

GOF 2241

### **Chapter 2241: Six Supreme Saints**

Four Supreme Saints stepped onto the Arena of Life and Death at the same time. Four powerful waves of evil-sha Qi surged toward Zhang Ruochen, and showed four different phenomena.

One of them was a Rakshasa Supreme Saint. He was hundreds of feet tall, and he held a Shyam Rod that was as thick as a pillar. He looked like a wargod.

The other one was wrapped in dark divine runes. He used the dark divine runes to resist the suppression of the three Ancient Paths. He rushed toward the Neverwither Supreme Saint who was kneeling on the ground.

The other one was a Rakshasi Supreme Saint. She had a good figure and was extremely beautiful. She rushed toward Warlord Mara in the speed of light as she tried to save him.

Twarita Mara, who had the strongest cultivation and had reached the Hundred-Shackle Realm, held a Regal Artifact that shone with silver light as she attacked Zhang Ruochen from the front.

The four Supreme Saints of the Mara Family had a detailed plan and a clear division of labor.

Some were in charge of restraining Zhang Ruochen.

Some were in charge of saving their people.

If they could save Warlord Mara and the Neverwither Supreme Saint, wouldn't they be able to suppress Zhang Ruochen and kill Xue Tu with the joined forces of six Supreme Saints?

"With so many Supreme Saints attacking together, the Arena of Life and Death is too small to be used. Why don't I expand the space here?"

Zhang Ruochen was still sitting on the chair in the center of the Arena of Life and Death. He stomped on the ground with his right foot. Immediately, many Precepts of Dimension flew out of his body and changed the Arena of Life and Death into a vast space.

The dimension of the Arena of Life and Death was rapidly stretching and expanding. It became larger and larger.

The Rakshasi Supreme Saint was clearly about to get close to Warlord Mara. However, the distance between her and Warlord Mara became farther and farther in an instant. Finally, she was forcefully pulled to a distance of over a hundred miles.

She was very surprised. She looked up and stared in all directions.

The Arena of Life and Death was originally only 10,000 meters long and wide.

But now, it was thousands of miles long and 100 times wider.

The cultivators of Infernal Court below the Arena of Life and Death all cried out in surprise.

“How come Zhang Ruochen, Twarita Mara, and the others suddenly become as small as a grain of sand? I can’t even see their figures without using my Saint Eyes.”

The elegant beauty wearing the golden mask said, “It’s not that they had become small. It’s that the space inside the Arena of Life and Death has become large and it turned into a microworld.”

“What? It’s turned into a world?”

“The size of the Arena of Life and Death hasn’t changed. How did it suddenly turn into a microworld?”

Many Saint-level cultivators of Infernal Court were stunned by Zhang Ruochen’s marvelous dimensional technique. They cried out in surprise.

The elegant beauty with the golden mask said again, “Now, we are like opening a map and seeing the world. But this map is a real world.”

“Zhang Ruochen is right. The Arena of Life and Death is too small. Even a Saint King powerhouse would be restrained in fighting inside, let alone Supreme Saint cultivators.”

“It seems that we have to report to Fane of Destiny and refine all the battle rings in the Arena of Life and Death and Battle District into a microworld with more space by using the Dimensional Inscriptions.”

The surrounding Saint Realm cultivators all stared at her in surprise.

She was able to speak to Fane of Destiny directly. Who was she?

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In the Arena of Life and Death,

Zhang Ruochen’s three Paths of Ancient— the Realm-frame of Truth, the Spatial Domain, and the Null Time Realm— covered a radius of 500 kilometers. The four Supreme Saints of the Mara Family were severely suppressed once they entered.

*Crash*

Zhang Ruochen held the skeletal whip in his left hand to suppress Warlord Mara. He extended his right hand to the top of his head. He mobilized the Heaven and Earth Precpets of Dimension to form Chains of Dimension that wrapped around the four Supreme Saints.

*Crash*

Sometimes, the Chains of Dimension were like white chains that formed a net.

At other times, they merged with the space and became invisible.

The three Neverwithier Supreme Saints mobilized all their power to fight against the Chains of Dimension. Although they blocked them, they couldn’t advance any further.

Twarita Mara stared at Zhang Ruochen, who was sitting on the chair, with cold killing intent in her eyes.

Zhang Ruochen didn’t even get up to face the four Supreme Saints’ attacks. It was as if he was toying with them. What would the other Saint-level cultivators in Infernal Court think of the Mara Family?

“Fight!”

“Let’s go all out and use our strongest power to break the suppression of Zhang Ruochen’s three Paths of Ancients!”

After Twarita Mara shouted those words, she grabbed a Regal Artifact, the Cunning Blade with both hands and activated all 160,000 King-level inscriptions in the Blade.

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*Crackle crackle*

Thousands of silver lightning bolts burst through heaven and earth from the blade.

“Dimensional Split.”

Twarita Mara slashed down toward Zhang Ruochen, who was in the center of the Arena of Life and Death.

Twarita Mara’s Dimensional Split was not a Power of Dimensions, but a Saintwill of Blade, the Saintwill of Dimensional Split.

If one practiced Blade to a certain level, they could also break through space and dimensions.

Twarita Mara combined the blade technique and Saintwill into one and unleashed her strongest attack. Instantly, the Chains of Dimension broke like a piece of paper, inch by inch.

The other three Neverwithers Supreme Saints attacked with all their might. They created some pressure for Zhang Ruochen from three different directions to help Twarita Mara break Zhang Ruochen’s three Paths of Ancients

“After combining the blade technique and the Saintwill, it’s so powerful.”

Zhang Ruochen was a little surprised. He sensed that Twarita Mara’s blade attack had broken his Realm-frame of Truth, Spatial Domain, and Null Time Realm. It was rapidly spreading toward him.

At this moment, Zhang Ruochen finally looked at Twarita Mara. This was his first time looking at her.

*Whoosh*

Zhang Ruochen waved his sleeve.

Countless light spots flew out of his sleeve.

These light spots gathered into a river flow and flew toward Twarita Mara.

Only Saint’s Eyes could clearly see that these light spots were Marks of Time. The Marks of Time gathered into a River of Time.

Under the impact of the River of Time, the speed of Twarita Mara’s Blade was reduced. It was so slow that it was like a snail crawling. No one knew how long it would take for it to land on Zhang Ruochen.

However, the flow of the River of Time became faster and arrived in front of Twarita Mara.

“Be careful. Don’t get your body stuck in the River of Time. Otherwise, your longevity will be greatly reduced and your immortal saint body will become weak.”

A Neverwithr Supreme Saint who had comprehended the Path of Time rushed to Twarita Mara. He threw out dozens of jade talismans that flew toward the River of Time.

The talismans gave off a strange power and stopped the River of Time in space.

Zhang Ruochen waved his arm and the River of Time flew back. In midair, it condensed into a clock that was more than 10 meters tall.

“Oh no, it’s the Bell of Time.”

The Neverwithr Supreme Saint who had comprehended the Path of Time had a change of expression. He pulled Twarita Mara and prepared to escape. However, just as he turned around, he found a black screen with Divine Marks on it.

“Oh no, this is the Arena of Life and Death.”

The Neverwithr Supreme Saint’s expression changed again. He quickly used all his strength to mobilize the evil-sha Qi in his body and shoot it into the dozens of jade talismans floating in the air.

If they couldn’t defeat Zhang Ruochen in the outside world, they could at least escape with their Supreme Saint cultivation.

But there was no escape on the Arena of Life and Death.

It was easy to get up onto it, but difficult to get down.

Zhang Ruochen flicked his finger across the air and rang the Bell of Time.

The Bell of Time vibrated. It didn’t make a loud sound, but there were Time Ripples that surged in all directions.

*Boom! Boom!*

Dozens of jade talismans floating in the air exploded and turned into dust.

Twarita Mara and the Neverwithr Supreme Saint who had comprehended the Path of Time were the first to be hit by the Time Ripples. Their bodies shook and they lost a large number of their lives.

They wanted to use their power to resist the Time Ripples.

However, their speed became extremely slow. It would take them a long time, even to raise their arms.

“Dxmn it. Is the time flow becoming faster or slower? What is Zhang Ruochen doing?” Twarita Mara felt extremely uncomfortable.

It was too difficult to deal with a controller of Time and Space.

It was as if only attack Zhang Ruochen could attack them, but they would never be able to attack Zhang Ruochen.

Twarita Mara looked up and saw that her previous strike infused with the Saintwill of Dimensional Split was originally extremely powerful. However, it was still more than 10 meters away from Zhang Ruochen. Nobody knew when it would be able to hit Zhang Ruochen.

*Whoosh*

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The skeletal whip in Zhang Ruochen's hand swept out. It wrapped around Twarita Mara and the Neverwither Supreme Saint who had comprehended the Path of Time, forming a chain with Warlord Mara.

As if he didn't want to play with them anymore, Zhang Ruochen stood up from his chair and summoned the Ancient Abyssal Blade. He held it in his hand and walked toward the Rakshasi Supreme Saint and the Neverwither Supreme Saint who was holding the Shyam Rod.

As soon as he stood up, time in the surrounding space recovered.

Twarita Mara's attack flew out quickly. Blade Qi rushed toward the Neverwither Supreme Saint who was kneeling on the ground.

The Supreme Saint was shocked when he saw Blade Qi with the Saintwill of Dimensional Split flying toward him. "No..." he said.

*Pssh*

The powerful Blade Qi cut through his Neverwither Saint body and sent half of it flying.

Seeing this, the three Supreme Saints tied to the skeletal whip gritted their teeth and roared furiously.

They were burning their saint blood in attempt to break free from the skeletal whip and fight Zhang Ruochen to death.

However, burning their saint blood was useless. The Supreme Power of the skeletal whip surged out and turned into blood-red lightning. It hit each of them and almost knocked them unconscious.

The Ancient Abyssal Blade had refined a large number of saint weapons. The body of the blade contained 250,000 King-level inscriptions.

It was only one step away from transcending to the second King's Calamity.

However, the vessel spirit of the Ancient Abyssal Blade still needed some time before it was confident in transcending the calamity. Otherwise, the Ancient Abyssal Blade would have already turned into a Six Element Regal Artifact.

The two Neverwither Supreme Saints of the Mara Family had ugly expressions on their faces as they saw Zhang Ruochen walk toward them with a blade in his hand. They instantly regretted stepping onto the Arena of Life and Death.

Now that they were in a corner, they could only fight to the death.

"Burn my Supreme Saint blood."

The Neverwither Supreme Saint, who was hundreds of feet tall, burned his blood and turned into a flame giant. He became even taller. He held the Shyam Rod with both hands and hacked it at Zhang Ruochen.

Zhang Ruochen reached out a hand, turned it into a big handprint and easily caught the rod.

“The power of burning Supreme Saint’s blood has risen to the Hundred-Shackle Realm. Unfortunately, it is still far from enough.”

With a backhand grab, the Shyam Rod in the Neverwither Supreme Saint’s hand turned into a black needle that laid in Zhang Ruochen’s palm.

While the Neverwither Supreme Saint was still in a daze, Zhang Ruochen struck out with his blade.

The blade passed through the void space, appeared above the Neverwither Supreme Saint’s head and fell heavily.

*Boom*

A large amount of saint blood gushed out of the Neverwither Supreme Saint’s head. His huge saint body leaned forward and fell to the ground.

In the next moment, he was bound by the skeletal whip and imprisoned.

Finally, Zhang Ruochen’s gaze was fixed on the Rakshasi Supreme Saint.

The Rakshasi Supreme Saint snorted coldly. “Even if I die, I won’t fall into your hands and be humiliated by you. Zhang Ruochen, let’s perish together!”

The Rakshasi Supreme Saint mobilized the evil-sha Qi in her body and surged toward the Sainthood source in the sea of Qi.

All the saint realm cultivators around the Arena of Life and Death looked fearful and retreated quickly after they witnessed this. They could see that the Rakshasi Supreme Saint was preparing to self-detonate the Sainthood source.

Even a Supreme Saint of the Thousand-Ko Realm might not be able to withstand the self-detonation of a Neverwither Supreme Saint.

Even if there were divine inscriptions on all sides of the Arena of Life and Death, they still felt uneasy.

“It’s useless to self-detonate the Sainthood source in front of me.”

Zhang Ruochen’s voice rang in the ears of the Rakshasi Supreme Saint.

The Rakshasi Supreme Saint’s face turned pale. She turned her head and stared. She saw Zhang Ruochen’s face at a close distance. Zhang Ruochen had appeared beside her without her noticing. He was very close to her.

*Crack*

Zhang Ruochen’s palm struck between her brows, dispersing the Supreme Saint’s evil-sha Qi in her body.

She failed to self-detonate the Sainthood source.

A moment later, Zhang Ruochen sat back on the chair and used the skeletal whip to imprison the six Supreme Saints of the Mara Family. He mobilized the power of the three Paths of Ancients and suppressed the Supreme Saints to kneel on the ground.

“Warlord Mara, if you don’t answer my question, I will let all six Supreme Saints of the Mara Family die right here, on the Arena of Life and Death,” Zhang Ruochen said.

Warlord Mara’s eyes were filled with killing intent. “Supreme Saints can be killed but not humiliated. This is the rule of Infernal Court. If you break the rule, you will be punished by the entire Rakshasa clan. How many people could you defeat?”

“What rule of Infernal Court? I only believe in the law of the jungle,” Zhang Ruochen said lightly.

Twarita Mara knelt on the ground and said painfully, “If you want to kill the Supreme Saint of the Mara Family, just kill him. I believe that you will experience a worse death soon.”

“Really?”

Zhang Ruochen looked around at the cultivators of Infernal Court who were watching and said, “Whoever wants to kill me, just step onto the Arena of Life and Death. I’ll give you a chance.”

There were countless cultivators of Infernal Court who wanted to kill Zhang Ruochen below the arena.

However, Zhang Ruochen was too powerful. Not only did he defeat Warlord Mara, but he also easily suppressed the five Supreme Saints of the Mara Family. Even powerhouses who reached the Great Perfection stage of the Hundred-Shackle Realm did not dare to go on the stage.

“There is limited space on the Arena of Life and Death. For Zhang Ruochen, the advantage is too great. Even ordinary people who achieved Great Perfection of the Hundred-Shackle Realm are not sure if they can win,” said Xu.

“Seventh brother, Zhang Ruochen is so arrogant and unbridled. Why don’t you go up and take care of him?” Ming said.

Xu smiled and said, “Zhang Ruochen publicly humiliated the six Supreme Saints of Rakshasa, which will definitely arouse the dissatisfaction of all the cultivators of Rakshasa. How can the few in Rakshasa who reached the Great Perfection stage of Hundred-Shackle Realm sit back and do nothing?”

Ming suddenly understood and said, “I got it! At this time, there is no need for us to force our way out. We can just sit back and watch the fight.”

He crossed his arms in front of his chest and said, “I’m very interested in the strength of those guys from Rakshasa. Maybe Zhang Ruochen can help me find out their strength and trump cards.”

As he saw no cultivators on the Arena of Life and Death, Zhang Ruochen said again, “Who is interested in the blood of the six Supreme Saints? Not to mention the heart of the Supreme Saint, the bones of the Supreme Saint, the flesh of the Supreme Saint... All can be bought at a price. I’ll give a cut of whatever you want. I’ll cut as much as you want.”

Some cultivators were tempted, but none dared to speak.

Suddenly, a familiar laugh sounded, "Zhang Ruochen, your business is doing well. The Arena of Life and Death has become your slaughterhouse. Since no one dares to buy it, I'll help your business.. I, Xuemo, will take all the blood of the six Supreme Saints of the Mara Family!"

### **Chapter 2242: The Divine Prince**

Xuemo had returned to Infernal Court with Blood Empress, Zhang Ruochen, and the others from Kunlun's Battlefield of Merits.

However, he belonged to the Demonsky Clan.

Xuemo was not well-known in Infernal Court, so not many cultivators knew him. However, he was well-known in Kunlun and cultivated nine Demonstone Engravings at the same time. His combat strength did not lose to Blood Empress when they were in the same realm.

He was also able to challenge Yan Wushen's good side when he was in the Saint King realm.

Now, he had broken through to the Supreme Saint Realm. He walked majestically under the Arena of Life and Death. His saint aura erupted and shocked the surrounding cultivators. They all backed off.

"He dared to buy the blood of six Supreme Saints. Isn't he afraid of offending the Mara Family?"

"Who is this guy anyway?"

"Xuemo? Who's Xuemo? I've never heard of him."

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The cultivators of Infernal Court were all discussing.

Xuemo waved his hand, then ten crystals with divine light flew into the Arena of Life and Death and floated in front of Zhang Ruochen.

"Ten Godstones should be enough to buy those Supreme Saints' blood, right?" Xuemo asked.

"Yes, of course."

Zhang Ruochen put the ten Godstones into his Ring of Dimensions. He stared at Xue Tu and said, "Release ninety percent of their blood of the Supreme Saint, store it carefully and give it to Xuemo."

The blood of Supreme Saint was sold more than once. Ten Godstones were already a good price.

As long as the six Supreme Saints of the Mara Family still live, they could have an endless supply and produce new blood of Supreme Saint.

It was much more cost-effective than a one-time deal like selling fiefdoms.

"It's only one time, but I can sell it for ten Godstones."

Xue Tu licked his lips and his eyes lit up. He regarded Zhang Ruochen as a genius. For one to think of such a deal, there's no wonder Zhang Ruochen was filthy rich.



“Fresh blood of Supreme Saint is very useful to the Immortal Vampires. Drinking the blood of the six Supreme Saints is like absorbing their cultivation. Xuemo’s cultivation will rise rapidly in a short period.”

“He dares to sell the blood of the Supreme Saints. Is there no powerhouse to take care of him?”

“It’s really strange. During the Celestial-hunting Festival, Dhisan sent powerhouses at the Thousand-Koan Realm and the Banshi Isshou Realm to the Winterpage City. Why didn’t they take action?”

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All the cultivators of the Infernal Court felt that this was very strange.

Logically speaking, Dhisan and the Mara Family couldn’t bear the humiliation of the Supreme Saint. Even the cultivators below the Thousand-Koan Realm couldn’t defeat Zhang Ruochen.

But why did all the Supreme Saints above the Thousand-Koan Realm disappear?

“Stop.”

Just as Xue Tu was about to attack, Supreme Saint Yi Xuan and Gu Chenzi rushed over. They turned into two beams of saint light and rushed into the Arena of Life and Death.

They both felt a headache coming on after seeing the six Supreme Saints of the Mara Family kneeling on the ground. They thought that Zhang Ruochen and Xue Tu were extremely bold. They were truly fearless and dared to do anything.

Did they feel that they had too few enemies?

Gu Chenzi said, “Let’s stop here. There’s no need to continue humiliating them. After all, they’re Supreme Saints and they deserved to have some face.”

Supreme Saint Yi Xuan nodded. He advised, “I already know about this. It was indeed Warlord Mara’s fault. However, he and the Supreme Saint of the Mara Family have already paid the price. Calm down and let them off this time.”

The Bloodysky Clan had become everyone’s target at the Celestial-hunting Festival because of Zhang Ruochen. Supreme Saint Yi Xuan and Gu Chenzi were under a lot of pressure.

If Zhang Ruochen continued to be so high-profile and impudent, treating the unspoken rules of Infernal Court as nothing, he would incur the wrath of everyone.

Zhang Ruochen understood their concerns, but he had his thoughts.

If he was schemed against by his enemies and easily let them go, there would be more to come in the future.

“Do you know what Warlord Mara said about the two of you?” Zhang Ruochen asked.

Supreme Saint Yi Xuan asked curiously, “What do you mean?”

Zhang Ruochen said, “Warlord Mara said that the Three Top Elites of Bloodysky Clan are just three pieces of trash.”

“Yes, I can prove that he did say that,” Xue Tu quickly agreed.

Since they were already involved with Zhang Ruochen, he would certainly pull two more in when he got the chance.

Supreme Saint Yi Xuan and Gu Chenzi had come to mediate the fight. However, their expressions became extremely ugly and their eyes turned cold when they heard that.

The two of them were the ace of the ace. They were also the overlords of the Supreme Sainthood and had the potential to become gods. If they were called trash by Warlord Mara and went to save him, how would the cultivators treat them in the future?

Supreme Saint Yi Xuan and Gu Chenzi would prefer to stay out of trouble, but it does not mean that they were afraid of it.

Supreme Saint Yi Xuan coughed dryly and said, “How much does the Supreme Saint heart of Warlord Mara cost? If I dig out his Supreme Saint Heart and refine it into a pill, perhaps it can help me break through ten shackles.”

Gu Chenzi said, “Sell me a portion of Warlord Mara’s Supreme Saint blood and heart.”

Xue Tu licked his lips as he was also tempted.

‘The body parts of the six Supreme Saints were treasures. If I drank their blood every day, I would reach the peak of the Neverwilt Realm very quickly,’ he thought.

Xue Tu walked up to Warlord Mara with his battle-ax.

Even though the Warlord Mara was strong-willed, his eyes showed a hint of fear. He wanted to die on the spot. He didn’t want to suffer such humiliation.

Zhang Ruochen said, “Are you still unwilling to speak? If you tell me where the owner of the Bracelet of Dimension is, I can give you a decent way to die.”

“I have the heart of God. I will never give in to you,” Warlord Mara said.

Zhang Ruochen frowned. He regretted telling him that he had the heart of God and would never give in. At that time, he was completely worried that he would die.

Now, it was his reason to be stubborn.

“Senior brother, let’s not waste time with him. Let him bleed a few times and he’ll behave.”

Xue Tu’s battle-ax was about to cut open Warlord Mara’s blood vein. However, he couldn’t move when he lifted the ax. It was as if his body was frozen.

Zhang Ruochen noticed something strange. He looked at the edge of the Arena of Life and Death.

He saw a tall Rakshasa man walk over the blacklight screen.

Rakshasa men were known for their ugliness. However, the man in front of him looked tough and handsome. He might not be a big deal in other races, but he was one of the most good-looking Rakshasa men.

It was the power from this man that restrained Xue Tu.

The five Supreme Saints of the Mara Family were all delighted when they saw the man. Only Warlord Mara's eyes were filled with humiliation. He lowered his head and did not look at him.

Supreme Saint Yi Xuan and Gu Chenzi's faces turned solemn when they saw the Rakshasa man. Their eyes were filled with fear.

The Rakshasa man said, "Zhang Ruochen, you're almost done venting your anger. Give me some face. That's all for today. Let the six of them go. How about it?"

Zhang Ruochen felt an extremely dangerous aura from this man. He said, "If you want me to let them go, it depends on your face whether it is big enough?"

Supreme Saint Yi Xuan transmitted his voice to Zhang Ruochen, he said, "He's the prince of the Tianluo, the number one divine kingdom of Rakshasa. Luo Shengtian is known as the Divine Prince. He's also known as the number one elite under the Thousand-Koan Realm of Rakshasa. Since he's come forward, I'll do him a favor."

Gu Chenzi said, "Luo Shengtian isn't comparable to Warlord Mara. It's better if we can avoid making an enemy out of him."

The cultivators of Infernal Court below the Arena of Life and Death were already boiling.

"Luo Tiansheng is in the same realm and has always been invincible. With his cultivation of the completion of the Hundred-Shackle Realm, if Zhang Ruochen still doesn't know what's good for him, he will suffer a great loss."

"The six Supreme Saints of Dhisian have lost the face of the Raksha clan. I didn't expect that it would be the divine prince who came out in the end to restore the dignity of the Raksha clan."

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Luo Tiansheng and Zhang Ruochen looked at each other for a long time. Luo Tiansheng smiled and said, "Well, if you want to see how many faces I have, I'll give you this chance."

*Whoosh*

Ten bone wings suddenly spread out on Luo Tiansheng's back. Instantly, ten overwhelming powers surged out of the wings and flew around his body.

The bone wings of the Rakshasa were the same as the blood wings of the Immortal Vampires. An ordinary Supreme Saint only had six.

He must be extraordinary since he was able to cultivate ten bone wings in the Hundred-Shackle Realm.

Zhang Ruochen felt the Realm-frame of Truth, Spatial Domain, and Null Time realm shook violently. He quickly mobilized even more powerful forces to stabilize the three ancient paths.

*Whoosh*

Wisps of flame appeared in Luo Shengtian's eyes.

Zhang Ruochen was looking at him, he felt that the world had changed and that he was pulled into the endless dark universe. Luo Shengtian's eyes were like two stars, and they emitted a domineering and heavy power.

Zhang Ruochen was as small as dust in front of the two stars.

“Break.”

Zhang Ruochen activated the power of The Heart of Truth to break the illusion in front of him and return to the Arena of Life and Death.

At that moment, two light beams flew out from Luo Tiansheng's eyes. They tore apart the Realm-frame of Truth, Spatial Domain, and Null Time realm into pieces.

Zhang Ruochen summoned the Zangshan Demonic Mirror and collided with the light beams that surged out from Luo Tiansheng's eyes.

*Rumble*

The space shook violently. Supreme Saint Yi Xuan and Gu Chenzi flew backward and crashed heavily into the black light screen.

The Arena of Life and Death, which had originally been a thousand miles in size, collapsed and became a coliseum that was more than 10,000 meters long and wide again.

Zhang Ruochen took seven steps back and stood still again.

Luo Tiantian's eyes returned to normal and he became calm again.

“My eyes are born of divinity. Later, they were refined into two shining Divine Planets. It was as if two stars were born with tremendous power. “Do you think their face is enough?” Luo Tiansheng pointed to his eyes and said.

Zhang Ruochen said, “Once a deity dies, their Divine Planet will become dead. Only when a god is alive, the Divine Planet will be shining. How could you possibly refine two shining Divine Planets into your eyes?”

A pleasant female voice sounded in the Arena of Life and Death.

“Isn't it simple? Because the master of the two Divine Planets is still alive, and he became a prisoner of Tianluo. His connection with the Divine Planets has been severed.”

Zhang Ruochen looked for the voice and saw a beautiful Rakshasa woman walking over gracefully.

She was 1.8 meters tall and wore a divine crystal crown. Her hair was long and silky. She wore a light green Holy Cambric Robe. Her face was devastatingly beautiful.

Luo Sha's immortal eyes blinked when she saw Zhang Ruochen look at her. They were full of seductive charm.

Saint maidservant Yao Li followed behind Luo Sha. Her face was pale, and she walked with a trembling face.

Luo Shengtian stood with his hands behind his back, he said, "Zhang Ruochen, you may be invincible in the Neverwilt Realm. Even Yan Wushen may not be your match. However, there are many powerhouses in Infernal Court. There are many hidden dragons and crouching tigers. There are still some who can defeat you in the Hundred-Shackle Realm."

"This is the Arena of Life and Death. If you want to kill the six Supreme Saints of the Mara Family, I won't interfere. Even if you capture them and force them to kneel.

"However, there's a bottom line. If you cross that line, I won't sit idly by letting you humiliate the entire Rakshasa."

