’

Chapter 2131: The Supreme Saint Fruit

Zhang Ruochen stood in front of the ancient tomb. His emotions were fluctuating violently. If his guess was right, the Zhang Clan would have been prosperous in the past.

Unfortunately, there was a fault in the history of the Zhang Clan. Many things before the Middle Ages were a complete mystery. Even the deity known as the Crownsnatcher in the Middle Ages had long been forgotten. It was only when Yueshen mentioned it that Zhang Ruochen found out.

“It’s exactly the same as the description of the ancestral land in the ancient tome. Only after the Supreme Saint dies can he be buried in the ancestral land. This would be a great honor for every member of the Zhang Clan,” Zhang Ruochen said in a low voice.

The ancestor of the Zhang Clan was The Immovable Wisdom King. He was a legendary figure, so old that even Yueshen had never seen him. Therefore, the inheritance of the Zhang Clan was at least millions of years old.

Given the superior cultivation environment in the Middle Ages, the number of Supreme Saint cultivators that could be born over a million years would undoubtedly be astounding.

However, there was only half of the genealogy book. The time recorded was from the end of the Middle Ages, and there were less than a hundred Supreme Saint ancestors that could be seen on it.

If they could retrieve the first half of the genealogy book, all the mysteries would be easily solved.

The Zhang Clan that he had lived in for two lifetimes belonged to the same clan. Was it a coincidence or a deliberate arrangement?

Zhang Ruochen climbed to a higher position and looked at the entire gravesite. His gaze was fixed on the deepest part of it.

However, there was an extremely powerful force there. Even if he used the Eye of the Divine Mark, he could not see through it nor did he know where this gravesite extended to?

Just as Zhang Ruochen was about to give up, his blood courses through his veins. The Emyrean Emperor Ming’s Scripture began to activate on its own. An inexplicable aura enveloped him and shocked his mind.

Zhang Ruochen’s body shook. His soul seemed to be pulled out of his body. In a daze, he arrived at a mysterious chaotic land, and condensed chaotic qi surged within.

A vast and majestic tomb appeared before his eyes. Above the tomb, the Precept of Chaos and Chaotic Divine Light flowed slowly like water, gives an extremely sacred feeling.

Zhang Ruochen couldn’t help himself but want to pay his respect towards the tomb.

Above the tomb, the space twisted violently. It faintly showed 27 layers of the magnificent sky. It felt like reality and fantasy at the same. No one could tell if it was real or just a vision.

Above the 27 layers of the sky, an extremely majestic figure sitting cross-legged. Many stars were surrounding him, like the center of the universe.

Zhang Ruochen tried to see the figure clearly, but he could not. In the end, he could only see chaos.

Just when Zhang Ruochen felt uneasy, his mind suddenly returned to his body. Whether it was the tomb, the 27 layers of the universe, or the majestic figure, they all disappeared without a trace, as if they were just a dream.

Zhang Ruochen stood in the air and did not come back to his senses for a long time. What he had seen just now had a great impact on him.

“Is there really such a big tomb in the depths of the gravesite? Who does it belong to? Why does it affect the blood in my veins so greatly?” Zhang Ruochen muttered to himself.

Zhang Ruochen could not help but activate Heaven’s Eye between his eyebrows with all his strength, wanting to take a closer look.

However, no matter how hard he tried, it was useless. An invisible and mysterious power blocked his prying eyes.

The moment he withdrew his gaze, Zhang Ruochen suddenly made other discoveries.

A strange fruit the size of a fist on top of the tomb in front of Zhang Ruochen. Countless Supreme-Saint Precepts interweaved on it, emitting a brilliant immortal light.

Zhang Ruochen’s eyes changed slightly. He suddenly thought of something. ‘Could it be the legendary... Supreme Saint Fruit!’

Zhang Ruochen had only seen such a rare treasure in ancient tomes, yet he had never seen it in real before.

According to the records in ancient tomes, after a Supreme Saint died, he was buried in a unique place. After at least 10,000 years, the Supreme Saint’s essence and Precepts would be condensed into a fruit, known as the Supreme Saint Fruit.

Rumour has it, that after consuming a Supreme Saint Fruit, one could obtain his inheritance and part of the Precepts. There was a high possibility that one could cultivate the Supreme Saint realm.

“You’re right, this is the Supreme Saint Fruit.” A voice suddenly sounded.

Zhang Ruochen was slightly shocked. He didn’t know when the mysterious old man had come to his side and he didn’t notice at all.

If the old man wanted to harm him, he would undoubtedly be in great danger.

Zhang Ruochen closed his Heaven’s Eye between his eyebrows and glanced at the old man. He said, “I didn’t expect you to come in.”

“This is the ancestral land of the Zhang Clan. I’m a member of the clan. Of course, I can come in.” The old man looked as if it was a matter of course, and his expression was very arrogant. It was as if he was a member of the Zhang Clan and was cocky.

If Zhang Ruochen wasn’t a member of the Zhang Clan, he would have slapped him.

After a pause, the old man continued, "Zhang Ruochen, do you believe me now? The Zhang Clan of the Central Region also came from here. Their roots are here."

Zhang Ruochen had to admit that the old man was telling the truth. After all, he had seen the graves of the Supreme Saint's ancestors recorded in the genealogy book with his own eyes.

The names of the Supreme Saints buried in the adjacent graves could be found in the genealogy book.

"Why did the Zhang Clan of the Central Region lose touch with the ancestral land? And why don't the Zhang Royalty of the Yunwu Commandery know about the existence of the ancestral land?" Zhang Ruochen asked seriously.

Although he already believed that this was the legendary ancestral land of the Zhang Clan, he had many questions in his heart that needed to be answered.

With his hands behind his back, the old man spoke in a heavy tone, "The Zhang Clan failed to escape the catastrophe at the end of the Middle Ages. The battle was brutal. Almost all the top cultivators of the Zhang Clan were killed and their vitality was greatly damaged. Everything about the ancestral land became a legend

"According to the rules of the Zhang Clan, only the Supreme Saint could be buried in the ancestral land after his death. To know the location of the ancestral land, one must be a top-notch Saint King. Only then, the secret of the ancestral land could be protected.

"The Zhang Royalty of the Yunwu Commandery should be the ones guarding the ancestral land. Perhaps because of the small number of people, the inheritance was interrupted, yet they still remembered the importance of this land and never left."

In fact, the ancestors of the Yunwu Commandery's royalty were responsible for guarding the mausoleum.

Hearing this, Zhang Ruochen's heart skipped a beat. He guessed that these things should be related to the catastrophe at the end of the Middle Ages. After all, according to Yueshen, the Crownsnatcher of the Zhang Clan had died in that battle. Logically speaking, he should have been buried in this ancestral land.

The Zhang Clan of the Central Region was relatively lucky. Although they had experienced many hardships, they had risen again in recent ancient times. They had established the Central Shengming Empire. Including Zhang Ruochen's father, they had a total of ten Supreme Saint powerhouses.

Unfortunately, an accident 800 years ago had almost destroyed the sacred foundation. The Zhang Clan was on the verge of destruction.

"The Zhang Clan can no longer remain silent. We must restore it to its former glory. Zhang Ruochen, as a descendant of the Zhang Clan, you must shoulder this heavy responsibility," the old man suddenly said seriously.

Zhang Ruochen was slightly stunned. He shook his head and said, "Of course I want the Zhang Clan to rise again, but it won't be easy."

“How hard could that be? Zhang Ruochen, your bloodline is strong and your descendants will be a giant among men. With the Supreme Saint Fruit, it’s not difficult to give birth to a group of Supreme Saints,” the old man said wide-eyed.

“Zhang Ruochen, as one of the few males in the Zhang Clan, why are you so ignorant? There are nearly 100 female saints by your side and all as beautiful as flowers. Their cultivation is also not weak. If you marry them, the offspring you will give birth to will have strong bloodlines and good looks.”

“And the girl transformed from the Lotus of Divine Reflection I saw last time. If you and she procreate offspring, not only will they look good, but their talent will also be heaven-defying. Perhaps they will even exceed you.”

“As long as you find more powerful women to marry and have plenty of good-looking and talented children, the Zhang Clan will be able to rise again.”

“I refined the powder out of kindness and wanted to lend a hand, but you didn’t appreciate it at all. Are You a man or not? Do you want to anger me to death?”

The old man kept scolding Zhang Ruochen as if he was disappointed.

Zhang Ruochen did not know whether to laugh or cry. He said, “Your cultivation is higher than mine, so your bloodline must be stronger. You are more suitable to do this than me.”

Hearing this, the old man suddenly blew his beard and glared. He said, “If I could, would I need you?”

It could be seen that the old man was really angry with Zhang Ruochen. He almost wanted to beat Zhang Ruochen up.

“What do you mean?” Zhang Ruochen stared at the old man’s lower body with a strange look. It was hard to imagine that such a powerful superior would... No.

“Where are you looking at? What are you thinking about?” The old man roared in exasperation. Then, he stretched out his right hand, and a gray fog appeared in his palm.

He waved his hand gently. Wherever the gray fog passed, the grass and trees withered instantly. A strong death qi spread for dozens of miles.

“How could you have such a strong death qi?” Zhang Ruochen quickly released Saint Qi to resist the erosion of the death qi.

The old man sighed, “Back then, I fought with several fierce Deathkins of the Infernal Court in the starry sky for three months. The stars were destroyed and the sun and moon lost their glow. Unfortunately, I was hit by their death spiritual power in the end and almost died. Fortunately, I was lucky enough to come back to life. It’s a pity that I spent 100,000 years but failed to completely dissolve the evil death qi.”

Suddenly, Zhang Ruochen understood. It was because of the evil death qi in his body that the old man could not reproduce.

‘That was great!’

Otherwise, to revive Zhang Clan's mission, the old man might have to rely on his unknown powder, dirty methods, and righteously licentious the Royal Mountain. That would be a headache for Zhang Ruochen.

Ignoring the old man, Zhang Ruochen looked at the tombs one by one. He found that many tombs had the Supreme Saint Fruit, but not all of them had it.

It was not that these tombs did not have the Supreme Saint Fruit, but more as they had already been plucked.

Since they knew the effects of the Supreme Saint Fruit, Zhang Clan's predecessors would certainly use it in history.

Many of the Supreme Saints might have eaten the Supreme Saint Fruit before.

Zhang Ruochen moved slowly toward the tomb, trying to pick the Supreme Saint Fruit on top of it.

Although he was greatly hindered, he was still able to get close. The Supreme Saint Fruit was within reach.

Just as Zhang Ruochen was about to pick it, the old man stopped him. "Don't casually pick the Supreme Saint Fruit."

"Why not?" Zhang Ruochen asked curiously.

The old man said, "After you pick the Supreme Saint Fruit, you need to eat it immediately. It's best if you eat it in front of the Supreme Saint's tomb. Only then can you completely absorb and refine the essence of the Supreme Saint Fruit. Hopefully, you can cultivate to the Supreme Saint realm."

"The tombs and gravestones you see are all places of treasure for comprehension and cultivation. You should cultivate here for a while before consuming the Supreme Saint Fruit, the effects would be tremendous."

Hearing this, Zhang Ruochen immediately gave up the idea of plucking it. The Supreme Saint Fruit was so precious that it should not be wasted.

He now completely understood the significance of the ancestral land to the Zhang Clan. As long as the ancestral land was there, no matter what disaster the Zhang Clan encountered, there would be a day when they would rise again.

Perhaps it was because of this test that most of the Supreme Saint Fruit were preserved.

If all the Supreme Saint Fruit were used, the number of Supreme Saints that the Zhang Clan produce would be unimaginable.

"Zhang Ruochen, do you understand what I'm saying? Your most important task now is to carry on the clan's line and procreate as many offsprings as you can."

"There was an ancestor of the Zhang Clan who married a total of 3,000 wives. All of them were beautiful. They were goddesses, saintesses, heavenly ladies of the ancient civilization, favored daughters of the Dragon Clan, Ninelynx Clan, and Phoenix clan. They flew in the sky, ran on the ground, and swam in the water. All of them were caught in a net and reproduced over 10,000 generations. That's an

example you should follow,” The old man said, he stared at Zhang Ruochen with a contemptuous look, as if he was talking about himself.

Hearing this, Zhang Ruochen could not help but have a strange look in his eyes. He instantly thought of Emperor Ji Mie of the Guanghan Realm. He did not expect that the Zhang Clan had an ancestor who was more powerful than Emperor Ji Mie in terms of reproduction.

However, Emperor Ji Mie was now in his prime. He should have many more descendants in the future. Perhaps he would surpass the ancestor of the Zhang Clan.

Looking at the old man’s burning eyes, Zhang Ruochen said, “The Zhang Clan of the Yunwu Commandery doesn’t have many people left. However, the Zhang Clan of the Central Region still has many clansmen who can let them come here to cultivate. Their cultivation speed will definitely be much faster with the surrounding and blessing of Zhang Clan’s ancestors, even without the Supreme Saint Fruit. Perhaps they can even get some unexpected benefits.”

Zhang Ruochen had basically taken all the members of the Zhang Chan who were still in Kunlun Realm into the Qiankun Realm. The number wasn’t small, but most of their bloodlines were already very weak. It was difficult to find true geniuses.

“I can’t leave the Royal Mountain. Hurry up and gather them all. Even if the quality is bad, it’s still better than nothing,” The old man immediately urged.

But then, the old man added, “No matter what, you can’t shirk responsibility. Hurry up and push down hundreds of beautiful saintesses to help the Zhang Clan grow.”

Hearing this, black lines appeared on Zhang Ruochen’s forehead. He really couldn’t stand the old man.

Swoosh

Zhang Ruochen immediately flashed out of the sacred gravesite.

At this time, the Azure Dragon had already suppressed the Dragonvine and started refining it.

Zhang Ruochen didn’t disturb them. He rushed back to the hidden valley and gathered all the members of the Zhang Clan, with King Mingjiang as the leader. There were more than 1,000 of them.

After explaining the situation, Zhang Ruochen led the group of Zhang Clan members to the gravesite in the depths of Royal Mountain.

Of course, he only said that there was precious land for cultivation, but he did not mention Zhang Clan’s ancestral land.

In his opinion, it was better not to tell the ordinary Zhang clansmen about the Zhang Clan’s ancestral land.

After arriving outside the gravesite, Zhang Ruochen had these Zhang clansmen break through the barrier formed by the nine-colored divine light on their own.

Although the barrier was strong, even a Supreme Saint could not break through it, but it would not stop people with the Zhang Clan’s bloodline.

“Ruochen, are these Supreme Saints’ tombs? How can there be hundreds of them?” King Mingjiang was shocked.

He had entered the royal tomb before, so he was no stranger to the Supreme Saints’ tombs.

However, his cultivation was not as high as Zhang Ruochen’s, so the number of tombs he could see was naturally much less than Zhang Ruochen’s.

As for the other members of the Zhang Clan, they could see even less. The strange power in the gravesite would affect their vision and perception.

Zhang Ruochen nodded and said, “It is indeed the tomb of a Supreme Saint, but it is different from the tomb of the Supreme Saint in the royal tomb. Sitting cross-legged in front of the tomb and comprehending the Path can double the result with half the effort.”

After getting a definite answer, King Mingjiang was even more shocked. Hundreds of Supreme Saints were buried in the same place. It was unbelievable.

King Mingjiang stepped forward in shock. Like Zhang Ruochen, he entered the gravesite with ease.

Seeing this, the other members of the Zhang clan also took action.

However, their speed was much slower. It was mainly affected by the strength of their bloodlines and cultivation.

Among these people, only one of King Mingjiang’s sons had reached the Saint King realm. The others didn’t even reach the Saint realm. Naturally, they would face great resistance.

More than 1,000 people came, but in the end, less than 300 people entered the gravesite. Most of them were blocked outside.

Thinking about it, Zhang Ruochen understood the mechanism. These people’s bloodlines were too thin and couldn’t be recognized by the ancestral land.

Zhang Ruochen had no choice but to send them back.

Chapter 2132: Great Prince Mara’s Arrival at Eastern Region

Most people of the Zhang clan immediately knelt and bowed down after entering the gravesite. This was because they felt the vast Supreme Saint aura, and also because they saw the endless Supreme Saint graves. They felt a great shock to the depths of their hearts, and their souls couldn’t help but tremble.

Even Zhang Ruochen was shocked when he first came in, let alone these Zhang clansmen whose cultivation was much lower.

Those whose cultivation had reached saint level were more composed. They managed to contain their emotions.

The old man walked over from the side. He glanced at King Mingjiang and the others and shook his head.

“There are so few people with such poor quality. Are you worthy of being members of the Zhang clan?”

King Mingjiang turned to look at the old man and frowned slightly. He was obviously unhappy. No matter how the Zhang clan had become, it was not for the outsiders to criticize them.

However, since he was unable to deduce the old man's intentions, King Mingjiang did not dare to act rashly. He could only ask in a deep voice, "Who are you? Do you have any connections with Zhang clan?"

The old man shot a glance at King Mingjiang and replied calmly, "I am your ancestor."

Hearing those words, King Mingjiang was immediately enraged!

As a Nine-Step Saint King, how could he be humiliated like this?

"I am the purest direct descendant of the Zhang clan and the younger brother of the previous Emperor Ming. You are too presumptuous."

As he spoke, King Mingjiang stretched out a hand, which turned into the size of a millstone, and slapped directly at the old man.

Swoosh!

At this moment, Zhang Ruochen appeared out of thin air and blocked King Mingjiang's attack.

"Twelfth royal uncle, what happened?" Zhang Ruochen was puzzled.

He had just sent away the unrecognized clansmen. How did King Mingjiang start fighting with the old man all of a sudden?

King Mingjiang tried his best to suppress his anger and said, "Ruochen, this old man came out of nowhere and acted like a big bully. Not only does he despise us, but he also says that he is my ancestor. How can I forgive him?"

Hearing this, Zhang Ruochen immediately understood. The old man could easily drive people crazy with his character. He had experienced it before.

Rubbing his temples, Zhang Ruochen had no choice but to use his spiritual power to communicate his message, "Twelfth royal uncle, he really is a living ancestor of the Zhang clan. He survived a disaster hundred-thousand years ago. Due to certain reasons, he woke up in the present world. This is a secret. Don't tell anyone."

Upon hearing this, King Mingjiang's expression became very interesting. He stared at the old man with wide eyes, and his mind was in a mess. He couldn't react.

He would never have thought that this scrawny old man in front of him was an ancient ancestor of the Zhang clan from a hundred-thousand years ago.

King Mingjiang couldn't imagine how the old man survived through the years.

It didn't look like he could!

After a long time, King Mingjiang finally came back to his senses. All his anger had dissipated. He didn't doubt Zhang Ruochen's words.