Zhang Ruochen was not afraid of Luo Shengtian's powerful strength. He said, "That would be a problem! I would give a face to you, but Warlord Mara did also cross my bottom line. He was too despicable. Not only did he lure me into the Arena of Life and Death, he even wanted to kill me. He even used my woman to threaten me. How could I let him off?"

He continued, "Furthermore, I've already taken the deposit and I have to take the blood of the Supreme Saint from them."

Luo Shengtian was furious and the flames reappeared in his eyes.

No one dared to not give him face in Infernal Court.

"Royal brother, why don't you leave this matter to me?" Luo Sha stroked her chin and smiled.

Luo Shengtian knew the grudge between Luo Sha and Zhang Ruochen. His extremely intelligent sister had already formed a life-and-death grudge with Zhang Ruochen from the Zuling Realm to the Celestial Domain of Truth, and then to the battlefield of Kunlun.

When enemies met, their eyes were especially red.

She probably wanted to use this opportunity to kill Zhang Ruochen.

Luo Shengtian sent a telepathic message to Luo Sha, he said, "This time, don't blame me for not helping you. Lord Father sent us some information. Zhang Ruochen can't be killed now. The gods intend to forge him into a weapon to deal with the new generation of Supreme Saints in Infernal Court. "All the Supreme Saints above the Thousand-Koan Realm have been warned not to attack Zhang Ruochen."

Luo Sha was extremely intelligent and she immediately understood the message. "Doesn't that mean that Zhang Ruochen is immortal?"

"Not really. The key is whether he has what it takes to be that weapon. If a Supreme Saint below the Thousand-Koan Realm can kill him, it means that he is useless to Infernal Court and doesn't deserve to be the gods' weapon. In addition, I have to test his loyalty to Infernal Court."

Luo Sha asked, "Royal brother, can you kill him?"

"It's not difficult to defeat him. However, no one can compare to the ability of a Master of Time and Space to escape. It's not easy to kill him by myself."

After Luo Shengtian answered, he added, "If you want him to die, I can go to the other two elites of the Rakshasa who are in the completion of the Hundred-Shackle Realm. They can make Zhang Ruochen's soul scattered and you can eat his flesh and drink his blood."

Luo Sha was slightly shocked and stopped him immediately. She said, "Don't... There's no need for you to stand up for me with force. Zhang Ruochen has enemies all over Infernal Court. Naturally, there will be elites to deal with him."

"You've been humiliated by Zhang Ruochen many times, yet you can calmly suppress the hatred in your heart and think rationally. You're indeed the brains of the royal family." Luo Shengtian praised.

Zhang Ruochen had long known that Luo Sha had a noble status in Infernal Court. He did not expect that she was the sister of the Divine Prince Luo Shengtian.

Luo Sha walked toward Zhang Ruochen and circled him. She widened her beautiful eyes and said with a smile, "I thought you hated the cultivators of Infernal Court the most, yet how did you become one of Infernal Court?"

Zhang Ruochen's face was solemn. He did not answer her question and said, "Luo Sha, that Saint maidservant who lured me to the Arena of Life and Death is your subordinate, right? If you want to kill me, have you thought about the price you will pay?"

Luo Sha did not answer him either. "You said that Warlord Mara threatened you with your woman. Who's the woman you're talking about?"

Zhang Ruochen's patience had run out. A small Dimensional Vortex condensed between his five fingers on his right hand.

Not far away, Luo Shengtian was also mobilizing his power.

Luo Sha saw that the battle was about to start. She immediately felt bored and thought, 'I have to think of a way to lure Zhang Ruochen off the Arena of Life and Death.'

Luo Sha stopped teasing Zhang Ruochen. She waved her sleeves and walked off the Arena of Life and Death, "This is not the place to talk!" She said, "If you want to know where Mu Lingxi is, then come with me. Let Warlord Mara and the others live. You should have a good judgment about which is more important. Killing them will do more harm than good to you."

'It has something to do with her,' Zhang Ruochen thought.

His eyes darkened.

However, there were a lot of things in this matter that he couldn't figure out. It did not look as simple as it seemed.

### **Chapter 2243: The Angered Princess**

The seal on the Arena of Life and Death was lifted, and the surrounding black light screen disappeared.

Luo Sha was very confident that Zhang Ruochen would follow him. Therefore, he left the Arena of Life and Death with Yao Li without looking back.

Luo Shengtian was still standing on the platform like a stabilizing needle. He did not move at all, but his eyes were locked on Zhang Ruochen.

After Xue Tu regained his freedom, he was very decisive and immediately retreated from the Arena of Life and Death.

Compared to those gods that he might not see even once in hundreds of years, the Divine Prince Luo Shengtian made him even more fearful even though he's the overlord of the same generation. At least, with his current cultivation, Xue Tu could only lower his head and become a Supreme Saint in front of Luo Shengtian.

Supreme Saint Yi Xuan and Gu Chenzi were elites in the Hundred-Shackle Realm. They were slightly better than Xue Tu. They were still standing on the Arena of Life and Death. Without the Divine Entrapment, they could escape from the Arena of Life and Death with their cultivation. Even if they were no match for Luo Shengtian.

Xue Tu's cultivation was too low. He could retreat, but the two of them could not.

If they chose to leave the Arena of Life and Death and leave Zhang Ruochen alone to face Luo Shengtian, how would the other cultivators view them? How would they view the Bloodysky Clan?

They had to hold on.

They had to let the other cultivators know that the Bloodysky Clan was in unison.

The auras of Luo Shengtian, Zhang Ruochen, Supreme Saint Yi Xuan, and Gu Chenzi intertwined. It encouraged each other to fight. The black light screen around the Arena of Life and Death seemed to rise again.

Below the arena.

Many cultivators smiled.

Especially those who had a grudge against Zhang Ruochen. They hoped that Zhang Ruochen would be more impudent. This would force Luo Shengtian to kill him.

After a long stalemate, Zhang Ruochen suddenly withdrew his Qi. He laughed and said, "Just now, your highness said that you wouldn't interfere if I killed the six Supreme Saints of the Mara Family on the Arena of Life and Death, right?"

Luo Shengtian had a strange look on his face.

He did not believe that Zhang Ruochen would dare to start a massacre deep in his heart.

"I'll give face to your highness and would not humiliate them. I'll... kill them."

Zhang Ruochen swung his arm. The six Supreme Saints of the Mara Family flew up on the skeletal whip and floated in the air.

His other hand pressed out across the air.

The vigorous Power of Dimensions pressed down on the six Supreme Saints and made their bodies crackle. Then the Supreme Saint blood in their bodies turned into six long streams of blood. They flowed into Zhang Ruochen's palm and condensed into a blood-red ball.

The Neverwithers physique of the six Supreme Saints quickly withered.

The blood ball in Zhang Ruochen's hand grew bigger and brighter. It contained a huge amount of energy. Once it fell to the ground, it could pierce through the ground.

"How dare you!"

Luo Shengtian's eyes flashed with divine light. His anger condensed into a pillar of Qi and shot into the sky.

*Boom Boom*

Zhang Ruochen put away the skeletal whip. The six Supreme Saints turned into six dried corpses and fell to the ground.

"The Divine Prince has a high status. You must keep your word. Don't be a man of your word."

Zhang Ruochen held the huge blood ball with one hand and disappeared from the Arena of Life and Death. He appeared beside Xuemo and handed the blood ball to him.

The transaction was completed.

Supreme Saint Yi Xuan and Gu Chenzi let out a long sigh of relief after they noticed Luo Shengtian did not make a move. They did not dare to stay on the Arena of Life and Death any longer and ran away.

When they retreated to the bottom of the arena, Supreme Saint Yi Xuan realized that he was covered in cold sweat. He quickly asked Xue Tu, "Where did Zhang Ruochen go?"

Xue Tu was scared out of his wits. His eyes were a little dull. He stared at where Xuemo was and said, "Just now, he was still trading with Xuemo. Where is he? Why did he suddenly disappear?"

"Did he run away after killing someone? Does he want to leave the mess here to us?" Supreme Saint Yi Xuan smacked his head. He felt that he had been unlucky for eight lifetimes for having such a leader.

Gu Chenzi was worried, "Killing the six Supreme Saints of the Mara Family is no small matter. It might trigger a war between the Mara Family and the Xue Jue family. Zhang Ruochen is too extreme. He doesn't care about the consequences. Something big is going to happen."

Suddenly, there were cries of surprise.

"Alive, not dead... still alive..."

Gu Chenzi, Supreme Saint Yi Xuan, and Xue Tu all looked at the Arena of Life and Death.

They saw the Divine Prince Luo Shengtian mobilize the Qi of Malice and split it into six. After injecting it into the six Supreme Saints of the Mara Family, they slowly stood up.

Although their bodies were still shriveled and the Saint Light was dim, they were still alive.



Gu Chenzi, Supreme Saint Yi Xuan, and Xue Tu were all delighted after they saw what happened. They finally understood why Luo Shengtian had not attacked just now. It turned out that Zhang Ruochen had only taken their Supreme Saint blood and he had not killed them.

Xue Tu laughed and said, "Now you know what kind of person Zhang Ruochen is, don't you? He had taken the Saint blood of the six Supreme Saints with a few tricks, and he had even prevented Luo Shengtian from interfering. If you think that he is brave and foolhardy, you are very wrong."

Many cultivators around the Arena of Life and Death looked disappointed.

Zhang Ruochen always did things beyond their expectations. He did not play by the rules, which made them a little confused.

They thought that Zhang Ruochen would not dare to humiliate the six Supreme Saints of Mara, but he did!

They thought that Zhang Ruochen would kill the six Supreme Saints of Mara, yet he did not.

...

Zhang Ruochen came to the bank of the blood river and stared at a saintship in the water.

The saintship was 300 meters long and was made of white jade crystals. It was inlaid with all kinds of saint stones and jades, making it look exquisite and magnificent. There were three-story pavilions on the ship. They were carved with jade and had golden pillars and dragons. They were exquisite and magnificent.

There was a big flag on the bow of the ship with the word "Sha" embroidered on it.

On the bow of the saintship, there was a Rakshasa who was in the Saint King Realm. She wore a red saint robe and looked at the shore, she smiled and said, "Supreme Saint Ruochen, the princess has been waiting for you for a long time. She wants to invite you to the River of Present and see the beautiful scenery of the Winterpage City."

She waved her sleeve and the light barrier of the saintship opened a hole that was more than 10 meters long.

*Swoosh*

Zhang Ruochen passed through the hole in the light barrier and appeared on the ship. He released his spiritual power to investigate and asked, "Where's Luo Sha?"

The red-clothed Rakshasa girl placed her hands on her waist and bowed to Zhang Ruochen. She smiled and said, "The princess is bathing and changing. Please wait for a moment, Supreme Saint. There's some tea from Kunlun being boiled and prepared on the ship."

"Supreme Saint, this way, please."

A large number of Divine Marks were carved on the saintship.

Zhang Ruochen's spiritual power was blocked, so he could not detect Luo Sha's aura.

The red-clothed Rakshasa was called Han Ying, and she's a Nine-Step Saint King.

She could be an overlord in Kunlun and Guanghan with her cultivation. However, she was only a Lady-in-waiting by Luo Sha's side, managing all the maidservants in the Princess's mansion.

On the third floor of the saintship, there was a low bed made of red jade and agate, and the floor was covered with saint beast's skin as white as snow.

A group of beautiful Rakshasa maidservants walked in an orderly manner on the third floor. Some of them held silver jugs of fine wine, some held fragrant saint fruits, and some wore seductive dancing clothes.

Zhang Ruochen felt as if he had walked into a seducing cave. They were all enchanting vixens.

He walked to the low couch and sat down cross-legged.

On the low couch, a pot of tea was boiling in a purple clay pot.

*Gulp*

The pure fragrance of the tea turned into wisps of spiritual mist that surrounded the entire saintship. Zhang Ruochen's anxious mood calmed down after taking a sip.

The saintship drove down the river toward the River Market District.

Sixteen Saint maidservants in dancing clothes walked up slowly. Their bodies emitted a faint fragrance as they danced in front of Zhang Ruochen.

They were all one-in-a-million beauties and were also saints. They were not ordinary and were extremely attractive to any man.

Zhang Ruochen gradually lost his patience. "If Luo Sha doesn't come out soon, I'll break in even if she's bathing!"

Zhang Ruochen could not calm down when it came to Mu Lingxi's safety.

*Tap Tap*

Zhang Ruochen heard footsteps behind the screen as he stood up.

The next moment, a woman in cyan walked out from behind the screen.

Zhang Ruochen was stunned when he saw her. His eyes were locked on her beautiful face. He held his breath and could not look away.

There was a red phoenix mark between the woman's eyebrows. It released the power of ice.

Her crystal-clear body was wrapped in saint fog. It was a mysterious and hazy aura. She was like a fairy under the moon.

"Lingxi."

Zhang Ruochen was surprised. He was about to welcome her and hug her.

It was a surprise for him to see Mu Lingxi in Infernal Court.

However, Zhang Ruochen stopped as soon as he took a step forward. He looked at the woman in front of him carefully. His eyes became cold. He shook his head and said, "You're not Lingxi! Luo Sha, how dare you change into her appearance?"

The woman in front of him was almost the same as Mu Lingxi. Even the clothes and accessories on her body belonged to Mu Lingxi and contained her aura.

Luo Sha's Thousand-illusions was indeed very powerful. If she had changed into another appearance, Zhang Ruochen might not have been able to see through her.

But Zhang Ruochen was too familiar with Mu Lingxi.

He could see through her in person.

"It's not fun to be seen through so quickly. I even spent so much effort to disguise myself." Mu Lingxi shook her head. Her slender body sat on the snow-white saint beast's skin, her hands supporting her cheeks, she looked very discouraged.

Han Ying waved her hand. The sixteen dancing saint maidservants retreated.

Zhang Ruochen's aura was like a sword. His gaze was sharp and said, "Aren't you going to change back?"

"I like this look and I won't change back. What can you do to me?" Mu Lingxi raised her snow-white chin. Her big eyes were smiling as she stared at Zhang Ruochen.

Zhang Ruochen asked, "Where did you get Lingxi's clothes and accessories?"

"I can get anything I want." Mu Lingxi blinked. Her eyelashes were curved and long.

Zhang Ruochen said, "You'd better tell me what I want to know now, or else..."

"Or else what? I'm so scared of you now!" Mu Lingxi's voice was delicate. She pretended to be soft and weak. She crossed her arms gently in front of her chest.

Zhang Ruochen did not want to waste time with Luo Sha. He made his move decisively. His five fingers formed claws and grabbed her neck like lightning.

Mu Lingxi snorted. She pressed her hands on the table. The space in front of her suddenly cracked. A deep and dark spatial hole appeared. It was about a meter long.

Zhang Ruochen's hand hit the hole, but he could not catch her.

"You're still a long way off from playing dimensional technique with me." A large number of Precepts of Dimension surged out of Zhang Ruochen's arm, and he sealed the portal.

Mu Lingxi smiled playfully. She spread out her snow-white right hand, and a black lotus appeared in her palm. Her left index finger gently tapped on the black lotus.

*Rip*

A pair of big black hands tore open the portal in front of her again, turning it bigger with a diameter of more than 30 meters.

The owner of the hands was a huge corpse of a Supreme Saint with a heavy sword on its back.

The Supreme Saint corpse stood in the portal with flames burning in its eyes. A powerful aura emanated from its body. When it was alive, it must have been a peerless elite.

Mu Lingxi said fearlessly, "Zhang Ruochen, this isn't the Zuling Realm, the Celestial Domain of Truth, or Kunlun. There aren't so many rules binding me. I have many tricks up my sleeve!

"When this war corpse was alive, it was a Demon God Realm's Supreme Saint in the Paramount Realm. Even now, its battle strength isn't below that of a Thousand-Koan Realm Supreme Saint.

"With the power of the Dark Divinity Lotus, I'm afraid you're no match for it with your current cultivation."

"Is that so?" Zhang Ruochen's voice sounded behind Mu Lingxi.

Mu Lingxi's expression changed. Just as she was about to use the Dark Divinity Lotus to control the war corpse, Zhang Ruochen grabbed her white wrist and she lost consciousness.

"It hurts... It hurts... "

"Let go of me, Zhang Ruochen. Or I'll let my brother beat you to death."

Zhang Ruochen hit her so hard that Mu Lingxi's delicate body twitched in pain and tears began to flow from her eyes.

Looking at Mu Lingxi's face up close and the pain on her face, Zhang Ruochen forgot that she was Luo Sha. His heart softened and he withdrew the power in his hand.

*Swoosh*

Mu Lingxi turned into wisps of smoke and dispersed in front of Zhang Ruochen.

"Huh?"

Zhang Ruochen knew that he had fallen into her trap. He immediately released the Spatial Domain. He pressed his hands out at the same time and caught the wisps of smoke that had slipped away from him.

"Ugh!"

The smoke turned into a curvy body. It was tall and slender.

She was no longer Mu Lingxi. Instead, she was Luo Sha, the princess of Rakshasa. She was as beautiful as before, but she had a different temperament. She was seductive, noble, and charming at the same time.

Zhang Ruochen coincidentally grabbed Luo Sha's chest with both hands and almost pulled out her corset.

Luo Sha's body was half-slanted. She stared at Zhang Ruochen. She did not show anger or coldness. Instead, she looked pitiful. "Zhang Ruochen, why do you always bully me?" She cried, "In the Zuling Realm, you not only injured me but also took the Sundial.

"In the Celestial Domain of Truth, you had to expose my identity so that I couldn't continue entering the Fane of Truth to comprehend the Path of Truth.

"In Kunlun, you not only captured me but also took away the hilt of my divine sword.

"Think about it. When have I ever harmed you? You are an enemy. Once you put on your clothes, you turn against me mercilessly. I'm afraid you have already forgotten that we had a chance to cultivate both spiritual power and spiritual power together. However, I have always remembered it."

The more Zhang Ruochen listened, the more he frowned.

If a cultivator who did not know the truth heard her words, he would have thought that Zhang Ruochen was a heartless man who had abandoned her. Especially her Royal Brother. If he was beside her, he would probably kill Zhang Ruochen with his sword.

However, when Zhang Ruochen took off her Holy Cambric Robe, it was a complete accident.

Later, they cultivated both spiritual powers and were forced to do so.

Zhang Ruochen released his hands from her chest and turned around, he said, "Tell me immediately, where is Mu Lingxi? You should know how important she is to me. You're smart enough to know that I won't listen to you. However, if Mu Lingxi makes a mistake, I'll make you pay a painful price."

The tears in Luo Sha's eyes disappeared completely. She tidied up her clothes and touched her aching breasts with both hands. Anger flashed in her eyes.

She sat back on the saint beast's skin and she said, "I don't like your attitude. I'm angry and... I'm jealous! If you want to know where Mu Lingxi is, you'd better find a way to please me first."

Luo Sha knew very well that Zhang Ruochen did not dare to kill her.

Mu Lingxi was one of Zhang Ruochen's biggest weaknesses. She would have absolute control over him by grasping this. She had suffered in his hand many times. Now, it was about time for him to pay the price.

#### **Chapter 2244: The Antecedents and Aftermath**

The corpse of the Paramount Realm Supreme Saint walked out of the portal and stood beside Princess Luo Sha. The power that erupted from him was vigorous. Any living being below the level of a Supreme Saint would be scared to the point of kneeling.

"Pour me a cup of tea first," said Luo Sha while she ran her fingers through her hair. She was calm and elegant as if she had Zhang Ruochen in her pocket.

Zhang Ruochen stared at the boiling purple pot on the low couch. He walked over and picked it up with his bare hands.

*Splash*

He filled the cup.

Zhang Ruochen waved his finger and the purple cup moved across the low couch and appeared in front of Luo Sha.

Luo Sha pursed her lips and said unhappily, "Is this how you are trying to please me?"

"I never thought of trying to please you," Zhang Ruochen said.

"Then why should I tell you about Mu Lingxi? You should know that I never owe you an answer. If you are asking for help, you should act like it." said Luo Sha.

Zhang Ruochen stared into her eyes.

Luo Sha stared back at him.

"Well then, how may I serve you, Princess?" Zhang Ruochen asked.

Luo Sha was secretly happy when she saw Zhang Ruochen was compromising, but she pretended to be angry. She said, "This tea, it's too hot. How do you expect me to drink it?"

Zhang Ruochen picked up the teacup again, put it to his lips, and blew it gently.

Luo Sha finally showed a satisfied smile. She waved her hand and said, "Come here."

Zhang Ruochen had been restraining himself. He hesitated for a moment and walked to Luo Sha's side. He immediately smelled a charming fragrance. He said calmly, "Your Highness, please have some tea. I hope you can drink this cup and forget about our past grudges."

"Forget about it? Aren't you overthinking it? The Sundial, the hilt of the divine sword, and the Saint Ancient Tea Tree. Which one of them isn't a rare treasure that even God would be interested in? The debt you owe me isn't so easy to repay."

Luo Sha raised his snow-white chin and said arrogantly, "Feed Me."

Zhang Ruochen took a deep breath and didn't listen to her anymore. He stood straight and said, "Are you going to tell me her news or not?"

"Serve me happily first and I'll tell you naturally," said Luo Sha.

"I'm not your servant," said Zhang Ruochen.

Luo Sha shrugged and said indifferently, "If you can't stand it, you can leave. No one here will stop you."

Zhang Ruochen nodded and threw the teacup out. He then said, "Your Saint maidservant led me to the Arena of Life and Death and wanted to kill me. If it were in Kunlun, you would have died under my sword. I can still talk to you nicely because I think you won't use this method against me. So, I want to hear your explanation.

"If you can tell me the news about Mu Lingxi, I won't pursue this matter anymore. However, you've used this matter again and again to threaten me. If you want me to listen to you, don't blame me for not being polite to you."

Zhang Ruochen moved as fast as the wind and sealed Luo Sha's sea of Qi and spiritual power.

"Zhang Ruochen, what are you doing? This is Infernal Court and also the Divine Domain of Destiny. Gods and Supreme Saints are enforcing the law. If you dare to hurt me, you'll be severely punished."

Luo Sha could not control the Paramount Realm Supreme Saint war corpse. She was anxious. She realized that no matter how strong the external force was, she still could not fight back against a truly powerful person.

She had to break through to the Supreme Saint Realm as soon as possible.

"Don't worry. I won't kill you," said Zhang Ruochen.

Zhang Ruochen's right hand formed a claw and grabbed Luo Sha's shoulder. He exerted force with his fingertips and used a method to separate the tendons and bones.

"Uh... Zhang Ruochen... you... you are so cruel to me. You don't show any mercy to the fairer sex. Even if I die in your hands, I will never speak," said Luo Sha.

She gritted her teeth and looked sad. Tears of grievance and pain flowed from her eyes.

Zhang Ruochen could not stand the woman's tears. He withdrew his fingers from her shoulder. In the next moment, he tapped between her eyebrows. A strong spiritual power entered her body.

Luo Sha felt a strange change in her body. Even though she was sitting on the ground, her senses became heightened.

"What did you do to me?" Luo Sha asked in annoyance.

Zhang Ruochen said, "Didn't you say that I was too ruthless just now? I planned to use a gentle method to force you to speak. Just now, I used spiritual power to increase your body's perception by a hundred times. Especially your senses."

Zhang Ruochen grabbed Luo Qian's wrist as he spoke and dragged her delicate and beautiful hand in front of him.

*Slap*

He gently hit her palm.

An intense pain spread from Luo Sha's palm to her entire body. Her delicate body trembled slightly. It was even more painful than the claw marks that had separated her tendons and bones.

That time, Luo Sha cried out. "Zhang Ruochen, you've gone too far. You dare to treat me like this? Even if you beat me to death, you won't get an answer."

Zhang Ruochen hit Luo Sha's palm more than ten times.

Luo Sha gritted her teeth. Although tears were streaming down her face, she glared at him fiercely. She did not give in.

"Since you're so tolerant, I'll have to hit you harder," said Zhang Ruochen.

He picked Luo Sha up and placed her slender body on his knees.

“Supreme Saint Ruochen, please have some self-respect. Let go of the Princess,” said Han Ying.

She wanted to save Luo Sha, but Zhang Ruochen used the Power of Dimensions to stop her and she could not move.

“Zhang Ruochen, you bast\*rd. What are you doing? I can’t stand you.” Luo Sha lay on Zhang Ruochen’s legs. Her chest and sexy lower abdomen were pressed against his knees.

*Slap*

Zhang Ruochen pressed one hand on Luo Sha’s back and the other heavily hit Luo Sha’s perky buttocks.

The pain increased a hundredfold and Luo Sha cried out in pain.

“Are you going to tell me?” asked Zhang Ruochen.

“No, go ahead. Beat me to death if you can,” said Luo Sha.

*Slap*

Zhang Ruochen waved his hand again and hit Luo Sha.

He did not hit her hard, but Luo Sha cried and her body twitched.

Zhang Ruochen did not know how many times he hit her, but he gradually found that something was wrong with her scream. It was a painful thing, but her voice was soft and long.

He did not know how many times he hit her, but her slender waist suddenly twisted rapidly. Her soft belly rubbed against Zhang Ruochen’s knee heavily, and then her body shook violently. Her voice was trembling.

After a long time, she recovered. She buried her head and panted.

Zhang Ruochen knew what was going on. He was stunned for a moment and he could not hit her anymore.

Her senses were a hundred times heightened, and her pain was a hundred times intense. Did she just reach the peak of comfort in extreme pain?

Did she have a fetish on getting abused?’ Zhang Ruochen thought.

Luo Sha was red in the face. She was embarrassed and angry. She said in a low voice, “Let go of me. I’ll tell you everything, okay?”

Zhang Ruochen was embarrassed too. He withdrew his spiritual power and unsealed her body. He put her delicate body on the ground and said, “If you had told me earlier, you wouldn’t have suffered so much... pain.”

‘Was it even pain? Earlier, she seemed to enjoy it,’ he thought.

“Let me change my clothes first. I’ll talk to you later,” said Luo Sha.



Luo Sha was extremely shy. She did not dare to look Zhang Ruochen in the eye. She ran to the back of the screen as if she was running away. Perhaps it was because the pain had not subsided, but her walking posture was quite strange.

Zhang Ruochen felt strange. He sat alone by the low couch, poured a cup of tea, and drank it all in one gulp.

Han Ying stood aside and stared at him coldly.

No cultivator had ever dared to be so impudent and disrespectful to the princess.

If the princess had not sent a telepathic message and given the order to keep quiet, she would have reported this to the Divine Prince immediately. With the Divine Prince's cultivation and the power of the Tianluo, he could get rid of Zhang Ruochen.

After a long while, Luo Sha walked out with a noble and saintly look. She was wearing a light green Holy Cambric Robe, a divine crystal crown, and seven green-feathered hairpins in her hair. She was no longer in a sorry state.

She was not much shorter than Zhang Ruochen. In terms of temperament, few human women could compare with her.

Luo Sha sat across from Zhang Ruochen and seemed to have forgotten everything. She said, "I can tell you everything about Mu Lingxi, but you have to promise me one thing first."

"What is it?" Zhang Ruochen asked.

Luo Sha said, "I want to borrow the Sundial to cultivate for a hundred years."

Zhang Ruochen did not dare to lend the treasure to Luo Sha after the experience of the Xue Tu 'borrowing' the Seamless Purgatory Tower. He was about to refuse.

Luo Sha said again, "I just want to use the power of the Sundial to cultivate for a hundred years and breakthrough to the Supreme Saint Realm as soon as possible. I can provide you with the Godstones to use the Sundial."

"Okay, I promise you. If you want to enter the Sundial to cultivate before the Celestial-hunting Festival, you can come to Vastsea Manor and look for me at any time. I won't lend you the Sundial, but I can open it to you," Zhang Ruochen said.

Having achieved his goal, Luo Sha did not talk about conditions anymore after she had achieved her goal. She tapped the table lightly with her jade-like fingers.

Suddenly, Yao Li was escorted over. She knelt on the ground, kowtowing and crying, "Your Highness, it's all my fault. I deserve to die. Please spare my family and let them live."

Luo Sha did not even look at her. She just stared at Zhang Ruochen and said, "I found Mu Lingxi's Bracelet of Dimension outside Kunlun's Central Imperial City."

"Outside the Central Imperial City?" Zhang Ruochen asked.

Luo Sha said, "The exact location should be the area dyed red by your Saint blood. In Kunlun, that area has been called the Blood Plain of Fallen Dust. All cultivators thought you had died. Of course, the news that you're still alive may have already been sent back."

Zhang Ruochen had been looking into Luo Sha's eyes. He could tell that she was not lying.

Mu Lingxi must have heard the news of his death, so she rushed to the Central Imperial City.

'What had happened? Why had the Bracelet of Dimension been left on the ground?'

'At that time, outside the Central Imperial City was full of danger with the invasion of the Saint Realm Army of Infernal Court. Had something happened to her?' Zhang Ruochen thought.

Luo Sha saw the worry in Zhang Ruochen's eyes. She felt jealous. She said, "You don't have to be so sad. I think she's still alive."

"Why do you say that?" Zhang Ruochen asked.

Luo Sha said, "First of all, cultivators in Infernal Court are not that stupid. If they killed her or captured her, how could they not take away the most precious Bracelet of Dimension?"

"Second, I've checked the Bracelet of Dimension. It contains all of Mu Lingxi's items, including clothes, accessories, and even various sacred artifacts and sacred pills.

"In other words, she has put everything she has into it. What do you think this means?"

Zhang Ruochen looked distressed, worried that Mu Lingxi would do something stupid.

With Mu Lingxi's personality, she would do anything if she knew that Zhang Ruochen was dead. It was very likely that she would end her life if he died.

Luo Sha saw through Zhang Ruochen's thoughts. She chuckled and said, "If she died for love, she must be extremely sad. How could she have the mood to put all her belongings into the Bracelet of Dimension?"

"What do you mean?" Zhang Ruochen asked.

Zhang Ruochen felt that he was too stupid and had lost the ability to think.

Luo Sha said, "Mu Lingxi is a disciple of Moon Goddess. If she wants to die, she won't be able to hide it from Moon Goddess? In addition, Moon Goddess was one of the few gods who knew that you were still alive. Is it possible that the Moon Goddess told her the truth that you were still alive when she was begging for death?"

"What do you think she would do if she knew that you went to Infernal Court?"

Zhang Ruochen gradually calmed down, he thought to himself, 'If what Luo Sha predicted is true, Lingxi will come to Infernal Court. She put all the items into the Bracelet of Dimension to cut off everything from the past and leave no traces behind. I should have guessed that she was such a reckless woman.'

'But what kind of method and identity would she use to come to the Infernal Court?'

'It seems that I can only wait for her to find me.' Zhang Ruochen sighed deeply and thought to himself.

Luo Sha glanced at Yao Li with a cold light in her eyes. She said, "When I picked up the Bracelet of Dimension, this b\*tch happened to follow me and learned a lot of things."

"Why did she lead me to the Arena of Life and Death?" Zhang Ruochen asked.

Luo Sha said, "Before I talk about her, I have to talk about Warlord Mara First. Warlord Mara has always been courting me, but unfortunately, he's not my cup of tea. I don't like him at all and have never paid attention to him. Thus, Warlord Mara bribed Yao Li and she became his spy to watch my every move."

"She had stolen Mu Lingxi's Bracelet of Dimension and used it to sway Warlord Mara to kill you."

Zhang Ruochen finally understood the whole situation. As he had guessed, the person who wanted to kill him was not Luo Sha.

Luo Sha waved her hand and said faintly, "Off with her head and throw it into the River of Present."

*Pfft*

Yao Li was dragged to the edge of the deck of the saintship. She did not even have the chance to beg for mercy before her head was cut off by a Saint maidservant and fell into the river.

Her Saint blood and the water of the Blood River merged.

Although killing and private fights were prohibited in the Winterpagecity, Yao Li was only Luo Sha's maidservant. Naturally, Luo Sha could decide her fate.

Zhang Ruochen did not want to stay any longer after he found out what he wanted to know. He stood up and said, "Your Highness, sorry for offending you earlier. I'll take my leave."

Luo Sha thought of what had happened earlier and her face blushed. She said, "Why are you in such a hurry to leave? Can't you accompany me for a bit longer?"

"I'm going to the River Market District to buy some important things. I don't have time to play," Zhang Ruochen said.

Luo Sha's eyes lit up. "Then you have to sit down. My saintship is heading to the River Market District to attend the auction hosted by the Realm of Star Ocean. You'll be able to buy what you want there."

"Forget it. It's more convenient for me to go by myself," Zhang Ruochen said.

Luo Sha always mentioned 'the fated one' in front of Zhang Ruochen. Zhang Ruochen did not believe her at first, but after hearing so much from her, he started to doubt it.

The main reason was that their interactions were getting deeper and deeper. They could always bump into each other in the chaos. It was as if there was a thread of fate guiding them.

It was because Zhang Ruochen had concerns and that he did not want to get too close to Luo Sha. He was afraid that what she said would become true.

Luo Sha said, "Don't you want to know why it was my Royal Brother who showed up on the Arena of Life and Death and not the Thousand-Koan Realm Supreme Saint of the Dhisian? Don't you want to know

which powerful enemies want to kill you at this Celestial-hunting Festival? And which powerful cultivators can be your allies? Hehe, I know all these things.”

### **Chapter 2245: A Treacherous Storm**

The Celestial-hunting Festival was of great importance. Zhang Ruochen had to treat it seriously, so he stayed behind. Perhaps he could learn some important information from Luo Sha.

Only by knowing yourself and your enemy could you win every battle.

Zhang Ruochen was carelessly led to the Arena of Life and Death by Warlord Mara mainly because he knew too little about his enemies in Infernal Court.

Luo Sha seemed to be deliberately keeping him in suspense. She did not get down to business right away. Instead, she poured a cup of tea and pushed it toward Zhang Ruochen. She started to make conversation with him, “Although you took off my Holy Cambric Robe and became the one in the prophecy. But you belong to the Celestial Court and I belong to Infernal Court. Deep in my heart, I have never believed this prophecy.

“Until you followed True God Qingyin to Infernal Court, then I was finally convinced.”

Luo Sha gazed at the horizon and spread out her hands. She said with a devout expression, “Fate has already been written. Nothing can go wrong. Zhang Ruochen, do you believe in fate?”

She looked in the direction of the Fane of Destiny.

Zhang Ruochen recalled the scene he saw in the Destiny Pool. His handsome face became bitter and did not speak for a long time.

‘If fate has decided everything, what’s the point of us living? What’s the point of cultivating? What’s the point of war and killing?’ he thought.

Zhang Ruochen picked up the teacup and took a sip. It was fragrant. When it entered his stomach, a cool air current rushed to the top of his head, making his mind clear.

Luo Sha said, “I believe in fate. I believe that everything in the world is destined. Just like how we met and knew each other, there are too many coincidences and karma. If fate had not arranged everything, why would you come to the Infernal Court? How can we sit here and have tea together?”

“As for the meaning of life, no one can be certain of it. We only need to follow the arrangement of the God of Destiny and constantly become stronger. Naturally, we can understand the ultimate mysteries of the universe.”

Zhang Ruochen stared at Luo Sha. He thought to himself that there must be countless devotees like Luo Sha in Infernal Court. That was why the Fane of Destiny was so prosperous.

The power of faith was too terrifying. It was enough for the Fane of Destiny to surpass the center power of the ten clans and become the decision-maker of Infernal Court.

In Celestial Court, only the Fane of Truth, the Fane of Merit, and the Fane of Light had the chance to achieve such terrifying influence.

Among them, the Fane of Truth had the greatest chance. However, they did not publicize and promote their faith. Instead, they allowed cultivating the Path of Truth to the cultivators of all clans in the world according to the most reasonable method they thought. They even gave away the Canons of Truth.

If not for that, the cultivators of Truth would spread throughout the world.

The influence of the Fane of Truth would even surpass that of the Celestial Palace.

As for the Fane of Merit, it was dragged down by the endless Battle of Merits. It did not have any forces left to spread its faith.

The Fane of Light was also spreading its faith. However, only the major worlds in the sects of the Heavenly Realm were affected. Taoist Clan, Buddhist Sect, Confucianists, Demon gods, Demons, and Evilists... many orthodoxies were fighting back and would not allow the Fane of Light to expand.

Luo Sha smiled and said, "I can tell from your impatient look that you don't agree with my beliefs. I'm telling you about fate because I also want to tell you about the factions in the Infernal Court."

Zhang Ruochen looked interested and asked, "There are other factions besides the ten great clans?"

"The ten great clans have their center of power and rule independently. However, if the ten clans are completely independent and have no other power to restrain them, then the war between the ten clans will break out in an instant."

Luo Sha added, "The conflicts between the clans have been pent up for a long time. Fortunately, Celestial Court is a huge threat, so the ten clans in Infernal Court can maintain their outward friendliness and unity."

Zhang Ruochen had always thought that the ten clans of Infernal Court were a whole. He had never thought that there would be conflicts between the clans. Moreover, they had reached the point where they would start a war.

"Celestial Court and the myriad realms have been struggling to survive. How did they become a great threat to Infernal Court instead?" Zhang Ruochen asked.

Luo Sha said, "Zhang Ruochen, how many battles have you experienced since you first cultivated until now? How many enemies have you encountered? Do you know the saying, never underestimate your opponent, even if he is much weaker than you?"

"Celestial Court is Infernal Court's opponent, and it is not a weak opponent.

"If it was weak, it would have been destroyed long ago. How could it exist until now?"

Zhang Ruochen thought about it silently and digested what Luo Sha had just said.

Luo Sha stood up and looked at the scenery on both sides of the river. She asked, "Did you know that 100,000 years ago, Infernal Court was divided into War Hawk and Neutral?"

"There are even Neutrals?" Zhang Ruochen asked.

He had always thought Infernal Court's motto was destruction, war, and slaughter. Naturally, he was surprised.

Luo Sha nodded and said, "100,000 years ago, the War Hawk was led by the Fane of Darkness. The Nether Clan, Ghost, Bone Clan, Stone Clan, and Asura were all strong supporters. They were front liners in the earlier stages of the war. They were at a stalemate with the various worlds of the Celestial Court.

"The Neutral was led by the Fane of Destiny. They did not want to participate in the war nor did they stop it.

"It wasn't until the two of the Twelve Reverends of the Fane of Destiny, Life Reverend and Auspicious Reverend suddenly died. After that, Death Reverend and Ferocious Reverend took charge of the Fane.

"Not long after, the Fane of Destiny announced to the outside world that an all-out war was going to break out with Celestial Court and all living beings in the realm would be exterminated.

"You should know that the Immortal Vampires and the Rakshasa are also living beings. The order given by the Fane of Destiny made us feel a great crisis.

"If all the living beings in the realm were exterminated, how long would the Immortal Vampires and the Rakshasa survive?

"Just as the Immortal Vampires and the Rakshasa were hesitating, the Fane of Destiny made an announcement to the outside world again. It was Saint Monk Xumi and Lord Wentian of the Ten Tribulations of Kunlun who had crossed space-time and sneaked into the Fane of Destiny to kill Life Reverend and the Auspicious Reverend.

"It was also revealed that Kunlun had used the Power of Time to attract the Marks of Time of the entire galaxy. The River of Time had become extremely unstable. The strength of Kunlun was rising rapidly. It wanted to destroy Infernal Court and become the overlord of the universe. The ten clans of Infernal Court were on the verge of destruction.

"Forced into a corner, an all-out war broke out between Celestial Court World and Infernal Court. The Immortal Vampires and the Rakshasa had no choice but to participate in the war. Kunlun became the center of the Yuanhui tribulation-level war. You should know the outcome of Kunlun better than I do."

Zhang Ruochen did not expect that there would be such a secret behind the war. It could be said that the situation was treacherous.

Zhang Ruochen said, "How can you believe the one-sided story of the Fane of Destiny?"

"This matter is peculiar indeed. Quite a mystery as well. Life Reverend and Auspicious Reverend were both among the most powerful deities in the realm. No matter how powerful Saint Monk Xumi and Lord Wentian of the Ten Tribulations were, they couldn't kill them silently and they might not even be able to kill the two deities. But 100,000 years have passed. Everything has been set. Who would investigate what happened then?"

Luo Sha continued, "In fact, it's said that there was a Peacemonger in addition to the War Hawk and the Neutral."

"How is that possible? There's a Peacemonger in Infernal Court?"

Zhang Ruochen was stunned for a moment. Then he shook his head with a smile. He did not believe it at all.

Luo Sha said, "Actually, I don't believe it either. But since there's such a legend, it can't be groundless."

"Who's the Peacemonger?" Zhang Ruochen asked.

"The previous leader of the Yanluo clan."

Luo Sha continued, "Someone claimed that on the day of the great change in the Fane of Destiny, the leader of the Yanluo clan went into seclusion in the Abyss of Darkness. He hasn't come out since then."

"In Infernal Court, there are some conspiracy-like legends. Legend has it that the leader of the Yanluo clan was imprisoned by the gods of the Fane of Darkness and they sealed him in the depths of the Abyss of Darkness."

"There are also legends that he did not enter seclusion in the Abyss of Darkness but was killed by the new leader of the Yanluo clan."

"In short, in the eyes of the conspirators, all the gods who prevented Infernal Court from attacking Celestial Court 100,000 years ago died in internal strife. However, who can tell the truth? Just like the previous leader of the Yanluo clan, his cultivation was so high that he couldn't be imprisoned. How could he be imprisoned? Could he be killed just because he said so?"

"Although few cultivators would believe the words of the Peacemonger. However, the Yanluo clan really didn't care about the war with Celestial Court. Until now, they have been neutral. They put more power into the Abyss of Darkness. They've always wanted to push to the end of the Abyss of Darkness and find the last Yanluo clan leader."

Zhang Ruochen sighed and said, "Infernal Court isn't as simple as it seems. There are all kinds of hidden conflicts."

Luo Sha smiled and said, "The internal conflicts in Infernal Court aren't that simple. There are conflicts between the legitimate and illegitimate children, between living beings and dead souls, and countless conflicts between the clans."

"There is also the conflict between superiority and inferiority. The strength of Rakshasa, Immortal Vampires and Asura are no weaker than any clan in Infernal Court. How can they be called the lower three clans? The population of the Yanluo clan is less than one millionth of Asura. How can they become the Supreme Clan?"

"So, Zhang Ruochen, although you have countless enemies in Infernal Court, as long as you understand these conflicts, you can find your own allies."

"As the saying goes, the enemy of the enemy is a friend."

Zhang Ruochen felt that staying was the right choice after he heard what Luo Sha had said.

At this moment, a golden saintship spread its eight golden wings and broke through the blood-colored waves. It quickly caught up with Luo Sha's saintship.

The two ships were less than 30 meters apart.

At Zhang Ruochen's seat, he could clearly see the various decorations and figures on the opposite ship.

A Nine-Step Saint King Immortal Vampires with six blood wings on his back stood on the ship. He bowed and said, "Greetings, Princess Luo Sha. is the Supreme Saint Ruochen on your saintship?"

Luo Sha stared at Zhang Ruochen and said, "He's looking for you."

"I don't know him." Zhang Ruochen answered and shook his head. A look of confusion appeared in his eyes.

Han Ying took Luo Sha's place and sent a message to the other side. "The Supreme Saint Ruochen is indeed on the princess's ship. Who are you?"

"I am Yan Beijun of the Yellowsky Clan. My senior sister has admired Supreme Saint Ruochen for a long time. She wants to invite him on the ship for a chat," the Nine-Step Saint King of the Immortal Vampires said loudly.

Luo Sha smiled at Zhang Ruochen, "Hehe, Yan Beijun is quite famous below the Supreme Saint. His senior sister apprentice, Lady Wind, had only cultivated for more than 400 years. She was already a powerhouse at the completion of the Hundred-Shackle Realm. She was also one of the candidates for the three goddesses of the Fane of Destiny. Her identity, status, and talent were top-notch in Infernal Court. Very few cultivators can be invited by her. I didn't expect you to be so lucky to come to Infernal Court."

Zhang Ruochen stared at Han Ying and said, "Tell him that I want to accompany your princess and enjoy the beautiful scenery on both sides of the River of Present. I can't get away."

Although Luo Sha knew that Zhang Ruochen was just using her as a shield, she was inexplicably happy.

However, Luo Sha did not understand and said, "Lady Wind must be looking for you to be a supporter of her ascension. You should know that this Celestial-hunting Festival is likely to officially confer the title of a goddess.

"Lady Wind needs you, and you need her. She can be your important ally at the Celestial-hunting Festival. You should know this. Why did you choose to refuse?"

Zhang Ruochen played with the teacup in his hand and he said, "There are many powerhouses at the Celestial-hunting Festival. There are also a large number of powerhouses at the completion of the Hundred-Shackle Realm. I have just reached the Neverwilt Realm. My status is too little. I don't think Lady Wind will think much of me."

Luo Sha covered his mouth and smiled, she said, "I didn't expect the arrogant Zhang Ruochen to be so humble. However, what you said is the truth. As far as I know, Lady Wind values three supporters the most. Lord Bladehell of Qitian Clan, Yin Wei of the Fane of Destiny, and Mad Whitejade Lion of Stone clan. Each of them is a powerhouse at the completion of the Hundred-Shackle Realm.

"This time, there are forty-seven powerhouses at the completion of the Hundred-Shackle Realm participating in the Celestial-hunting Festival. All three of them can be ranked in the top twenty. Among the participants, Lord Bladehell is known as the number one powerhouse below the Thousand-Koan Realm of Immortal Vampires and he is ranked ninth.



“Of course, these are only superficial figures. There will also be some powerhouses that hide their cultivation. The number of powerhouses at the completion of the Hundred-Shackle Realm is definitely more than this number.”

Zhang Ruochen was surprised. “There’s a ranking? What’s Warlord Mara’s rank?”

“This ranking is compiled by the Realm of Star Ocean based on the participants’ past achievements and their own abilities. Moreover, Warlord Mara hasn’t reached the completion of the Hundred-Shackle Realm, so he’s not in the ranking.”

Zhang Ruochen asked, “Where is your Royal Brother?”

“My Royal Brother is in fourth place,” said Luo Sha.

Zhang Ruochen could not calm down.

Although Luo Shengtian did not show his real combat power on the Arena of Life and Death, Zhang Ruochen had an assessment in his mind.

If Luo Shengtian was only in fourth place, then the Celestial-hunting Festival would be more difficult than imagined.

Luo Sha said, “The top 10 powerhouses of the completion of the Hundred-Shackle Realm have all defeated or killed the Thousand-Koan Realm Supreme Saint. Yan Wushen was known as a genius that only appeared once in the Yuanhui period. However, before he reached the Hundred-Shackle Realm, he could only retreat when he encountered the top ten powerhouses. Yan Wushen hasn’t shown up. Maybe he’s in seclusion to breakthrough.”

Zhang Ruochen felt even more pressure in his heart. He had to condense the saintwill before the Celestial-hunting Festival.

He even had to try his best to break through to the Hundred-Shackle Realm.

After Han Ying passed the message on behalf of Zhang Ruochen, the eight-winged saintship still sailed not far away.

The two ships entered the River Market District almost side by side.

#### **Chapter 2246: The Realm of Star Ocean**

“Do you know why all the forces in Infernal Court place so much importance on the Celestial-hunting Festival? To gain something from the festival, they even summoned the elites on the battlefield?” Luo Sha asked with a smile.

Zhang Ruochen did think that the importance of the Celestial-hunting Festival was extraordinary. Even the gods had come out to make arrangements.

This festival seemed to be more important than a Battle of Merits.

However, although the Ampliofruit and Altofruit in the banquet were rare, they were limited in number and did not have much significance.

Even if one was the first place among the ten clans and obtained thirty percent of the Canons of Destiny and the Destiny Tokens, it was still far from reaching the level of the strategic significance of a clan.

Zhang Ruochen had some guesses, but he had not personally asked Supreme Saint Qingsheng and Blood Empress to confirm his guess.

Now that Luo Sha had asked, he pretended not to know and shook his head gently.

Luo Sha said, "As the leader of the Bloodysky Clan, you don't even know this. However, it is also within my expectations that you are unwilling to be the leader. In addition, you would also not waste your energy to understand the deeper meaning behind the Celestial-hunting Festival."

Just as Luo Sha said, Zhang Ruochen was in a passive state on whether to attend the Celestial-hunting Festival or to become the leader.

He accepted the arrangement passively.

Zhang Ruochen would not have attended the Celestial-hunting Festival at all if he had not been forced by Infernal Court's rising forces and also he knew about Sword Saint Xuanji's scheme.

Until now, he still felt conflicted. He even rejected the Celestial-hunting Festival. He did not have the mentality of fighting for supremacy at the festival.

After all, he had to kill the captives from all the realms in Celestial Court.

Luo Sha said, "Infernal Court is too vast. The ten clans are independent, and they defend against the other nine clans. Everyone is always hiding. Even the gods find it difficult to accurately analyze the true strength of the ten clans."

"Holding the Celestial-hunting Festival once every thousand years is an opportunity for the gods to understand the strength and development of each clan. The rewards at the festival are the least important things."

Zhang Ruochen asked, "If you want to understand the strength of each clan, why do you choose cultivators under a thousand years old?"

Luo Sha said, "Because cultivators under a thousand years old are the most representative. You can see the future development of the clan through them.

"Just like you, when the gods heard about a genius like you at the Celestial-hunting Festival, they could roughly predict whether you have the chance to become a god.

"What are the chances of you becoming a god?"

"How long will it take for you to become a god?"

"What are your potentials in the future?"

“Is there any way to increase your chance of becoming a god? How to polish you? How to guard against you?”

Zhang Ruochen smiled. “If we want to know the wealth of the ten clans through this method, then the reward must be attractive enough for all the gods of the clans to fight for it. Only in this way can the Celestial-hunting Festival be meaningful. Otherwise, the clans will still keep their secret hidden.”

Luo Sha nodded and said, “That’s right! So, behind the Celestial-hunting Festival, there is a huge division of interests.”

“Division of interests?” Zhang Ruochen asked.

Luo Sha said, “I don’t know the specifics. Only gods can come into contact with it. I only know that the Celestial-hunting Festival may involve the distribution of resources among the clans, as well as the status of the big forces in the clans.

“Of course, the status is also closely related to the distribution of resources. The higher the status, the more resources will be distributed.

“The strong become stronger and the weak become weaker.

“For example, your Bloodysky Clan is ranked last among the Immortal Vampires, and the clan’s world ranking is at the bottom. The concentration of the blood-red aura in the world is the worst among the top ten clans.

“However, if you lead the Bloodysky Clan and get a good ranking at the Celestial-hunting Festival, it will be a great help to the clan’s ranking even if you couldn’t get first place.”

Zhang Ruochen said, “If I can help Bloodysky Clan to get a first place among the ten clans at the Celestial-hunting Festival, will Bloodysky Clan be able to get first place?”

Luo Sha shook her head and said, “Of course not. The ranking and resource distribution of the ten great clans need to refer to many things. The Celestial-hunting Festival only takes a certain proportion.

“If you can lead the Bloodysky Clan to become the number one among the Immortal Vampires, you might have a chance to rank number ninth, eighth or seventh. Even though the Bloodysky Clan can’t rank number one among the ten great tribes and enjoy the most resources.

“The key to what rank we could reach is to see if your clan’s master has made sufficient arrangements in other aspects. For example, the achievements of the Battlefield of Merits, the number of new gods ascended, the number of newborn Supreme Saints, the development of barren territory, and so on.”

Zhang Ruochen had a sudden realization. He said, “I understand! The distribution of resources and the internal ranking of each clan need to be evaluated in many aspects. The Celestial-hunting Festival takes up a large proportion.”

“Exactly,” Luo Sha said.

Zhang Ruochen said, “Then, how did the ranking of the ten clans in Infernal Court come about? Why are they divided into the Supreme clan, upper three clans, middle three clans, and lower three clans?”

"I'm not sure how to answer that. However, the hierarchy of the ten clans had not changed since ancient times. Perhaps only the gods knew the reason. However, the distribution of resources in Infernal Court had always been given to those who were capable. It had nothing to do with the hierarchy. Moreover, the so-called hierarchy has never been taken seriously by the lower three clans," said Luo Sha.

Zhang Ruochen thought, 'It was reasonable for Infernal Court to let the Celestial-hunting Festival decide the distribution of benefits.'

In a thousand years, the more geniuses and elites nurtured by a clan, the more resources they would receive. In the end, the nurtured geniuses and elites would benefit themselves.

"In this thousand years, only the Xue Jue Family has added two new gods. This is already a huge bargaining chip for the Bloodysky Clan. If we get another good result at the Celestial-hunting Festival, the ranking of the Bloodysky Clan will rise."

At that moment, Zhang Ruochen finally understood how much Wargod Bloodximus had bet on him.

It was a huge gamble.

He was betting on the future of the entire Bloodysky Clan for the next thousand years.

Luo Sha changed the topic and said, "It's a pity that the Bloodysky Clan won't be able to get a good result at the Celestial-hunting Festival. Who knows, they might be thrown into the mud and be trampled on."

Zhang Ruochen smiled noncommittally and said, "Bloodysky Clan might not be outstanding, but they won't be at the bottom of the Immortal Vampires even without me."

Luo Sha said, "Lord Xia Yu, Supreme Saint Yi Xuan, and Gu Chenzi are first-class Supreme Saints. With them, the strength of the Bloodysky Clan is enough to rank sixth or seventh among the top ten Immortal Vampires. However, the Bloodysky Clan is at the bottom because of you."

Zhang Ruochen understood what she meant. He said seriously, "Are my enemies in Infernal Court that strong?"

"Not only strong, but many," Luo Sha said.