"Ruochen, how is... Senior's strength?" King Mingjiang asked in secret.

“Very strong,” Zhang Ruochen replied. “He’s at least in Supreme Sainthood so he can only stay here in the holy land of enlightenment. Once he leaves, he’ll be discovered by the Emissaries Vigilant.”

Hearing this, King Mingjiang was shocked. This was followed by excitement. No matter what, it was good news that there’s a Supreme Saint in the Zhang clan.

“Your cultivation in Precept Dominion isn’t bad so your descendents shouldn’t be too bad. Hurry up and marry some beautiful wives so that Zhang clan can grow,” the old man looked at King Mingjiang carefully and said seriously.

Zhang Ruochen was very generous to his royal uncle. He provided him with many precious cultivation resources. Moreover, King Mingjiang’s talent was not bad, so he finally broke through to Precept Dominion during this seclusion.

Since King Mingjiang was able to cultivate to Precept Dominion, it meant that he had a ten-percent chance of entering Supreme Sainthood in the future.

King Mingjiang’s face was full of astonishment. He didn’t expect that the old man would say what he had just said.

King Mingjiang had lived for more than a thousand years. He had five wives and had more than ten children. Unfortunately, his wives’ cultivations weren’t high, and they had passed away one after another. Now, none of them were by his side.

Most of King Mingjiang’s children had passed away, only three were left. Two were in saint level, and one was in Saint Kingdom.

King Mingjiang had been alone for the past 300 years. He had no intention of taking another wife.

Zhang Ruochen was a little speechless. He felt that the old man was obsessed — all he could think about was reproduction.

However, the old man was not talking to him this time. Zhang Ruochen felt a huge relief that the old man’s words weren’t directed at him.

Just as he was thinking, the old man continued, “For a Nine-Step Saint King in Precept Dominion, you are at the prime of your life. Your children will inherit your bloodline perfectly. Although your bloodline isn’t as good as Zhang Ruochen’s, it’s still not bad. As long as you find some women whose cultivation is above saint level, your offspring will not be too bad. Who knows, you might even give birth to a few true geniuses.

“Now that Zhang clan’s bloodline has withered, as one of the few powerhouses of Zhang clan in Saint Kingdom, you should take up the responsibility of strengthening the clan. Otherwise, no matter how much preparation the Zhang clan has made, it will still be hard for us to revive.

“I’ve established a new rule here — any male of the Zhang clan who has reached the saint level or above must have at least one-hundred offspring.”

The old man spoke in a serious manner. He did not seem to be joking at all.

Hearing this, everyone who was present put on a very strange expression. They looked at each other in dismay. Most of them still did not understand the situation.

Zhang Ruochen was extremely speechless. He really did not know what to say. He could only take his hat off to him for coming up with such a rule.

Suddenly, Zhang Ruochen thought of something. He took out a dimensional jade bottle and handed it to the old man.

“There’s a lot of Spring of Life in here. These can purify the evil energy of death. I think you can work hard after you get better with this.”

As the tree seedlings of the Divine Sky-connecting Tree tree seedlings grew, it produced more and more Springs of Life, forming a pond.

Upon hearing this, the old man’s eyes lit up. He quickly took the dimensional jade bottle and said, “This is good stuff, why didn’t you take it out earlier?”

After that, the old man picked up the dimensional jade bottle immediately and poured the Spring of Life into his mouth. He couldn’t wait.

In the blink of an eye, the old man finished the Spring of Life in the dimensional jade bottle. He reached out his hand and said, “This isn’t enough. Give me another eight or ten bottles.”

“Do you think I got these from the river? I’ll give you two more bottles at most,” Zhang Ruochen said unhappily.

The amount of Spring of Life in that bottle was definitely not small. It accounted for one-tenth of the total amount.

If it were not for the fact that this old man was most likely an ancestor of the Zhang clan and had strong cultivation, Zhang Ruochen wouldn’t have taken out so much Spring of Life to dissolve the evil energy of death in his body.

As for the Divine Sky-connecting Tree, Zhang Ruochen didn’t plan to disclose it for the time being.

After all, the old man’s identity wasn’t completely confirmed, and his cultivation was unfathomable. What if he tried to snatch it?

A treasure like the Divine Sky-connecting Tree was enough to cause families to turn against each other. Naturally, he had to treat it carefully.

The old man curled his lips and said, “Why are you being so stingy? Forget it, I will take those two bottles then. Hurry up and take them out.”

Zhang Ruochen didn’t even bother to bicker with him. He took out two more bottles of Spring of Life.

He couldn’t take the remaining Springs of Life out for the old man. He had to keep it just in case he needed it.

After that, Zhang Ruochen ignored the old man and walked into the depths of the gravesite.

Zhang Ruochen's cultivation had already reached Path's Anterior realm. He didn't need the Supreme Saint Fruits at all. However, mastering the Supreme-Saint Precepts on the graves would undoubtedly be beneficial. Perhaps it would greatly increase his Precepts.

At his current level, what he lacked was accumulation. He had to find a way to increase his number of Precepts to the upper limit of Saint Kingdom. At the same time, he had to do his best to make his body immortal.

The Supreme Saint ancestors of the Zhang clan practiced all kinds of Precepts, including Path of Time, Dimension, and Truth.

Zhang Ruochen planned to learn more in front of some of the ancestors' graves to strengthen his accumulation.

However, the gravesite was filled with immensely strong power. Even though Zhang Ruochen was an elite Saint King, he couldn't go too deep inside. He could only touch not more than five-hundred ancestors' graves.

"What is that?"

Gazing at a Supreme Saint Fruit, Zhang Ruochen suddenly made a discovery.

He reached out and grabbed the fruit, and a drop of crystal water flew out of it.

Zhang Ruochen held the water droplet in his palm and observed it carefully. Then, he changed to a strange expression and said, "It seems to be made up of a large number of Precepts."

After thinking for a while, Zhang Ruochen swallowed the water droplet. Then he started to refine the Emyrean Emperor Ming's Scripture.

A moment later, Zhang Ruochen opened his eyes and said in surprise, "It has increased the number of Precepts in my body by a hundred-thousand."

This was not a Supreme Saint Fruit but just a drop of water on the surface of it. It was like a dewdrop.

This was incredible.

Zhang Ruochen moved and appeared in front of another ancestor's grave. He gazed at the Supreme Saint Fruit on the top and found another drop of water.

Now that he knew how it could benefit him, Zhang Ruochen did not just stand by but directly grabbed at it.

Then, Zhang Ruochen quickly flashed through the gravesite and collected all dewdrops on the Supreme Saint Fruits.

Although he could only touch less than five-hundred ancestral graves, the amount of dewdrops he collected were not small. There were nearly three-hundred drops in total.

"If each drop can help me increase one hundred-thousand Precepts, then there will be close to ninety million Precepts in my body."

Zhang Ruochen's eyes were filled with anticipation.

Putting away all the Saint Fruit Dew, Zhang Ruochen came in front of an ancestor's grave with an extremely powerful Supreme Saint aura.

Judging from the Supreme-Saint Precepts covering the grave, this ancestor's cultivation had reached the ultimate realm of Supreme Sainthood — Paramount Realm.

Among those in the outer ring of the gravesite, this ancestor's strength should have been the strongest when he was alive.

"I'll cultivate in seclusion here for a while."

Zhang Ruochen muttered and took out the Sundial with a flip of his hand.

His Precepts had grown too much all of a sudden. It was necessary to arrange them properly to avoid any mistakes.

The Sundial was opened, and the power of time enveloped dozens of graves around it.

Zhang Ruochen immediately released the five Saint Aspects to the five nearby graves respectively. Only the Saint Aspect of the Immovable Wisdom King was in charge of refining the Saint Fruit Dewes collected from the Supreme Saint Fruits.

He would comprehend the true meaning of the cultivational paths more easily by learning the path of different Supreme Saint ancestors and verifying each other.

The advantage of having six Saint Aspects at the same time was fully revealed at this time.

As Zhang Ruochen entered into his cultivation state, King Mingjiang and the others also began to cultivate in front of the graves of the Supreme Saint ancestors.

The old man had been watching from the side, but he shook his head as he watched.

Nearly three-hundred members of the Zhang clan tried in front of the Supreme Saint graves, but in the end, only seven of them could barely match the Supreme-Saint Precepts in seven of the graves. Only these seven clansmen's states of mind could withstand the impact of the Supreme Saint pressure.

That was to say, only seven of them had the foundation to refine the Supreme Saint Fruits, but they had to wait for their cultivation level to reach Saint Kinghood.

Therefore, only King Mingjiang and his son, who had reached Saint Kinghood, met the conditions to refine the Supreme Saint Fruits.

In addition, one could not break through Supreme Sainthood immediately by refining the Supreme Saint Fruits. Certain amount of time is needed for the conversion.

"If not for the Zhang clan's bloodline, the number of people who met the conditions would probably have been halved. I didn't expect the Zhang clan to have declined to such a state after I slept for a hundred-thousand years," the old man could not help but shake his head and sighed.

He felt helpless now that there were so many Supreme Saint Fruits but no one could use them.

However, the old man didn't chase those who weren't qualified to refine the Supreme Saint Fruits out. It was still beneficial for them to cultivate in front of the graves. It should help many of them enter saint level.

Turning his gaze, the old man looked into the depths of the gravesite. A strange look flashed through his eyes.

"Zhang Ruochen didn't choose the Supreme Saint Fruit which contains the Paths of Time and Dimension," he said to himself. "This is weird. However, he has cultivated six Saint Aspects at the same time and has a Sundial in his hand. That's really enviable."

Although he was a little confused, the old man didn't plan to ask about this. He believed that Zhang Ruochen must have had specific considerations.

In the blink of an eye, six days had passed in the outside world, and six years had passed in the area covered by the power of time.

The Godstone inlaid on the Sundial had turned into ashes, and the power of time had disappeared without a trace.

However, Zhang Ruochen was still immersed in his cultivation state and showed no signs of waking up.

After a few days, Zhang Ruochen opened his eyes leisurely. Then, he summoned back all the five Saint Aspects which he had released.

'The effect of the water droplets on the different Supreme Saint Fruits varies. The weakest one only helped me increase ten-thousand Precepts, and the best one helped me increase two-hundred-thousand Precepts. It has helped me increase my total number of Precepts to ninety million,' a satisfied smile appeared in Zhang Ruochen's eyes.

However, many of the fast-growing Precepts were Minor Path ones. The total number reached thirty million, accounting for more than thirty percent.

Even so, the structure of Zhang Ruochen's Precepts was still perfect. After all, he had a solid foundation from the beginning.

Putting away the Sundial, Zhang Ruochen stood up and looked at the Supreme Saint Fruit, which contained the inheritance of the Paramount Realm elite.

After thinking for a while, Zhang Ruochen used dimensional means to get hold of this Supreme Saint Fruit. Then, he immediately sent it to Qiankun Realm and soaked it in the Spring of Life.

As he expected, the Supreme Saint Fruit didn't decay, melt, nor evaporate after being nourished by Spring of Life.

Then, Zhang Ruochen took a few more Supreme Saint Fruits, and also preserved those in the Spring of Life.

He didn't need them himself, but he could give them to others.

Of course, these Supreme Saint Fruits were the Zhang clan's heritage, so he couldn't take too many.

After bowing respectfully to the ancestral graves three times, Zhang Ruochen turned around and walked out of the gravesite.

“Zhang Ruochen, there is a Communication talisman for you. I just took it from outside of Royal Mountain,” the old man appeared out of thin air and handed a Communication talisman to Zhang Ruochen with a smile.

Zhang Ruochen’s heart skipped a beat. He had a vague guess so he reached out to take it hurriedly and checked it carefully.

The old man asked, “Who is this Nalan Danqing? What does he look like? What’s your relationship with him?”

“I don’t think this has anything to do with you?”

After saying this, Zhang Ruochen left the gravesite.

The old man curled his lip, “How rude. I won’t lower myself to your level.”

After leaving the gravesite, Zhang Ruochen brought the Azure Dragon, who had just preliminary refined Dragonvine, together with him and left Royal Mountain as quickly as possible.

The Communication talisman was sent by Divine Scripture Maiden. It told him that Great Prince Mara of Rakshasa had entered Kunlun Realm again and had arrived in Eastern Region. His destination was Luoshui. The reason was unknown.

“He actually came to us. Are all Rakshasa cultivators so conceited?” Zhang Ruochen felt that there was something strange about this, but he paid no more attention to it.

With Zhang Ruochen’s current cultivation, even if Yan Wushen came, he might not be able to win.

An eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth. No matter how powerful Great Prince Mara was or how many cultivators he brought, he had to die this time.

Chapter 2133: Fierce Battle at Luoshui

Zhang Ruochen set off from Royal Mountain. Traveling at his current speed, he managed to arrive at the bay of Luoshui in no time.

Luoshui was still mysterious as ever. Its water surface was covered with layers and layers of white mist clouding one’s vision. No matter how sharp one’s eyesight was, one could barely see through the deep waters.

Since Kunlun’s revival, Luoshui had undergone an enormous change. Its water was as vast as an ancient ocean; its dimensional structure was profoundly complex, that even the floating celestial bodies looked like specks in the vast.

Compared to Royal Mountain, Luoshui was much more dangerous. Nevertheless, it was also more attractive. The sacred medicinal herbs growing here were similar to those found at Divinity Bestowment Altar. These herbs could help cultivators to boost the number of Precepts within a cultivator’s body.

Standing by the riverbank, Zhang Ruochen could clearly sense many powerful auras in Luoshui. Apparently, many elites were looking for fortuitous encounters here.

Luoshui had long been recognized as an awakened sacred ground. The fortuitous encounters within the region were beyond imagination. It was so great that even a Supreme Saint would yearn for it.

'Few hundred years ago, when Luoshui had descended from the sky, nothing unusual was found.

'It was until 300 years ago, Luo Xu gained a fortuitous encounter; he developed insights on the 36 moves of Luoshui Fist and gained fame that shook the entire Omen Ridge.

'He was even dubbed a genius back then. Just how amazing was his encounter.' Zhang Ruochen stood before Luoshui and couldn't help but sigh.

Luo Xu had been a great help to Zhang Ruochen. Not only had he taught him Luoshui Fist, but he had also helped him on several desperate occasions. Zhang Ruochen highly respected Luo Xu and felt grateful for him.

Zhang Ruochen believed in Luo Xu. His intuition told him that Luo Xu would not get killed easily, even if Great Prince Mara severely injured him.

Unfortunately, Chu Siyuan—the Art Saint—had been brutally killed by Great Prince Mara. He's forever gone, ashes to ashes and dust to dust.

"Are you looking for me, Zhang Ruochen?"

Suddenly, a faint voice sounded.

The voice struck Zhang Ruochen. He looked at the vast Luoshui.

In the thick white fog, a tall figure slowly emerged. With a ferocious smile on his face, the man looked at Zhang Ruochen.

This man was nearly seven meters tall. He had a pair of huge jade wings on his back and big eyes that looked like lanterns; his nose was caved in, like those of gorillas; his mouth was filled with jagged fangs and canine teeth. To sum up, he was very ugly.

However, the aura he exuded was potent. Tens of millions of Precepts appeared around him, sinful blood light wrapping around his body. The energy was so dense that it didn't seem to be dissolvable. It was hard to imagine just how many lives he had taken.

"Mara."

A murderous intent flashed in Zhang Ruochen's eyes.

Zhang Ruochen had thought that Great Prince Mara was still on the way, so he did not expect to see him this early at Luoshui. And somehow, Great Prince Mara knew he would come.

Zhang Ruochen narrowed his eyes and said, "Did you lure me here on purpose?"

"Yes. All Kunlun cultivators know about your close relationship with Art Saint and Luo Xu. One of them died at my hands, and I severely wounded the other,

“You must be outraged, Zhang Ruochen.

“Do you want to tear me into pieces? Hahahaha!” Great Prince Mara laughed impudently.

Great Prince Mara continued after pausing for a second, “That old geezer was a fool. He had overestimated himself, trying to stop me.

“But he was somewhat impressive. I cut him 3,000 times, raking off all his flesh, and even ate some in front of him. Yet, he did not utter the slightest groan. It was annoying.”

What disappointed Great Prince Mara was that he saw no anger in Zhang Ruochen despite telling him much. Zhang Ruochen still looked calm, as if he did not feel bothered at all.

Zhang Ruochen looked at Great Prince Mara calmly and said indifferently, “Any last words? This is your last chance.”

According to the intel he got, Great Prince Mara was indeed very powerful. However, although his cultivation had reached the first tier below the Supreme-Saint level, his attainment was considered the weakest within that realm. His level of strength was about the same as that of Jinyang Twin Kings, so Zhang Ruochen had never taken him seriously.

However, all signs showed that things were not as simple as that.

Great Prince Mara knew that Zhang Ruochen had defeated Son of Darkness, but he still dared to show himself and provoked him. Moreover, he looked fearless. Something was fishy.

Nevertheless, no matter what Great Prince Mara was plotting, he was doomed to die.

“The one who should leave last words is you, Zhang Ruochen. Just how ignorant you are for not knowing that you gonna die.” Great Prince Mara sneered.

Zhang Ruochen said no word, his indifferent gaze looking past Great Prince Mara.

Under the influence of Luoshui, he could sense someone else’s presence even though they had restrained their aura very well.

“Rumors say that you, Zhang Ruochen, value loyalty. It seems to be true, but this is also your biggest weakness.” A magnetic voice suddenly sounded.

Two figures—one tall and one short—slowly emerged from the white fog behind Great Prince Mara.

The one who spoke was a tall and handsome man in red. He had phoenix eyes and a high nose bridge. His facial features were more perfect than those of most women. With a jade fan in his hand, he looked elegant and gave off a demonic feel.

The man beside him had a chubby face. He was relatively shorter than him but with a sturdy build. His chest was bare, revealing a japamala around his neck, and there was another one in his hand. He looked like a monk.

‘It’s Nether Demon and Nether Buddha from Nether Clan who are as famous as Son of Darkness.’

Zhang Ruochen knew the duo’s identities from a glance.

After he saw the duo, he instantly understood everything.

Great Prince Mara dared to swagger to Eastern Region and head straight to Luoshui because Nether Demon and Nether Buddha backed him.

Apparently, Nether Demon and Nether Buddha had planned to use Great Prince Mara as bait to lure Zhang Ruochen out.

Their motive was to settle score with him because Nether Clan had suffered great defeat on True Dragon Island. Not only had they lost Son of Darkness, but many Netherkin elites were also massacred. It was a great humiliation for Nether Clan.

As someone who was as famous as Son of Darkness in Nether Clan, how could Nether Demon and Nether Buddha not make a move at this time?