Zhang Ruochen already understood the importance of the Celestial-hunting Festival. Naturally, he paid more attention to it. He said, "Your Highness, you are a brilliant princess. You must have analyzed it thoroughly. Can you tell me what kind of enemies they are?"

"On the list of the completion of the Hundred-Shackle Realm, there are at least three people in the top ten. They will do anything to kill you. There are also many elites at the pinnacle of the Hundred-Shackle Realm who want to teach you a lesson or suppress the Bloodysky Clan. With your current cultivation, it's almost impossible for you to make a difference at the Celestial-hunting Festival."

Luo Sha continued, "What you should be thinking about now is how to save yourself at the Celestial-hunting Festival. This is already a big challenge for you."

"You should give your promise to Lady Wind.

“If you ally with her, your chances of staying alive at the Celestial-hunting Festival will greatly increase.”

Zhang Ruochen was silent for a long time. He asked, “Do you think I’m that easy to kill? The three completed the Hundred-Shackle Realm in the top ten, what kind of monsters are they?”

“Pink Skull in eighth place, Wu Jiang in fifth place, and Lan Ying in second place,” said Luo Sha.

She continued, “Pink Skull from the Bone Clan. Rumor has it that she is immortal. She was once killed three times by a Paramount Realm Supreme Saint and came back to life three times. It can be said that she is the strangest of all those cultivators in the completion of the Hundred-Shackle Realm.

“You have offended the Bone Clan too often on the Battlefield of Merits. Pink Skull has announced that she will cut off your flesh and turn you into a white skeleton during the Celestial-hunting Festival.

“Wu Jiang is also known as Myriad Hands Taoist, or Myriad Hands Wu Jiang. He is the disciple of the most ancient god in the Fane of Darkness and also the youngest Uncle-Master of Son of Darkness. Although he is only a Hundred-Shackle Realm Supreme Saint, his seniority is higher than many gods.

“Of course, the most terrifying one is Lan Ying. Even my Royal Brother is extremely solemn when he is mentioned, treating him as a great enemy. He comes from the Asura’s Fane of Barasingha and is known as the Divine Fetus.

“If you meet any of them, you must immediately run for your life. Once you are close to them, you may not be able to escape. Even if you are a Master of Time and Space.

“The three of them are only the strongest and the three who want to kill you the most. You have more enemies than you thought.

“Within the Immortal Vampires, the clans that have a competitive relationship with the Bloodysky Clan are the enemies among the enemies.”

Zhang Ruochen touched his chin and said, “As far as I know, you can’t kill each other during the Celestial-hunting Festival.”

Luo Sha giggled and asked, “Why? Are you afraid?”

“I’m not afraid. No matter how strong they are, it’s not easy for them to kill me. But, will the gods let them do as they like? My grandfather has a very bad temper. What if he turns the Celestial-hunting Festival upside down?” Zhang Ruochen said.

Luo Sha said, “Zhang Ruochen, I’ve said so much. Yet you still don’t get it. In the eyes of the gods, you are different from the other guests at the Celestial-hunting Festival.

“Do you know why the Thousand-Koan Realm elites of Dhisán didn’t come to the Arena of Life and Death to deal with you?”

“Why didn’t the gods of the Bloodysky Clan oppose you becoming the leader?”

“Why did you have to go to the Celestial-hunting Festival instead of other cultivators?”

“Haven’t you thought about the deeper reason?”

Luo Sha sighed and mumbled to herself, "Those who have the heart to become gods will never give up. However, many of the Supreme Saints in Infernal Court have a smooth path of cultivation!"

This seemingly insignificant sigh shocked Zhang Ruochen. He understood many things in an instant.

"Do you want me to show you a clear path? Maybe I can help you to go against the trend and get a good ranking at the Celestial-hunting Festival," Luo Sha said and smiled charmingly. Her beautiful eyes rippled like a vixen who could charm all living things.

Zhang Ruochen thought carefully and said, "I will pass! If I'm serious, how can a mere Celestial-hunting Festival stop me?"

"Tsk, arrogant fool. I'll wait to see you suffer." Luo Sha pursed her red lips and snorted.

Although she said it with disdain, seeing Zhang Ruochen's serious and confident look, she could not help but think of his heroic appearance on the Battlefield of Merits. Where he fought the entire army of the Infernal Court alone, and her heart suddenly jumped.

A man should stand tall. Even if there were 10,000 enemies in front of him, he would face them head-on.

He was not afraid.

"Your Highness, we have arrived at the gate to the Realm of Star Ocean," Han Ying reported.

The channel of the blood riverfront was opened, and it was like a long river entering a flat lake.

An arch bridge made of light-spot connected the east and west banks, spanning 800 meters. Each light-spot was a bird shining with starlight.

Luo Sha pointed to the light dot arch bridge as if he was testing Zhang Ruochen. She asked, "Do you know what it is?"

Zhang Ruochen looked up, he said, "Galactic Starrow! It was said that one Starrow could hold up an independent space. The Realm of Star Ocean is so well-to-do to raise so many of them. There must be a unique world behind this gate."

Luo Sha said, "The Realm of Star Ocean is the biggest business empire in Infernal Court. It's so powerful that it has the title of the 11th Clan in the Infernal Court. Your Immortal Vampires' biggest saint shop, the Ancient Saint Pavilion, can't even reach one-tenth of the size of the Realm of Star Ocean."

"Why is the Realm of Star Ocean called the 11th Clan in the Infernal Court?" Zhang Ruochen asked.

Luo Sha said, "Because the center of power of any one of the ten clans of Infernal Court can not control the Realm of Star Ocean. Under the banner of the Realm of Star Ocean, there are a large number of planets, primitive worlds, secret realms of the universe... the territory is extremely vast."

"Who exactly is behind the Realm of Star Ocean?" Zhang Ruochen asked, his curiosity greatly increased.

Luo Sha smiled mysteriously. "To be able to open up an independent world space in the Divine Domain of Destiny and to build the headquarters here. Who do you think is behind the Realm of Star Ocean?"

“The Fane of Destiny has good methods.”

Zhang Ruochen praised it. Then he was a little surprised and asked. “Is this the headquarters of the Realm of Star Ocean?”

“So many questions. Why don’t we just go in and take a look?” Luo Sha said.

*Whoosh*

The 300-meter-long saintship continued to sail forward. When it passed through the arch bridge held up by the Galactic Starrow, it seemed to have hit a water curtain.. The water curtain kept swallowing the ship, and eventually, it disappeared on the river of blood.

### **Chapter 2247: Supreme Saint Sanjin**

After passing through the Realm of Star Ocean’s gate, the scene in front of him changed drastically.

The blood-red river below became clear and bright while the surface of the water became wider. At first glance, it looked like a boundless lake or ocean. The edges were nowhere to be seen. Up in the sky, there were dozens of Planet of Life and the planets were not huge. They were less than 1,500 kilometers in diameter.

There were all kinds of buildings on the planet. It includes Saint boats, Savage Beasts, and cultivators flying in and out of the atmospheric layer at all times. Everything appeared to be extremely busy, yet orderly.

Zhang Ruochen stood up and looked around, “The heavenly and earthly precepts here are completely different. They have caused extreme oppression to the cultivators.”

Luo Sha laughed, “This is the Realm of Star Ocean’s headquarters. Of course, it changes the heavenly and earthly precepts and suppresses the cultivators’ power. Otherwise, won’t this place be easily destroyed when a Supreme Saint suddenly goes mad?”

Zhang Ruochen nodded lightly. A Supreme Saint’s destructive power was too strong. One punch could probably destroy one Planet of Life in the sky.

But now, even with Zhang Ruochen’s battle strength, one mighty punch would not be able to destroy a mountain on those Planets of Life.

The Saint boats left the water and flew towards one of the planets in the sky.

As soon as it passed through the atmospheric layer, a Supreme Saint from the Planet of Life came to welcome it.

It was not the Supreme Saint himself, but a spiritual avatar.

Of course, with Luo Sha’s Saint Kingdom cultivation level, being capable of alarming a Supreme Saint was enough to tell of her extraordinary status in the Infernal Court.

“Is Your Highness Luo Sha here to participate in the auction? Or do you wish to purchase items on your own?” asked Supreme Saint Sanjin.

The other party was, after all, a Supreme Saint. Therefore, Luo Sha’s attitude was rather humble, “I want to buy treasures that can help me comprehend the Path of Dimension and condense a precious Neverwithr Physique. I want the best of the best. The royal family of Devala has an incalculable amount of it, so don’t waste your time.”

“Don’t worry. The treasures that can be sent to the Realm of Star Ocean’s headquarters are definitely the best,” answered Supreme Saint Sanjin with a smile.

For a very long time, Luo Sha had the ability to break through Supreme Saints. However, with her willpower and talent, she was naturally unwilling to become an ordinary Supreme Saint. Even if she could not reach the completion like Yan Wushen and Zhang Ruochen in Saint Kingdom, she still had to become one of the best.

And the fact is that she had that kind of talent.

Even when she was at Saint-level, she could defeat the genius ranked 12th place on the Saint Merit List of the Celestial Court.

In addition to her identity as the Master of Space, she had enough confidence to become the most powerful one at the Saint King level.

After finishing his discussion with Supreme Saint Sanjin, Luo Sha looked at Zhang Ruochen and said, “Let me introduce you. This is Supreme Saint Ruochen, the grandson of the Bloodsky clan’s leader and the Immortal Vampires. His mother is also a god.”

Supreme Saint Sanjin was moved. He quickly stepped forward and cupped his hands on the chest, “Although I work in the headquarters of the Realm of Star Ocean, how could I not know of the great Supreme Saint Ruochen? I didn’t expect to have this fate to meet you in person today.

“There are too many things going on at the headquarters. I have to split my time into small pockets to deal with them. Please forgive me for not being able to welcome you in person.”

Supreme Saint Sanjin was more cautious with Zhang Ruochen’s attitude than Luo Sha’s.

No matter how noble Luo Sha’s identity was, she was still a Saint King. On the other hand, Zhang Ruochen was a Supreme Saint, and a practical Supreme Saint at that. He had already made a name for himself.

A Supreme Saint like Supreme Saint Sanjin, who rarely participated in life-and-death killings, would die even if his level was higher than Zhang Ruochen’s.

“This is Supreme Saint Sanjin, one of the many merchants in the Realm of Star Ocean. He holds a high position in the headquarters.” Luo Sha introduced him to Zhang Ruochen.

Zhang Ruochen wasn’t arrogant. He said calmly, “Greetings, Supreme Saint Sanjin. I came to the Realm of Star Ocean to buy something.”



Supreme Saint Sanjin laughed. "It's my pleasure to have someone as great as you come all the way to the Realm of Star Ocean. It looks like I'll have a big business deal."

"This isn't a good place to talk. Please follow me."

Under the Supreme Saint Sanjin's lead, Zhang Ruochen, Luo Sha, Han Ying, and the two Saint maidservants came to a shining lake and sat beside a jade stone.

The other Saint maidservants took their Saint boats and moored to a port on the planet.

A maidservant immediately brought over a drink from the holy spring and a ten-thousand-year-old treasure, a medicine known as the Emerald Fruit.

Zhang Ruochen's eyelids twitched slightly. He spoke to Luo Sha, "The Realm of Star Ocean is indeed extraordinary. Saint-level creatures is served as a casual snack here, and those are rare treasures that can only be sought after."

Luo Sha rolled his eyes, "This lake is where the Realm of Star Ocean serves distinguished guests. Only Scion and their grandsons, or Supreme Saints can enter. If the snacks are not presentable enough, how can they eat them with reverence?"

Zhang Ruochen released his spiritual power to sense. Indeed, he found many powerful auras surrounding all corners of the lake.

Because it was a place to serve distinguished guests, the space where the lake was placed had been engraved with a huge amount of Divine Marks. It prohibited the spiritual powers from exploring. Therefore, Zhang Ruochen could not identify their identities and cultivation levels.

Luo Sha sensed the fluctuation of Zhang Ruochen's spiritual power and quickly stopped it, he said, "There's still about four hours left until the auction begins. So, many distinguished guests are resting here. Not only elites attending the Celestial-Hunting Festival will be present, but also Paramount Realm's Supreme Saints, Semigods, and Gods. Using spiritual power here to explore is considered as a disrespectful act and could easily cause unnecessary trouble."

Zhang Ruochen quickly withdrew his spiritual power and asked in surprise, "Will there really be Gods coming?"

"What's so strange about that? The auction in the Realm of Star Ocean is held once a month. There will be a lot of rare treasures in each session. Some of the gods will be tempted to get them."

Then Luo Sha whispered mysteriously, "Rumour has it that today's auction will include the corpse of a God who has just died. There must be a lot of powerful individuals coming to fight for it."

"Another God died?"

Zhang Ruochen didn't care about the God's corpse, but more about the God's death.

After all, there were only three scenarios that could make a God die.

First, dying in the Yuanhui Tribulation.

Second, an accidental death in battle.

Third, one felt that there was not much time left and chose to die in meditation. Or one would choose to sleep forever and die in his sleep to ensure the integrity of his godly body.

Out of all the cases, more than half of the Gods who died in the Yuanhui Tribulation were destroyed in both body and spirit. It was difficult for them to leave a complete godly figure.

Many of the Gods who had died in the tribulation had also been obliterated into ashes or dissipated into nothingness. It was extremely rare for Gods to leave their corpses behind.

In the third scenario, there were relatively more corpses that had been preserved.

However, since gods chose to sit down or sleep to death, they would usually choose a very secret place or have a younger generation guarding them. After they died, they could hardly be brought out for sale.

Therefore, when Zhang Ruochen learned that a god's corpse was involved at the auction, the first thing that came to mind was that a god from the Celestial Court had fallen.

Luo Sha said, "I don't know the origin of the God's corpse yet. Anyway, my royal brother will represent Devala to participate in the auction for the God's corpse. He has mobilized a lot of Godstones for it. If it was just the body of a false god or a half-damaged God's corpse, he wouldn't have made such a big move."

A God corpse was divided into three, six, and nine levels. And their values would have a vast difference.

If the God was one who had just been killed, the corpse would still be kept intact. Therefore, its value would be very high. It could even be equivalent to a divine treasure and of great strategic significance.

Just like the case when Empress Chi Yao had killed Jueshen of Asura. Kunlun's strength had soared in a short period of time with the Divine Blood, Divine Bone, Divine Soul and other God-level treasures contained in Jueshen's corpse,

It increased the overall strength of a realm.

If the God's corpse auctioned in the Realm of Star Ocean reached the same level as Jueshen's corpse, then all the forces of Infernal Court's ten clans would fight for it at all costs.

Supreme Saint Sanjin appeared in person. He personally rushed over and asked Zhang Ruochen what he needed to buy.

Zhang Ruochen thought carefully and asked, "Does the Realm of Star Ocean own a stellar core?"

Supreme Saint Sanjin answered back with another question, "What level of stellar core do you have in mind?"

Zhang Ruochen's knowledge about stellar cores was limited, so he asked, "What are the levels of a stellar core?"

"In Infernal Court, planets are divided into nine levels, from level one to level nine. Naturally, stellar cores are divided into nine levels too.

“Level one stellar cores are the cheapest. One could buy them with tens of millions of saint stones. In the Realm of Star Ocean headquarters, the highest existing level belongs to three pieces of level six stellar cores. They are all sky-high prices,” explained Supreme Saint Sanjin.

Zhang Ruochen was interested in buying stellar cores to refine them into the Violet Gourd and increase its suction power.

However, how much or what levels of stellar cores were within the Violet Gourd’s capability was still unknown.

“Are you planning to buy Violet Gourd for the purpose of refining weapons?” asked Luo Sha out of curiosity.

Zhang Ruochen nodded and said to Supreme Saint Sanjin, “How many Saint Stones for a level six stellar core?”

‘This is indeed a big business.’

This thought flashed across Supreme Saint Sanjin’s mind. The corner of his lips lifted as he said, “A level six stellar core can’t be traded with Saint Stones. It has to be bought with Godstones. It costs around 50 to 200 Godstones. The weight and attributes of a stellar core is different, so there is a huge difference in its price.”

Even with Luo Sha’s status and knowledge, he was still shocked by the answer. He said, “Isn’t it too expensive for just a stellar core? A level one Regal Artifact can’t even be sold at this price.”

Supreme Saint Sanjin replied, “A level six stellar core needs at least a Thousand-Koan Realm Supreme Saint to refine it from a level six planet. It takes a lot of time, so the price is naturally high.”

Zhang Ruochen said, “I will definitely buy the stellar core, but I don’t have that many Godstones at the moment. How about this? I’ll send a batch of Regal Artifact to the Realm of Star Ocean for auction. But I’m not sure if I can make it in time for the auction.”

“Of course, you’ll be in time, but...”

Supreme Saint Sanjin was stunned. He couldn’t believe what he had just heard, so he asked, “Do you really have a batch of Regal Artifact?”

Even by putting together most of the Neverwilt Realm’s Supreme Saints, they only owned one Regal Artifact in total.

How could Supreme Saint Sanjin not be shocked when Zhang Ruochen could casually take out a batch of it?

“I just received this batch of Regal Artifact. I can sell them to fulfil this urgent need.”

As he was speaking, Zhang Ruochen took out eight Regal Artifacts, including the Parashu. All of them were taken from six Supreme Saints of the Mara Family.

Seeing this, the two Saint maidservants and Han Ying who were standing behind Luo Sha were stunned.

If six of those Supreme Saints from the Mara Family knew that Zhang Ruochen was going to auction off their most powerful weapon, they would definitely be furious. The value of these Regal Artifacts were even more expensive than their Supreme Saint's blood.

After all, a Supreme Saint's blood was only sold once.

"Level two Regal Artifact, Parashu? Isn't this Warlord Mara's weapon?" Supreme Saint Sanjin said in surprise.

Obviously, he didn't know what had happened at the Arena of Life and Death.

Zhang Ruochen nodded, "Don't worry, Supreme Saint Sanjin. All six of the Supreme Saints from the Mara Family lost to me in a fair and just manner. Countless cultivators witnessed it. Every single one of them was brought back transparently."

At the Arena of Life and Death, Zhang Ruochen had the right to kill six Supreme Saints from the Mara Family. Naturally, he also had the right to decide what to do with their weapons.

Even Luo Sha rolled his eyes when he heard Zhang Ruochen's words.

When this batch of Regal Artifact went up for auction, the humiliation he caused upon Mara Family's six Supreme Saints would spread further. It would be strange if they did not come and fight with Zhang Ruochen.

However, Zhang Ruochen was a ruthless bastard. He had almost sucked out all the blood of those six Supreme Saints. It would be difficult for them to recover back to their peak combat strength in a short time.

Even if their internal organs were about to explode, they could only endure it.

Zhang Ruochen had seized hundreds of Regal Artifact. Yet, he did not feel any emotion when he put up a batch for auction. Instead, he was thinking whether he could get enough Godstone after selling those items.

After all, he did not only intend to buy stellar cores, but also treasures that cultivate the Saintwill as well as treasures that help the Ancient Abyssal Blade practice. Moreover, he also intended to buy a batch of top-level talismans and arrays.

There were so many enemies. If he could not win, at least he could crush them to death with talismans and arrays.

Sometimes, money could really kill people.

But would the Celestial-Hunting Festival allow the use of talismans and arrays at a large-scale?

If it was allowed, then this battle would be about money. It would depend on the one who had more wealth.

No matter what, there was no harm in preparing more Godstone. If possible, Zhang Ruochen even wanted to buy the God's corpse and feed it to the God-eater Bug. Then, he wanted to nurture them into a God-eater General that could sweep through everything alone.

After these thoughts flashed through his mind, Zhang Ruochen took out a treasure from the bottom of the box.

“This divine ancient artifact, a level seven Regal Artifact should also be auctioned!”

Zhang Ruochen took out the Wheel of the Nether Sun and handed it to Supreme Saint Sanjin.

“Level seven Regal Artifact?”

Supreme Saint Sanjin was shocked. Both of his hands trembled and he almost dropped the Wheel of the Nether Sun to the ground.

This was too ridiculous. Who would sell a Level seven Regal Artifact?

On top of it, that was a divine ancient artifact.

One had to know that more than half of the Supreme Saints from Paramount Realm who managed the army did not even reach level seven. Even for an ancient clan like the Xue Jue Family, a level seven Regal Artifact could be considered as a family treasure. It could not be leaked to the outside world.

Did Wargod Bloodximus know that his grandson was such a spendthrift?

Luo Sha suddenly stood up, grabbed one corner of the Wheel of the Nether Sun and said, “Zhang Ruochen, we have such a deep relationship. Why don’t you sell it to me? I’ll pay you one hundred thousand Godstones.”

Supreme Saint Sanjin was indeed worthy of being the Realm of Star Ocean’s merchant. He held the Wheel of the Nether Sun tightly in his hands to prevent Luo Sha from taking it away. He said, “Just now, I’ve done a preliminary investigation. This level seven Regal Artifact is a weapon used by Nether Clan’s former God, Nether Lord Lingyang. It’s only one step away from being a Supreme Artifact. Its value is much higher than one hundred thousand Godstones.”

“Two hundred thousand Godstones, it’s a deal!”

Luo Sha stared at Zhang Ruochen and said telepathically, “It’s better to sell it to me instead of any random outsider.”

Supreme Saint Sanjin shook his head and said, “If we put the Wheel of the Nether Sun in the Realm of Star Ocean’s auction, it will definitely attract the attention of the top Supreme Saints from the Nether Clan. The price is much higher than what you’re proposing now.”

Zhang Ruochen found it hard to understand. Wasn’t it just the Wheel of the Nether Sun? A Divine Kingdom’s princess, and a merchant, both of them were of high statuses. Was there a need to fight this hard?

In Zhang Ruochen’s hands, the Wheel of the Nether Sun was really a dispensable thing to him. It couldn’t even compare to the skeletal whip, which was an actual Supreme Artifact.

Supreme Saint Sanjin had a different thought in his head, ‘No wonder all the big forces in the Infernal Court wanted to kill Zhang Ruochen. How many treasures did this guy steal from the Infernal Court? Killing him would be a lot more profitable than killing a god.’

This time, Supreme Saint Sanjin had wronged Zhang Ruochen.

The Wheel of the Nether Sun was taken from the Blackdemon Realm's Mosheng.. It wasn't taken from any of the Infernal Court's cultivators.

### **Chapter 2248: At Daggers Drawn**

In the end, Zhang Ruochen still chose to hand over the Wheel of the Nether Sun to Supreme Saint Sanjin to be placed up for auction Realm of Star Ocean.

Apart from that, he asked about the great treasure that could help to condense Saintwill. It was called the Lotus of Divine Reflection. The older Lotus of Divine Reflection was, the more effective it was in condensing the Saintwill.

The Lotus of Divine Reflection was born within the void of the universe without any roots or leaves. It was a lotus formed from the surrounding power of the Origin.

The Saintwill of a Supreme Saint was a manifestation of Path of Origin.

Zhang Ruochen was a little surprised to find out that the Lotus of Divine Reflection could do such wonders.

Luo Sha was very angry that Zhang Ruochen had not sold the Wheel of the Nether Sun to her. Nevertheless, when she saw Zhang Ruochen's surprised look, she immediately laughed. "You didn't expect it, did you? The treasure you're looking for happens to be the Lotus of Divine Reflection. Do you regret not bringing your confidante, the Fairy of a Hundred Flowers, to the Infernal Court?"

The true form of the Fairy of a Hundred Flowers was a Lotus of Divine Reflection that had been born in ancient times. Its effect in cultivating a Saintwill was self-evident.

Supreme Saint Sanjin said, "The Fairy of a Hundred Flowers under the Mandala Goddess in the Qianrui Realm is the oldest known Lotus of Divine Reflection in the known universe."

"With her help, it won't be difficult for a Supreme Saint like you to cultivate Saintwill Grade Five and above. With her, even the deities could find it easier to comprehend the Canons of cultivation paths."

Zhang Ruochen's face darkened. He muttered to himself, "Since the Lotus of Divine Reflection was born from the power of the Origin of Heaven and Earth, it should be very sensitive to the Path of Origin. Why have I never seen her use the power of origin?"

"What?"

Luo Sha was shocked. She fluttered her eyes in confusion and said, "Don't you know that the Lotus of Divine Reflection is a natural Master of the Origin?" She could not help but chuckle. "And here I thought that you and the Fairy of a Hundred Flowers were very close. Or is it that she kept the fact that she is a master of the Origin as a secret?" Luo Sha continued after a pause, "My dear Ruochen, now only you realize how hard it is to figure out a woman, right?"

"Everyone has their secrets. What's so strange about that?"

Although Zhang Ruochen said so, he was still slightly unhappy.

After all, he regarded the Fairy of a Hundred Flowers as his best friend and confidante. He even gave her a Heart of the Divine Tree to help her build insights on the Path of Life.

‘Perhaps she has reasons that she could not tell me.’

Luo Sha said, “I’m worried about you. Not only do you attract women, you aren’t even aware when they are using you.”

Zhang Ruochen did not argue with her. He asked Supreme Saint Sanjin, “What are the grades of the other Lotus of Divine Reflection in Realm of Star Ocean?”

“They are more than 10,000 years old. Those younger than a Yuanhui can be obtained now. As for the Lotus of Divine Reflection that has survived the Yuanhui Tribulation, there’s only one, which will be sent to the auction stage,” said Supreme Saint Sanjin.

Zhang Ruochen frowned and said, “So there’s only one Lotus of Divine Reflection of Yuanhui grade.”

“Lotuses of Divine Reflection are rare treasures to begin with. In addition to the vast space of the universe, even a 10,000-year-old one is rarely seen. As for those of Yuanhui grade, I reckon that it can only be bought at Realm of Star Ocean within the entire Infernal Court. This is something that Supreme Saints, demigods, and even gods will want to buy,” said Supreme Saint Sanjin.

“The Lotus of Divine Reflection of Yuanhui grade is so precious. It will be too difficult to get it at the auction.”

Zhang Ruochen thought to himself and said, “Give me a 100,000-year-old Lotus of Divine Reflection first. Let me look at its quality. I also need ten Earth Grade Implement Nurturing Pills and ten Heaven Grade Implement Nurturing Pills. And get me fifty Heaven Grade Sacred Pills as well to assist in cultivating my spiritual power.”

The vessel spirits of Heaven Grade Sacred Pills were comparable to living beings of the Saint Kingdom. Each and every one of them was priceless.

Almost all Supreme Saints of the Neverwilt Realm and Hundred-Shackle Realm used Heaven Grade Sacred Pills to support and strengthen their cultivation.

Luo Sha was also secretly surprised by Zhang Ruochen’s purchase of 50 Heaven Grade Sacred Pills that supported cultivation of spiritual power. She spat coldly, “No one has ever dared to show off their wealth in front of me. You are the first one.”

‘Did I flaunt my wealth?’

In the Dragon Temple, Zhang Ruochen had obtained a King Grade Sacred Pill from the Lord of Stone that supported the cultivation of spiritual power.

However, he had just broken through to become a spiritual power Supreme Saint, so he did not dare to simply take it.