Nether Demon gently waved the jade fan in his hand and said in a cold voice, "Zhang Ruochen, the stupidest thing you've done is to provoke Nether Clan. Now, you must pay the price."

"I heard that Zhang Ruochen is somewhat related to Myriad Buddha Sect of Kunlun. Let me grant him an eternal rest." Nether Buddha touched his big belly and stepped forward.

Nether Demon's eyes were cold. "Zhang Ruochen is my prey. No one can snatch him away from me."

"It's been a long time since you've fought, Nether Demon. Just give Zhang Ruochen to me!" Nether Buddha did not back down.

It was obvious that Nether Demon and Nether Buddha were both very confident in their own strength. Even though Zhang Ruochen had defeated Son of Darkness, they still believed that they could kill him alone.

Zhang Ruochen said lightly, "Do you really think you can defeat me? I don't want to waste time. If you want to fight me, you can come at me together."

"I can kill you alone," Nether Demon growled.

Nether Demon suddenly fanned the jade fan in his hand. Eighteen solid-looking Curse runes flew out and turned into eighteen ferocious beasts in various forms. They all gave off evil and ominous aura.

Roar!

The eighteen ferocious beasts were like actual living beings. They let out earth-shattering roars. The monstrous power of Curse surged out of their bodies, trying to drown Zhang Ruochen.

Zhang Ruochen's eyes were calm and unperturbed. He casually threw a punch.

The Saint Aspect of Fist, condensed from 870,000 Precepts, appeared like a smaller version of Luoshui.

Zhang Ruochen had only cultivated 770,000 Precepts of Fist. After refining dew of Saint Fruit, they had been increased by 100,000.

Similarly, the Precepts of the other cultivation paths he practiced had also increased a lot.

Rumble—

Affected by the Fistwill, Luoshui began to shake violently, stirring up huge waves.

BANG!

Both the eighteen ferocious beasts and the power of their curses collapsed in an instant.

Nether Demon's eyes changed slightly. He had already predicted that fighting with Zhang Ruochen in Luoshui would be disadvantageous to him.

SWOOSH!

Nether Demon moved and left Luoshui. He came to a high mountain near the riverbank.

Zhang Ruochen preferred to initiate an attack instead of countering a strike.

Zhang Ruochen would not hold back when dealing with a top elite like Nether Demon. He immediately used his dimensional technique. With a raise of his hand, dozens of huge Dimensional Rifts appeared, charging at Nether Demon from all directions.

As his attainment level in the Path of Dimension became higher, the power of any dimensional techniques he performed had increased correspondingly.

A powerful Dark power emerged from Nether Demon's body and instantly covered all the Dimensional Rifts.

Almost all top Netherkin elites would develop insights on the Path of Darkness, and Nether Demon was no exception. He had cultivated the Path of Darkness to an extremely high level and could devour everything, including the Dimensional Rifts.

Then, Nether Demon immediately formed a hand seal at unbelievable speed. He combined the Power of Curse and the Power of Darkness to condense them into a terrifying palm strike, shattering a large area of space.

"Take a speck of dust from me."

Zhang Ruochen stretched out two fingers. He picked up a grain of dust in the air and flicked it out.

Incredibly, under the effect of the Precepts, the speck of dust turned into a huge rock sphere the size of a mountain that carried immense power like a small star. It collided with the palm strike formed by Nether Demon.

BANG!

The rock sphere and the palm strike met and exploded simultaneously, releasing a terrifying impact force. The ground within a radius of one thousand miles shattered in an instant. The tall mountains were razed to the ground. Fortunately, no humans were living in Luoshui valley. Otherwise, who knew how many casualties it would cause.

Great Prince Mara's face became very grim. "He could open up a mountain-sized dimension within a speck of dust,

"which is something even most Supreme Saints practicing the Path of Dimension cannot achieve.

“Zhang Ruochen’s attainments in the Path of Dimension have reached such a terrifying level.”

Zhang Ruochen’s move had certainly given Great Prince Mara a huge impact.

“Below Supreme Sainthood, the only people who can surpass Zhang Ruochen in the Path of Dimension are Yan Wushen and Shentu Yunkong from the Fane of Dimension,” Nether Buddha whispered.

Upon hearing these two names, Great Prince Mara’s pupils constricted. Even though he was very proud of himself, he had to admit that these two people were not someone he could afford to mess with.

There was certainly no doubt about Yan Wushen, who was top one elite below Supreme Sainthood in Infernal Court. He would need to join forces with the Four Heavenly Kings of the Celestial Palace to suppress him.

As for Shentu Yunkong, he was the most outstanding successor that the Fane of Dimension had nurtured since myriad years ago. He had outstanding talent in the Path of Dimension. Ever since he joined the Fane of Dimension, Shentu Yunkong rarely went out. He had flung himself at cultivating the Path of Dimension since then. He was practically madly indulged in the cultivation of the Path of Dimension.

After so many years, no one knew what level Shentu Yunkong had reached in the Path of Dimension.

However, many people believed that even Yan Wushen might not be able to beat Shentu Yunkong in the Path of Dimension alone.

At this moment, Luoshui showed a strange sign of activity. Many cultivators rushed out one after another.

They were cultivators from different macroworlds, looking for fortuitous encounters at Luoshui. At this moment, they were all alarmed by the fight between Zhang Ruochen and Nether Demon.

“That is...Zhang Ruochen. Who is the opponent?” a cultivator asked curiously.

Nether Demon’s threat level was Ultraten, so his name was not recorded in the *Maleficent Records of the Infernal Court’s Ten Clans*. In addition, he rarely appeared on a Battlefield of Merits. Therefore, ordinary cultivators failed to recognize him.

A cultivator who recognized Nether Demon said fearfully, “It’s Nether Demon of Nether Clan. He’s one of the three strongest elites below Supreme Sainthood in Nether Clan. He is as famous as Nether Buddha and Son of Darkness. It’s a surprise to see him in Kunlun.”

The next moment, when he saw Nether Buddha and Great Prince Mara standing on Luoshui, his pupils constricted. “Nether Buddha and Great Prince Mara are here too. They must be here to kill Zhang Ruochen.”

Upon hearing this, all the cultivators present were shocked. Although Nether Demon and Nether Buddha were not familiar names, being regarded as prominent elites below Supreme Sainthood was enough to show how powerful they were.

Hence, everyone immediately retreated, keeping a distance from Nether Buddha and Great Prince Mara to avoid getting implicated.

Splash!

Luoshui suddenly parted on its own. A graceful and beautiful silhouette emerged from it. Beneath her feet was a sacred golden fog. She looked like a goddess descending from heaven. She was none other than Fairy Tianchu.

After receiving the inheritance of the God of Luoshui, Fairy Tianchu became even more extraordinary, giving off an otherworldly feel.

Behind Fairy Tianchu, there were three people—Li Miaohan, the Fool, and the Butcher. They were all Zhang Ruochen's acquaintances.

"Master, it looks like Zhang Ruochen is in trouble!" Li Miaohan frowned slightly.

The Fool's eyes were grim. "Nether Demon and Nether Buddha charge at him together. And besides them, there's Great Prince Mara. It seems like they're determined to get rid of Zhang Ruochen. I wonder if he can handle it?"

"Zhang Ruochen is getting stronger. He even defeated Son of Darkness. It's not a surprise that his existence alerted Nether Demon and Nether Buddha. Unfortunately, the level of this battle is not something we can intervene." The Butcher shook his head.

Fairy Tianchu did not say anything. She just looked at Zhang Ruochen. At the same time, she unconsciously reached out and touched the necklace resembling the shape of Celestial River around her neck.[1]

[1] The necklace that Zhang Ruochen gave her.

Chapter 2134: The Evil Weapon of the Ancient Times

In the misty white fog, a tall and graceful figure stood on the surface of the water. Dressed in Elemental Sacred Robe, exuding an extremely noble temperament.

It was Luo Sha, Princess of Rakshasa.

"Zhang Ruochen's growth speed is really terrifying. He has already become a powerhouse of the first level below the Supreme Saint. In time, he might really be comparable to Yan Wushen. He's worthy of being the one for me," Luo Sha said softly with joy in her eyes.

But then, Luo Sha frowned slightly and said. "Great Prince Mara has teamed up with the Nether Clan. He even acted as bait to lure Zhang Ruochen out. Isn't he afraid of getting into trouble?"

Although Luo Sha's status was very noble, her strength hadn't reached the top level yet, so she couldn't interfere with Great Prince Mara's affair.

Especially, Great Prince Mara had just made a great contribution by taking the last remaining Saint Ancient Tea Tree. Many Gods of Rakshasa had personally rewarded him, his reputation had reached its zenith, and no one could restrain him.

However, this time, both Nether Demon and Nether Buddha had attacked together. No matter how strong Zhang Ruochen was, he won't be able to free his hands and deal with Great Prince Mara.

On the ground, Zhang Ruochen and Nether Demon fought fiercely. They caused the land within thousands of miles to sink.

Nether Demon attacked fiercely. Like a storm, he used many terrifying curses and dark techniques.

On the other hand, Zhang Ruochen seemed to have taken root. He stood still and didn't move at all. He casually used all sorts of mysterious dimensional techniques to perfectly neutralize the attacks. At the same time, he also attacked actively.

Anyone could see that Zhang Ruochen seemed relaxed. It didn't seem like he was fighting to the death. It was more like an ordinary sparring match.

Zhang Ruochen's strength isn't just slightly stronger than Son of Darkness. Is there a mistake in the intelligence, or did he make another big breakthrough in such a short time? The more Nether Demon fought, the more frightened he became.

According to the intelligence he received, Zhang Ruochen had defeated Son of Darkness with great difficulty. Their strengths shouldn't be too far apart.

Because of this, Nether Demon was more than 80% confident that he could defeat Zhang Ruochen and save the reputation of the Nether Clan.

However, the current situation was beyond what Nether Demon expected.

A flower petal the size of a fingernail suddenly appeared beside Nether Demon.

Before Nether Demon could react, the flower petal transformed. Many Precepts of Dimension appeared on its surface. In an instant, it turned into a dimensional cage and enveloped the Nether Demon.

Then eight more petals appeared. In the same way, they formed an eight-layered dimensional cage.

Nether Demon's expressions in his eyes changed. He didn't expect Zhang Ruochen to be able to hide from his senses by carrying hundreds of thousands of Precepts of Dimension on a single petal.

In the nine-layered dimensional cage, Nether Demon's ability to move was obviously restricted. Even the circulation of Saint Qi in his body slowed down.

"Do you think a mere dimensional cage can trap me? I can easily break through even the ninety-layered, let alone the nine-layered," Nether Demon said coldly.

As he spoke, Nether Demon attacked. Boundless dark techniques and the Power of Curse surged out of his body crazily, wanting to erode everything.

No one noticed that Zhang Ruochen had condensed a silver light with his powerful dimensional power.

Swoosh.

The silver light suddenly cut out and locked onto Great Prince Mara's qi.

Crash.

The space was cut open by the silver light. A huge crack appeared, revealing a deep-layered void.

Great Prince Mara's pupils constricted. He turned into a scarlet hurricane and retreated quickly.

"Damn that Zhang Ruochen. He can actually spare himself to deal with me while fighting with Nether Demon."

In a hurry, Great Prince Mara crossed his hands. A bright light dot appeared between his palms.

If one looked carefully, one would find that the light dot seemed to contain thousands of Saint Shadows.

He pushed out his palms. The light dot turned into an army of Saint Shadows and collided with the spatial crack. The space between Zhang Ruochen and Great Prince Mara became distorted.

Rumble

Although the spatial crack was closed, the silver light pierced through the army of Saint Shadows and rushed to the front of Great Prince Mara.

'How could this be?'

There was no time to use any means and no way to avoid it. Great Prince Mara had to release the power of evil and inject it into his armor, hoping to resist this attack.

Crack

The silver light was invincible. It broke through the high-grade ten-thousand-pattern armor Great Prince Mara was wearing.

Even though Great Prince Mara had the Divine Marks carved by the Rakshasa Gods, a wound so deep that the bones can be seen appeared on his chest.

Great Prince Mara flew backward. Saint Blood gushed out from the wound and dyed a large area of water red.

How could the first-level powerhouse like Great Prince Mara be injured by Zhang Ruochen shortly after meeting up? Many cultivators of the Infernal Court were terrified by this scene.

Nether Buddha shouted, "Zhang Ruochen, don't be impudent. Let me come and ease your passing."

Nether Buddha could no longer stand idly by.

He could see that Nether Demon alone had no hope of killing Zhang Ruochen.

Zhang Ruochen's cultivation speed was too fast. If he wasn't rid of now, it would be even more troublesome in the future. No one could really control him.

With a shake of his hand, Nether Buddha threw out the prayer beads in his hand and activated them with a powerful curse power.

Instantly, 15 prayer beads grew rapidly. The beads turned into 300 meters long skulls and surrounded Zhang Ruochen.

All the skulls were branded with complicated curse runes. They gave off an extremely evil aura. Powerful Saint Souls were trapped in each of them.

Sensing slightly, Zhang Ruochen discovered that 14 of the skulls gave off the aura of top-notch Saint Kings. The last one gave off the aura of a Neverwithier Supreme Saint.

Refining the skulls of a Neverwithier Supreme Saint and 14 top-notch Saint Kings into prayer beads, one had to admit that the Nether Buddha was a great cultivator.

“Zhang Ruochen, I am looking forward to refining your skulls into the 16th prayer bead.” A cruel smile appeared in the eyes of Nether Buddha.

Nether Buddha had a unique hobby. His hobby was to suppress powerful opponents and refine them into prayer beads with the secret techniques of the Nether Clan. These opponents would be tortured endlessly and never be freed.

The stronger the resentment of these opponents, the more powerful his prayer beads would become.

ROAR!

The 15 skulls let out a sharp roar and performed different saint techniques at the same time.

Each saint technique was extremely powerful. The weakest was an intermediate saint technique of the exquisite level, and it contained three high-level saint techniques. The high-level saint techniques performed by the Supreme Saint skulls were the most terrifying.

Out of a sudden, the heavenly and earthly precepts and the Saint Qi of heaven and earth within a radius of thousands of miles were activated. The wind and clouds surged, and the color of heaven and earth changed.

Zhang Ruochen maintaining his calm and his hands formed a strange dimensional seal at the speed of light.

“Dimensional Tide.”

A soft voice came out of Zhang Ruochen’s mouth.

Instantly, the incomparably vast power of dimension surged out of Zhang Ruochen’s body. It turned into a surging tide and swept out in all directions.

Boom.

No matter what kind of saint technique it was, it was immediately submerged after coming into contact with the Dimensional Tide. It was like a clay ox entering the sea, unable to set off any waves.

The 15 huge skulls were all sent flying by the power of the Dimensional Tide.

Crack!

Some skulls let out cracking sounds and were almost destroyed.

‘How can he be so strong?’ Nether Buddha was shocked.

He already had Zhang Ruochen in the eye, so when he attacked, he took out a string of skull prayer beads that he had spent a lot of effort and blood sacrifice to refine. He didn’t expect it to be destroyed so easily.

Under the influence of the Dimensional Tide, Luoshui raised huge waves thousands of feet high, as if some giant beast was about to come into being.

At this time, Nether Demon finally broke out of the dimensional prison and looked at Nether Buddha.

Swoosh

Both Nether Demon and Nether Buddha moved at the same time and attacked Zhang Ruochen together.

They had already seen how powerful Zhang Ruochen was. Only by joining hands could they hope to suppress him.

Zhang Ruochen waved his sleeve, and the Azure Dragon immediately flew out. It was dozens of miles long, and its body gave off boundless dragon power. A sacred aura spread out.

“Kill him.”

Zhang Ruochen pointed at Great Prince Mara and ordered coldly.

He was waiting for Nether Buddha and Nether Demon to work together. Only then would he let the Azure Dragon deal with the Nether Buddha.

After refining the Dragonvine, the Azure Dragon’s strength had greatly increased. Just the range of the precepts of heaven and earth and the Saint Qi of heaven and earth was close to the first level below the Supreme Saint.

If Great Prince Mara hadn’t been injured, the Azure Dragon wouldn’t have been his match.

But now, the Azure Dragon could at least tie him down and make it impossible for him to escape.

“Yes, Master.”

The Azure Dragon answered immediately.

Seeing Nether Buddha and Nether Demon working together, Great Prince Mara had just breathed a sigh of relief. He hadn’t expected Zhang Ruochen to release a powerful Azure Dragon in the blink of an eye.

Just the aura of the Azure Dragon made Great Prince Mara feel a great threat.

‘Isn’t this the Azure Dragon that Zhou Yu captured in the Hidden Barrens? Zhang Ruochen actually subdued it and became so powerful.’

Many cultivators watching the battle couldn’t help but look surprised.

It was known that Zhou Yu had dragged the Azure Dragon to the Sect of the Blood God.

The Azure Dragon wasn’t weak then, but it was only at the second level below the Supreme Saint realm. It wasn’t as strong as it was now. Otherwise, it wouldn’t have been suppressed by Zhou Yu.

Fairy Tianchu was surprised and said, “The Azure Dragon’s Divine Dragon bloodline has been fully activated. It’s about time to turn into a True Dragon. This should be the effects of the Dragonform Grass.”

“Your Highness, you mean that Zhang Ruochen obtained a Dragonform Grass on True Dragon Island?”
The fool said in surprise.

Fairy Tianchu nodded. “That should be the case. Otherwise, a primordial being such as the Azure Dragon, wouldn’t be submitted to Zhang Ruochen willingly.”

The Dragon Clan had always been arrogant. Let alone the primordial being, even ordinary dragons were often unruly and difficult to tame.

ROAR!

The Azure Dragon roared and pounced toward Great Prince Mara.

This was the first thing Zhang Ruochen had ordered it to kill. It could feel Zhang Ruochen’s killing intent toward Great Prince Mara and mustn’t make any mistakes.

“Damn it.”

Great Prince Mara was angry and anxious.

Seeing the Azure Dragon pounce, Great Prince Mara had no choice but to take out a demonic saber at the level of a regal weapon to block it.

Boom

The Azure Dragon’s claws clashed with the demonic blade, and the terrifying force caused a large area of water to sink.

With this as the center, waves tens of thousands of feet high rose up and slapped out in all directions.

“Retreat!”

The cultivators watching the battle on the surface of the water immediately retreated.

Even a Nine-Step Saint King might not be able to block such a collision.

Fairy Tianchu didn’t make a move. The golden fog beneath her feet shook and released a mysterious power, instantly dissipating the waves.

In the area covered by the white fog, Luo Sha frowned deeply. Zhang Ruochen’s release of the Azure Dragon was also out of her expectations.