After he digested all 50 Heaven Grade Sacred Pills and King Grade Sacred Pill, he would have the chance to directly raise the strength of his spiritual power to the 61st level.

Just as Supreme Saint Sanjin walked out of the pavilion, a group of noble cultivators came to the lakeside. Among them, there were ten Supreme Saints. There was also a group of Deathsworn Guards in armor.

Those Deathsworn Guards were trained by the Fane of Destiny. They were all elites among the Saint Kings.

Such a mighty lineup naturally attracted the attention of Zhang Ruochen and Luo Sha.

Supreme Saint Sanjin walked up quickly and said, "Wu Jiang, Lord Sinluo, and Supreme Saint Yuan Fei, why didn't any escorts report your arrival? I could be impudent for not welcoming you from afar."

The three Supreme Saints in the lead all emitted extraordinary auras. Despite the suppression from surrounding precepts, their auras remained intimidating.

Luo Sha said to Zhang Ruochen in a low voice, "You're lucky. Wu Jiang is here! That's the guy known as the Ten Thousand Hands Supreme Saint."

"Wu Jiang? Wu Jiang from the Fane of Darkness?"

Zhang Ruochen's gaze was fixed on Ten Thousand Hands Supreme Saint.

Not long ago, Luo Sha had said that he was ranked as the fifth elite of Hundred-Shackle Realm's Great Perfection stage. He was also one of his three strongest enemies.

The Ten Thousand Hands Supreme Saint Wu Jiang looked like a human. He was handsome and tall. There was a black lightning streak mark between his brows. He possessed a prideful personality and looked down on all living things.

However, there was a sincere and gentle divine light in his eyes. No one would be able to hate him.

In short, he was a Supreme Saint elite that possessed great charisma. It was difficult to see through him.

If he was an enemy, he would be a terrifying foe indeed.

Zhang Ruochen had just looked at Wu Jiang for a moment for him to get noticed. He looked over and met Zhang Ruochen's eyes.

In an instant, Wu Jiang figured out Zhang Ruochen's identity. He narrowed his eyes and he said to the elite Supreme Saints beside him, "We came early, but it turned out to be the right time. Lord Sinluo, the enemy who killed your brother is right there."

All of a sudden, more eyes were cast on Zhang Ruochen.

Luo Sha giggled and explained to Zhang Ruochen, "Lord Sinluo is the son of Lord Chi Hun from the Deathkin. His cultivation has reached the Great Perfection of the Hundred-Shackle Realm. Of course, more importantly, he is the elder brother of the Chixing Shenzi who died at your hands. who was one of your other great foes."



“Chixing Shenzi?”

Zhang Ruochen had killed too many Scions, Scioness, and descendants of deities. He couldn't remember every single one of them clearly, so he had to rummage through his memories.

Lord Sinluo's eyes were cold. He wanted to walk over, but he was stopped by Supreme Saint Sanjin, who used spiritual power to communicate with him to dissuade him.

Zhang Ruochen didn't seem to care. He sat calmly in the pavilion and watched them.

Suddenly, the group of cultivators quieted down and moved away.

A tall figure in a white robe walked out. She was dressed as a man, but no one would take her as a man. Her facial features were exquisitely formed, with ruby lips and pearly teeth. She had eyes as clear as spring, spiritual brilliance flowing her snow-white skin.

She was wearing a man's outfit, which was already very surprising to those gathered.

The moment Zhang Ruochen saw her, his eyes were no longer calm. His heart began to pound harder and his hands on the table were trembling slightly.

Supreme Saint Sanjin cupped their hands again and greeted the figure. They showed their signature smile and said, “Your Holiness is here. Supreme Saints, please come this way. I have already asked the servants to prepare the best seats...”

“Wait.”

Pan Ruo raised a slender hand and stopped Supreme Saint Sanjin from continuing.

Her beautiful eyes stared at Zhang Ruochen and Luo Sha, who was not far away. Her gaze was filled with a deep radiance. After a long pause, she said, “There's no need to arrange other seats. I want to sit next to them.”

“This...”

Supreme Saint Sanjin looked troubled.

It was impossible for him to not see the hatred between this group of people and Zhang Ruochen. What if a sudden fight broke out and ruined the auction?

Scion Yuan Mo followed closely behind Pan Ruo. His eyes were cold. “Zhang Ruochen, you didn't expect to see me again, did you?”

Zhang Ruochen still had some vague memories of Yuan Mo.

He was practically the only leader in the Battlefield of Merits within the Northern Region of Kunlun, where he led a large army of divine Deathkin. His cultivation was exceedingly strong, and he was an extremely talented person.

Zhang Ruochen knew that Scion Yuan Mo had been pursuing Pan Ruo. Now that he was still there by Pan Ruo's side, an unknown coldness naturally rose within his heart, “I am indeed a little surprised,” he said.

"I thought you died on Xianji Mountain! Since you're alive, cherish it. Don't joke at the expense of your life anymore, because luck does not hold forever."

Luo Sha looked at Zhang Ruochen with surprise.

She had never seen Zhang Ruochen make such vicious remarks. He seemed to be trying to provoke Yuan Mo to anger him. Or did he want to kill Yuan Mo instead?

'I wonder what kind of feud between them?'

As expected, Scion Yuan Mo was enraged. He roared, "You would not have defeated me on the Xianji Mountain without external help!"

"So you've broken through and attained Supreme Sainthood. Very good, since you're not convinced, do you dare to fight me in the Arena of Life and Death?" Zhang Ruochen said.

"You..."

Scion Yuan Mo was at loss of words.

Not long ago, he had heard the news that the Six Supreme Saints of the Mara family had lost to Zhang Ruochen in the Arena of Life and Death.

Although Scion Yuan Mo was confident, he knew that there was still a huge gap between him and Warlord Mara. Naturally, he could not be Zhang Ruochen's opponent.

Going to the Arena of Life and Death was no different from throwing one's life away.

Lord Sinluo pushed Supreme Saint Sanjin away and walked out with great strides. "Zhang Ruochen, don't be so arrogant. Do you dare to go to the Arena of Life and Death with me?"

"Why not?" Zhang Ruochen said.

Lord Sinluo said, "You have guts. Since that's the case, there's no need to participate in the auction. Let's go to the Arena of Life and Death right now to decide who will live."

At this moment, a burst of melodious laughter rang out from afar. "The great Lord Sinluo of the Deathkin, an elite of the Great Perfection in the Hundred-Shackle Realm, is making things difficult for a Supreme Saint of the Neverwilt Realm. Do you think that Immortal Vampires don't have any elites?"

Another group of cultivators arrived by the lakeside.

The leader was a woman in colorful robes. She wore a golden mask and her body was shrouded in mist, and she possessed a mysterious and alluring aura.

Behind her was a large group of powerful figures. There were nearly ten Supreme Saints, with saint level guards in golden armor which opened the path ahead.

Supreme Saint Sanjin had a headache when he saw who was coming. He was afraid that the two groups of people would clash, so he immediately went forward to greet the woman in colorful robes and separated the groups.

Luo Sha grabbed Zhang Ruochen's wrist and pulled him back to his seat, and whispered, "Don't you want to participate in the auction? Just remain calm and don't resort to your fists to solve problems all the time. The Lady Wind has arrived, which means that two Scioness candidates have bumped into each other. So why don't you sit down and have a good time watching whatever happens next."

Some things remained even when Zhang Ruochen let go.

Pan Ruo's presence could still stir Zhang Ruochen's feelings. After all, she had been his only wife.

To be more precise, she was now his ex-wife.

How could they get married if there was no love?

How could he forget her just like that if he had loved her?

The two groups of people clashed, and the tension instantly became intense. Those gathered were at daggers drawn. If a fight was triggered, they would turn the world upside down.

Scion Yuan Mo, Lord Sinluo, and the others pushed Zhang Ruochen aside and confronted the Supreme Saints beside Lady Wind.

It was obvious that this was not the first time the two groups of people had met. They had fought many times before. That was why they were so hostile towards each other.

However, Pan Ruo's attention was already on the pavilion. Seeing Luo Sha's intimate actions toward Zhang Ruochen, her slender eyebrows furrowed slightly.

Lord Sinluo spoke rudely, "Lady Wind is indeed unreasonable. It was Zhang Ruochen who provoked him first. How did it become me who was making things difficult for him? Besides, the Neverwilt Realm Supreme Saint you mentioned was the one who defeated Warlord Mara. I'm afraid that only the stupidest person would think of him as a Neverwilt Realm Supreme Saint."

Luo Sha was sly. She pretended to be shocked. "Lord Sinluo, are you taking a roundabout way to call sister Lady Wind stupid?"

Suddenly, three figures walked out from behind Lady Wind. All of them were in the Great Perfection of the Hundred-Shackle Realm, and they wanted to teach Lord Sinluo a lesson.

The atmosphere of the two sides became even tenser.

Zhang Ruochen had calmed down completely. He knew Luo Sha were trying to incite that group to harm Lord Sinluo and, at the same time, help him out.

In her opinion, with Zhang Ruochen's current cultivation, he was no match for a Great Perfection elite in the Hundred-Shackle Realm. He definitely couldn't go fight such an opponent in the Arena of Life and Death as well.

"You should be curious as to why Pan Ruo who hasn't reached the Supreme Sainthood can make the elites of the Great Perfection in the Hundred Shackle-Realm like Wu Jiang and the Lord Sinluo follow her lead, right?" Luo Sha used another alternative and diverted Zhang Ruochen's attention.

"Indeed, I am a little curious."

Zhang Ruochen said lightly. "What's so great about the Scioness from the Fane of Destiny?"

"Before I talk about the Scioness, I have to tell you that the three Scioness candidates are different. Pan Ruo represents the interests of the upper three clans, and Lady Wind represents the interests of the lower three clans.."

### **Chapter 2249: The Auction**

"The Scions and Scionesses of the Fane of Destiny must be selected alternately.

"For example, if this generation chooses Scionesses, the next generation must choose the Scions.

"When this generation of Scionesses attain Godhood or die, or maybe they fail to attain Godhood after one thousand years, they will begin to prepare the plan to choose the next generation of Scions," Luo Sha said.

Zhang Ruochen was moved and asked, "Do you mean that the Fane of Destiny will choose a Scion or Scioness in a thousand years at most?"

"Yes."

"In one Yuanhui period, the total number of Scion and Scioness will add up to 129. How many of them can become gods?" Zhang Ruochen wanted to try, by using the probability of Scion and Scioness attaining Godhood to estimate the approximate number of deities in the Fane of Destiny.

Luo Sha replied, "When the Scion and Scioness of the Fane of Destiny are selected, it is already clear that they have the best talent among the cultivators of the same generation. In addition, they are entitled to the best cultivation resources in Infernal Court, so the probability of attaining Godhood is very high.

"Ten to twenty percent of them could attain Godhood within a thousand years after being selected as the Scion and Scioness.

"For those who haven't attained godhood within a thousand years, even if they step down from their positions, most of them are already elites among Supreme Saints. With their long lifespans, many of them can still attain Godhood afterward.

"As for whoever attains Godhood, dies or exists in other states, that is a tightly guarded secret of the Fane of Destiny. Only those at the highest level know about it.

"The most important reason why everyone is fighting for the position of the Scioness is because of the power and influence that they wield.

"Unless an extremely important event happens, the gods of the Fane of Destiny won't ask about anything in Infernal Court. Everything was handled by the Scioness and the twelve black-robed high priests. The power of the Scioness is above that of the twelve black-robed high priests. She represents the will of the gods."

Zhang Ruochen sighed to himself. These Scion and Scioness were the seeds of god selected by the Fane of Destiny. They possessed the most outstanding talents. After thousands of years of training, any one of them could be the lord of the Fane of Destiny.

There were many unfathomable secrets concealed by the Fane of Destiny

The more he thought about it, the more fearful he felt.

Zhang Ruochen was curious and asked, "Your talent is the best among your peers, and you believe in fate and destiny. So why didn't you become a candidate for the Scioness?"

"You finally praised me once. Not bad."

Luo Sha smiled charmingly and pursed her red lips slightly, and said, "My talents, beauty, and my ability to comprehend are not inferior to the other three candidates competing for the position of Scioness. I could have been a candidate. Unfortunately, I heard that in the thousand years after becoming a Scioness, one must give up on love and lust, so I gave up on competing with them."

Zhang Ruochen looked into her eyes, trying to figure whether she was telling the truth or not.

Luo Sha smiled cunningly at Zhang Ruochen and added, "In fact, the most important thing that I want to see is who is my destined one in the prophecy. How will he enter into my life? What if he suddenly appears when I become the Scioness of Destiny?"

Zhang Ruochen knew that Luo Sha was teasing him again, so he looked away and said with a straight face, "Boring."

A Thousand-Koan Realm Supreme Saint from the Realm of Star Ocean arrived and stopped the two groups of people led by Pan Ruo and Lady Wind. He led them to two pavilions by the lake to rest.

There was only one pavilion between the two pavilions.

It was the one Zhang Ruochen and Luo Sha were resting in.

Pan Ruo, and the Deathkin and Nether Clan cultivators were on the left.

The cultivators under Lady Wind were on the right side.

Even though they were separated, the two groups of people were still facing each other. It was as if they were fighting with their thoughts as the surrounding air trembled.

Occasionally, murderous intent would fall on Zhang Ruochen.

Luo Sha was very calm. She introduced Zhang Ruochen to the Hundred-Shackle Realm elites in Lady Wind's camp, saying, "That guy with golden hair is the strongest warrior below the Thousand-Koan Realm of the Immortal Vampires. He is Lord Bladehell, and you must be wary of him."

"Why?" Zhang Ruochen asked.

Luo Sha said, "Although he is exceptionally gifted, he is very narrow-minded and has an overly high opinion of himself. He can not tolerate heroes who are more outstanding than him. Your appearance will steal his limelight among the Immortal Vampires. If there is a chance, he will give you trouble or humiliate you in public. There is no doubt that he will suppress you, who is known as the genius that appears once per Yuanhui period."

Zhang Ruochen stared at her deeply. Luo Sha was certainly right about Lord Bladehell.

Not long ago, Lord Bladehell had deliberately sent the invitation to Lord Xia Yu by mistake, which let Zhang Ruochen see through his character.

Luo Fu continued, “Do you see that burly man shining with divine light and a mane of hair like a lion? He is of a different breed because he doesn’t belong to the lower three clans, but belongs to the Stone Clan instead. Yet, he stands firmly on Lady Wind’s side.”

“The Mad Whitejade Lion?” Zhang Ruochen asked.

“It’s that mad lion.”

Luo Sha smiled, and continued, “Other cultivators only assist the candidate of the Scioness for the benefit of their clans. But he only went up to Lady Wind for her sake, and even said publicly that he was willing to be Lady Wind’s bearer for the rest of his life.”

Zhang Ruochen was stunned for a moment. He shook his head slightly and said, “No wonder he’s known as ‘the mad lion.’”

“If you think he’s crazy, you’re wrong. How crazy can a creature that can achieve Supreme Sainthood be?” Luo Sha replied.

Zhang Ruochen said, “You mean Lady Wind plays her cards well?”

“To be able to have a Supreme Saint — who has achieved Great Perfection of the Hundred-Shackle Realm — as a willing mount, Lady Wind plays her cards very skilfully.

“If Lady Wind becomes a true Scioness, she will immediately hold great authority. Her mount would be her most trusted aide with much influence over the Fane of Destiny.”

Luo Sha then threw out a question. “In your opinion, between Pan Ruo — who is yet a Supreme Saint — and Lady Wind — who has already achieved the Great Perfection of the Hundred-Shackle Realm, whose chance of becoming a Scioness is greater?”

Zhang Ruochen remained silent.

Luo Sha smiled and continued, “It’s impossible for the Stone Clan to bet all their chips on Pan Ruo. My guess is that the Mad Whitejade Lion is most likely a chess piece that they’ve planted on Lady Wind’s side. Lady Wind might let down her guard as she thought she had fully controlled the Mad Whitejade Lion. Hence, no one can tell for sure who will end up being the ‘mount’!”

The interests involved in the Celestial-Hunting Festival and the selection of the Scioness were complicated. Any force and any cultivators who participated in them would pay full attention to them.

Lady Wind’s junior brother, Yan Beijun, came to the pavilion. He cupped his hands and said, “Lord Ruochen, Princess Luo Sha, my senior sister sincerely invites you two to have a chat.”

Luo Sha glanced towards Zhang Ruochen to see his response.

Zhang Ruochen said, “I came to the Realm of Star Ocean to buy items for cultivation. I also want to see the various treasures at the auction. If Lady Wind wants to become friends with me, we can arrange another time and place for the both of us, just not today.”

Yan Beijun listened attentively to her reply via spiritual power and replied, "My sister said that she could pay for all the items that Supreme Saint Ruochen bought at the Realm of Star Ocean."

"Is that so... What if I bid for the divine corpse?" Zhang Ruochen asked.

Yan Beijun's face froze and immediately relaxed again, saying. "You must be joking, Supreme Saint Ruochen. Please believe my sister's sincerity. She really wants to make friends with you."

"I'm not joking. I'm really interested in the divine corpse," Zhang Ruochen said.

Laughter could be heard from the pavilions on both sides.

Lord Sinluo said, "What a coincidence, I have orders from my father too, which is that I have to buy the divine corpse no matter what. Zhang Ruochen, how many Godstones do you have to bid for the divine corpse?"

Wu Jiang said, "As far as I know, the Xue Jue family has recently obtained the body of a false deity. There is probably no need to buy the divine corpse for the time being."

Zhang Ruochen said calmly, "My purchase of the divine corpse has nothing to do with the Xue Jue family."

The laughter in the pavilion where the Deathkin and the Nether Clan were located grew louder.

No one believed that Zhang Ruochen could buy the divine corpse with his financial resources without relying on his family and deities.

At this moment, Supreme Saint Sanjin and three attendants walked over and entered the pavilion.

"Great Saint Ruochen, the ten Earth Grade Implement Nurturing Pills, ten Heaven Grade Implement Nurturing Pills, and 50 Heaven Grade damaging pills that you want are all here. They are worth a total of seven Godstones."

Following that, Sanjin Supreme Saint spread out his right hand.

A speck of light appeared in the center of his palm.

The speck of light grew larger and larger. Finally, it turned into a lotus about ten feet in diameter. There were a total of 12 petals. Each petal was crystal clear, emitting a pungent fragrance.

Upon seeing this Lotus of Divine Reflection, all the cultivators present turned their gazes over.

Lord Sinluo's eyes shone with excitement, and he blurted abruptly, "That's a 100,000-year-old Lotus of Divine Reflection."

"It's a 100,000-year-old Lotus of Divine Reflection, and it's worth 140 Godstones."

With that, Sanjin Supreme Saints handed the Lotus of Divine Reflection to Zhang Ruochen and took out a spherical, translucent spatial treasure. There were a total of 12 stellar cores in the spatial treasure.

One level-six stellar core, five level-five stellar cores, and six level-four stellar cores.

“Supreme Saint Ruochen, all the treasures you asked for add up to a total of 353 Godstones,” Supreme Saint Sanjin announced.

Zhang Ruochen nodded and said, “Put them down. I want all of them.”

Then, Supreme Saint Sanjin took out the cultivation resources that Luo Sha wanted to buy one by one and put them on the table. They were worth 24 Godstones in total.

Luo Sha took a cursory glance and said, “I want all of them too. Put them all on him.”

Supreme Saint Sanjin smiled awkwardly and looked at Zhang Ruochen.

24 Godstones wasn’t a small amount. A Supreme Saint like Xue Tu had to sell his fiefdom to get it.

“Your Wheel of the Nether Sun is so valuable, but you can’t even bear to give up 24 Godstones? If I make a scene at the auction, will the auction price of the Wheel of the Nether Sun get lower?” Luo Sha secretly transmitted her thoughts to Zhang Ruochen.

Luo Sha was very angry that he hadn’t sold the Wheel of the Nether Sun to her.

If she wanted to make a scene at the auction, she could simply spread the news that the auctioneer of the Wheel of the Nether Sun was Zhang Ruochen. This would greatly affect the price it fetched.

Zhang Ruochen nodded and said, “Her purchase is on me.”

There was an uproar in the pavilions on both sides.

Buying treasures that cost hundreds of Godstones in a single time was already a big deal for Supreme Saints in the Neverwilt Realm and Hundred-Shackle Realm. It was even more unthinkable for the monks in the Saint Kingdom Realm.

Of course, what made them more concerned was the relationship between Zhang Ruochen and Luo Sha.

The fact that he could buy cultivation resources that cost 24 Godstones for Luo Sha without hesitation could mean that Zhang Ruochen was pursuing Luo Sha to ally with Devala.

No one could overlook the power of the Divine Prince, Luo Shengtian.

This was bad news for Zhang Ruochen’s enemies.

Pan Ruo looked at Luo Sha again. She was calm and indifferent, but her eyes lingered on Luo Sha’s face for a long time as she sized her up carefully.

Lady Wind fell silent.

At the same time, Yan Beijun retreated.

After a long while.. Scion Yuan Mo said indifferently, “Zhang Ruochen plundered a lot of treasures on the Battlefield of Merits in Kunlun. What’s a few hundred Godstones? If you kill Zhang Ruochen and take all his treasures, you will find that his wealth is comparable to those of a Paramount Realm Supreme Saint.”

Ding!



Ding!

...

The bell rang seven times.

The auction was about to begin.

A group of cultivators by the lake hurriedly flew, rushing to the auction house.

The auction house in the Realm of Star Ocean was immense. It was an Annulus World hovering in midair. It was a spiral-shaped ring. The diameter of the circle was about 40 miles, and it was divided into three levels.

Each level was built with green mountains, lush pools, stairs, and jade towers. There were also flower beds and seats for distinguished guests.

Zhang Ruochen and Luo Sha flew to the top level of the Annulus World.

The moment they landed, there came an angry roar from afar. "Zhang Ruochen, stay away from my sister. Are you looking to die?"

Divine Prince Luo Shengtian possessed a towering frame. His footsteps were hurried, and his face was full of anger. Even though he was suppressed by the precepts of heaven and earth, power erupted constantly from his body. His right fist glowed with a scorching evil blaze.

Behind Luo Shengtian, there were more than a dozen elites of the Luo Sha clan brimming with murderous intent.

Zhang Ruochen frowned deeply. He looked at Luo Sha beside him and said, "Go and explain to your royal brother. I didn't do anything to you."

Zhang Ruochen took the opportunity to leave. He didn't want to be blackmailed by Luo Sha again. In the blink of an eye, he vanished into the endless stream of people.

Luo Sha had no other option but to face Luo Shengtian and she sighed to herself.

"Where's that b\*stard Zhang Ruochen. Little sister, did he make things difficult for you? Is it because of what happened in the Arena of Life and Death that he has a grudge against you and wants revenge?"

Luo Shengtian wanted to chase after Zhang Ruochen, but he was stopped by Luo Sha.

"Even if he has the courage, Zhang Ruochen would not dare to do anything to me... Royal brother, restrain your power first. This is an auction house. Do not draw out the order keepers of the Realm of the Star Ocean and delay the proper business," Luo Sha said.

Luo Shengtian snorted. "Although Zhang Ruochen doesn't dare to do anything to you in the Divine Domain of Destiny, he is undoubtedly a cocky b\*stard who ignores rules. You have old grudges with him, so you must be careful in the future. After the auction, I will find an opportunity to give him a warning."

"In the past, on the Battlefield of Merits, it's fine. But after coming to Infernal Court, if he dares to humiliate you again, I will make sure he dies without a burial place."

## Chapter 2250: Fugue Pill

Not long after leaving with Luo Sha, Zhang Ruochen saw Xue Tu and the six Supreme Saints of Mara from afar. They seemed to be arguing.

The six Supreme Saints led by Warlord Mara had taken some sacred medicine. Their bodies recovered and were no longer shriveled. However, the aura emanating from their bodies was still very weak.

“More than 90 percent of their Saint blood has been taken away. How can they recover so quickly? As expected of being Supreme Saints.”

Zhang Ruochen’s eyes flickered, and he walked over.

Seeing Zhang Ruochen, Xue Tu was overjoyed. He walked over quickly as if he had found support.

“Senior, the Supreme Saints of Mara Family refused to admit defeat. They are picking on me. Good to see you here. Do you want to teach them a lesson?”

Enemies see red the moment they meet.

The six Supreme Saints of the Mara family were all furious. They released their Saint Aura and surrounded Zhang Ruochen.

Zhang Ruochen stared at them indifferently. “I advise you to restrain yourselves. You’re no match for me even in your best state, let alone now. It is not easy to cultivate your blood back. If I drain you of blood again, it’ll be hard for you to regain your combat strength before Celestial-Hunting Festival.”

His words sent shivers to the six Supreme Saints, and they stopped in their track.

Warlord Mara gritted his teeth and stomped his feet. “Zhang Ruochen, sooner or later, I’ll eat you alive. We’ll see.”

Staring at Zhang Ruochen for a long time, he waved his hand. “Let’s go.”

“Senior, you’re still so intimidating. You scared the six Supreme Saints away with just one sentence,” Xue Tu said with a smile.

Zhang Ruochen looked confused. “Why are you here? Don’t tell me that you have a lot of Saint Stones and Divine Stones?”

Xue Tu’s expression changed. “No, I can’t even take out a single Divine Stone. I’m just here to see how much I can sell my fiefdom if I auctioned it,”

“I see. Good. Come with me,”

Zhang Ruochen brought Xue Tu to a VIP seat on the top floor of Annulus World.

The seat was built on the edge of a cliff and took up a 30-meter-wide area.

Standing on the edge of the cliff, one could see the auction stage floating in the center of Annulus World.

The auction stage was square-shaped, like a white stone plaza. There was a palace on it, and a large number of attendants were walking around.

“I’ve bought a few things in Realm of Star Ocean. I’m going to examine them. Later, if any rare items appear in the auction, you can help me buy them first.”

Zhang Ruochen took out Violet Gourd and branched out another avatar.

He placed Violet Gourd on the ground. The avatar sat cross-legged next to the Gourd to protect it. His true body turned into a speck of light and flew into the Gourd.

Violet Gourd looked very ordinary, so Xue Tu didn’t pay much attention to it.

When his original body entered the gourd, Zhang Ruochen took out a 100,000-year-old Lotus of Divine Reflection.

The 12 petals were 10 meters in diameter. They gave off bright light and contained powerful vitality. The light enveloped the surrounding space.

Sitting cross-legged on Lotus of Divine Reflection, Zhang Ruochen tried to condensed a Fist Saintwill again.

...

The auction officially began. A Supreme Saint Ghost, who was hundreds of feet tall, walked out from the auction platform floating in the air.

“I am Qiluo, the seventh auction merchant of Realm of Star Ocean. Welcome to the monthly auction in Realm of Star Ocean.

“The items in this auction are all top-tier treasures. Even the lowest value item is worth a one billion Saint stones, which is one Divine Stone.”