There was no doubt that Great Prince Mara was in big trouble. If he wasn’t careful, he would die in Luoshui.

“Of all the people to messed with, they chose to mess with Zhang Ruochen” Luo Sha was hiding her anger.

After all, Great Prince Mara was a top-notch cultivator below the Supreme Saint of the Rakshasa. If he died here, it would undoubtedly be a great loss to the Rakshasa.

In particular, Great Prince Mara had just made a great contribution. If he was killed at this time, it would also damage the dignity of the Rakshasa.

Unfortunately, Luo Sha couldn't interfere. She had many tricks and was resourceful, but she wasn't a match for the Azure Dragon.

On the other side, Zhang Ruochen had already engaged in a fierce battle with Nether Demon and Nether Buddha. He wasn't at a disadvantage even if he fought against two of them alone. He even seemed to be at ease.

Zhang Ruochen kept using all sorts of exquisite dimensional techniques. Nether Demon and Nether Buddha didn't even have a chance to get close.

Suddenly, Nether Demon's glabella lit up. A dark brown furnace flew out, giving off an ancient and evil aura.

Both Nether Demon and Nether Buddha attacked together, pouring their Curse powers into the furnace without holding back.

Suddenly, the surface of the furnace gave off a demonic bloody glow, and a strange fluctuation appeared as if a special life form was recovering.

All of a sudden, the sky of Luoshui darkened. Lightning flashed and thunder rumbled as if doomsday was coming.

Zhang Ruochen looked at the furnace and whispered, "What an evil aura. It's very similar to the Hadean Curse summoned by Son of Darkness."

In fact, the evil aura emitted by the ancient furnace was much more terrifying than the Hadean Curse summoned by Son of Darkness.

"Zhang Ruochen, let me show you what the real Hadean Curse is," Nether Demon sneered.

Bang!

The dark brown ancient furnace was opened. It was dark and deep as if it contained a world.

A vast divine force was released and suppressed the space within thousands of miles.

Then, countless curse runes flew out of the ancient furnace and quickly merged into the air. They became invisible and spread in all directions at a shocking speed.

Wherever the Power of Curse passed by, everything turned deathly gray and gave off a strange and ominous aura.

"Not good, it's the Hadean Furnace. Nether Demon and Nether Buddha actually brought this evil artifact left behind from the ancient era to Kunlun Realm. Once, a Supreme Saint of the Nether Clan used the Hadean Furnace and wiped out all living beings in a great world. All life force was exterminated. This evil weapon is too terrifying. We must retreat quickly."

Some cultivators recognized the ancient furnace and couldn't help but reveal a shocked expression.

Hearing this, no one dared to hesitate. They all desperately fled into the depths of Luoshui.

There were countless folded spaces in Luoshui. Only by escaping into it could one avoid being eroded by the Hadean Curse.

Luo Sha's expression also changed drastically. He cursed inwardly, "Nether Demon and Nether Buddha are two lunatics. They even dare to get their hands on the Hadean Furnace. Aren't they afraid of getting into trouble?"

Like the others, Luo Sha did not hesitate and used a dimensional technique to escape into the depths of Luoshui at the fastest speed. Even she had to stay far away.

As the Master of Space, she was not worried at all that she would get lost in the folded space.

Chapter 2135: Yan Wushen's Arrival

The Hadean Furnace contained boundless Hadean Curses. It was intensely evil. Since ancient times, it had harvested countless souls and this made it even more terrifying.

Even the Netherkin cultivators didn't dare use the Hadean Furnace rashly. They were afraid of an unpredictable disaster.

This weapon had become a taboo weapon of the Nether Clan.

Both Nether Demon and Nether Buddha had taken the risk to bring the Hadean Furnace into Kunlun Realm. They had made up their minds to get rid of Zhang Ruochen and save the reputation of the Nether Clan. At the same time, they would eliminate a huge threat to the Infernal Court.

AH!

Some cultivators were caught by the invisible curse that entered their bodies, and they screamed in pain.

Their skin turned gray-black in the blink of an eye. Their expressions became ferocious, and there was only despair in their eyes.

Zhang Ruochen, who was the main target of the attack, was in an even worse situation. He was completely submerged by the Power of Curse.

The Power of Curse was too terrifying. It could even erode space. There seemed to be no way to resist it.

The Canon of Truth was activated. Blazing flames rose as the Armor of the Fire God was activated.

At the same time, Zhang Ruochen released the Emperor-level Divine Purification Flame. It combined with the flame of the Armor of the Fire God and covered his entire body.

As soon as the Power of Curse came into contact with the flame, it sizzled, turned into wisps of black smoke, and then disappeared without a trace.

Fortunately, the Divine Purification Flame has transformed into the Emperor-level flame. Otherwise, it would be difficult to deal with the Curse power from the ancient times,' Zhang Ruochen thought.

The Divine Purification Flame represents purification and annihilation. It is the best way to deal with the Power of Curse.

ROAR!

Suddenly, a deafening beast roar sounded.

A ferocious and terrifying behemoth broke free from the Hadean Furnace. Its body was branded with many complicated Curse runes. As soon as it appeared, it emitted all sorts of auras: bizarre, ominous, fearful, destructive, resentful, and other negative auras.

“It’s a Cursed Wraith created by harvesting countless souls... hiss...”

Many cultivators couldn’t help but gasp, and even their Saint Souls trembled.

The Cursed Wraith was like a giant centipede. It had over 10,000 legs, and they were all different in shape. Some looked like human legs, some looked like beast legs, and some looked like sharp claws. It seemed to be pieced together by countless creatures, and it gave people a terrifying feeling.

Anyone could clearly feel the strong resentment from the Cursed Wraith. It felt like even if they poured all the water from the Celestial River, they wouldn’t be able to wash it clean.

The Cursed Wraith’s body was dozens of miles long.

After breaking free from the Hadean Furnace, it pounced directly at Zhang Ruochen.

Zhang Ruochen’s eyes narrowed. He stretched out a hand and activated the 680,000 Precepts of Dimension in his body pressed forward suddenly.

With Zhang Ruochen’s current dimensional attainments, even if the Hadean Furnace froze dimension, it wouldn’t be able to completely restrict him.

BANG!

The space within a 3,000-meter radius shattered in an instant, revealing a large area of the dark void. It was like a black hole.

The Cursed Wraith was obstructed and flew backward. Its huge body was directly broken into dozens of pieces.

However, in the next moment, the Cursed Wraith’s body was pieced together again. Not the slightest damage. Instead, the aura it emitted became even more terrifying.

Once again, the Cursed Wraith pounced at Zhang Ruochen. Gray-black flames spewed out of its mouth, interwoven with a sea of Curse runes.

The corrosive power of the gray-black flames was extremely terrifying. Wherever it passed, the dimension melted rapidly.

The Ancient Abyssal Blade flew out of the Divine Light Sea of Qi. Zhang Ruochen grabbed it and waved it slowly. The Precepts of Swordsmanship and the Precepts of Dimension were activated at the same time.

“Realm of Swords.”

A calm voice sounded. A strange world was created out of thin air, engulfing the Cursed Wraith within.

This world was filled with endless Sword Qi. Each one could threaten a Nine-Step Saint King.

This sword technique was created by Zhang Ruochen after 28 years of seclusion. It perfectly combined both the Precepts of Swordsmanship and Dimension.

Of course, the Precept of Swordsmanship and the Precept of Dimension were both broad and profound. The sword technique created by Zhang Ruochen at this stage could only be considered a base form and further improvement was required. By then, the power it could unleash would also be enhanced accordingly.

The great advantage of creating a saint technique was that it had unlimited room for growth. It could be perfected step by step and become extraordinary in the future.

In fact, many of the saint techniques that were passed down in the various worlds were created by the gods at various stages of their cultivation. There was a deep connection between them.

If one cultivated a lower-level saint technique first, there was hope to use it as a foundation to practice a higher-level saint technique.

When Zhang Ruochen was fighting with the Cursed Wraith, the Curse power released by the Hadean Furnace was still spreading.

The Curse power merged and seeped into Luoshui. Many cultivators who fled to the depths of Luoshui were terrified by it.

It wasn't until now that many cultivators understood why the Hadean Furnace could extinguish the life of a great world. It was because it could seep into anything and erode everything.

"Both Nether Demon and Nether Buddha are too strong. They can actually activate the Hadean Furnace to such an extent. If this continues, we'll all die in Luoshui.

"There's no other way. We can only continue to retreat into the depths of Luoshui. There might be a chance of survival. If we leave Luoshui now, we'll probably be dead. We can't come in contact with the Hadean Curse. Even a Nine-Step Saint King will end up in a miserable state.

"Zhang Ruochen really got us killed this time. He wants to implicate us in the grudge between him and the Nether Clan.

"You're thinking too simply. Since both Nether Demon and Nether Buddha have come to Kunlun Realm, they'll definitely cause a bloodbath. If they didn't want to deal with Zhang Ruochen, they might have already used extreme methods to wipe everyone out in Luoshui.

"I just received news that before Nether Demon entered Kunlun Realm, he ambushed a Supreme Saint in the Late-stage of Neverwithers realm. He almost succeeded. We can't afford to provoke such a fiend."

...

The cultivators were conversing while sped up their escape.

The cultivators had suffered an unexpected disaster this time. They had thought to come to look for an opportunity. They hadn't expected to be trapped in Luoshui by Nether Demon and Nether Buddha. They were in a dilemma.

"Master, what should we do now? There are still many of our cultivators of the Tianchu Civilization on the Nine Carols Star. If the Power of Curse seeps through, they won't be able to resist it at all," Li Miaohan said worriedly.

The butcher frowned and said, "If the Power of Curse corrodes the Nine Carols Star, our cultivators of the Tianchu Civilization will not be able to comprehend the Paths in the future."

"Damn Nether Demon and Nether Buddha. I really hope that they will be devoured by the Hadean Furnace." The fool gritted his teeth and said.

Even though he was furious, the other party was the two strongest cultivators below the Supreme Saint of the Nether Clan. There was no way for them to fight back. They could only be anxious.

The Nether Clan was born with the Power of Curse. However, in this generation, only Nether Demon and Nether Buddha were able to control the power of the Hadean Curse.

Even Son of Darkness needed to borrow external forces to be able to use the Power of Curse.

The power of the Hadean Curse was extremely terrifying. It was a power that could contend with the nine Path of the Ancients. It was because of this that Nether Demon and Nether Buddha were able to become top-notch cultivators below the Supreme Saint-level, they were on par with Son of Darkness, who were the Masters of Darkness.

Only those who possessed the power of the Hadean Curse were able to activate the Hadean Furnace. Otherwise, they would suffer a backlash.

At this moment, Fairy Tianchu closed her eyes, and a mysterious energy fluctuation radiated from her body.

Rumble

A huge commotion came from the depths of Luoshui, and the Nine Carols Star that was floating in Luoshui started to shake violently.

The nine divine rivers flowing on the Nine Carols Star suddenly increased their speed by ten times. They released a vast amount of divine force that instantly reached Fairy Tianchu's body.

Instantly, Fairy Tianchu opened her eyes. Her body emitted a dazzling light that spread out for several hundred kilometers.

With a light tap of her feet, Fairy Tianchu's delicate body floated into the air. Her hands slowly spread out, and her body emitted an increasingly saint aura. It was as if Luoshen had appeared once again.

For a moment, the waters behind Fairy Tianchu stirred up huge waves. It was a hundred meters tall, a thousand meters tall, ten thousand meters tall... . Layers upon layers of terrifying waves connected the sky and the Earth. The entire Luoshui seemed to have flipped over, and the scene was incomparably terrifying.

“What happened?”

The cultivators who were fleeing towards the depths of Luoshui all had astonished expressions on their faces.

Everyone could see strands of golden mist gathering from all directions and converge onto Fairy Tianchu’s body.

As for the vast power contained within Luoshui, it had already been augmented onto Fairy Tianchu’s body.

“Master, you have resonated with the Nine Corals Star and obtained the divine force of Luoshen. Luoshui is almost completely under master’s control.” Li Miaohan lifted her head to look at Fairy Tianchu and said excitedly.

“Her Highness is simply the incarnation of Luoshen. She was actually able to draw upon such majestic energy. Even the Hadean Curse that was infused into Luoshui is being rapidly expelled.” The fool’s eyes were filled with reverence.

Fairy Tianchu’s expression was solemn. She stretched out her slender finger and pointed.

Splash.

Behind her, the ten thousand meter tall waves transformed into countless water dragons. They carried boundless power as they charged straight towards Nether Demon and Nether Buddha.

At the same time, the Power of Curse that permeated the Luoshui also reversed.

Bang.

The Hadean Furnace was struck by the attack and flipped over. The Curse runes on its surface dimmed as a result.

Both Nether Demon and Nether Buddha’s expressions changed. They hadn’t expected Fairy Tianchu to display such a powerful technique.

Zhang Ruochen naturally wouldn’t let go of such a rare opportunity. He let go of the Ancient Abyssal Blade and used the Luoshui Fist Technique.

Fairy Tianchu had already activated the power of Luoshui. Now, she could display the true power of the Luoshui Fist Technique.

As Zhang Ruochen waved his fist, a huge wave rushed out of Luoshui.

Two towering figures appeared on both sides of Zhang Ruochen. One was a god, and the other was a ghost. They stepped on the wave and charged at Nether Demon and Nether Buddha.

Both Nether Demon and Nether Buddha were dealing with Fairy Tianchu’s attack. At this moment, Zhang Ruochen’s attack was hard for them to deal with.

In a hurry, Nether Demon and Nether Buddha attacked at the same time. They combined the Power of Curse and the Power of Darkness to form two huge palm prints.

Bang.

The phantom of the god and ghost collapsed, but the huge impact still sent Nether demon and Nether Buddha flying.

There were traces of blood at the corners of Nether Demon and Nether Buddha's mouths. They had obviously suffered a bit.

At the same time, Zhang Ruochen used the Realm of Swords with all his strength to cut the Cursed Wraith into pieces. Then he used the Power of Dimensions to completely shatter it.

On the other side, Fairy Tianchu landed on the water again. Her breath was weak and her face was pale.

Li Miaohan quickly reached out and held Fairy Tianchu. "Master, how are you?"

"I'm fine. I just used up all my Saint Qi." Fairy Tianchu shook her head.

Fairy Tianchu's cultivation hadn't reached its peak yet. Even if she could borrow Luoshen's remaining divine force, she couldn't attack continuously.

However, just one attack was enough to solve the crisis. It was also enough to help Zhang Ruochen.

At the moment, Nether Demon and Nether Buddha were at a disadvantage. The situation was undoubtedly advantageous to Zhang Ruochen.

AH!

Suddenly, Great Prince Mara let out a shrill scream.

Everyone couldn't help but look over. They saw a bloody scene.

One of Great Prince Mara's arms and a wing were torn off by the Azure Dragon's Dragon Claw. Blood was dripping.

"Master, I'll go help the Azure Dragon."

Moyin came out of Zhang Ruochen's spine and its eyes shining.

Zhang Ruochen understood what Moyin was thinking. It clearly wanted to devour Great Prince Mara's Spiritual Qi and Sainthood Source. He couldn't help but nod. "Go. Don't let him die too easily."

"Don't worry, master. I'll make sure he suffers," Moyin promised.

Immediately, Moyin rushed out and charged towards the battlefield between the Azure Dragon and Great Prince Mara.

After devouring the essence of many powerhouses from the Infernal Court on True Dragon Island, along with the countless powerful Nether Serpent's souls, she went into seclusion and cultivated for thirty-four years.

Moyin's accumulation could be said to be extremely powerful. No one knew just what level her strength had reached?

Great Prince Mara couldn't handle the Azure Dragon alone. Now, with Moyin, it has gotten even worse.

“Great Prince Mara is finished!”

This thought appeared in many cultivators’ minds.

Of course, they were more concerned about Zhang Ruochen’s battle with Nether Demon and Nether Buddha. After what had happened, they all hoped that Zhang Ruochen could defeat them and put an end to the crisis.

Nether Demon turned his gaze to Fairy Tianchu. Terrifying killing intent appeared in his eyes. If Fairy Tianchu hadn’t suddenly interfered, how could they have lost to Zhang Ruochen?

“Your opponent is me.”

Zhang Ruochen held the Ancient Abyssal Blade and walked forward.

With him around, how could anyone lay a hand on Fairy Tianchu?

“Nether Buddha, stall Zhang Ruochen for me. I’ll go kill the Fairy Tianchu,” Nether Demon said in a low voice.

In Nether Demon’s eyes, Fairy Tianchu’s existence was a great threat. He had to get rid of her as soon as possible and he didn’t want the same thing to repeat itself.

“Stop embarrassing yourselves. Two against one, you can’t take her down for a long time. Yet you claimed to be the strongest of the Nether Clan.”

At this moment, a voice with a sneer suddenly sounded.

Nether Demon and Nether Buddha’s expressions changed slightly. They turned their heads at the same time and looked at the distant horizon.

They could sense that although the voice was loud, it was not nearby. Instead, it came from hundreds of thousands of miles away.

In the next moment, the wind and clouds surged above Luoshui. Thick black clouds appeared and covered the area within ten thousand miles.

Crack.

A large area of space shattered, forming a massive black hole that seemed to pierce through the heavens and earth.

A figure that looked like a Divine Demon crossed the void and walked out of the black hole.

Just the aura it released completely annihilated the surrounding space.

Bang.

The Divine Demon figure landed with a bang, causing the land within a five thousand kilometer radius to sink down by several hundred meters, causing Luoshui to flow backward.

The land turned into a sea.

An incomparably evil aura emanated from this person, and it was even more powerful than the Hadean Curse.

When the land within a radius of 1,000 kilometers was corroded by this evil aura, it immediately turned into black soil. Large areas of Luoshui were also dyed black like ink.

“Yan... Yan Wushen.”

When the cultivators saw this person, their faces couldn't help but change dramatically, and their bodies trembled.

...

The most powerful cultivator below the Supreme Saint, Yan Wushen of the Infernal Court!

Chapter 2136: Like a God, Like a Demon

Yan Wushen, a name that made the Celestial Court and Infernal Court afraid of, was the symbol of invincibility below the Supreme Saint.

No one had expected that Yan Wushen would appear in Luoshui at this time. Was it a coincidence, or was he here for Zhang Ruochen?

What an evil aura. It can even corrode the awakened sacred land into a death waste. Just how many creatures has he killed?

Rumour has it, Yan Wushen is either good or evil. Once he falls into the evil side, he will go on a killing spree. Even if the cultivators of the Infernal Court provoke him, he will kill them regardless.

The extremely dark Yama Qi that Yan Wushen cultivates is getting more and more terrifying. It's best to retreat a little further. If one can't resist it and got infected, one will only die in a hysterical frenzy.