The Supreme Saint Ghost named Qiluo introduced the rules of the auction. Then he announced, “The auction officially begins. I hereby present you the first item of today’s auction, a Second-grade Regal Artifact, Parashu.”

Xue Tu, who was sitting on a White skeleton chair spat a mouthful of Blood Spring after he just drunk it a second ago.

“What’s going on? How did Parashu appear on the auction stage in Realm of Star Ocean?” Xue Tu was stunned. He turned his head and stared at Zhang Ruochen’s avatar.

How ruthless.

He wondered how Warlord Mara felt when he saw his battle weapon being sent onto the auction stage.

Xue Tu gloated and looked around for Warlord Mara.

There was no need to look.

Warlord Mara roared in the auction hall, “Zhang Ruochen, I will fight you to death!”

Countless eyes looked toward the VIP seats where Warlord Mara was. Some were confused, some mocked, and some sympathized.

Amidst the discussions, those cultivators who did not understand the full situation only then knew what had happened on Arena of Life and Death.

“Silence,” Supreme Saint Qiluo released his ghostly aura and shouted.

The auction house quieted down.

At the same time, two Saint-King level Ghost Lords with great strength carried Parashu to the center of the auction stage.

Supreme Saint Qiluo said, “I believe that everyone knows the value of a Second-grade Regal Artifact without my introduction. What’s worth mentioning is that Parashu was a weapon that Majya used before. It was then passed on to his son, Warlord Mara.”

Hearing the name of Majya, Warlord Mara was completely furious. He almost could not control himself and charge onto the auction stage.

It was fine if he embarrassed himself.

If he said his father’s name, wouldn’t Majya be humiliated as well?

Pan Ruo, Wu Jiang, Lord Sinluo, Scion Yuan Mo, and a large group of cultivators gathered in the same VIP seats. Many of them sniggered.

Wu Jiang said, “I suddenly feel that making so many enemies isn’t necessarily a bad thing for Zhang Ruochen. At least, there will always be an opponent offering treasures. Zhang Ruochen can be this wealthy thanks to the spoils he earns from every battle he fights.”

“One would easily die tragically if they make many enemies all over the world. It’s a miracle that Zhang Ruochen can survive until now,” Lord Sinluo said.

Scion Yuan Mo said, “Zhang Ruochen’s action is stupid. He has greatly offended the Mara family just for a small profit.”

Pan Ruo listened to their comments quietly. After a long time, she said, “The deities need a cultivator like Zhang Ruochen to hone the Supreme Saints of Infernal Court. Isn’t it going according to their expectations now?”

Wu Jiang said, “Whether Zhang Ruochen is qualified to be the gods’ saber depends on whether he can live until Celestial-Hunting Festival ends. Right now, he is not even a knife.”

On the auction stage.

Supreme Saint Qiluo said, “The starting price for Parashu is 80 Divine Stones. Each increment must not be less than one Divine Stone.

“Let the bidding begin.”

“80 Divine Stones,” Warlord Mara was the first to bid.

“85 Divine Stones.”

...

“90 Divine Stones.”

“100 Divine Stones.”

...

In an instant, the price of Parashu soared to more than 100 Divine Stones.

It was obvious that not all the cultivators present were going to let go of the chance to buy Parashu for the Mara family’s sake. There were still many Supreme Saints who wanted to buy a Second-grade Regal Artifact to increase their battle powers.

Xue Tu was enjoying himself. He shouted from time to time and raised the price of Parashu.

In the end, Parashu was bought back by Warlord Mara at the price of 162 Divine Stones.

“I can’t believe how profitable it is to snatch a weapon. One Parashu is worth more than all my fiefdoms combined,” Xue Tu thought to himself.

Following that, the other seven Regal Artifacts of the Mara family were presented on the auction stage one by one. They were all Grade one Regal Artifacts. Adding them up, they only sold for 240 Divine Stones.

Supreme Saint Qiluo walked to the center of the auction stage once again. Behind him were ten attendants dressed in white. Each of them was holding a small red copper cauldron.

“Next, we will be auctioning ten cauldrons of Fugue Pills. Each cauldron contains 100 pills.

“Fugue Pills are half-King Grade Sacred Pills. They can support a Supreme Saint in Hundred-Shackle Realm in breaking the shackles in his body. Consuming one pill can at least help a Supreme Saint break one shackle.”

The enthusiasm of the auction house was aroused.

Celestial-Hunting Festival was about to begin. All the cultivators who attended the Festival tried their best to increase their cultivation.

Among them, Hundred-Shackle Realm Supreme Saint was the main force of Celestial-Hunting Festival. They played a decisive role. Those who were stronger would have a greater advantage.

The use and significance of Fugue Pill were extraordinary.

Lord Bladehell said, “No matter what, I must buy one cauldron of Fugue Pills on behalf of Qitian Clan. If we succeed, the overall strength of Qitian Clan will increase by a large margin.”

“There’s still a month before Celestial-Hunting Festival. If I can get a cauldron of Fugue Pills and let the Hundred-Shackle Realm Supreme Saints of Yellowsky Clan take it, their strength will definitely increase,” Lady Wind thought.

In the end, Yellowsky Clan was her clan.

On the other side, the cultivators of the upper three tribes were also discussing this matter.

Pan Ruo said, "Fugue Pills will play a decisive role in Celestial-Hunting Festival. It's precisely why Realm of Star Ocean is taking them out to auction.

"It's only a half-King Grade Sacred Pill. But in the end, its price will definitely surpass the price of a King Grade Sacred Pill due to the high number of bidders.

"The lower three clans and the middle three clans will definitely fight for it. Among them, Lady Wind and Pink Skull will be the main force. We need to buy at least four cauldrons of Fugue Pills to gain an advantage."

Scion Yuan Mo was full of confidence, "Pan Ruo, don't worry. No matter how high the price is, I will definitely get one cauldron."

Wu Jiang crossed his arms in front of his chest and smiled. He said indifferently, "Not long ago, my eldest senior gave me a Godstone quarry. Every year, it can produce at least ten Divine Stones. To me, Divine Stones are just a number. If it's possible, I want to get half of the Fugue Pills and give it to Pan Ruo. No, give it to her highness Scioness."

The cultivators of the upper three clans all laughed with great confidence.

If you had money, you could be willful.

Wu Jiang's status was noble. His master was the oldest deity in Fane of Darkness. Few of his seniors were deities. The things they simply give him were enough to make a top Supreme Saint jealous.

The forces of the ten clans of Infernal Court were all eager to obtain Fugue Pill.

Zhang Ruochen's avatar opened his eyes and said to Xue Tu, "Bid for Fugue Pills."

Xue Tu asked, "Fugue Pills are treasures that all the forces are fighting for. Their prices must be sky-high. Can we beat them?"

"The Divine Stones are not a problem. You can name the price," Zhang Ruochen said.

Xue Tu's expression became strange. He said warily, "Senior, are you trying to trick me? I can't even afford a Fugue Pill, let alone a cauldron. If you don't give me the Divine Stone after bidding, what if Realm of Star Ocean locks me up?"

Zhang Ruochen was speechless. "Don't worry. I won't trick you. This amount of Divine Stones is nothing to me."

"Wait a minute. I want to reflect your words as evidence,"

Xue Tu took out a scroll and said to Zhang Ruochen, "Senior, I have to treat this matter seriously. Please say it again to the rolled-up sleeve. Bidding for Fugue Pills has nothing to do with Xue Tu. I, Zhang Ruochen, want to buy it."

Zhang Ruochen's energy was almost completely focused on condensing the Saintwill. He was too lazy to talk to him, so he just casually replied.

Then, Xue Tu asked, "Senior, how many cauldrons do you want to buy?"

"The more the better," Zhang Ruochen said.

Xue Tu carefully rolled up the scroll and kept it close to his body. Then, he secretly glanced at Zhang Ruochen and found that his avatar had closed its eyes again.

"Zhang Ruochen, you asked me to bid as much as I want. If that's the case, I won't hold back!"

Xue Tu was in high spirits. He rolled up his sleeves and prepared to go all out.

It wasn't his Divine Stones anyway. Hence, he could bid as much as he wanted with no pressure. It was best to buy all ten cauldrons of Fugue Pills at a high price and throw them into Zhang Ruochen's hands. He would screw him over.

Thinking of this, Xue Tu almost laughed out loud.

"The first cauldron of Fugue Pills has a total of 100. The starting price is 100 Divine Stones."

"Each increment must be no less than 10 Divine Stones."

"Let the bidding begin."

...

"300 Divine Stones."

Lord Bladehell was the first to raise the price three times. He wanted to make the final decision and also tell all bidders his determination.

Many bidders were indeed stunned.

The bidders from the lower three clans chose to give up and make way for him.

However, the cultivators from the middle three clans and upper three clans didn't buy it.

Scion Yuan Mo said, "350 Divine Stones."

"400 Divine Stones."

"420 Divine Stones."

...

The price of the first cauldron of Fugue Pills quickly exceeded 500 Divine Stones in this intense competition. The price of a single pill was comparable to an ordinary King Grade Sacred Pill.

"600 Divine Stones."

"630 Divine Stones."

"700 Divine Stones."

...

These bidders didn't represent themselves, but the power behind them. Naturally, the price shot up.

Only when the price exceeded 1,000 Divine Stones did the noise of the bidding begin to decrease.

After all, a cauldron of Fugue Pills for a thousand Divine Stones was already twice the price of an ordinary King Grade Sacred Pill. No matter how rich the various powers were, they did not want to be taken advantage of by Realm of Star Ocean.

Fugue Pill was only the most suitable pill for a Hundred-Shackle Realm Supreme Saint to increase his cultivation level. It was not the only one.

Pan Ruo placed her hands behind her back and a deep look appeared in her eyes. She said, "Fugue Pill's price can at most reach three times the price of a King Grade Sacred Pill. With that, it will scare everyone away."

Hearing this, Scion Yuan Mo immediately shouted, "I bid 1,500 Divine Stones."

The entire auction house quieted down.

The gazes of all cultivators were fixed on Scion Yuan Mo.

"For a cauldron of Fugue Pills, they actually bid 1,500 Divine Stones. Fane of Yuan Tian is really rich.

"1,500 Divine Stones is too high. Fugue Pills aren't worth this price. Fane of Yuan Tian? would be in the red, they can only use the wealth of other properties to make up for it."

Lord Bladehell's brows were tightly knitted together. The price that Scion Yuan Mo had shouted out had already exceeded the price he was willing to pay.

Lady Wind shook her head at him. She said, "It's just the first cauldron of Fugue Pills. There's no need to continue fighting. 1,500 Divine Stones are enough to bankrupt a Supreme Saint in the Great Perfection stage of the Hundred-Shackle Realm. From now on, it will be very difficult for them to win against us."

While Lord Bladehell was still hesitating, a loud voice came.

"2,000 Divine Stones."

Pan Ruo, Scion Yuan Mo, and the other cultivators from the upper three clans thought that the cauldron was in their bag. Who would have thought that there would be another troublemaker along the way?

Xue Tu saw that all the cultivators were looking at him, he laughed, "2,000 Divine Stones. Is there anyone with a higher price? Everyone, hurry up and bid. Fugue Pill, the half-King Grade Sacred Pill. It's a pill that can allow a Hundred-Shackle Realm Supreme Saint to break through at the fastest speed. Hurry up and raise the price."

Scion Yuan Mo was so angry that his face turned red. He gritted his teeth and wanted to slap Xue Tu.

You have already raised the price to 2,000 Divine Stones, yet you still want others to raise the price. Did Realm of Star Ocean make you a fake bidder? Or are you here to trick people on purpose?

**Chapter 2251: Setting up the mood**



“2,000 Godstones, sold.”

Supreme Saint Qiluo smiled. The first cauldron of the Fugue Pills was sold at a price that far exceeded his expectations.

As the number of the Fugue Pills decreased, a higher price might appear.

Next, the second cauldron of the Fugue Pills was auctioned.

The auction had just begun, then Yuan Mo shouted, “1,500 Godstones.”

Instantly, the entire place went silent.

What was he trying to do?

The starting price of 100 Godstones skyrocketed the first time it was called out. He did not give anyone the chance to call out the price.

Yuan Mo’s expression was cold, and he said, “I am determined to obtain this batch of Fugue Pills. I hope that everyone can give me some face. Otherwise, even if the price is higher than 2,000 Godstones, I will fight it out with you all to the end.”

1,500 Godstones exceeded the minimum price of most cultivators present.

Yuan Mo wanted to please Pan Ruo, so he paid a sky-high price to buy a cauldron of Fugue Pills. The number of cultivators who dared to raise the price is just a handful.

“Yuan Mo has used up his financial resources to buy this cauldron of Fugue Pills.”

“The Divine Hall of Yuan Tian will give him a budget of 1,000 Godstones at most. He will have to pay for the remaining 500 Godstones. I think he will have to empty all his gains in the Battlefield of Merits of Kunlun.”

“I don’t know whether to call him stupid or infatuated. He will pay any price for the sake of Pan Ruo.”

...

The main bidders of the three middle and lower clans all gave up. They did not want to clash directly with the Yuan Mo. If they bid above 2,000 Godstones, they would lose more than they gained.

Yuan Mo heaved a sigh of relief after he saw all the cultivators did not raise their bids.

If a fellow came out and argued with him and bid above 2,000 Godstones, Yuan Mo would still owe a huge debt even if he was able to bid the Fugue Pills.

Paying off the debt would take him decades or even a hundred years.

Following that, his cultivation speed at the Neverwilt Realm would be rather slow.

If one wished to hasten their cultivation in the Supreme Saint Realm, they would need a large number of Godstones to support it.

“2,000 Godstones.”

Another domineering voice resounded throughout the auction hall.

Yuan Mo's eyes were bloodshot, and his hair stood on end. He glared at Xue Tu as if he wanted to eat him up. He said, "You still dare to bid? Do you even have 2,000 Godstones?"

Xue Tu sat on the chair and calmly stared at him. He then said, "Since I dare to bid, that means I have the Godstones. Yuan Mo, didn't you say that you want to fight to the end? Continue to bid, and I'll fight with you."

"You..."

Yuan Mo pointed at Xue Tu as he grinds his teeth until almost breaking.

"Are you going to fight or not? You're a Scion after all, and one of the top geniuses of our generation. Was 2,000 Godstones too much for you?" Xue Tu said.

In the Saint King Realm, Xue Tu was also a top-notch figure. However, he was slightly inferior to Yuan Mo...

Being looked down upon by a cultivator who was once inferior to him, Yuan Mo was furious. He only felt that he had suffered great humiliation.

Xue Tu frowned and urged him in an encouraging tone, "Come on, try adding a little more. You might be able to buy this cauldron of Fugue Pills. Just add a little more."

Yuan Mo was fighting fiercely in his heart. He glanced at Pan Ruo and finally mustered up his courage. He had to take this cauldron of Fugue Pills no matter what.

"2,010 Godstones." Yuan Mo shouted as he clenched his fists tightly and his entire body was trembling.

He owed a huge debt to buy this cauldron of Fugue Pills.

However, as long as he could win Pan Ruo's smile, everything was worth it.

"2,500 Godstones," Xue Tu shouted leisurely.

Yuan Mo felt as if he had been struck by lightning. He almost spat out a mouthful of Saint blood and roared angrily, "Are you kidding me?"

Xue Tu was puzzled and said, "What do you mean? I only asked you to add a little more, but I didn't say that I would give this cauldron of Fugue Pills to you. If you aren't satisfied, why don't you... add a little more?"

The hatred in Yuan Mo's heart had reached an extreme level. He felt that Xue Tu was deliberately toying with him. Furthermore, Xue Tu was deliberately making him lose face in front of all the cultivators.

"Well then, I shall remember what happened today. Don't let yourself fall into my hands someday." Yuan Mo said.

After a moment of silence, Supreme Saint Qiluo announced, "The second cauldron of the Fugue Pill is sold for 2,500 Godstones."

After bidding for two cauldrons of Fugue Pills at a sky-high price, Xue Tu's name and background quickly spread throughout the auction hall. Everyone was talking about it.

"Xue Tu was probably representing the Bloodysky Clan."

"It seems that the Bloodysky Clan has invested a lot this time. They were determined to win the Celestial-hunting Festival."

"There shouldn't be many Hundred-Shackle Realm Supreme Saints of the Bloodysky Clan participating in the Celestial-hunting Festival. One cauldron of Fugue Pills can not be used up. Why would they buy two cauldrons?"

"Who knows? Maybe Xue Tu made a fortune on the Battlefield of Merits of Kunlun and he's prepared to buy one cauldron and use it when he's in the Hundred-Shackle Realm."

...

There were all kinds of speculations in the auction.

The six Supreme Saints of the Mara Family had seen Zhang Ruochen leave with Xue Tu. They guessed that it was Zhang Ruochen who had bought the Fugue Pills.

Warlord Mara said, "Zhang Ruochen swept Kunlun's Battlefield of Merits clean and got a lot of treasures and wealth. He must be the one who bought the Fugue Pill."

"I knew it. If not, why did Xue Tu suddenly become so rich? He must be spending the Godstones on behalf."

Twarita Mara had her doubts and said, "Have you noticed that Xue Tu is unusual? He seems to want everyone to increase the price. If he didn't provoke Yuan Mo just now, he would be able to get the second cauldron of Fugue Pill with 2,000 Godstones. When Yuan Mo added 10 Godstones, he suddenly increased the price to 2,500 Godstones. No matter how many Godstones there are, he shouldn't waste them like this."

Warlord Mara thought he had figured out the reason. He smiled and said, "If Zhang Ruochen is the one who bought the Fugue Pill, why didn't he bid personally?"

"You mean Zhang Ruochen isn't at the auction?" A Supreme Saint guessed.

Warlord Mara said, "That's the only explanation. Zhang Ruochen had something important to do. He left the auction and left the bidding to Xue Tu."

"But Xue Tu and Zhang Ruochen have a huge conflict as far as I know."

A Supreme Saint of the Mara Family patted the table and said, "I've got it! Xue Tu wants to take advantage of the auction to trick Zhang Ruochen. It's equivalent to seeking revenge."

Warlord Mara nodded with a smile. He stared at the VIP seats where Xue Tu was sitting and said, "We'll know whether it's the truth if we keep watching."

The bid for the third cauldron of Fugue Pills was about to begin.

That time, Xue Tu seemed to have lost his patience. He was the first to bid and shouted, “2,000 Godstones.”

Countless cultivators had the urge to curse after hearing that.

He was too greedy. Was he trying to buy all the Fugue Pills?

Even Supreme Saint Qiluo, who was in charge of the auction, suspected that Xue Tu was here to cause trouble. How could a Supreme Saint who had just entered the Neverwilt Realm take out thousands of Godstones?

Even those cultivators who had entered the Supreme Saint Realm for thousands of years might not be able to take out that much.

It was not until Supreme Saint Qiluo heard Supreme Saint Sanjin’s voice transmission did he heave a sigh of relief.

The third cauldron of the Fugue Pills was finally bought by Xue Tu with 2,000 Godstones.

When the fourth cauldron was auctioned off, Xue Tu was the first to bid for 2,000 Godstones. However, this time, Wu Jiang tried to raise the price twice. In the end, Xue Tu spent 2,500 Godstones to bid for it.

For the fifth cauldron, Wu Jiang placed another bid. He even raised the price to 2,700 Godstones.

However, Xue Tu bid for it once again at the price of 3,000 Godstones.

Not only did Wu Jiang not give up, he even laughed and said, “As expected, the person bidding for the Fugue Pill isn’t Xue Tu, but someone else.”

Yuan Mo said, “What do you mean it’s not Xue Tu?”

“No matter how stupid Xue Tu is, he would not bid like this,” Wu Jiang said.

Yuan Mo agreed and said, “There is indeed a problem. However, even if you are bidding for someone else, you would not bid so recklessly.”

“Just now, everyone could see that you were deliberately raising the price to trick him. However, he did not seem to care at all and suddenly raised the price to 3,000 Godstones.”

Lord Sinluo said, “Why do you care so much? Since Xue Tu is so arrogant, why don’t we raise the price to see how many Godstones he can’t spend.”

The cultivators of the upper three clans were so angry that they were about to explode. They were holding back their anger.

Since Xue Tu did not care about Godstones, they could only let him spend more.

On the other side, Warlord Mara laughed loudly. “As expected, Xue Tu wants to trick Zhang Ruochen. If that’s the case, how can I not cooperate?”

The other five Supreme Saints of the Mara Family laughed mockingly.

The sixth cauldron of Fugue Pill began to bid.

“2,000 Godstones.” Xue Tu was the first to bid again.

Wu Jiang called out, “2,500 Godstones.”

“3,000 Godstones,” Warlord Mara said.

Xue Tu was a little surprised. Why did everyone suddenly bid so generously?

It was completely different from the cautious tone before.

However, this was exactly what he wanted. He was secretly happy. “You should have done this a long time ago. If you didn’t bid too high, how could you hurt Zhang Ruochen?”

“3,500 Godstones,” Xue Tu shouted excitedly.

“4,000 Godstones,” Wu Jiang said.

Warlord Mara said, “4,500 Godstones.”

“5,000 Godstones,” Xue Tu said.

The cultivators in the auction house were all shocked.

Was this bidding for a cauldron of Fugue Pills?

Was this cauldron of Fugue Pills only a Half-King Grade Saint Pill?

“6,000.”

“7,000.”

“8,000.”

...

The bidding price shot up like a straight line.

Xue Tu, Wu Jiang, and Warlord Mara seemed to have forgotten that the units behind the numbers were Godstones. They directly called out the numbers and shouted happily.

“10,000.”

The moment he shouted out that price, Xue Tu suddenly woke up and his body shook violently.

What did he just do?

10,000 what? Godstones?

Xue Tu cursed inwardly. Whether it was 2,000 Godstones for a cauldron or 3,000 Godstones for a cauldron, it was still within the range that he could explain to Zhang Ruochen.

10,000 Godstones were far more valuable than the Fugue Pills. How could Zhang Ruochen not know that he was deliberately setting him up?

When Xue Tu thought of Zhang Ruochen's terrifying methods, his pleasant feeling just now was swept away. He began to feel worried and fearful. He regretted that he had acted so recklessly and he should have stopped.

Just as Xue Tu was in extreme pain and was about to despair, Warlord Mara's voice rang out. "11,000 pills."

That voice was like heavenly music. It was extremely moving.

Xue Tu's eyes lit up. He stood up like lightning and said, "This cauldron of Fugue Pills belongs to you. I don't want it anymore. Congratulations to you. The Mara Family is worthy of being an ancient family. Their heroism is admirable."

At that moment, Warlord Mara was jolted awake. He asked the Mara Family's Supreme Saints beside him, "How much did I shout out just now?"

The Mara Family Supreme Saints were all in a daze. Their bodies felt numb and they could not open their mouths.

The muscles on Twarita Mara's stiff face twitched twice and she said, "11,000 Godstones."

Warlord Mara felt as if his soul was about to dissipate. He stared at Wu Jiang as if he was trying to grab hold of the last life-saving straw, he said, "You... you can add a little more. You can try adding a little more. Even if it's 10 Godstones, I will give this cauldron of Fugue Pills to you."

Wu Jiang did not say a word. He only gave him a look that said, "Do you think I'm an idiot?"

Just now, Wu Jiang had also been brought into the mood by Xue Tu and Warlord Mara. He almost blurted out 12,000 Godstones. Fortunately, Xue Tu opened his mouth first and announced that he would not bid again, which woke him up.

Although Wu Jiang had a Godstone Quarry, it would still take a thousand years to produce 10,000 Godstones.

Yuan Mo's forehead was covered in a cold sweat. He said, "Xue Tu is indeed deceiving us. He was completely misleading us."

"Do you think Xue Tu was scheming with the Realm of Star Ocean? The price of the sixth cauldron of Fugue Pills is already worth ten cauldrons of Fugue Pills." Someone was skeptical.

"It's completely possible."

"Fortunately, I didn't fall for it. If I were to be cheated out of more than 10,000 Godstones, I'm afraid I'll have to pay my debts for the next thousand years."

"11,000 Godstones is equivalent to eleven trillion saint stones. It was more than enough for the Mara Family to nurture many saint cultivators. This is a fatal mistake."

"Warlord Mara is too pitiful. Spending 11,000 Godstones to buy a cauldron of Fugue Pills will become a joke in the entire Infernal Court."

“After making such a huge mistake, Warlord Mara’s future is at stake. The Mara Family will not focus on nurturing him. They will likely take back his title, Mara.”

Warlord Mara realized the severity of the consequences. He looked at Supreme Saint Qiluo with a pleading gaze.

Supreme Saint Qiluo shook his head. There was no reason for him to regret his bid at the auction. How could the Realm of Star Ocean be a place for him to cause trouble?

Warlord Mara stared at Xue Tu and said, “Aren’t you determined to obtain the Fugue Pills? Add a little more and I’ll let you win.”

Xue Tu shrugged and said, “When did I say that I was determined to obtain the Fugue Pills? Since I can’t win against you, I can only give it to you.”

Warlord Mara could not control the anger in his body. A vast evil aura burst out from his body and directly rushed toward Xue Tu. “You want to destroy me, then I will perish together with you.”

The cultivators at the auction saw what happened and immediately felt a great sense of satisfaction.

All the cultivators were cheering for Warlord Mara, hoping that he could kill Xue Tu, preferably by torture. This bast\*rd was too hateful. He had the support of the Realm of Star Ocean.

Unfortunately, before Warlord Mara could reach Xue Tu, he was captured by the order masters of the Realm of Star Ocean.

Xue Tu heaved a long sigh of relief. He tidied up the saint robe on him and quietly stared at the cultivators at the auction. Only then did he realize that the atmosphere was not right. Why did so many cultivators suddenly want him dead? Moreover, they hated him to the bone.

It was just an auction. Was it necessary?

Could it be that they hated the rich?

It seemed that he had to keep a low profile next.

### **Chapter 2252: The Nine-tremors Saintwill**

The seventh cauldron of the Fugue Pills started to be auctioned. All the cultivators became cautious, afraid that they would be tricked by Xue Tu.

“500 Godstones,” Lord Bladehell said.

Wu Jiang shouted, “600 Godstones.”

...

Only four cauldrons of the Fugue Pills were left. All the forces did not hold their horses any longer and started to make their moves.

The Fugue Pills could increase the cultivation of a Hundred-Shackle Realm Supreme Saint. It was of great help to the Celestial-hunting Festival. Even if they had to pay a higher price, they had to take one or two cauldrons.

When Xue Tu saw that they were increasing the price too slowly, he could not help but shout, "1,500 Godstones."

The faces of all the cultivators who participated in the bidding turned black after they heard his voice.

The act of killing was a common occurrence for the cultivators of Infernal Court. At that moment, many of the Hundred-Shackle Realm Supreme Saints were exuding killing intent. They hated Xue Tu to the bone and wanted to grind him to the ground.

The price of the Fugue Pills had reached the sky-high price of 2,000, 3,000, and even 11,000. In fact, 1,500 Godstones was its highest value.