...

The cultivators from the Celestial Court and the Infernal Court have no choice but to retreat. They fear the incomparably evil Yan Wushen.

Yan Wushen stood on the black soil and water. He wore black armor that was as black as ink. His black hair fluttered in the wind, and the evil aura emanating from his body grew stronger and stronger. He was like a demonic god with heinous sins, looking down on heaven and earth.

In Yan Wushen's hand was a man. He was dripping with blood and had a big hole in his chest. No one could tell if he was still alive.

Seeing this man, Zhang Ruochen's eyes darkened, and said. “Jiang Yunchong.”

He recognized this man, the mysterious Tianjue Pavilion Master, Jiang Yunchong. He was also the first Re-Awakener in Kunlun Realm.

Back then, Mr. Godcliff wanted to attack the Eastern Region Holy City. Thanks to Jiang Yunchong, he was able to stop him. Later, he joined hands with Murong Yefeng to heavily injure Mr. Godcliff.

Jiang Yunchong was very powerful. He could fight against Mr. Godcliff, who was an Array Master. At that time, he hadn't fully recovered his strength.

Zhang Ruochen hadn't expected to meet Jiang Yunchong again in such a situation.

He could see that although Jiang Yunchong was seriously injured, he was still alive.

Yan Wushen gazed at Zhang Ruochen, he said, "When I heard that you killed Son of Darkness, I knew that there was finally a Saint King who was qualified to die at my hands. So, I came to the Eastern Region to look for you, the State Prince of the Eastern Region.

"I went to the Eastern Region Holy City first, but unfortunately, I didn't find any traces of you. What's more disappointing is that there aren't any decent powerhouses in the Eastern Region Holy City. Only he can barely make it to the top.

"Looking at your expression just now, you should know him... hmm... how about this, I'll give you a chance to prove your strength. If you can beat me, I'll let him go. If you lose, I'll hand him over to Mara. You know why. Scion of Time and Space, you won't let me down too much, right?"

Zhang Ruochen had heard about Yan Wushen's recent evil deeds. He had massacred hundreds of millions of humans in the Central Region. Now that he had forced his way into the Eastern Region Holy City, there would probably be rivers of blood there.

After taking the Seal of Flames from Chen Yuhua, Zhang Ruochen became the State Prince of the Eastern Region. Yan Wushen's massacre in the Eastern Region Holy City was undoubtedly a huge provocation to him.

Since Yan Wushen had appeared here, it means that the array of the Eastern Region Holy City could not hold him back. Just how powerful was he?

Zhang Ruochen suppressed the anger in his heart and tried his best to remain calm and said, "Yan Wushen, if you want to fight, I'll fight with you. Since the Eastern Region of Kunlun Realm is my territory, whoever dares to act recklessly here has to pay the price."

"Good. You have personality. I like it." Yan Wushen nodded.

Nether Demon held the shrunken Hadean Furnace with one hand and said, "Yan Wushen, this is between the Nether Clan and Zhang Ruochen. You don't have to interfere."

Yan Wushen said indifferently, "I don't need your permission to do anything. Besides, don't you think it's embarrassing enough?"

Nether Buddha frowned slightly and said. "Yan Wushen, we don't mind if you want to kill the others, but Zhang Ruochen is our target. You can't touch him."

The pride of the Nether Clan had to be saved by the Netherkin powerhouses. Besides, both Nether Demon and Nether Buddha had absolute confidence in their strength. They could crush Zhang Ruochen.

Boom.

The aura from Yan Wushen's body suddenly emanated. The extremely dark Yama Qi surged. Behind him, an extremely evil phantom of a demon appeared.

Instantly, the sky and earth changed color. The void exploded and thunder filled the sky. It was as if the heavens were angry and wanted to punish the world.

Yan Wushen slowly rose into the air. Looking down at Nether Demon and Nether Buddha, he said in a cold voice, "Do you two want to fight me first?"

"You..."

Nether Demon raised his eyebrows and he was about to flare up.

At the critical moment, Nether Buddha reached out and pulled him back, he said telepathically, "Don't mess with Yan Wushen. If you mess with him, he'll do anything. Since he wants to deal with Zhang Ruochen, let him do it! We'll wait and see. As long as Zhang Ruochen was rid of for good."

Thinking of this person's style, he wasn't easy to mess with. Nether Demon's eyes narrowed. He thought for a while and finally calmed down.

Nether Demon snorted and didn't say anything else.

"So overbearing. It seems the rumors are true. Once Yan Wushen falls into evil, he'll be completely unrestrained. Whoever messes with him will be the unfortunate ones."

Many of the cultivators on the scene couldn't help but suck in a breath of cold air. Their fear of Yan Wushen grew.

At this moment, Yan Wushen swept his gaze across the area. With a wave of his sleeve, he sent all the cultivators in the distance flying. Huge waves rose in Luoshui. Even the Azure Dragon, Moyin, and Great Prince Mara were unable to withstand it. They fell into the depths of Luoshui along with the waves.

Boom! Boom!

Some cultivators with weaker cultivations exploded and turned into a blood mist, including those from the Infernal Court.

"Those who aren't qualified to stay here, you'd better get lost. I'm fighting with Zhang Ruochen, and a bunch of ants dares to spy on me?"

Yan Wushen's cold voice rang out.

Hearing this, all the cultivators were shocked and they didn't dare to stay any longer. They all ran away as fast as they could. Even Nether demon and Nether Buddha retreated far away.

Zhang Ruochen's gaze locked at Yan Wushen.

Zhang Ruochen had heard of the name—Yan Wushen—a long time ago. He had also heard many legends about it. Now that he finally met the real person and was about to fight him, he couldn't help but look forward to it.

“The strongest cultivator below the Supreme Saint of the Infernal Court. Let me see if you are really invincible, Yan Wushen,” Zhang Ruochen said proudly.

In a battle of the same level, Zhang Ruochen was not afraid of anyone. Even Yan Wushen, who had countless legends, was no exception.

Yan Wushen said, “Many people have the same thoughts as you. But they all died at my hands, and you will be one of them.”

There had never been anyone who could defeat him before, and there would never be anyone who could defeat him in the future. No matter who he faced, his belief in invincibility would not waver.

Zhang Ruochen did not say anything more. He tried his best to adjust his condition to the best.

He did not dare to be careless in the face of an opponent like Yan Wushen. He had to give it his all.

Yan Wushen waved his hand and put away Jiang Yunchong. Then, he casually pointed a finger out.

The space was like a flat mirror on the surface of a lake. Ripples were set off at the tip of his finger. Wherever the ripples passed, the geography of the surrounding mountains changed dramatically. Mountain ridges rose from the ground and wrapped Zhang Ruochen layer by layer.

Looking down from the sky, the land within a radius of 10,000 miles seemed to have turned into a picture. The mountain ridges that rose from the picture corresponded to the spatial ripples in front of Yan Wushen.

“He raised his hand to draw heaven and earth and changed it with his fingers. Yan Wushen’s attainments in the Path of Dimension have reached such a level.”

Zhang Ruochen moved. He mobilized the Precepts of Dimension in his body and released powerful dimensional power. It formed a mysterious wave and resonated with the entire space.

There was no big movement, but the mountains quickly disintegrated and turned into dust, scattering in the air.

“Not bad.”

Yan Wushen smiled wickedly and raised his right finger forward.

Instantly, the ground beneath his feet began to churn. It rose thousands of feet. Flowers, trees, mountains, hills, rivers... They all rose into the sky above the clouds and rolled toward Zhang Ruochen.

As if heaven and earth were being reversed!

All the cultivators who stood in the distance and looked at the battlefield trembled. Even a Supreme Saint couldn’t display such a technique.

Besides the cultivators, even the Emissaries Vigilant from the outer realm looked at each other in shock.

Zhang Ruochen spread out his five fingers and pressed them toward the sky. He uttered a word, “Break.”

His five fingers seemed to have turned into a Realm of Palm Strike, emitting dazzling saint ray. His fingerprints and palm prints were like mountains and rivers. The Realm of Palm Strike collided with the land of the Eastern Region in the sky. An earth-shaking sound burst out, and the entire territory of the Eastern Region trembled slightly.

Zhang Ruochen stood on the ground and looked up.

The land of thousands of miles shattered. Countless mountains, rivers, rocks, and scorched earth fell. The entire world seemed to be destroyed.

“Good, good. I’m glad that I have come to the Eastern Region to kill you.”

Yan Wushen laughed loudly. He put his hands together and rubbed them together.

The mountains, rivers, plants, mud, and rocks that fell in the air were quickly gathered together by an invisible Power of Dimension. With a rub from Yan Wushen’s hands, the gathered things transformed into a floating planet with a diameter of thousands of miles and rolled slowly.

The planet created by Yan Wushen using the land of thousands of miles in the Eastern Region made a humming sound every time it rolled. The surface of the planet was accompanied by the light of thunder and lightning. It condensed into clouds, rainbows, and rain. It was as if a new world had formed.

Naturally, Zhang Ruochen did not want to be outdone. He stared at the outer realm. His gaze fell on an asteroid hovering near Kunlun Realm.

He grabbed it through the Power of Dimension.

The asteroid, which was millions of miles high in the sky of Kunlun Realm, fell rapidly. It passed through the atmosphere and burned like a blazing sun. It collided with the planet formed by Yan Wushen.

BOOM!

The two planets collided. The area around Luoshui and Royal Mountain turned dark. Countless firestones shot out in all directions like meteors.

Yan Wushen and Zhang Ruochen stood on this destructive battlefield. One was like a demon and the other was like a god.

At this moment, Yan Wushen’s eyes finally became serious. He began to face his opponent in front of him.

Whoosh.

Zhang Ruochen made the first move and gathered robust dimensional power at his fingertip and pointed out. An invisible dimensional power disregarded the dimensional barrier and arrived before Yan Wushen in an instant.

Rumble.

Suddenly, the space where Yan Wushen at was distorted violently. It collapsed and compressed crazily as if it was going to be compressed into a thin piece of paper.

Yan Wushen's eyes were indifferent. He waved his finger lightly, and more violent ripples appeared in the space. Like a breeze, they disintegrated Zhang Ruochen's power bits by bits.

In the next moment, Zhang Ruochen and Yan Wushen moved at the same time. Both of them executed dimensional techniques. Their speed was faster than anyone could imagine. It was hard to see clearly.

Boom.

The spaces shattered one after another and filling the atmosphere with destructive power. The scene was extremely terrifying.

It truly was a peak-level battle. Zhang Ruochen and Yan Wushen were both Masters of Space. It was unknown who was better based on their attainment.

Bang.

Zhang Ruochen revealed himself and retreated quickly.

"Still a little lacking."

Yan Wushen whispered and attacked again.

Zhang Ruochen flipped his hand and took out the Secret Tome of Time and Space to increase the power of his space techniques.

He had cultivated 680,000 Precepts of Dimension, which was already a lot. Few people in the Saint King realm could achieve it.

But Yan Wushen had cultivated more Precepts of Dimension than him, at least 800,000. It wasn't that Yan Wushen was more talented than him, but that he had cultivated for a much longer time and accumulated more.

If Zhang Ruochen had more time, he was fully confident that he could cultivate more than 800,000 Precepts of Dimension.

The only way to make up for the gap now was to use the Secret Tome of Time and Space.

Yan Wushen discharged the extremely dark Yama Qi. It quickly condensed and formed 999 shadow clones. Each clone was extremely sturdy and gave off a powerful aura. It was comparable to a Saint King with high cultivation.

"The Thousand Yama Shadows is a forbidden technique of the Yama Clan. One has to cultivate it to the Supreme Saint realm to have a chance of succeeding. Yan Wushen is indeed terrifying."

Luo Sha looked surprised.

Even though these shadow clones were formed from the extremely dark Yama Qi, they all possessed extremely terrifying powers. When they were combined, even a Neverwithir Supreme Saint would have to step back.

Yan Wushen and his 999 shadow clones formed the same seal.

A thousand arcane seals overlapped and formed an ancient mottled stone bridge. It was thousands of miles long and stretched across the void.

On the bridge, there were three words carved from an unknown ancient era.

“The Bridge of Vaitarna.”

A demonic voice sounded and reverberated in void space.

Vaguely, countless soul shadows appeared on the mottled stone bridge. They were all extremely ferocious. They struggled desperately to break free.

Zhang Ruochen felt a strange power enveloping him. It wanted to pull his Saint Soul out of his body.

The mottled stone bridge moved and pressed down on Zhang Ruochen.

At the same time, the soul shadows rushed out of the stone bridge. They screamed and pounced on Zhang Ruochen crazily.

Zhang Ruochen’s expression was solemn. He held his state of mind and released the pure white Divine Purification Flame.

Driven by the Saint Qi, the Divine Purification Flame quickly turned into a sea of fire that covered hundreds of miles.

“The pure white Divine Purification Flame. This is an Emperor-level flame. Legend has it that only those who have reached the Hundred-Shackle Realm have a chance of cultivating it. How did Zhang Ruochen succeed in cultivating?”

All of a sudden, many cultivators look surprised.

The power of Emperor-level flame was extremely terrifying. As soon as the soul shadows approached, they were burned into nothingness. Nothing was left behind.

However, the mottled stone bridge couldn’t be burned. Instead, it could suppress the Divine Purification Flame.

Zhang Ruochen held the Secret Tome of Time and Space. He used all of his Precepts of Dimension to perform the second level of Dimensional Annihilation.

Hundreds and thousands of Precepts of Dimension merged into the space before him, creating violent ripples like waves.

Boom.

The space within a radius of tens of thousands of meters was destroyed in an instant.

Although the mottled stone bridge was extraordinary, it was still shattered by Yan Wushen and his 999 ghostly counterparts.

Bang.

A terrifying power hit Zhang Ruochen’s body, forcing him to retreat.

With a muffled groan, blood dripped from the corner of Zhang Ruochen's mouth.

Yan Wushen's body shook violently, and he also took a step back.

"Take another punch from me."

1,000 Yan wushen shouted at the same time.

Then, 1,000 Yan Wushen moved together, releasing endless extremely dark Yama Qi. Behind each of them, an evil phantom of a demon condensed. Black flames burned on the surface of their bodies as if they could burn everything in the world.

After performing the Thousand Yama Shadows, Yan Wushen's power had indeed weakened a lot.

However, when 1,000 Yan Wushen attacked at the same time, no matter what saint technique they used, the power would undoubtedly be doubled.

Zhang Ruochen's gaze displayed ferocity. His left leg released majestic divine power and his entire body turned red. Millions of thick Precepts of God emerged, like red chains.

Let me see how powerful Yanshen's leg can be after breaking the second seal,' Zhang Ruochen thought.

Zhang Ruochen poured his Saint Qi into his left leg continuously. He activated vast divine force and then displayed the Nine-Heaven God's Step. He unleashed the power of Yanshen's leg without hesitation.

The unparalleled divine force was released. It surged in all directions.

All of a sudden, Luoshui within thousands of miles boiled and evaporated quickly.

The land melted quickly and turned into a huge lava lake.

Boom.

The powerful saint techniques cast by thousands of Yan Wushen were all dissolved in an instant.

Apart from Yan Wushen's vessel, his 999 shadow clones all fell back and suffered a strong impact.

Zhang Ruochen's body swayed slightly. He activated a million Precepts of God in Yanshen's leg and instantly used up all his Saint Qi.

However, in the next moment, the Golden Sun of Destruction shook and released majestic Saint Qi. It quickly flowed through Zhang Ruochen's limbs and bones, filling his body with Saint Qi again.

The Saint Qi was compressed and stored in the Golden Sun of Destruction by Zhang Ruochen in advance, in case his Saint Qi was depleted during the battle.

The Saint Qi stored in the Golden Sun of Destruction still allows me to recover twice more. If it's not necessary, I can't use Yanshen's leg at full strength once more,' Zhang Ruochen thought.

Yanshen's leg was powerful, but it consumed too much Saint Qi.

Although the Golden Sun of Destruction could store Saint Qi, yet there was a limit. It couldn't be squandered.

Of course, with the Sacred Seven-star Lingzhi's Sun Leaf, as long as the Saint Qi in his body wasn't exhausted, he could recover quickly.

"Is Zhang Ruochen's leg a god's leg? How can he release such powerful divine force?"

"He can even resist the saint techniques cast by thousands of Yan Wushen. Zhang Ruochen is getting overpowered."

"Will the history of Yan Wushen's invincibility be changed this time?"

"Others may not be able to do it, but Zhang Ruochen is The Scion of Time and Space. He has never been defeated at the same level. Perhaps he can create a miracle and pull Yan Wushen down from the invincible altar."

Chapter 2137: Breaking the Legend

The 999 avatars dissipated and turned back into the profoundly dark Yama Qi, entering Yan Wushen's body.

"You do have an extraordinary physique that can fuse with a deity's leg. Yet, no matter what, it isn't yours. How many times do you think you can use it?" Yan Wushen said with a faint smile.

As the Master of the Origin, Yan Wushen had the same Divine Eye of Origin as Maiden of a Thousand Stars'. He was even more powerful, so he could naturally see through Zhang Ruochen's left leg.

With Divine fire burned outside his body and high fighting spirit, Zhang Ruochen stood above the lava lake like Wargod of Fire. "Let's fight then you will know," he said calmly.

Yanshen's Leg was indeed Zhang Ruochen's trump card, but it didn't mean he had to rely on it to fight Yan Wushen.

"Very arrogant. Not bad. I hope you can play with me a little longer." Yan Wushen laughed.

As he spoke, Yan Wushen raised his hand slightly. The hot lava on the ground shot up into the sky and flooded Zhang Ruochen.

What was incredible was that the enormous amount of lava condensed into a metallic mountain in an instant. It was very high, but its internal structure was not stable. As it kept compressing, the structure became more compact, forming a terrifying pressure that could even crush a cultivator with an immortal saint body.

In the center of the mountain, there was a three-meter wide void. And Zhang Ruochen was in it.

The void's condition was unstable. It was constantly shrinking and had reached its limit. In other words, this space could shatter at any time.

'Both Yu Chenjing and Yan Wushen are Masters of Origin. Yet there's a huge gap between them in terms of strength,' Zhang Ruochen thought.

Zhang Ruochen felt the rising pressure. Without hesitation, he took out Ancient Abyssal Blade and entered a wondrous state of becoming one with his sword instantly. To one's naked eyes, his movement might seem slow. But, in fact, it was the other way around.

What followed was the appearance of crystal-clear flower buds. Each flower bud contained a vast realm of swords. Each realm was an individual dimension running through different timelines—the past, present, and future.

With a thought in Zhang Ruochen's mind, all the flower buds bloomed and released billions of streaks of powerful Sword Qi accompanied with countless fragments of Time and Space.

BANG!

No matter how condensed the metallic mountain's structure was, it exploded in an instant.

Then, Zhang Ruochen changed his sword technique and slashed out a cross.

It was Sword Ten at grand completion state. Its power had reached the top of Neverwithr Level. At the same time, Precepts of Truth were activated, amplifying the sword strike's power by nine times.

Back then, the insights Zhang Ruochen had learned from Ling Feiyu were limited, which covered only the first four levels of Sword Ten. Nevertheless, Zhang Ruochen's innate talent in swordsmanship was extraordinary. He had managed to develop insights on the fifth level of Sword Ten by himself. Thus, his Sword Ten had advanced to Grand Completion.

Zhang Ruochen's current swordsmanship had certainly surpassed the Supreme-Saint grandmaster of Heaven's Fall Blade.

Zhang Ruochen's current strength was powerful that he would only use Sword Ten when fighting an opponent as powerful as Yan Wushen.

Yan Wushen's eyes turned grim when he saw the cross. Many Precepts of Origin rose from his body and turned into a stream of Origin particles that were not visible to the naked eye.

When he was less than three meters away from Yan Wushen, the cross suddenly collapsed, disintegrated by the force of Origin.

However, a special Dimensional Mark emerged at the same time when the cross collapsed, and the force of Origin could do nothing to it.

Suddenly, Zhang Ruochen appeared where the Dimensional Mark was. He swung his sword at Yan Wushen in an instant.

Needless to say, Zhang Ruochen had calculated every move. The sword strike just now was to create a diversion to get close to Yan Wushen.

With a flash of sword light, Yan Wushen's head was cut off and sent flying.

However, Zhang Ruochen's pupils constricted; no single drop of blood was spilled from Yan Wushen—who had been beheaded!

It was eerie. Yan Wushen appeared behind Zhang Ruochen and tried to punch Zhang Ruochen's head.

Zhang Ruochen turned around and managed to block the attack with Ancient Abyssal Blade at this critical moment.

CLANG!

Yan Wushen's fist hit Ancient Abyssal Blade.

The power of this punch was too terrifying. It was like a star falling from a height of million miles. It was unstoppable. Even with Ancient Abyssal Blade blocking it, Zhang Ruochen was sent flying like a meteor.

Not until Zhang Ruochen was more than a thousand miles away did he manage to stabilize his posture. He spat out a mouthful of Saint blood due to the damage he had taken.

Yan Wushen's attack was fierce and overbearing. It had sent Zhang Ruochen's internal organs a heavy blow even after going through layers of protection from Ancient Abyssal Blade and Armor of the Fire God.

Another contributing factor was that Zhang Ruochen's internal organs were yet to attain Neverwithers state, so they were relatively weak.

Zhang Ruochen's face turned grave. 'Not only did he form an avatar instantly with power of Origin, he teleported himself using Great Dimensional Shift and appeared behind me. His proficiency in Paths of Dimension and Origin are impressive!' he thought.

If it were an avatar made from ordinary Saint Qi, essence and blood, Zhang Ruochen could have told them apart.

But Yan Wushen's cultivation in Path of Origin was too great. Nobody could notice that it was his avatar.

Among the opponents Zhang Ruochen had faced so far, Yan Wushen was indeed the scariest in terms of his method and combat sense.

Even a Neverwithers Supreme Saint would have died at Yan Wushen's hands if it had been anyone else.

"Your reflex is brisk enough. Taste another punch from me."

Just before Yan Wushen's voice trailed off, he had appeared in front of Zhang Ruochen, at close distance.

Zhang Ruochen did not back away. He immediately brandished his sword to counter Yan Wushen's attack with Sword of Time.

Due to the effect of the power of Time, Zhang Ruochen's sword managed to strike first. Myriad Marks of Time flooded over Yan Wushen.

Yan Wushen was a rare talent who mastered two Paths of the Ancients. Not only could he use techniques from two Paths of the Ancients as he pleased, but he could also even combine them.

Zhang Ruochen was not bad either since he also mastered two Paths of the Ancients. And the profoundness in the power of Time was no less than that of the power of Origin.

Zhang Ruochen and Yan Wushen fought fiercely. Their positions changed constantly, and they gradually moved away from Luoshui.

The other cultivators could only watch from afar. They did not dare to follow. Only Nether Demon and Nether Buddha followed closely behind.

The duo was almost certain that Zhang Ruochen would lose this duel. Their purpose was to prevent him from escaping.

The battle between Zhang Ruochen and Yan Wushen was too intense. Everywhere they had been, the spaces shattered, the ground burned, and surrounding plants and animals were implicated and killed.

Fortunately, there were no humans left in this area. Otherwise, it would have caused heavy casualties.

After a series of fierce battles, Zhang Ruochen's morale grew as the fight progressed. He had yet to let Yan Wushen gain any further advantage. Even the wound—he had gotten when he was caught off guard earlier—had been healed.

The presence of the divine sun formed by Sacred Seven-star Lingzhi's Sun Leaf allowed Zhang Ruochen to fight at ease without worrying about minor injuries.

Yan Wushen stared at Zhang Ruochen. "I have to admit, Zhang Ruochen, your strength is beyond my expectations. You are qualified to die under the secret technique of Yanluo Clan."

As Yan Wushen's voice trailed off, the whole place suddenly became dark.

The strange mark on Yan Wushen's forehead glowed with a dark light. The Precepts and Saint Qi of heavens and earth within a radius of 10,000 miles surged violently and gathered from all directions.

At the same time, close to a hundred million Precepts rushed out from Yan Wushen's body. Each of them was solid and thick. They were comparable to the Precepts in the Neverwithier Supreme Saint's body.

With the strange mark as the foundation, close to a hundred million Precepts interweaved. An evil realm was formed. Under the rule of Heaven and Earth and Heaven and Earth Saint Qi, it became bigger and bigger.

The realm was as dark as a black hole. It gave off the aura of hell. One could vaguely hear the howls of myriad ghosts sending them shivering goosebumps.

An invisible pressure from that realm spread out as if it would cover the entire Eastern Region.

"What a terrifying technique. Is this really a technique that a Saint King can use?"

"Yan Wushen is too powerful. It seems that even Zhang Ruochen can't break legend about Yan Wushen being invincible."

"Zhang Ruochen hasn't practiced cultivation long enough. He lacks accumulated experience. If he were allowed to have more time, Yan Wushen might not be able to defeat him."

"I hope Zhang Ruochen can survive. Otherwise, who can compete with Yan Wushen in the future?"

"I'm afraid it will be difficult. Nether Demon and Nether Buddha have been following him. They have made up their minds to kill Zhang Ruochen."

..

Sensing the terrifying aura from the evil realm, all the cultivators of Celestial Court who were watching from afar trembled.

Fairy Tianchu raised her head. The vertical eye between her brows glowed with divine light. Looking at the growing evil realm, she could not help but felt worried.

She wanted to help Zhang Ruochen, but there was nothing she could do. Her cultivation had not reached the pinnacle yet. Even with the inheritance from her ancestor—Goddess of Luoshui, she still couldn't mobilize the power of Luoshui as she pleased.

“Unless... I use that thing, but...”

Fairy Tianchu was conflicted.

That thing was something prominent. If she used it, the consequences would be unpredictable. It could even bring disaster to the entire Tianchu civilization if something went wrong.

Nether Demon sneered. “I didn't expect Yan Wushen to use Yama Naraka. It seems that Zhang Ruochen will certainly die without our involvement.”

“Only by practicing both the Path of Dimension and the Path of Origin can we have a chance to cultivate Yama Naraka. This is Yanluo Clan's supreme secret technique. Very few have successfully practiced it since ancient times. It'll be difficult even for the ones like us—who can control Hadean Furnace—to resist such attack,” Nether Buddha said seriously.

Thinking of how terrifying Yama Naraka was, Nether Demon and Nether Buddha retreated further to avoid getting implicated.

At this moment, Zhang Ruochen's expression turned very grave. He stared at the evil realm in size of more than 10,000 miles in diameter.

He could clearly feel that the space around him had completely frozen. Even he couldn't use Dimensional Shift to leave.

Yan Wushen looked down at Zhang Ruochen with a cold gaze. “This will be your end.”

Yan Wushen waved his hand, and the huge Yama Naraka was charging at Zhang Ruochen with unparalleled force.

Guided by the terrifying power, more than a dozen small stars fell from the outer realm. They were all swallowed by the 'Yama Naraka' and turned into dust.

Zhang Ruochen gasped softly. He flipped his hand and took out something. It looked simple and unadorned, but it had a profound and mysterious aura. It was none other than Sundial.

Zhang Ruochen poured Saint Qi and the 63 Precepts of Time he had cultivated into Sundial without holding anything back. He even utilized his portion of Canon of Truth.

In addition to that, Zhang Ruochen performed the scripture of the Empyrean Emperor Ming's Scripture. He extracted a large amount of divine essence from the divine sun formed by Sacred Seven-star Lingzhi's Sun Leaf and poured it into Sundial.

Immediately, a layer of cyan light appeared on the surface of Sundial. Countless light spots flew out from it and condensed into a cyan stream countering 'Yama Naraka'.

Wherever the cyan stream passed, time and space turned into chaos; they distorted and collapsed in destruction.

With his current attainments in the Path of Time and his knowledge of Sundial, Zhang Ruochen could finally launch an attack using Sundial. It was no longer just an artifact supporting cultivation training.

Sundial was an artifact of Time that had existed since the beginning of human civilization. If it could be fully activated, it could even destroy a Macroworld.

Needless to say, Zhang Ruochen was still far from being able to unleash the true power of Sundial with his attainment at this point. However, even if it was only one-tenth of the full power, one should not underestimate it.

Boom!

Yan Wushen's 'Yama Naraka' exploded with a bang, releasing a highly terrifying destructive power.

"Oh No!"

Nether Demon and Nether Buddha's expressions changed drastically. They quickly took out Hadean Furnace to block the impact approaching them.

This destructive power spread far and wide that it even stirred up huge waves at Luoshui tens of thousands of miles away.

All mountains within a radius of tens of thousands of kilometers were razed flat, with not a single grass left.

At the center of the explosion, a huge pit diameter of more than ten thousand kilometers appeared. The deepest part of the pit was more than nine thousand meters. It was as if a huge planet had hit it.

Many cultivators rose into the air and looked at the massive pit from afar.

"Who won?"

Of course, everyone was concerned about the result of this battle.

Fairy Tianchu also appeared in the air, stepping on golden fog. She looked at the huge pit; she was worried.

In the huge pit, the violent force did not dissipate for a long time. The two figures—Zhang Ruochen and Yan Wushen—stood 50 kilometers away from each other.

Zhang Ruochen held Sundial in his hand. His posture was as straight as a spear. His eyes were as bright as lightning as he stared at Yan Wushen.

Yan Wushen, on the other hand, maintained a straight posture as well. However, the strange mark on his forehead dimmed. The evil aura around his body almost completely disappeared.

Puff!

Suddenly, Yan Wushen's body trembled, and he spat out a large mouthful of blood. His essence, Qi, and spirit instantly withered.

"How is this possible? Yan Wushen lost!"

Nether Demon's eyes widened. He could not believe what he had just seen.

Nether Buddha was also stunned. He stared at Zhang Ruochen.

"Th-Th-This is really unbelievable. Zhang Ruochen has broken the legend of Yan Wushen's invincibility!"

All the cultivators were stunned. Their minds went blank.

Yan Wushen wiped the blood from his mouth. He stared at Zhang Ruochen. "Tsk, I didn't expect to meet a strong opponent within the same realm.

"Although you did rely on an artifact of Time, your performance was still impressive that you could severely injure me.

"I'll face you again soon. Then we will know who's the winner."

As soon as Yan Wushen finished his words, he shattered the space around him with a powerful force and left through the void space as he had come.

Zhang Ruochen just watched quietly and did not stop him.

Just as the shattered space was about to be restored, a bloody man sighted falling out of it.

Zhang Ruochen moved and caught the falling man. It was none other than Jiang Yunchong.

Zhang Ruochen was surprised that Yan Wushen would leave Jiang Yunchong behind.

"Let's go."

Nether Demon and Nether Buddha came to their senses and looked at each other. They could see the shock in each other's eyes. What was the artifact of Time that Zhang Ruochen held? How could it injure Yan Wushen so severely?

The duo did not dare to hesitate longer and retreated immediately.

Even Yan Wushen had retreated. What else could they do to fight Zhang Ruochen?

From now on, Zhang Ruochen would be deemed as the strongest elite below Supreme Sainthood. Today's battle would probably cause a huge uproar among myriad Macroworlds and Microworlds of Celestial Court and Ten Clans of Infernal Court.

Chapter 2138: Heavy Damages on Both Sides

Jiang Yunchong was breathing his last breath in the giant pit.

Zhang Ruochen immediately took out a large amount of Spring of Life and fed it to him.

Jiang Yunchong was severely injured. Not only his physical body, but his Saint Soul was also severely injured. If it weren't for his powerful strength and extraordinary bloodline and physique, he would not have been able to hold on until now.

Spring of Life could heal the physical body, but it could not heal a Saint Soul. Hence, Zhang Ruochen took out a sacred pill and fed it to Jiang Yunchong.

It was a Heaven Grade Sacred Pill from True Dragon Island, refined by the Elixir Master of the Divine Dragon race. It could even heal the damaged Saint Soul of a Neverwithier Supreme Saint.

Then, Zhang Ruochen reached out a hand and pressed it against the hole in Jiang Yunchong's chest. He mobilized dimensional force to carefully extract the extremely dark Yama Qi that had infiltrated Jiang Yunchong's body.

During this process, Zhang Ruochen felt a deep chest ache. He tried hard to hold back when he nearly spat a mouthful of blood.

The last blow had been so powerful that even Yan Wushen—whose physical state was near Neverwithier state—was heavily injured. Hence, there was no way that Zhang Ruochen was unscathed.

He had deliberately held back his injuries to intimidate Nether Demon and Nether Buddha. After all, if they knew that he was also injured, they would not miss this great opportunity.

Now, the spiritual power of Nether Demon and Nether Buddha was still targetting this area. Therefore, he could not show any signs of injury. Instead, he treated Jiang Yunchong generously to make it look like he was not injured.

After a while, Zhang Ruochen finally cleared away all of the extremely dark Yama Qi in Jiang Yunchong's body.

The erosion of the extremely dark Yama Qi stopped. Under the nourishment of Spring of Life, blood and flesh grew back in the hole of Jiang Yunchong's chest at a visible speed.

Jiang Yunchong's pale face gradually regained its color. He struggled to sit up and said, "Thank you."

"You're welcome. How's the situation in Eastern Region Holy City Now?" Zhang Ruochen asked with a solemn expression.

Jiang Yunchong's eyes narrowed. He muttered, "Many of the ancient inscriptions in Eastern Region Holy City have been restored. The city can withstand any attack even if all Saint-level troops of Infernal Court join hand. It's the safest place in Eastern Region.

"Never did we expect Yan Wushen would show up. However, when he started to slay the city, we activated the inscriptions in time to suppress him.

“Unfortunately, Yan Wushen was too strong. Before the ancient inscriptions were fully activated, he managed to escape from Eastern Region Holy City.”

Zhang Ruochen breathed a sigh of relief. Apparently, the casualties in Eastern Region Holy City were not as severe as he had expected.

However, with Yan Wushen’s cultivation base, even if it was only a short attack, the destructive power could kill countless cultivators and destroy many cities.

Ever since Kunlun had become a Battlefield of Merits, many humans had fled to Eastern Region Holy City to seek refuge. Therefore, it had not been difficult for Yan Wushen to enter Eastern Region Holy City.

However, after Yan Wushen’s attack, Eastern Region Holy City might no longer be a safe place. People would feel panic. And it was impossible to seal Eastern Region Holy City off completely and forbid cultivators to enter or leave.

“Has Eastern Region Saint King Manor been attacked?” Zhang Ruochen asked again.

Jiang Yunchong shook his head and said, “Eastern Region Saint King Manor is under protection by a Ninth Stratum Array. Although the place was implicated, it is still fine.”

“Since Eastern Region Saint King Manor is still there, I believe that the situation in the Eastern Region Holy City will get under control soon, and people will be reassured,” Zhang Ruochen said.

Otherwise, he, the nominal Prince of Eastern Region, would have to rush to the Eastern Region Holy City as soon as possible to take charge of the overall situation.

“Brother Jiang, you are severely wounded. If you don’t mind, you can enter one of my microworlds to recuperate,” Zhang Ruochen said.

Jiang Yunchong said, “Thank you!”

Seeing that Jiang Yunchong agreed, Zhang Ruochen flipped his hand and took out a green bead covered with profound dimensional runes.

This bead was snatched from Saint King Xuankong of Sunshine Civilization. It contained a Microworld of vibrant woodlands with a diameter of more than a million miles. It was much more precious than an Exquisite Dimensional Orb.

The green bead released a beam of Saint light that enveloped Jiang Yunchong.

Jiang Yunchong disappeared from where he was following a slight dimensional distortion. He entered the microworld of jungles. He was sent to an ancient and elegant manor. The place was filled with different types of flowers and rich Saint Qi of Heaven and Earth.

After settling Jiang Yunchong, Zhang Ruochen put away the green bead and performed a dimensional technique. He appeared on the shore of Luoshui out of thin air.

“Run!”

All cultivators of Infernal Court who could not retreat in time saw Zhang Ruochen return, and they were scared out of their wits. They fled in panic.

A cold light flashed in Zhang Ruochen's eyes. With a wave of his hand, ripples spread across the large area.

Wherever the ripples passed, the fleeing cultivators of Infernal Court froze. They exploded and turned into clouds of blood mist.

Their items and Saint Souls were all put away by Zhang Ruochen.

At this moment, two streaks of Saint light rushed out from the depths of Luoshui and came directly in front of Zhang Ruochen. They were Moyin and the Azure Dragon.

Moyin said respectfully, "Master, Mara has been subdued."

Great Prince Mara was in a miserable state. He was entangled by layers of vines and covered in wounds and blood. The roots of Moyin pierced into his body and completely controlled his movement. He could not kill himself even if he wanted to.

As a Great Prince and the son of the infamous Evil God—Majya, he had the potential to achieve godhood. Great Prince Mara probably had never once thought he would end up being in such misery one day.

Zhang Ruochen's expression was indifferent. His eyes showed no pity. After all, Great Prince Mara had taken lives in Kunlun and eaten them without mercy.

Suddenly, Zhang Ruochen sensed something; he instinctively looked at the deep waters of Luoshui.

"Huh? I'm busted."

Luo Sha—who was hiding near the deep waters of Luoshui—had a slight change on the expression of her pretty face.