Lord Bladehell suddenly stood up and glared at Xue Tu with a threatening look. He shouted, "1,600 Godstones."

Lord Bladehell was an Immortal Vampires powerhouse below the Thousand-Koan Realm. Xue Tu was naturally afraid. He knew very well that if he continued to bid, he would definitely offend Lord Bladehell.

However, Xue Tu could not back down now.

If Lord Bladehell could buy a cauldron of Fugue Pills with 1,600 Godstones, how would he explain to Zhang Ruochen that he had spent 3,000 Godstones to buy a cauldron of Fugue Pills?

Compared to Lord Bladehell, Xue Tu was more afraid of Zhang Ruochen.

'Oh no, I'm in big trouble now. I shouldn't have bid for Zhang Ruochen. If I offended Lord Bladehell, how could he let me go easily at the Celestial-hunting Festival?' Xue Tu thought.

He choked and said, "2,000 Godstones!"

Then he immediately added, "That is my final price. If anyone can offer a higher price, the cauldron of Fugue Pills will belong to him."

'If I raise the price of the single cauldron to above 2,000 Godstones, even if Zhang Ruochen knows the truth, he should have nothing to say,' Xue Tu thought to himself.

All the cultivators in the auction hall looked at each other.

Was Xue Tu Crazy?

Raising the price to 2,000 Godstones on purpose to challenge Lord Bladehell?

No one believed Xue Tu's words. Yuan Mo had summoned up his courage to offer a price of 2,010 Godstones just because he believed him. However, he was humiliated.

How could Lord Bladehell follow in the footsteps of Yuan Mo?

"It's said that Xue Tu has obtained the Mark of Wargod Bloodflame and he improved greatly."



“Lord Bladehell is famous for taking revenge for the smallest grievance. Xue Tu challenged him in front of so many cultivators. It will be a challenge towards his reputation for being the number one Immortal Vampires’ powerhouse under the Thousand-Koan Realm. He will definitely seek his vengeance.”

...

Lord Bladehell’s face was darkened, and his eyes were blood-red. He said, “Xue Tu, you shouldn’t have gone so far. I will settle the score with you slowly after the Celestial-hunting Festival.”

Lord Bladehell sat back and gave up on fighting for the Fugue Pills.

The seventh cauldron of Fugue Pill was bought by Xue Tu with 2,000 Godstones.

Xue Tu did not feel any joy. Instead, he looked sad. The more he thought about it, the more he felt that Zhang Ruochen was tricking him by letting him bid on his behalf. The auction was not over yet. He had already offended a lot of cultivators.

Now, he could only brace himself and continue bidding.

The eighth cauldron of the Fugue Pills was bought by Xue Tu with another 2,000 Godstones.

The ninth cauldron of the Fugue Pills was bought by Xue Tu with a price of 2,000 Godstones. Finally, Wu Jiang could not help but bid for 2,100 Godstones.

Xue Tu felt a sense of relief as he said, “Congratulations, Myriad Hands Supreme Saint. This cauldron of the Fugue Pills belongs to you.”

When Supreme Saint Qiluo announced “2,100 Godstones, sold”, Wu Jiang was still in a daze. He could not believe that he had really bought it.

This was unexpected!

Why was it so sudden?

Why was Xue Tu acting so out of the ordinary that no one could see through him?

“Xue Tu was scheming with the Realm of Star Ocean. It must be it.”

“In my opinion, the starting price of the Realm of Star Ocean for Xue Tu is 2,000 Godstones.”

“Originally, one could buy the Fugue Pill within 1,500 Godstones. However, Xue Tu forcefully raised it to 2,000 Godstones or more. Those commissioners should die a horrible death.”

“I wonder how many benefits the Realm of Star Ocean has given to Xue Tu.”

“No matter how many benefits he gets, what’s the point? Xue Tu has offended all the cultivators this time, and he will suffer in the future.”

...

The upper three clans had bought a cauldron of Fugue Pills, and the representatives of the lower three clans and the middle three clans all felt the pressure.

No matter how much they paid for the last cauldron, they still had to fight for it.

Therefore, when they were bidding for the tenth cauldron of Fugue Pills, even though Xue Tu did not call out the price, they still raised the price to 2,800 and were won by the seventh son of Ghost Lord, Xu.

The auction continued.

Many cultivators came to participate in the auction, and many treasures were auctioned off. All sorts of treasures were auctioned off, and there was no end to them. An entire day had passed, but it still had not ended.

The weakest among the cultivators present was a Saint, and none of them felt tired. On the contrary, because the treasures that were being auctioned off were getting more and more valuable, all the cultivators were in a state of extreme excitement.

On the first day of the auction, the final item that was being auctioned was the Wheel of the Nether Sun.

It was a Seven Element Regal Artifact, a weapon that had been used by the gods of the Nether Clan. It contained powerful divine power. The moment the Wheel of the Nether Sun was auctioned, it caused a huge commotion. All the forces competed to bid for it.

Twelve Paramount Realm Supreme Saints, six demigods, and two god-like elders joined the auction because of this.

Originally, they had come for the Yuanhui-grade Lotus of Divine Reflection and the divine corpse. However, they were the first to compete for the Wheel of the Nether Sun.

Even the acting head of the Xue Jue family, Supreme Saint Qingsheng, made a bid. However, the price exceeded 200,000 Godstones because the competition was too intense. Supreme Saint Qingsheng had no choice but to give up.

“A vessel that can survive seven King’s Calamity without being destroyed must be made from one of the top ten substances in the universe. It has also been tempered seven times by the power of heaven and earth. It is almost certain that it will be able to become a Supreme Artifact.” Supreme Saint Qingsheng said.

He continued, “If I can get it, I can ask the Archsaint Refiner to help me refine it. In a few years, it will become a Supreme Artifact. When that time comes, my combat power will increase by a lot with a Supreme Artifact in my hands. It’s a shame.”

Supreme Saint Qingsheng’s gaze was fixed on the Wheel of the Nether Sun on the auction stage. His heart was like it was being twisted by a knife as he lamented.

After cultivating for a myriad year, Supreme Saint Qingsheng accumulated a wealth of Godstones that was still less than 200,000.

‘It seems that the matter of increasing the clan leader’s treatment must be brought up to Wargod Bloodximius, and it cannot be delayed,’ Supreme Saint Qingsheng thought to himself.

Xue Chen said, “A treasure like the Wheel of the Nether Sun can be used as a powerful weapon in the clan. Who would be so unappreciative as to take it out for auction?”

Supreme Saint Qingsheng immediately glared at Xue Chen. He said seriously and cautiously, "Xue Chen, be careful with what you say. An existence that can put the Wheel of the Nether Sun up for auction is most likely a supreme god. Only a god would be able to do such a thing.

"If I'm not wrong, this god is probably trying to buy the divine corpse and is collecting Godstones on a large scale."

Xue Tu was in a daze as he watched the powerhouses push the Wheel of the Nether Sun to a sky-high price.

"It's already 250,000 Godstones... No wonder Zhang Ruochen asked me to bid as much as I wanted. Damn it. If I knew this, I would have attacked the Scions and Scionesses of the Celestial Court on the Battlefield of Merits of Kunlun. Why would I fight Zhang Ruochen to the death? If I had robbed Mosheng, wouldn't the Wheel of the Nether Sun have been mine? These Godstones are mine, too."

Xue Tu slapped his face. He regretted his past actions and he wished he could do it all over again.

If he had to do it all over again, he would never have gone to the Sword Vault. He would never have gone to the Sect of the Blood God. He would only focus on robbing the Scions, Scionesses, and leaders of the Celestial Court.

No.

He would only rob the Mosheng.

As long as he got the Wheel of the Nether Sun, what else would he need?

Unfortunately, there was no turning back in time. If he missed it, then that's it.

"What are you thinking about?"

Zhang Ruochen's voice suddenly rang out behind Xue Tu.

Xue Tu suddenly stood up, and he said, "Senior Brother, you're finally out. I've completed my task perfectly. I only spent 16,000 Godstones to buy seven cauldrons of the Fugue Pills and Warlord Mara spent 11,000 Godstones to buy one cauldron."

Zhang Ruochen did not care too much about the price. He muttered to himself, "Seven cauldrons. That's a lot. But since it's the most suitable pill for a Hundred-Shackle Realm Supreme Saint, it doesn't matter."

Xue Tu observed Zhang Ruochen carefully. He was surprised. "Senior brother, you seem to have changed!"

"Really?"

Zhang Ruochen raised his right hand and clenched his fingers into a fist. He did not use much strength.

However, nine layers of energy waves appeared on his fist and spread out in all directions. Every wave hit Xue Tu's body, and his Neverwilt Physique trembled.

When the ninth wave hit, Xue Tu could not help but take a step back.

Although he was secretly shocked, he did not think it was anything special. However, just as he was about to speak, his internal organs and even bone marrow felt a sharp pain. He knelt down on one knee.

“Senior Brother, what did you do to me?” Xue Tu asked in pain.

Zhang Ruochen loosened his fist and said, “I just condensed the Fist Saintwill. Seeing that you were beside me, I couldn’t help but test its power. I didn’t use much force though. Are you okay?”

Xue Tu wanted to pretend to be seriously injured. He spat out blood and fell to the ground. He wanted to see if he could get some Godstones from Zhang Ruochen. At the very least, he could get his fiefdom back.

But he gave up after thinking a while.

How could Zhang Ruochen be so easily fooled?

If he was seen through and fell to the ground, Zhang Ruochen would dare to kick him again.

“Senior Brother, I’m fine.”

Xue Tu stood up slowly with a smile on his face. He said in admiration, “Senior Brother, you are indeed a genius. In just one day, you have condensed the Saintwill.”

“Not one day, but nine days. The Violet Gourd is a time and space treasure that turns time nine times faster than usual,” Zhang Ruochen said.

Last time, it took Zhang Ruochen three months to condense the Fist Saintwill. In the end, he failed.

This time, Zhang Ruochen successfully condensed the Fist Saintwill in only nine days with the help of the Lotus of Divine Reflection.

The effect of the Lotus of Divine Reflection was evident.

The Saintwill condensed was called the Nine-tremors Saintwill. It was a fifth-grade Saintwill.

If the Saintwill was integrated into the Fist technique, it would burst out nine layers of tremors when the fist force was exerted. It would penetrate the armor or Divine Marks on the surface of the body and directly attack the enemy’s internal organs, bone marrow, and even the Saint Soul and sea of Qi.

Zhang Ruochen had only lightly clenched his fist during the test just now.

If he used all his strength to unleash a punch, Xue Tu’s internal organs would be shattered into muddy blood, his saint soul and sea of Qi would also be shattered. Even if he was protected by Divine Marks and wore armor at the level of a Regal Artifact.

The power of the Saintwill was so terrifying.

The Saintwill was divided into the first to the ninth grade. The ninth grade was the lowest, and the first grade was the highest.

To be able to condense a fifth-grade Saintwill was the dream of countless Supreme Saints of the Neverwilt Realm. This meant that one had the potential to become a god. It could be called the God Candidate.

However, Zhang Ruochen was not willing to give up. He could only have a fifth-grade Saintwill.

According to Moon Goddess, to become a god, one had to become a god who mastered the Canons.

One had to cultivate the Saintwill above the third grade and become a god in the future to turn the Saintwill into the Canon.

The fifth-grade Saintwill only represented the potential to become a god.

On the other hand, the third-grade Saintwill represented the chance to become an elite among gods.

Becoming an ordinary god was not Zhang Ruochen's goal.

'It's too difficult to condense the Saintwill. I've tried my best, but I can only condense the fifth-grade Fist Saintwill. How can I condense a higher-grade Saintwill?' Zhang Ruochen thought.

He looked at the auction stage. He had to fight for the Yuanhui-grade Lotus of Divine Reflection.

The bidding for the Wheel of the Nether Sun came to an end. A demigod of the Nether Clan bought it for 300,000 Godstones.

At this moment, a smile finally appeared on Zhang Ruochen's face. "It looks like I don't have to worry about Godstones anymore."

The first day of the auction ended and there was a short break. The next day was the main event.

The first treasure of the second day was the Yuanhui-grade Lotus of Divine Reflection.

The diameter of the Lotus of Divine Reflection was 30 feet. It was extremely bright and lit up the three-layered circular world. When the light shone on it, all cultivators had a feeling that they were about to enter a state of epiphany and it was very magical.

The 100,000-year-old Lotus of Divine Reflection that Zhang Ruochen had bought was dozens of times smaller than it.

Supreme Saint Qiluo explained, "According to the assessment of the Realm of Star Ocean, this Lotus of Divine Reflection has been growing for about 180,000 years. It has already developed a tiny bit of spiritual intelligence. Using it, whether it's cultivating the Saintwill or comprehending the Canons, you can achieve twice the result with half the effort.

"Everyone should know that the Lotus of Divine Reflection floats in the universe and is very fragile. Any slight accident can destroy it. There is very few Lotus of Divine Reflections that can survive the Yuanhui Tribulations. The price difference is naturally huge."

"The starting price of the Lotus of Divine Reflection is 20,000 Godstones. Each increment must not be less than 1,000 Godstones."

"Let the bidding begin."

It had been over 10,000 years since the Yuanhui-grade Lotus of Divine Reflection had appeared in Infernal Court. Upon hearing Supreme Saint Qiluo's bid, many cultivators who were interested in buying the lotus began to curse.

This was too underhanded!

A 100,000-year-old Lotus of Divine Reflection could be bought with just 100 to 200 Godstones.

The Yuanhui-grade Lotus of Divine Reflection was a hundred times more expensive.

As such, the Neverwilt Realm and the Hundred-Shackled Realm Supreme Saints were kicked out of the bidding.. Obviously, this was the price that the Realm of Star Ocean was aiming for demigods and even gods to pay.

### **Chapter 2253: A Desolate God**

To demigods and gods, money was nothing. As long as they could increase their cultivation, it was worth it no matter how many Godstones they spent.

The Yuanhui-grade Lotus of Divine Reflection was a treasure worth selling.

“30,000 Godstones.”

“31,000 Godstones.”

“35,000 Godstones.”

...

Dozens of cultivators participated in the auction.

There were more than a dozen Supreme Saint cultivators below the Thousand-Koan Realm. Xu, Luo Shengtian, Wu Jiang, and Lady Wind were all bidding. However, they represented the gods behind them. They could not bring out such a huge amount of wealth on their own.

A god that shook the Infernal Court appeared in the auction with his divine spirit and shouted, “50,000 Godstones.”

Many cultivators recognized him and tactfully withdrew from the auction.

However, there were still eight cultivators with deep pockets who were bidding with him. Five of them were the divine spirit of true gods. 50,000 Godstones would not scare them away.

“51,000 Godstones.”

“53,000 Godstones.”

...

Zhang Ruochen carefully observed the Yuanhui-grade Lotus of Divine Reflection and said, “Help me bid.”

Xue Tu was stunned and said, “The lotus is too expensive. Only gods can use it. A 10,000-year-old Lotus is enough for a Neverwilt Realm Supreme Saint. The price is thousands of times cheaper.”

“Other Neverwilt Realm Supreme Saints use the 10,000-year-old Lotus of Divine Reflection because they can’t afford to use a higher-level one. If there is a Yuanhui-grade Lotus of Divine Reflection, don’t you want to use it?” Zhang Ruochen asked.

Xue Tu’s spirits rose. His eyes burned like fire. He said, “Senior Brother, are you implying that I’ll have the chance to use them in the future if I win?”

“You’re naive, but it’s not like you don’t have a chance. Go and bid them for me first,” Zhang Ruochen said.

Xue Tu was overjoyed, but he quickly thought of something. He said with a bitter face, “Why don’t you bid for them yourself? I’ve already offended a lot of cultivators by helping you bidding the Fugue Pills.”

Zhang Ruochen patted Xue Tu’s shoulder and said, “Maybe you won’t have the chance to use the Yuanhui-grade Lotus of Divine Reflection. But I still have a 100,000-year-old Lotus of Divine Reflection. I have been storing it away. If there’s no better candidate, I plan to give it to the Neverwilt Realm Supreme Saint of the Xue Jue family.”

“I’m the best candidate. Don’t worry, Senior Brother. Leave the bidding to me.”

Xue Tu stood straight and walked to the edge of the ring-shaped world. He asked, “How should I bid?”

Zhang Ruochen used spiritual power to tell him a price.

When Xue Tu heard it, he was so scared that his body shook. He licked his lips and said with a raised voice, “100,000 Godstones.”

The ring-shaped world auction house became silent again after Xue Tu spoke out.

The price of the Lotus of Divine Reflection was still below 60,000 Godstones. Even a god would only raise the price by 1,000 Godstones. Suddenly, such a sky-high price was shouted out. The few gods participating in the auction were shocked indeed.

After a short period of silence, a huge uproar broke out.

“It’s Xue Tu, and he’s making his move again.”

“Could it be that the Realm of Star Ocean asked him to be their scapegoat again for this auction?”

“Xue Tu is too bold. He actually dares to challenge the gods.”

“If he really is the scapegoat of the Realm of Star Ocean, then it’s obvious that he’s tricking the gods here. He definitely won’t have a good ending.”

“The price of 100,000 Godstones is too high. No god will be fooled. No matter how many Godstones there are, we can’t give them to the Realm of Star Ocean for free.”

...

Xue Tu’s face turned ugly after he heard the Infernal Court’s cultivators’ discussions. He hurriedly explained, “The bidding for treasures depends on one’s financial capability. There was no commissioning

involved. I feel that the Yuanhui-grade Lotus of Divine Reflection is priceless. Not to mention 100,000 Godstones, even paying 200,000 Godstones is worth it.”

There was a god who was very eager to obtain the Yuanhui-grade Lotus of Divine Reflection and was tempted to increase the price.

However, when he heard Xue Tu say 200,000 Godstones, he immediately gave up on the idea. If he continued to fight, it would be fine if he won, but if he lost, he would definitely become a joke among the gods.

In addition, Xue Tu’s fearsome bidding for the Fugue Pills was still lingering. Even the gods were somewhat afraid of him.

“He bid 100,000 Godstones without even blinking. Are the juniors nowadays so rich?”

“He is the son of Bloodlucius.”

“Bloodlucius had overcome the first Yuanhui Tribulation. The Yuanhui-grade Lotus of Divine Reflection is of little use to him. How could he spend 100,000 Godstones here?”

“Could it really be arranged by the Realm of Star Ocean?”

The few gods present communicated secretly. They all agreed that the Realm of Star Ocean wanted to treat them as fat sheep to be slaughtered. That was why they had deliberately arranged such a disruptive junior.

No one raised the price and Zhang Ruochen bought the Yuanhui-grade Lotus of Divine Reflection for 100,000 Godstones.

The treasures on the auction stage were all extremely rare. They all cost more than 1,000 Godstones.

There were Emperor Grade pills, Supreme Saint-level puppet slaves, primitive worlds...

Zhang Ruochen did not place his bid. He either had the treasures or did not need them for the time being.

The auction was nearing its end. Amidst everyone’s anticipation, the last item was brought up for auction.

The divine corpse.

Supreme Saint Sanjin and Supreme Saint Qiluo brought the two bronze coffins up to the auction stage personally.

The instant the two coffins were placed down, the floating island where the auction stage was located shook violently. It was pushed down by a large amount of pressure.

Divine Marks and arrays were drawn on the bronze coffins to seal the divine power inside and prevent it from leaking out.



Even so, there were still strange waves coming out of the coffins, making the precepts of heaven and earth in this space slightly chaotic. The Saint Kings and some Neverwilt Realm Supreme Saints felt uneasy.

The divine corpse of a recently deceased was indeed different from the one that has been dead for many years,' Zhang Ruochen thought.

Zhang Ruochen had seen many divine corpses.

The one that had been taken away by Elder Patriarch Death Zen in the Nether Realm.

The remains of Blood God in the Sect of the Blood God.

The Divine Python's corpse had been dug out of the ground in the Northern Region.

And the Blood Phoenix's divine corpse in the second gradient of the Endless Abyss.

...

However, they had all fallen for more than 100,000 years. God knew how much of the divine power in the divine corpse had been lost. Its value and divine powers were only one-tenth or even one-hundredth of what they had been when they had just died.

"Why are there two bronze coffins? Are there two divine corpses? And the divine corpse should be huge. Can these two coffins fit?" Xue Tu whispered.

"Those two coffins are dimensional treasures. There are universes within," Zhang Ruochen said.

Xue Tu muttered, "I see."

All the cultivators' curiosity was piqued.

Supreme Saint Qiluo raised his voice and said, "This divine corpse is the Desolate God. It was killed by Sword God Feng Chen of Asura at the frontier of the Nether Realm's starry sky. He cut its body in half with one cut. The upper and lower halves of the bodies are in the two coffins respectively."

Supreme Saint Sanjin took the lead and opened the bronze coffin on the left.

*Whoosh*

Dazzling divine light burst out from the coffin, illuminating the entire ring-shaped world and the headquarters of the entire Realm of Star Ocean with a greenish-purple color.

Blue and purple divine clouds appeared above the group of cultivators, and it's rolling endlessly.

The powerful divine power intimidated many cultivators, and they trembled.

Zhang Ruochen stared into the coffin. Through layers of spatial fog, he saw half a corpse covered in purple carapace. It had sharp claws and looked like a giant scorpion.

Even though it only had the upper body, the divine corpse was more than 3,000 miles long. It was heavier and bigger than the planet they were on.

“This god’s carapace must have a strong defense, but such a huge body was still cut by a sword. To be able to kill it means that the sword contains Canons.”

Zhang Ruochen carefully observed the flat cut on the divine corpse’s waist and abdomen. A strange feeling arose in his mind.

This feeling flashed and disappeared.

It was indescribable and impossible to capture.

He continued to observe the cut on the divine corpse, but he could no longer find the strange feeling.

For cultivators at the level of a Supreme Saint, any perception could not be produced for no reason. There must be a reason.

Zhang Ruochen’s eyes turned serious. He asked Xue Tu, “What’s going on in the Desolate Starry Sky? which force does the Desolate God belongs to?”

Xue Tu said, “I’ve never been to the Desolate Starry Sky. I’ve only heard that it’s very far from Infernal Court. It’s a place that only gods can reach. Sword God Feng Chen was indeed worthy of being the hero of the Asura for a thousand years. He had ascended to the Ashuran Planet less than a thousand years ago, and he already possessed god-killing powers.

A flash of inspiration appeared in Zhang Ruochen’s mind. A peerless sword light appeared. He saw a giant scorpion that was thousands of miles long was being cut off in the universe.

‘Could it be that the strange feeling just now did not originate from the divine corpse, but from the opening of the sword on the divine corpse?’ Zhang Ruochen thought.

His pupils suddenly contracted. He stared at the divine corpse in the bronze coffin. He thought to himself, ‘maybe if I bid for the divine corpse and studied it closely, then I would be much closer to the truth.’

Supreme Saint Qiluo said, “When this divine corpse was alive, it wasn’t a false god. It was a true god. However, the Divinity Source and most of its divine soul were taken away.”

Although they knew that Sword God Feng Chen would definitely take the Divinity Source and the divine soul, everyone still sighed when they heard the news.

Without the Divinity Source and the divine soul, the value of the divine corpse was greatly reduced.

This was especially so for a god. It was no longer very attractive.

However, the divine corpse contained a huge amount of divine blood, divine bones, divine marrow, carapace, and so on. It could be used to nurture a large number of Saint Realm cultivators. It was a strategic resource that all the major powers had to fight for.

Supreme Saint Qiluo said, “The divine corpse has been cut into two pieces, so it was divided into two auctions. Now, the auction for the upper body will begin. The starting price is 100,000 Godstones. Each increment must be at least 1,000 Godstones.”

“110,000 Godstones.”

“120,000.”

..

“150,000.”

The value of the Wheel of the Nether Sun was that it could greatly increase the strength of an individual unit.

However, the divine corpse could increase the overall strength of an entire faction. It could nurture a large number of outstanding young talents. They could be used for thousands or even tens of thousands of years.

They were all treasures of the profound level.

Luo Shengtian shouted, “200,000 Godstones.”

“210,000 Godstones,” Lord Bladehell said.

A Supreme Saint of Asura at the completion of the Hundred-Shackle Realm said, “220,000 Godstones.”

“230,000 Godstones.”

...

The divine corpse was the most valuable to the Immortal Vampires, Rakshasa, and Asura. It was worth more than 200,000 Godstones. The bidders from the three middle and upper clans automatically gave up.

Hundreds of elites from the three lower clans who had gods backing them competed fiercely. Soon, the divine corpse was worth more than 300,000 Godstones.

At that point, most of the bidders had given up.

Only a few cultivators, such as Luo Shengtian and Lord Bladehell, were left. They were still bidding. However, they all looked thoughtful. Every time they bid, they were being very careful.

After the price exceeded 300,000 Godstones, Zhang Ruochen gave up on bidding.

The reason why they could raise the price to such a high level was mainly that they needed a lot of resources. There were many cultivators under their banner.

In other words, they had to buy.

Zhang Ruochen’s Qiankun Realm had a large number of cultivators.

However, their numbers were less than one-myriadth of these forces. There were very few cultivators who had the potential to reach the Saint realm. There was no need to buy a divine corpse.

Besides, the divine corpse was far less important to human cultivators than Rakshasa and Immortal Vampires.

'The price of half a divine corpse is more than the Wheel of the Nether Sun, and it doesn't have the Divinity Source or most of the divine soul. A god that just died should be worth as much as a Supreme Artifact,' Zhang Ruochen thought this was his assessment.

In the intense competition, the upper body of the divine corpse was bought by Luo Shengtian for 400,000 Godstones.

Tianluo was the leader of the seven divine kingdoms of the Rakshasa. In terms of wealth, no Immortal Vampires could compare to it.

"Damn it. He actually offered 400,000 Godstones for a half-divine corpse."

Lord Bladehell was extremely unwilling to lose the bid. He wanted to raise the price, but he received a telepathic message from a god in his clan, so he had to give up.

"There's no need to be so angry. There's still half a divine corpse," a cultivator from Immortal Vampires said.

Lord Bladehell snorted. "Everyone knows that the most precious and mysterious treasures of the divine corpse are gathered in the brain and abdomen. They're all in the upper body. Even if you buy the lower body of the divine corpse, it's only equivalent to buying a batch of divine blood and divine bones. There are lots of divine blood and divine bones for sale in other places. There is no reason to bid it from here."

Although Lord Bladehell said this, he still decided to continue bidding for the lower half of the divine corpse. After all, it was the corpse of a god that had just died. If he auctioned it back, there might be some pleasant surprise.

The second bronze coffin was opened.

The lower half of the divine corpse was more than two thousand miles long, and it was covered with huge spikes that were emitting green light.

"The starting price is 100,000 Godstones. Each increment must be no less than one thousand Godstones."

"Let the bidding begin."

This time, the intensity of the bidding was far less than when the upper half of the divine corpse was being auctioned.

All the cultivators could see that this was not the lower half of the giant scorpion divine corpse, but rather its tail. The value could not be compared.