She was hiding in a folded space. By using a profound Dimensional technique, she camouflaged herself in the surrounding space.

At the same time, she also had an artifact that could help her to conceal her presence.

Yet, such a perfect camouflage was busted by Zhang Ruochen. There was nothing Luo Sha could do about it.

Since she had been discovered, Luo Sha removed all her camouflage. With her hands behind her back, the enchanting figure walked out, showing no slightest fear.

"Even Yan Wushen was defeated by you. You are indeed my destiny," Luo Sha said with a smile.

As she spoke, Luo Sha strode on her feet, stepping out from layers and layers of folded space. She walked out from the deep waters of Luoshui calmly. There was no panic in her eyes. It was as if she was not afraid of Zhang Ruochen at all.

Standing on the surface of the water, Luo Sha looked at Great Prince Mara. She slightly shook her head. "Mara, if you had listened to me, you would not have ended up like this."

At this stage, Luo Sha and Great Prince Mara were in charge of the Rakshasa Army that entered Kunlun.

Although Luo Sha's cultivation and strength had not reached the pinnacle yet, she was a resourceful, prominent noble who could play a significant role in the Battlefield of Merits.

Hence, almost all the other Scions and Scionesses of the Rakshasa, except Great Prince Mara, were willing to follow Luo Sha's orders. On the other hand, Great Prince Mara had been doing things as he pleased, and Luo Sha could not do anything about it.

"I won't play with you anymore. We'll meet again, Zhang Ruochen."

Suddenly, Luo Sha crushed a talisman. Streaks of silver light wrapped around her, and she disappeared.

Bang!

But the next moment, Luo Sha reappeared. She was shocked to realize that she could only move a few hundred feet away.

Luo Sha's eyes were filled with surprise. The Dimensional Shift talisman she had used just now was created by a Supreme Saint practicing the Path of Dimension, and yet its effect was blocked.

"Still want to escape?"

As he spoke, Zhang Ruochen reached out a hand.

He released a large number of Precepts of Dimension condensing into a Dimensional chain that wrapped around Luo Sha.

Luo Sha sighed. She knew that she could not escape, so she didn't resist. She let the Dimensional chain wrap around her. At the same time, she smiled bitterly. "Zhang Ruochen, since you are reluctant to part with me, I won't leave!"

Zhang Ruochen dragged Luo Sha closer to him by pulling the Dimensional chain. Then he used a delicate technique to seal Luo Sha's Saint Qi and spiritual power.

Since the Battlefield of Merits in Zuling Realm, Zhang Ruochen had dealt with Luo Sha—a Rakshasa princess—many times. And finally, he could capture her.

Zhang Ruochen looked at Luo Sha coldly. "Why are you in Luoshui? What are you plotting?"

He knew how cunning Luo Sha was and thought she must have been in Luoshui for a plot against him.

Especially during this time, Zhang Ruochen had all the reasons to suspect that Luo Sha had come with Great Prince Mara with malicious intention against him. He felt she might have some powerful tricks up her sleeve.

"Of course I'm here looking for you. Don't you miss me?" said Luo Sha, with an alluring look in her eyes.

Zhang Ruochen had another episode of chest ache. He felt intense pain in his body. Nevertheless, he endured it. "It's okay if you don't want to talk about it. All I have is time."

"I treat you sincerely, Zhang Ruochen. Never have I harmed you. Why are you always so mean to me?" Luo Sha said pitifully.

Luo Sha continued after a pause, "Celestial Court has been acting unfair to you and Kunlun, and Heavenly Realm's faction keeps sending their minions to go after you. What's the point of staying with Celestial Court?"

"Why don't you take Kunlun with you and join us, the Rakshasa? I can guarantee that we will treat you a hundred times better than Celestial Court."

"I am aware of the feud between you and Empress Chi Yao. As long as you are willing to join Rakshasa and come with me, I can ask Father to help me subdue Empress Chi Yao and leave her at your mercy."

Despite hearing this, Zhang Ruochen did not bat an eyelid. He said lightly, "Luo Sha, stop wasting your time. I will never join the Rakshasa that treats humans as food."

As his voice trailed off, Zhang Ruochen handed Luo Sha over to Moyin, ordered it to keep an eye on her.

With a slight movement, he showed up in front of Fairy Tianchu.

Li Ruohan, the Fool, and the Butcher immediately retreated to the side tactfully.

They were aware that Zhang Ruochen and Fairy Tianchu had an unusual relationship. So, they were not worried that Zhang Ruochen would harm Fairy Tianchu.

Zhang Ruochen looked at Fairy Tianchu for a moment before he said, "Thank you."

The blow sent out by Fairy Tianchu had undoubtedly helped him during his intense fight against Nether Demon and Nether Buddha.

Fairy Tianchu's radiant skin—as smooth as cream—was illuminated with a white Saint light. It was as if she were Goddess of Luoshui. "You always thank me. Actually... There's no need for you to be this polite," said Fairy Tianchu with a smile on her face.

Her smile lit up the entire world. Nothing was more beautiful than it.

After Zhang Ruochen looked at her for a bit longer, he suddenly felt a sweetness in his throat and almost spat out blood.

Even though he hid it well, Fairy Tianchu could sense his condition at a close distance. She immediately said, "It's rare to see you in Luoshui. Please join me at Nine Carols Star!" Her tone was delicate and soft.

Zhang Ruochen immediately understood and said, "Sorry to bother you."

Fairy Tianchu's tall and beautiful figure walked to Zhang Ruochen's side. She held his hand with a warm and soft arm.

At the same time, she secretly supported his body.

She looked like a beautiful, decent, and sensible wife welcoming her husband, who had returned from afar.

Swoosh—

Fairy Tianchu drew a line in the air with her fair finger. Luoshui was split, and a golden path emerged under her feet, leading directly to Nine Carols Star.

She and Zhang Ruochen passed through the path and flew out.

Seeing this, Li Miaohan, Moyin, and the others followed without hesitation.

When the cultivators of Celestial Court saw Zhang Ruochen and Fairy Tianchu entering Nine Carols Star like a couple, they let out a long sigh of relief.

Zhang Ruochen's aura was too intimidating, making them hard to breathe, and they could not do anything about it.

Cough.

As soon as Zhang Ruochen stepped into Nine Carols Star, he spat out a mouthful of blood. His body swayed, and he almost fell to the ground.

His injuries were too severe. At this moment, he could no longer hold back.

Fortunately, after entering Nine Carols Star, he no longer had to worry about the prying eyes of Nether Demon and Nether Buddha.

"How do you feel?" Fairy Tianchu asked with concern.

Li Miaohan, Moyin, and the others were shocked. They had not expected this to happen.

They immediately realized that the battle between Zhang Ruochen and Yan Wushen hadn't been easy. Not only had Yan Wushen severely wounded, but Zhang Ruochen himself had also taken serious damage.

Zhang Ruochen spat out blood a few more times. His face turned pale, and his aura weakened.

Many visible cracks appeared on the surface of his body. His entire body was on the verge of shattering.

If one could see the inside of his body, they would find that his internal organs were almost completely shattered.

More importantly, even his Saint Soul had suffered serious damage.

Zhang Ruochen's heart sank when he noticed his own condition. His injuries were more serious than he had expected. It would not be easy for him to recover fully.

Fairy Tianchu brought Zhang Ruochen to the place where she practiced her self-cultivation.

"You can recuperate here. No one will disturb you," Fairy Tianchu said.

"Thank—" Zhang Ruochen had wanted to thank her again, but as soon as he recalled what Fairy Tianchu had said earlier, he swallowed his words.

After all, "Thank you" was for politeness.

Being polite to Fairy Tianchu meant that deep down in Zhang Ruochen's heart, he felt there was a distance between them.

In order not to disrupt Zhang Ruochen's recovery, Fairy Tianchu retreated immediately.

Of course, she didn't go far. Instead, she stood guard outside the cave and personally protected Zhang Ruochen.

Zhang Ruochen collected his thoughts. He took out a Heaven Grade Sacred Pill and swallowed it. At the same time, he drank a large amount of Spring of Life and started the healing process.

The situation in Kunlun was constantly changing. Something big could happen at any time. He had to heal his injuries as soon as possible and recover to his prime condition. Only then could he deal with everything.

Fortunately, Zhang Ruochen held the divine sun formed by Sacred Seven-star Lingzhi's Sun Leaf in his body. It constantly released strange essence and Qi to nourish his body. It restored the vitality of every inch of his flesh and blood. Under its effect, his recovery ability was far from what ordinary people could compare to.

When Zhang Ruochen went into seclusion to recuperate, the outside world was in an uproar. The news of the Battle of Luoshui quickly spread to myriad Macroworlds and Microworlds of Celestial Court and Infernal Court.

The result of this battle was too significant. After all, for hundreds of years, Yan Wushen had always been regarded as being invincible at the realm below Supreme Sainthood. No one had expected that he would get defeated by Zhang Ruochen.

"Impossible. Zhang Ruochen has only practiced cultivation for a short period. Even if he is the Scion of Time and Space, there's no way he can defeat Yan Wushen. This must be a rumor."

Upon hearing this news, many cultivators in Infernal Court did not buy it.

Yan Wushen had remained a legend for his invincibility for long years. He had subdued all cultivators—from both Celestial Court and Infernal Court—of first-tier under Supreme Sainthood. They could barely gasp an air when facing him.

On Celestial Court side, the forces and individuals who had no grudges against Zhang Ruochen were, of course, happy to see such an outcome.

However, those who held resentment against Zhang Ruochen, especially those supporting Heavenly Realm, appeared very depressed. In their eyes, the stronger Zhang Ruochen was, the greater the threat he posed to them.

"First, he defeated Son of Darkness, then Supreme Saint Jinhui, and now, he has even defeated Yan Wushen. Zhang Ruochen has grown strong and become unstoppable now. It's unlikely to turn the tide. In other words, his era of invincibility has arrived. I don't know if anyone can replace him."

Many felt great emotion as they recalled Zhang Ruochen's recent achievements.

Chapter 2139: Comprehending Sword Technique at Luoshui

Although Fairy Tianchu's training manor was inside the Nine Carols Star, it was like a fairyland. The manor was spacious and built using rare cultivation resources. There stood a sacred mountain full of

exotic flowers and ancient trees. It was filled with dense light and abundant Saint Qi of heaven and earth.

Zhang Ruochen sat cross-legged at the bottom of the sacred mountain. A rainbow-colored stream flowed past him, making the sound of flowing water.

Seven days later.

With the help of the Heaven Grade Sacred Pill and the Spring of Life, Zhang Ruochen's injuries had mostly recovered.

“Yan Wushen's Yama Naraka is really powerful. My Five-element Chaotic Body has almost reached the limit of a Supreme Saint, but it still can't withstand it. If it was an ordinary Neverwither Supreme Saint, he would have already destroyed his immortal saint body.”

Fortunately, with the Spring of Life, my body could recover completely. Otherwise, I would have to re-condense the Five-element Divine Object and start from scratch. All my previous efforts would have been in vain.

Zhang Ruochen's body was as smooth as white jade, and his insides shone with brilliant divine light.

It was the Sacred Seven-star Lingzhi's Sun Leaf. It had turned into a divine sun and used his body as a lamp, continued to light up his body. While recovering his injuries, it also strengthened his non-immortalize brain and organs, even the Precept became thicker and more condensed under the light of the divine sun.

The benefits of divine medicine were endless.

Although the battle with Yan Wushen had severely injured Zhang Ruochen and almost shattered his internal organs, it was a blessing in disguise.

Zhang Ruochen vaguely sensed that traces of immortal light appeared in his internal organs. After he recovered, he was actually in a half-immortal state.

In this case, Zhang Ruochen naturally wouldn't let go of this good opportunity. He took out a Heaven Grade Sacred Pill that could help him cultivate the immortal saint body and swallowed it.

He delivered the medicinal power of the pill to his six internal organs and refined it repeatedly.

Heaven Grade Sacred Pills were rare for other Saint Kings. Each one was like a priceless treasure. But to Zhang Ruochen, they were just like candy.

It was such a luxury.

Another three days passed. Six of his internal organs were completely immortalized. Zhang Ruochen's strength had improved again.

Now, only Zhang Ruochen's five other internal organs—heart, liver, spleen, lungs, and kidneys—and his brain weren't immortalized yet.

If he could improve and cultivate his five internal organs to immortalized, he wouldn't be as badly injured as this time when he met Yan Wushen again.

'I should have been more seriously injured than Yan Wushen in this battle. Moreover, I had to use the Sundial to severely injure him.

'After Yan Wushen left, he will definitely look for the sacred artifact that can restrain the Sundial. Once he finds it, he will definitely come to the Eastern Region to fight with me again, hoping to defeat me or even kill me.'

Zhang Ruochen felt a sense of crisis in his heart.

With Yan Wushen's identity and the reasons to kill Zhang Ruochen, he could even borrow a half-divine artifact from the god of Infernal Court. Let alone a Regal Artifact or a Supreme Artifact.

If Zhang Ruochen lost the advantage of the Sundial, how could he defeat Yan Wushen?

Zhang Ruochen analyzed secretly and thought of a way to deal with it.

'When Yan Wushen fought with me, he didn't use various sacred artifacts. Instead, he used his own power.

'His attainments in the Path of Dimension were much better than mine. Not only did he cultivate more Precepts of Dimension, but his understanding of space and the dimensional saint technique he cultivated were both profound and mysterious.

'To break his Thousand Yama Shadows, is there any other way apart from using the Yanshen's leg? It consumes too much Saint Qi.

'Yan Wushen's most powerful move, Yama Naraka, could be based on the Path of Dimension and the Path of Origin. It could be combined with other Paths to draw upon the Precepts of heaven and earth and the Saint Qi of heaven and earth. It's a comprehensive technique.'

Zhang Ruochen let out a deep sigh. He had to admit that Yan Wushen was indeed amazing.

Neither the Thousand Yama Shadows nor Yama Naraka should be a technique that a Saint King could successfully cultivate. But he did it.

Zhang Ruochen didn't fear Yan Wushen because of this. Instead, he was filled with a fighting spirit. Only when Yan Wushen was strong enough could he motivate him to become stronger.

As he recalled the battle with Nether Demon, Nether Buddha, and Yan Wushen, Zhang Ruochen's heart suddenly throbbed.

Like a flash of inspiration, he seemed to have caught the most profound mystery in the world.

Out of thin air, the Ancient Abyssal Blade flew out and stuck in front of him. With the sword body as the center, circles of mystical circuits emerged and gradually spread out.

Soon, the entire training ground was covered by the circuits.

Swoosh!

Swoosh!

...

Illusory sword shadows rose around the Ancient Abyssal Blade. Thousands and thousands of them reaching infinite, covering every corner of the training manor.

At this moment, Zhang Ruochen's inner world was also completely covered by sword shadows.

Just now, Zhang Ruochen sensed that when he used Sword Ten in the battle with Nether Demon and Nether Buddha, its sword comprehension was not complete. He felt like he had not perfected it yet.

It was like playing the zither. When he reached the last string, he realized that the zither music should not be broken here. He could continue playing and form a more beautiful tune. It would become a true sound of nature.

'Impossible. Sword Ten is only at the fifth realm. I have cultivated it to perfection.'

Zhang Ruochen found it hard to understand, so he began to comprehend Sword Ten again. At the same time, he tried his best to find the mystical feeling that he felt connected to.

Although he sat cross-legged next to the stream, meditating.

However, a human figure that looked exactly like Zhang Ruochen appeared. The figure pulled out an illusory sword stuck in the ground and begun to cultivate Sword Ten.

Then, a second human figure appeared. He also pulled out a virtual sword and cultivating Sword Ten.

A third human figure appeared.

...

These human figures were Zhang Ruochen's Sword Path consciousness.

Soon, thousands of Zhang Ruochen's phantom appeared in the entire training manor. They all held an illusory sword and cultivating Sword Ten repeatedly, performing various sword moves.

Sword Ten represented the "Ten Directions," which were: heaven, earth, east, south, west, north, life, death, past, and future.

Zhang Ruochen's Sword Path consciousness was cultivated for an unknown amount of time. Finally, he had a glimmer of understanding.

'Heaven, earth, east, south, west, and north. These six directions correspond to space.

'If I integrate the Path of Dimension into Sword Ten, will I create the sixth realm of Sword Ten?'

The fifth realm of Sword Ten was actually comprehended by the predecessors from the Wordless Sword Manual. Different people would naturally comprehend different versions of Sword Ten.

However, the predecessors might not have comprehended Sword Ten to the maximum.

Even the Wordless Sword Manual might not represent the maximum.

Zhang Ruochen wished to surpass the predecessors of Kunlun Realm, and even the genius who wrote the Wordless Sword Manual. Only in this way could he have a chance to become a true ruler forever and break the existing order and precepts of the world.

This was unprecedented enlightenment!

However, these were not new to Zhang Ruochen. Since he had created the “Realm of Sword”, which was a combination of Path of Dimension and Sword Path.

The sixth realm of Sword Ten might be the higher form of the Realm of Sword. The two complemented each other.

...

While Zhang Ruochen was trying his best to comprehend the sword, Moyin and the Azure Dragon were sitting at the top of the palace hall in the Nine Carols Star. Both of them had transformed into human forms.

Moyin had a devilish and beautiful face. She had a graceful figure and wore a purple dress, like a demon concubine or a demon empress, poses in lazing manner.

On the other hand, the Azure Dragon was tall and sturdy. He wore dragon scale armor and his arms were thicker than a bucket. He looked like a brute force giant.

The two of them were comparable to first-level powerhouses. Being able to fight against a Neverwithers Supreme Saint, their auras were naturally extraordinary.

Below them stood dozens of Saint Kings of the Rakshasa, both male and female. They were bound by the dragon breath that the Azure Dragon spat out and could not move.

The Rakshasa Princess, Luo Sha, was also standing below. She was bound by Zhang Ruochen’s dimensional chains. She was staring coldly at Moyin and the Azure Dragon sitting above her.

As the most honorable Rakshasa Princess, Luo Sha had an extraordinary status. She could lead the Path army to attack a great world. Even some Supreme Saints had to give her face. When had she ever suffered such humiliation?

Great Prince Mara was even more miserable. The roots that extended from the Moyin’s feet penetrated his body. A large amount of his cultivation was devoured and absorbed. He was miserable and weak, laid on the ground, dying slowly.

Luo Sha was as beautiful as Fairy Tianchu, Fairy of a Hundred Flowers, and the others. She had a noble aura and was about 1.8 meters tall. Her figure was flawless. Every line on her body was filled with charming beauty. Her snow-white skin and slender neck, her slim waist were like a water snake, and her pair of slender jade legs that even Moyin was jealous of. It was as if the heavens had carefully polished them, and no man in the world was worthy of her.

Luo Sha said, “You’d better let go of me immediately, or an unpredictable disaster shall fall upon you.”

Moyin was very jealous of Luo Sha's beauty. She stood up and walked over seductively. She stretched out five sharp fingernails and brushed past Luo Sha's crystal clear face. She smiled and said, "I'm really scared. Your Highness, please don't scare Me."

Luo Sha's eyes turned cold.

Moyin snorted. "Yan Wushen, Nether Demon, and Nether Buddha were all scared off by my master. How dare you still put on the airs of a Princess? Do you believe that I'll suck all your life essence and turn you into an old ugly monster?"

Luo Sha wasn't afraid and she sneered. "Even Zhang Ruochen doesn't dare to be so arrogant. I didn't expect you to be so ignorant."

"Why you..."

Luo Sha immediately added, "Yan Wushen, Nether Demon, and Nether Buddha are indeed powerful, but they are only individuals. In a one-on-one fight, Yan Wushen is invincible except for Zhang Ruochen. But, wasn't he chased by The Four Heavenly Kings all over Kunlun Realm? No matter how powerful Zhang Ruochen is, he would probably die if he met ten Saint King powerhouses of the first level. "It's pretty easy for the Infernal Court to select ten powerhouses of the first level to deal with Zhang Ruochen."

Moyin was silent for a moment and said, "Do you think there are no powerhouses in the Celestial Court? And they would allow the Infernal Court to simply do as they wish with my Master?"

Luo Sha narrowed her eyes and smiled. "Haven't you had enough of ambushes by the cultivators from Celestial Court? There was a group of forces in the Celestial Court, who'd afraid that Kunlun Realm would rise again. Zhang Ruochen's defeat of Yan Wushen had touched their nerves and made them completely vigilant.

"Why do you want to go against me? Why don't you leave yourself a way out? If there's no place for you in the Celestial Court and Kunlun Realm in the future, I'm magnanimous enough to take you in."

The Azure Dragon said, "Don't let her bewitched you. Leave her for now. Let's deal with Great Prince Mara first."

Moyin stared into Luo Sha's eyes and snorted. She dragged her long dress and walked towards the dozens of Rakshasa Saint King captives.

They were all the subordinates of Great Prince Mara.

Moyin released a powerful Saint Aura, shocking all the Rakshasa Saint Kings, "I'd heard that the Rakshasa likes to eat meat, especially human meat. Originally, Master would never let you go, but now, he has decided to give you a chance to live."

The dozens of Rakshasa Saint Kings knew that Celestial Court and Infernal Court were incompatible, and they were ready to die. Who would have thought that they would have a chance to live?

Hearing this, some of the Saint Kings were delighted.

Moyin said, "Great Prince Mara is an ace cultivator below the Supreme Saint. There shouldn't be many strong cultivators as such in Rakshasa, right? If you eat his flesh, your cultivation would improve greatly and benefit immensely."

"What? You want us to eat the Great Prince? Impossible, absolutely not possible. Why don't you just kill us!" One of the Saint Kings who was loyal to Great Prince Mara roared.

"Alright then, as you wish."

Moyin stretched out a hand and her fingers turned into sharp roots that pierced into the Saint King's head.

As the Saint King screamed in pain, Moyin sucked him into a dried corpse.

The wind blew and turned the corpse into dust that scattered all over the ground.

The remaining Saint Kings was instantly frightened.

Moyin withdrew the roots and turned back into five jade fingers. She placed her snow-white index finger on her lips and gently licked it, she said, "I will let you go after you consume Great Prince Mara. If you don't, I will be the one who eats you. Think carefully before you make the decision."

The Rakshasa Saint Kings all stared at Great Prince Mara, their eyes turning blood red.

"How dare you! What are you trying to do?" Great Prince Mara roared as an unprecedented fear rose in his heart.

Luo Sha could not stand it any longer and said, "Isn't this too much?"

Moyin said in a deep voice, "Too much? What you Rakshasa did have gone even further in Kunlun Realm, remember? We are giving them a taste of their own medicine. Your Highness, if you are willing to take a bite or two, I will let you go. Don't you want to try?"

Although Luo Sha belonged to the Rakshasa, she did not cannibalize before. On the contrary, she detested the evil habit of cannibalism because humans and Rakshasa were similar in many ways.

To the Rakshasa, cannibalism felt like consuming one of their own.

Chapter 2140: Path of Swordsmanship: The Great Perfection

The Azure Dragon withdrew his dragon breath and freed the dozens of Rakshasa Saint Kings.

"Eat Great Prince Mara. This is your only way to survive," Moyin said indifferently.

Dozens of Rakshasa Saint Kings fixed their eyes on Great Prince Mara. Most of them had a fierce glint in their eyes.

"Great Prince, you will definitely die if you fall into Zhang Ruochen's hands. Why Don't you help us and give us a chance to live?" one of the Rakshasa Saint Kings said in a deep voice.

Another Rakshasa Saint King said, "We have no choice now. I'm sorry, Great Prince!"

Dozens of Rakshasa Saint Kings moved in unison and approached Great Prince Mara slowly.

It was every man for himself.

Moreover, they were all ruthless beings. Forget about eating Great Prince Mara's flesh; they would even dare to eat the flesh of a Rakshasa deity for the sake of survival.

Great Prince Mara's eyes were filled with fear as he roared in a trembling voice, "Stop, d-d-d-don't come over. I am the son of Majya. I am the Great Prince personally conferred by ma-ma-many deities. You all— Ahhh..."

Dozens of Rakshasa Saint Kings did not wait for him to finish his sentence and pounced over him. Large chunks of his flesh were torn off by few dozen mouths biting onto his body, blood dripping endlessly.

For a moment, Great Prince Mara's shrill screams sounded out in the palace hall. It was like the howls of evil ghosts in Hell, sending people shivers and goosebumps.

Seeing this scene, Luo Sha's pupils constricted. A look of pity appeared in her eyes. Although she was a Rakshasi, this was the first time she had seen a Rakshasa cannibalism.

Moyin cut off a piece of flesh the size of a palm from Great Prince Mara's body and slowly walked towards Luo Sha, saying, "Your Highness, I have chosen the most tender piece of meat for you. Please enjoy it."

Upon hearing this, Luo Sha was stupefied. She didn't want to eat even the flesh of a human, let alone the flesh of her kind.

Eating the flesh of Great Prince Mara was more tormenting than death to her.

Swoosh—

Just as Moyin was about to send the flesh into Luo Sha's mouth, a brilliant sword light suddenly burst out from Luo Sha's body.

Crack!

The Sword Light was so sharp that not only did it cut through Zhang Ruochen's Dimensional chain, it also broke the profound seal left by him.

An ancient sword hilt flew out and fell into Luo Sha's hand.

Driven by the evil energy, streaks of divine light flew out from the sword hilt and manifested countless Precepts of Swordsmanship. They interweaved and transformed into a slender sword body. The highly dense divine power spread out.

Without needing Luo Sha to do anything, the Precepts of Heaven and Earth revolved around the divine sword.

Rumble—

Under the influence of the divine sword, Luoshui suddenly stirred up huge waves. These waves come with sharp edges. They seemed to condense into thousands of razor-sharp swords.

"This is—"

Moyin's expression changed slightly.

She had seen this ancient yet plain-looking sword hilt before in the Northern Region and knew that it was related to Sword Vault Palace.

Luo Sha took out this sword hilt back then and almost got her hands on Zhang Ruochen's Toden Sword.

Before this, Moyin had searched Luo Sha's body carefully, but she did not find the sword hilt. She had no idea where Luo Sha had hidden it.

Luo Sha fused all of her evil energy into the divine sword in her hand.

Tens of thousands of streaks of sword Qi appeared and turned into a terrifying torrent enveloping Luo Sha. It was as if she were in another space and time, where others could not get close to her.

Moyin wanted to stop her, but the vines she stretched out were crushed into pieces the moment they touched the torrent of sword Qi.

The torrent of Sword Qi also blocked the Dragonsoul Fire that Azure Dragon spat out.

BANG!

The torrent of Sword Qi was unstoppable; it instantly destroyed the palace hall. It pierced through the many Folded Dimensions and opened a passage leading out of Luoshui.

"S-S-Save me..."

Great Prince Mara called out in pain.

Although there was a pity look in Luo Sha's eyes, she immediately stepped into the passage opened by the torrent of Sword Qi without hesitation.

It was not that she did not want to save Great Prince Mara but that she had no way to save him. Any delay would risk her chance to escape.

The sword hilt that she obtained from Sword Vault Palace was indeed extraordinary. However, with her current strength, she was unable to unleash its true power.

As Great Prince Mara saw Luo Sha did not hesitate to retreat, the last hope in his heart shattered. He fell into despair.

The moment Luo Sha stepped into the sword Qi passage, there was a sign of activity in Nine Carols Star. A profound Swordwill enveloped the entire Nine Carols Star.

The source of this Swordwill was the secret mansion where Zhang Ruochen practicing self-cultivation training in seclusion.

Swoosh—

In an instant, thousands of illusory images of Zhang Ruochen appeared on Nine Carols Star. They all looked solid. It was difficult to identify whether they were real or fake.

Each Zhang Ruochen's illusory image was brandishing his sword and performing profound sword techniques.

"What happened?"

The cultivators of the Tianchu Civilization having self-cultivation training on Nine Carols Star were all alarmed.

Terrifying power fluctuations appeared one after another. It was almost as if Nine Carols Star had encountered a powerful enemy's attack.

"Oh no!"

Luo Sha's expression changed slightly. She immediately retreated from the sword Qi passage at the fastest speed.

There was no other reason except that Zhang Ruochen's Swordwill had faintly evolved into an independent realm covering the entire Nine Carols Star. It had actually cut off the passage created by the sword hilt.

"Master has come out of seclusion. Luo Sha, you have no way to run!"

A hint of joy appeared in Moyin's eyes.

Luo Sha did not pay any attention to Moyin. Instead, she locked her gaze at the sky. A huge Saint Sword was floating there. It was 30,000 feet tall and looked like a heavenly sword-shaped mountain.

The Saint Sword emitted a brilliant nona-coloured light. Countless profound runes were imprinted on the sword. It looked like a sword of the highest quality that contained the true essence of Swordsmanship.

For a moment, countless Precepts of Heaven and Earth gathered wildly. The Saint Qi of Heaven and Earth condensed into numerous Saint Sword phantoms. The sword phantoms were all pointed at the 30,000-foot tall Saint Sword. The sight was akin to Convergence of Swords.

Buzz—

The sword hilt in Luo Sha's hand shook violently, and it showed signs of flying out of her hand.

"The Great Perfection of Swordsmanship," Luo Sha pronounced.

The realm where a Saint King successfully cultivated a million Precepts for a Path was called the Great Perfection.

Theoretically speaking, a Saint King could cultivate a maximum of one million Precepts for each Path. But in reality, very few of them could reach this stage.

Even for 100,000 Minor Paths, most could only cultivate a number of Precepts close to one million. Hence, they could not achieve the Great Perfection.

It was already hard for most to attain the Great Perfection in Minor Paths, let alone Major Paths, Paths of Supreme Saint, and Paths of the Ancients.

Never had Luo Sha expected Zhang Ruochen would successfully cultivate one million Precepts for Path of Swordsmanship—one of the seventy-two Paths of Supreme Saint—and triggered extraordinary phenomenon.

There was a huge gap between 999,999 Precepts and a million Precepts of a Path, despite the mere difference of one Precept.

Attaining the Great Perfection in a Path would bring unimaginable effects to many aspects of a cultivator's strength.

Among the several Paths that Zhang Ruochen mainly practiced, his attainment in Path of Swordsmanship had always been at the forefront. Before the seclusion, the number of his precepts for this Path had already been close to a million.

He had devoted himself to comprehending Sword Ten and finally achieved great advancement in his Path of Swordsmanship—the Great Perfection that countless sworders yearned to achieve.

Swoosh—

All illusory images of Zhang Ruochen combined, and the actual Zhang Ruochen appeared.

With a wave of his hand, the 30,000-meter-tall nona-colored Saint Sword directly entered his body.

The nona-colored Saint Sword might seem solid and not so different from a real Saint Sword from outer appearance. But its true form was actually the Saint Aspect of Swordsmanship that Zhang Ruochen had cultivated.

Then, all the strange phenomenon that enveloped Nine Carols Star quickly dissipated.

“Congratulations, Master. Your cultivation base has greatly improved and your Path of Swordsmanship has reached the Great Perfection.”

Moyin and the Azure Dragon immediately approached him to congratulate him.

Although they were both top elites at first-tier under Supreme Sainthood, they still felt tremendous pressure when facing Zhang Ruochen. It was as if they were facing a powerful Supreme Saint.

After attaining the Great Perfection in Path of Swordsmanship, Zhang Ruochen had undergone a significant change. The change was not something that one could observe by looking at his outer appearance. It was rather the type of change that occurred to his essence.

Especially for sword practitioners, they could sense Zhang Ruochen's change clearly.

Zhang Ruochen landed on the dilapidated palace hall and looked at the ancient sword hilt in Luo Sha's hand.

Although Luo Sha tried her best to resist, after Zhang Ruochen released a powerful Swordwill, the sword hilt flew out of her hand against her will.

“Return the hilt to me. It belongs to me.” Luo Sha's beautiful eyes widened as she snorted.

Zhang Ruochen held the hilt and sized it up. He said, "This object is a property of Sword Vault Palace. It doesn't belong to you."

"Zhang Ruochen, you're a bully. Why do you always steal my treasures? Sundial is mine, and so is the hilt." Luo Sha's eyes were full of resentment. She ground her teeth, her plump breasts panting.

Zhang Ruochen did not bat an eyelid. "You are wrong. Nothing belongs to you. Even your life is in my hands now." His tone was flat

His words struck Luo Sha. She could feel a murderous intent from Zhang Ruochen.

Luo Sha knew very well that Zhang Ruochen had always been very cold and ruthless to the cultivators of Infernal Court, especially since Great Prince Mara had provoked him. She might get implicated.

"Zhang Ruochen, you will gain nothing from killing me. It will only bring you endless trouble.

"I know that you will say that you don't care. But think of those who see you as a thorn in their side. They will be happy to see that happen.

"Anyway, you have already obtained the treasure of Sword Vault Palace. How about letting me go?" Luo Sha said quickly."

Zhang Ruochen said, "I can give you a chance to live. Send a message to your kind—Rakshasa, ask them to send Saint Ancient Tea Tree that Great Prince Mara had snatched from us back to Kunlun."

As he spoke, Zhang Ruochen looked at Great Prince Mara. What he saw was only a skeleton with no flesh and blood as Rakshasa Saint Kings had eaten them up.

Even so, Great Prince Mara was not dead for real yet. His Sainthood Source and Saint Soul remained.

Zhang Ruochen reached out and grabbed Great Prince Mara's Sainthood Source and sealed it off.

After being eaten alive by Rakshasa Saint Kings, Great Prince Mara's spiritual will was already in a state of collapse.

Even if he possessed a new body, he would become a useless Rakshasa with no potential to achieve greatness.

With a thought, Zhang Ruochen sent Great Prince Mara's Sainthood Source to Qiankun Realm so Emperor Yi's Evil Spirit could refine it.

Zhang Ruochen then put away Great Prince Mara's Saint Bones as well.

Mara's bones had already completed the transformation to Neverwither state. They were equivalent to the bones of a Neverwither Supreme Saint, which would have many uses.

At the same time, Moyin suddenly released many vines and pierced through the bodies of Rakshasa Saint Kings.

"Y-Y-You break your promise."

Rakshasa Saint Kings were filled with resentment.

They had already thrown all concerns away when they chose to devour Great Prince Mara's flesh and blood. Never had they expected they would still end up dead.

Moyin said coldly, "Keeping promises with the cultivators of Infernal Court is not a wise decision. There is no way I will let you go back and continue to devour the living beings in Kunlun."

Their fate had already been decided the moment they fell into her and Azure Dragon's hands.

Be it Great Prince Mara or these Rakshasa Saint Kings, they all played a part in slaying Art Sect. How could they let them go?

In a moment, all the spiritual Qi of the Rakshasa Saint Kings was devoured. They turned into dried corpses and dissipated as the wind blew.

'Elder Chu, you can rest in peace!' Zhang Ruochen said in his heart.

After experiencing powerlessness, pain, and sorrow, Zhang Ruochen's heart gradually became cold and not as kind as before.

Perhaps, this was the price to pay when one embarked on the journey to be more mighty and stronger in the pursuit of Emperorhood.

No matter what, after taking revenge for Chu Siyuan, Zhang Ruochen's mind became more ease.

The next thing he needed to do was take back Saint Ancient Tea Tree that belonged to Art Sect and help Divine Scripture Maiden revive Art Sect and Confucianism.

And all of these hopes were placed on Luo Sha.

Luo Sha's status as Rakshasa Princess was more respectful than Great Prince Mara's. If he could control her, he might be able to make Rakshasa compromise.

In fact, he could have just used Great Prince Mara to exchange for Saint Ancient Tea Tree.

However, Great Prince Mara was the murderer of Chu Siyuan. Since he had already captured Luo Sha, there was no need to keep Mara alive.

"You want to take back Saint Ancient Tea Tree so badly because of Divine Scripture Maiden, right? Zhang Ruochen, you pretend to be cold all the time, but you're actually very kind to those you care! Haha!" Luo Sha said.

Obviously, Luo Sha knew everything about Zhang Ruochen.

Zhang Ruochen said coldly, "Do as I say if you don't want to die."

Zhang Ruochen released an even more terrifying murderous intent and an irresistible spiritual will that enveloped Luo Sha as he spoke.

"I'll send the message as you said. Why all the violence?" Luo Sha was shocked, her mouth twitching as she spoke.

She could feel that Zhang Ruochen was not joking. If she disobeyed him, she would suffer consequences far worse than imagined.

Luo Sha did not want to anger Zhang Ruochen for real, so she immediately began to write the content he wanted her to send.

After a short while, Luo Sha had completed drafting the message. Zhang Ruochen sent it out after reading it.

Luo Sha felt shame to ask her people to exchange Saint Ancient Tea Tree for her life, but she could do nothing about it. Zhang Ruochen became stronger and stronger. No matter how many tricks she had, none of them would work this time.

Even Yan Wushen, who was so insufferably arrogant, had been defeated by Zhang Ruochen. She being Zhang Ruochen's captive, should not be regarded as a disgrace.

In Luo Sha's opinion, not only had Zhang Ruochen's cultivation base changed, his state of mind had become flawless now.

He would do anything to achieve his goal.

This version of Zhang Ruochen was the most terrifying.