"110,000 Godstones."

"120,000 Godstones."

"125,000 Godstones."

..

When the price was raised to 150,000 Godstones, most of the cultivators who wanted to bid had already chosen to withdraw.

“160,000 Godstones.”

After Lord Bladehell raised the price, all the other bidders became hesitant. They were considering whether to withdraw or not.

Zhang Ruochen said to Xue Tu, “The bid of 180,000 Godstones could completely destroy their hope so that they wouldn’t continue to hesitate.”

Xue Tu was shocked and said, “Senior Brother, why are you buying the divine corpse?”

“Why do you ask so many questions?” Zhang Ruochen asked.

Xue Tu had a bitter face and he said sadly, “Lord Bladehell is determined to get the divine corpse. I’ve already offended him when bidding for the Fugue Pills. If I steal his divine corpse again, he’ll kill me.”

“You’re a Scion. Why are you afraid of him?” Zhang Ruochen asked.

Xue Tu shook his head vigorously. In a pleading tone, he said, “He’s at the completion of the Hundred-Shackle Realm, and I’ve just reached the Neverwilt Realm. Also, you don’t know that Lord Bladehell is vengeful. A cultivator that offended him always ends up in a terrible state.”

“The divine corpse is more than 2,000 miles long. The fresh divine blood inside is like a river or a sea. Do you want to drink it?” Zhang Ruochen asked.

“Yes, of course.”

Xue Tu kept thinking. He changed the topic and said, “Don’t worry, Senior Brother. Leave the bidding to me. It’s just Lord Bladehell. Why should I fear him?”

...

## **Chapter 2254: Shook the Divine Domain of Destiny**

“180,000 divine stones.”

Just as Xue Tu shouted out his bidding price, a wave of curses erupted in the auction hall.

“This fake bidder has jumped out to star troubles again.”

“Realm of Star Ocean is too greedy. Aren’t they afraid that no one would bid for the god corpse?”

“What’s there to be afraid of? It’s just a half-god corpse. Realm of Star Ocean has plenty of ways to deal with it.”

A Corpusian Supreme Saint said, “Xue Tu might not be a fake bidder. I think he just wants to embarrass Lord Bladehell. After obtaining Wargod Bloodflame’s Mark, he probably wants to step on Lord Bladehell’s position and fight for the title — No.1 elite in a thousand years.”

Most cultivators present could tell that the Corpasian Supreme Saint was deliberately trying to sow discord.

However, Lord Bladehell was so angry that he was about to lose his mind. The more he listened, the more he felt that those words were very reasonable.

He believed that Xue Tu wanted to go against him on purpose.

A Hundred-Shackle Realm Supreme Saint from a Qitian Clan said, "He has just become a Supreme Saint, yet he is already so arrogant. Xue Tu has belittled you. When the auction is over, I will challenge him to battle and crush his pride." His voice was deep.

Lord Bladehell's emotions changed. He clenched his fists and slowly opened them. Then, he let out a long breath and stood up. "Let's go."

"Big Brother, are you not going to continue the bidding? Are you really going to give it up to Xue Tu? I'm not willing," said the Hundred-Shackle Realm Supreme Saint.

"So what if I'm not willing? The starting price is 170,000 divine stones. If I continue to raise the price, how much will it be? Who will make up the extra divine stones?" Lord Bladehell asked.

How could he let go willingly?

However, he could not even afford 1,000 divine stones, let alone 10,000 divine stones to fight with Xue Tu.

Even if he was angry and resentful, he could only keep it and pay back double what Xue Tu did to him when the time came.

All the forces had a precise evaluation of the lower half of the god corpse's value, which was about 160,000 divine stones.

Not everyone would be like Zhang Ruochen, who could spend divine stones at will.

"180,000 divine stones, sold."

Supreme Saint Qiluo's announcement rang out. The auction in Realm of Star Ocean World had officially ended.

Xue Tu smiled and said to Zhang Ruochen, "Next, we should go to Starry Ocean Palace on this planet to pay for the divine stones and collect the auction items."

"Okay, you go first," Zhang Ruochen nodded and said.

Xue Tu was stunned and said, "Senior brother, aren't we going together?"

"I can go alone," Zhang Ruochen said.

Xue Tu's heart thumped and he said, "Senior brother, you can't do this. I've offended many cultivators in this auction. What if they find and harm me?"

"I'm also afraid that they'll find me," Zhang Ruochen said as if he could not help it.

How could Xue Tu not understand? Zhang Ruochen completely despised him and did not want to travel with him. Zhang Ruochen also did not want outsiders to know that he was the one behind this auction.

It was equivalent to letting Xue Tu take the blame alone.

Xue Tu was certain that there must be a large group of cultivators waiting for him outside Annulus World at that moment.

Once he walked out, even if he did not die, he would be severely injured.

Xue Tu acted like he was not troubled by it. "If they find me, I won't take the blame alone. I might spill the beans."

Zhang Ruochen said, "You owe me a Supreme Saint Weapon, but you haven't returned it yet. Now you dare to threaten me. Do you really think I'm an easy bully target?"

'You are the bully,' Xue Tu muttered to himself.

He had become the public enemy of many cultivators in Infernal Court. If he fell out with Zhang Ruochen again, it would only make things worse. Moreover, falling out with Zhang Ruochen meant losing the chance to drink divine blood and borrow Lotus of Divine Reflection from Zhang Ruochen.

"As a Supreme Saint, I should know when to yield and when not; I should admit defeat when it's time to do so."

Xue Tu sighed in his mind. He didn't dare to fight Zhang Ruochen head-on so he quickly begged, "Senior brother, you have to save me this time. From now on, I will follow your order strictly."

"Don't leave me alone. If I go out alone, I'll die a horrible death."

Zhang Ruochen frowned. "You are a Supreme Saint too. How can you be so timid? Those who want to become gods should be unyielding."

Xue Tu shook his head, looking pitiful. "I can train my state of mind slowly later. But survival comes before the goal to attain godhood."

Zhang Ruochen sighed and took out an Exquisite Dimensional Orb. "You are my junior. Of course, I won't let you die. In that case, no matter how dangerous it is, I will bear it alone. You should hide inside first."

"Senior Brother..."

Xue Tu was struck by his words for a second. He didn't expect Zhang Ruochen, the devil, to have a conscience.

"Don't be so wishy-washy. Go in. By the way, don't tell outsiders what happened at the auction," Zhang Ruochen said.

"Don't worry. Senior Brother treats me as a comrade. How can I betray you? I swear to God, if I tell anyone, I'll die a horrible death."

After Xue Tu entered the Dimensional Orb, Zhang Ruochen transformed into Xue Tu with Thirty-six Formless Transmogrification.

“Xue Tu, Xue Tu, you started the troubles, so you must end it yourselves.”

Zhang Ruochen muttered to himself. He pushed open the door of the VIP seats and walked out.

Previously, although Zhang Ruochen was condensing the Saintwill, he was not completely unaware of what had happened. How could he not know that Xue Tu was deliberately trying to trick him?

Thousands of divine stones were spent for the Seven Cauldrons of Fugue Pills. However, Xue Tu had hit the nail on the head.

When he was bidding for Lotus of Divine Reflection, everyone thought that he was a fake bidder and did not dare to compete with him. Eventually, Zhang Ruochen spent only 100,000 divine stones for it, saving a large amount of divine stones.

Otherwise, if he were to compete with a deity, he estimated that he would need more than 150,000 divine stones to have a chance to successfully bid Lotus of Divine Reflection.

Zhang Ruochen walked out of the VIP seat with the appearance of Xue Tu. People immediately looked at him with murderous intent in their eyes.

“Are you thinking to fight in the auction house? You’d better restrain yourself. I’m a big customer for Realm of Star Ocean World. They’ll protect me before I make payment.”

Zhang Ruochen imitated Xue Tu’s expression and sneered. He flew out of Annulus World and rushed to Starry Ocean Palace.

“That’s too arrogant. He’s only just become an immortal realm Supreme Saint, and he’s already this insolent.”

“He’s just a fake bidder. Does he really think he’s a big shot?”

“Lord Bladehell said that he wants to chop off one of Xue Tu’s arms. So how can he possibly walk out of Realm of Star Ocean World unscathed? Just wait and see.”

...

After arriving at Realm of Star Ocean Palace, Zhang Ruochen and Qiluo’s avatar interacted.

Although the Wheel of the Nether Sun had fetched 300,000 divine stones, Zhang Ruochen had to pay 3 percent as the bidding fee for Realm of Star Ocean. In the end, he only earned 291,000 divine stones.

Eight Regal Artifacts had fetched 302 divine stones.

Xue Tu’s planet fiefdom was auctioned for 96 divine stones.

According to Supreme Saint Qiluo, because he was a big client, they did not charge commission on the amount fetched by the eight Regal Artifacts and the planet fiefdom.

Zhang Ruochen spent a total of 290,377 divine stones for Lotuses of Divine Reflection, Spiritual Power sacred pills, Implement Nurturing Pills, Fugue Pills, God corpse, and so on.

Therefore, after making payment, Zhang Ruochen only had 1,021 divine stones left.



Zhang Ruochen had decided to let Xue Tu bid 180,000 divine stones for the god's corpse after doing some calculations. That was why he didn't need to sell other treasures to make up for the difference.

Zhang Ruochen put away the god's corpse, the Fugue Pills, and Lotus of Divine Reflection. He asked, "Realm of Star Ocean World should be able to guarantee the customer's private information, right?"

"Of course, Supreme Saint Ruochen is now our Purple-Gold class customer. We will never reveal your information to any force."

As he spoke, Supreme Saint Qiluo handed a purple gold token to Zhang Ruochen and said, "Next time, if Supreme Saint Ruochen has any more items, you could appoint Realm of Star Ocean World as representative. You only need to pay one percent of the fee. Furthermore, Supreme Saint Ruochen can buy all kinds of items at a discount in Realm of Star Ocean World."

Zhang Ruochen took the purple gold token and said, "Don't wait for the next time. Bring me to see the top-grade talismans."

In Realm of Star Ocean World, Zhang Ruochen spent another 300 divine stones to buy three Dark Prison Talismans before leaving Realm of Star Ocean palace.

Although they were expensive, they were very powerful.

According to Supreme Saint Qiluo, each Dark Prison Talisman could be used to trap a Thousand-Koan Realm Supreme Saint. Even a Banshi Isshou Realm Supreme Saint would find it difficult to break the Dark Prison formed by a talisman with only one strike.

One thing Xue Tu was right about. "Survival comes before the goal to attain godhood."

Zhang Ruochen had wanted to buy a talisman that was more powerful, preferably one that could kill a Thousand-Koan Realm Supreme Saint. However, the price was too expensive.

Moreover, the power of a talisman at that level was difficult for him to control with his cultivation at Neverwilt Realm. He could get himself hurt.

Therefore, he had to give up.

Zhang Ruochen was still disguised as Xue Tu. He took a Saint Ship arranged by Realm of Star Ocean World and sailed on the lake. He was ready to return to Winterpage City to study the god's corpse carefully.

A Saint Ship with 10 blood-red wings broke through the waves. It was like a mountain, exuding an intimidating Saint Aura. It blocked the way of Zhang Ruochen's Saint Ship.

Lord Bladehell stood on the deck. He wore shining blood armor. Above his head, blood clouds rolled. Behind him, a 30-foot-tall phantom appeared.

An overwhelming aura swept toward Zhang Ruochen.

Three Hundred-Shackle Realm Supreme Saints from Qitian Clan stood on Lord Bladehell's left and right sides.

Supreme Saint Cangye had broken 99 shackles. He was the second most powerful Supreme Saint after the elite from Hellblade Realm. "Xue Tu," he said in a deep voice, "You were in the limelight at the auction. You went against my brother everywhere. Who gave you the guts?"

Zhang Ruochen ignored him. He looked directly at Lord Bladehell and said, "The competition in the auction relies on one's wealth. If you lose, you can only blame yourself for being too poor. How can you blame the winner?"

Many cultivators participating in the auction hadn't left Realm of Star Ocean yet. They stood on different Saint Ships and looked over at them.

"Despite facing against Lord Bladehell, Xue Tu doesn't flinch. Instead, he's calm and composed. He certainly has a good state of mind."

"The gap of strength is too far. No matter how calm he is, it's pointless. Lord Bladehell is famous for being narrow-minded. He won't let Xue Tu go."

...

On one of the Saint Ships, Luo Sha and Luo Tiansheng stood side by side, looking forward.

Luo Tiansheng smiled and said, "Xue Tu turns out to be more unswerving than I thought. He dares to challenge Lord Bladehell and Qitian Clan alone. He got balls."

Luo Sha's expression changed.

She and Zhang Ruochen had practiced spiritual power together. There was a strange connection between them. Appearances could not deceive her.

"So it's him. No wonder he's so high-profile in the auction." Luo Sha smiled.

Soon, she was worried again.

Lord Bladehell was a top elite at Hundred-Shackle Realm. Since he said he would cut off Xue Tu's arm, he would definitely do it.

"Brother, how strong is Lord Bladehell? What are your chances of winning if you fight him?" Luo Sha asked.

Luo Shengtian said, "When Lord Bladehell was a Saint King, he practiced the precepts of Blade to the perfection level. After he became a Neverwilt Realm Supreme Saint, he was even more amazing. He practiced two Grade-Six Saintwills and one Grade-Four Blade Saintwill, which makes a total three."

"Most Supreme Saints can't even form two Saintwills. How could he cultivate three?" Luo Sha's heart sank. She was even more worried for Zhang Ruochen.

Luo Shengtian laughed, "If that's all, Lord Bladehell isn't qualified to be 10 Hundred-Shackle Realm Supreme Saints." His most powerful ability was to combine Grade Six Sigillum Saintwills and Grade Four Blade Saintwill to form a Grade Three Bladehell Saintwill."

"He can combine the Saintwills?" Luo Sha was even more shocked.

Luo Shengtian said, "That's right! In Infernal Court, in this one thousand years, only less than a hundred Supreme Saints can fuse their Saintwills. He is one of them. So one could imagine how terrifying his strength is. If it wasn't for his temperament, he would definitely be ranked higher than ninth place among those Hundred-Shackle Realm Supreme Saints who have attained the Great Perfection stage."

Condensing the Grade Three Saintwill meant that the probability of becoming a god had increased greatly. Furthermore, he would have the chance to grasp the Canon and become an elite amongst the gods in the future.

Luo Sha was quite confused. She said, "Lord Bladehell can integrate the Saintwills, so he is definitely not an ordinary person. His temperament can't be so bad. Brother, could he be deliberately pretending to be narrow-minded so that all the cultivators will look down on him?"

"It's not impossible."

Luo Shengtian thought carefully and then said, "If Lord Bladehell really has such a deep mind and shrewdness, he will definitely be a great opponent at Celestial-Hunting Festival."

...

Zhang Ruochen seemed to be quite impatient. He said again, "You blocked my Saint Ship. Are you angry because you were offended want to snatch my items shamelessly? So many cultivators are staring at you. Lord Bladehell, don't you feel ashamed? You are a total loser."

Supreme Saint Cangye, who stood beside Lord Bladehell, said coldly, "Xue Tu, do you dare to have a ring fight with me? If I lose, I'll cut off one of my arms. If you lose, you cut off yours. What do you think?"

Zhang Ruochen said, "I never bet my arm. Besides, with your cultivation, you are not qualified to challenge me."

"What did you say?"

Supreme Saint Cangye had long disliked Xue Tu. At that moment, Xue Tu, a Neverwilt Realm Supreme Saint, dared to make such insolent remarks. If Cangye did not teach Xue Tu a lesson, who knew how many Supreme Saints would laugh at Cangye over Xue Tu's words, "you are not qualified to challenge me."

*Boom*

Supreme Saint Cangye shot up from the deck of the Saint Ship. His body emitted a boundless bloody light. The vast and mighty Blood Qi condensed into a palm print the size of a palace building and pressed down on Zhang Ruochen.

Even with the suppression of surrounding Precepts, the palm power that Supreme Saint Cangye had unleashed still pressed down on the water under Zhang Ruochen's feet, causing it to sink and turn into a huge liquid basin.

Zhang Ruochen stood on the ship and looked at it indifferently.

Lord of Stone flew out and its huge body appeared behind him. It waved a stone palm that was as big as Mount Wuzhi. It shattered the Blood Qi palm print and hit Supreme Saint Cangye.

*Ptui!*

Supreme Saint Cangye spat out blood. Like a fly, he was thrown out and flew out of the space where Realm of Star Ocean World was.

Zhang Ruochen stared at the parabola of Blood light in the sky and said, "As weak as a bug."

What he didn't know was that many cultivators were petrified when they saw this.

A Supreme Saint who broke 99 shackles was sent flying just like that? And Xue Tu called him a bug?

The cultivators of Qitian Clan were all furious.

"So you have a Supreme Saint of the stone clan protecting you. That's why you're so insolent. I wonder if this Supreme Saint of the stone clan can block my blade."

Before Lord Bladehell could make a move, Zhang Ruochen had already thrown out a Dark Prison Talisman.

*Crash!*

A dark prison enveloped Lord Bladehell's ten-winged Saint Ship. All the Supreme Saints of Qitian Clan were trapped inside. Even if they attacked continuously, they couldn't break the power of the talisman.

"I don't want to argue with you today, but I have to warn you. Don't mess with me again. You can't bear the consequences."

Zhang Ruochen left these words in their curses. Then he drove the Saint Ship around the ten-winged Saint Ship and left Realm of Star Ocean World leisurely.

Watching him leave, the spectating cultivators of Infernal Court looked at each other in bewilderment.

"An incredible young Supreme Saint was born in Bloodysky Clan," a passing demigod exclaimed.

On this day, Xue Tu's fame shook the Divine Domain of Destiny..

### **Chapter 2255: Take You To Infernal Court**

There was still a month before Celestial-Hunting Festival.

Infernal Court's most outstanding elites in a thousand years had all gathered at Winterpage City in the Divine Domain of Destiny.

During the auction held in Realm of Star Ocean, the new rising star, Supreme Saint Xue Tu had successfully bid seven cauldrons of Fugue Pills, one-Yuanhui old Lotus of Divine Reflection, and the God corpse with hundreds of thousands of divine stones. This news spread like wildfire, sending everyone shockwaves.

Then, Xue Tu challenged Lord Bladehell and taught Supreme Saint Cang Ye a lesson. His showy and tough means made all beings of different clans wide-eyed. They had to reevaluate him.

"We used to focus our attention on Zhang Ruochen, Lord Xia Yu, Gu Chenzi, and Supreme Saint Yi Xuan. Now, we have to add Xue Tu to the list."

All Immortal Vampire clans added Xue Tu to their watch list of cultivators posing a treat. Only a Supreme Saint who had at least broken 70 shackles would make it to the list.

Among the ten Immortal Vampire clans, Xue Tu was the second exception following Zhang Ruochen.

Hearing the cultivators around talking about Xue Tu, Scion Yuan Mo was rather disdainful, he said, "Xue Tu?" He was only relying on external forces. If not for the Thousand-Koan Realm Supreme Saint and Dark Prison Talismans, forget about Lord Bladehell, even Supreme Saint Cangye would have been able to beat him to his knees. And there will be no external support he can get at Celestial-Hunting Festival."

Scion Yuan Mo's elder brother, Supreme Saint Yuan Fei, who had reached the peak of the Hundred-Shackle Realm, immediately lectured him. "Don't judge a book based on its cover. Have you ever given a second thought? Where did he get so many divine stones? How did he get a Thousand-Koan Realm Supreme Saint from Stone Clan to be his bodyguard?"

"Furthermore, there's no way you can trap three Hundred-Shackle Realm Supreme Saints from the Qitian Clan, including Lord Bladehell if I give you a Dark Prison Talisman. Things are not always what they seem. Xue Tu must have read the thoughts of Lord Bladehell and his men so well that he knew the precise right time to trap them.

"Before the Dark Prison Talisman was activated, he used Dimensional power. The talisman appeared instantly and did not give the three Hundred-Shackle Realm Supreme Saints any chance to dodge it."

"When you and Xue Tu were Saint Kings, you might be stronger than him. But now, if you underestimate him, he can become a threat for u."

Scion Yuan Mo was terrified. Xue Tu's threat had reached a point that even his elder brother had to pay attention to.

"Is Xue Tu really that brilliant?" Scion Yuan Mo asked.

Supreme Saint Yuan Fei nodded solemnly, he said, "Xue Tu must have obtained something else other than the Mark of Wargod Bloodflame in Kunlun. It is hard to tell how big of a threat he posed.

"Even Wu Jiang and Lord Sinluo can't see through him. No matter what, it's better to be wary against him than underestimating him."

Bloodysky Clan cultivators were all excited.

Xue Tu's actions in Realm of Star Ocean made them feel so proud that they called him a "Hero of the Clan."

From now on, who would dare to mock Bloodsky Clan's position among the ten major clans?

So what if the Qitian Clan was ranked first?

They couldn't even get a cauldron of Fugue Pills in the face of Supreme Saint Xue Tu.

Even a powerful existence like Supreme Saint Cangye was like a puny bug in the eyes of Supreme Saint Xue Tu. Xue Tu did not even treat him as a worthy opponent and taught him a lesson.

Lord Bladehell's cultivation had reached the Great Perfection of the Hundred-Shackle Realm. However, he didn't have any upper hand when facing Xue Tu. He could only watch him leave nonchalantly.

At this moment, at Vastsea Manor in Bingsi District, Xue Tu, whose name had shaken the Divine Domain of Destiny, was released by Zhang Ruochen from an Exquisite Dimensional Orb. He was still worried. He felt that this auction was a huge trap. He had offended a bunch of cultivators for no reason.

In the future, he wouldn't be able to move even an inch in the Divine Domain of Destiny.

As soon as Xue Tu walked out of Vastsea Manor, he bumped into Lord Xue Chen.

Lord Xue Chen cupped his fists and said in a serious tone, "Supreme Saint Xue Tu, Father has asked me to invite you, hoping to meet you."

"Brother Xue Chen, there's no need to be so polite. Just call me Xue Tu. Since it's Supreme Saint Qingsheng's invitation, I must go meet him."

Xue Tu was very surprised. He felt that Xue Chen was being overly polite to him.

One had to know that when he was a Saint King, his cultivation was slightly weaker than Xue Chen.

In terms of family background, how could Xue Tu's family compare to the Xue Jue Family?

Although Xue Chen was still a Saint King for now, he could attain Supreme Sainthood anytime he wanted. However, he planned to consume an Altofruit during Celestial-Hunting Festival to cultivate his Path to Perfection before breaking through.

All the Saint Kings who attended Celestial-Hunting Festival had the same plan.

Hence, Xue Tu did not have any advantages in front of Xue Chen. And of course, he did not dare to act like a Supreme Saint.

"Supreme Saint Xue Tu, Lady Wind would like to meet you."

"Supreme Saint Xue Tu, Supreme Saint Yanhong has sent an invitation. She hopes that you can attend tonight's banquet."

...

Xue Tu received a large stack of invitations, including the Scioness candidates, Lady Wind and Supreme Saint Yanhong. For a moment, he was at a loss.

He was even more worried. He paced back and forth, trying to figure out their intentions and whether the invitations were traps.

If they were traps...

Once he went to the banquet, he might not be able to come back unscathed.

"Most of them are coming for the Fugue Pills, the God Corpse, and Lotuses of Divine Reflection. But I have none. Forget it. I can't take this risk. It's safer to stay in Zhang Ruochen's Vastsea Manor."

Xue Tu felt that he was in danger now. He had made many enemies; the number could surpass Zhang Ruochen's. He felt aggrieved.

He had thought that after breaking through to become a Supreme Saint, he was supposed to enjoy boundless glory in Infernal Court. How did he end up in such a state without realizing it?

Zhang Ruochen returned to Vastsea Manor and opened Sundial.

Now, he had many Godstones. He wasn't afraid of shortage.

Zhang Ruochen took out Ancient Abyssal Blade and summoned its sword spirit. Zhang Ruochen gave him ten Earth-Grade and ten Heaven-Grade Implement Nurturing Pills.

"Give me five years to refine these Implement Nurturing Pills. My cultivation should be able to withstand the second King's Calamity." The Sword Spirit swallowed an Implement Nurturing Pill and sat cross-legged under Sundial. He started cultivation training.

The sword spirit's cultivation was still weak. Not only did he have to refine pills, but he also had to comprehend the cultivation Paths and refine his physique. Therefore, it would take a long time.

However, with the help of Sundial, five years was only five days.

Zhang Ruochen took a Heaven Grade Sacred Pill named Firmament Pills to improve his spiritual power. As he refined and absorbed it, he let out five Saint Aspects. They sat under Sundial to comprehend the Paths.

Although Zhang Ruochen had cultivated Saintwill, there were only 510 million Precepts within him.

He had to practice 800 million Precepts to reach the advanced stage of Neverwilt Realm.

"With my current enlightenment speed, I should be able to reach the advanced stage of Neverwilt Realm in 15 years.

"I can achieve the peak of Neverwilt Realm in 20 years.

"The number of Precepts can no longer hinder my cultivation. The key lies in the cultivation of Saintwills."

Zhang Ruochen was not satisfied with condensing the fifth-class "Nine-tremors Saintwill."

He had to do his best to condense every kind of Saintwill.

Zhang Ruochen took out a semi-transparent sphere with 12 stellar cores inside.

One was sixth-level, five were of fifth-level, and six were fourth-level.

Zhang Ruochen chose Qiankun Realm to be the location to refine the stellar cores.

A fourth-level stellar core expanded to the size bigger than a mountain once it was taken out. It was pitch-black and kept sinking the ground. Perhaps more than half the weight of the fourth-level planet had been refined into the stellar core.

Zhang Ruochen had been worried that Violet Gourd could not refine a sixth-level stellar core. However, the devouring power of the Golden Sun of Destruction and Cosmic Glazier Stone had exceeded his expectations.

In less than two hours, all 12 stellar cores had been integrated into Violet Gourd.

“I wonder how much the suction of Violet Gourd has increased. I have to test it out on a cultivator.”

When Zhang Ruochen thought of the four cultivators of Heavenly Realm suppressed in the microworld of woodlands, he released them.

The four of them were:

Lian Xi, Fairy Shadowless from Soul Realm, a beauty in Portrait of the Nine Beauties. who was also known as King Daxi.

Gaunt, a top Colossion Saint King from Heavenly Realm.

Zhou Zhen, Celestial Court’s Formation Sect leader who was a High-Saint Array Master.

Shentu Yunkong, the leader of the Fane of Dimension. He had been the most outstanding cultivator of the Fane since 10,000 years ago.

The four of them had been imprisoned and were unaware of what was happening outside the microworld. As soon as they landed in Qiankun, they immediately spread out and surrounded Zhang Ruochen.

They released Saint Qi and spiritual power. It was as if they wanted to join forces to suppress Zhang Ruochen.

“Zhang Ruochen, no matter how powerful you are, you can’t fight against the entire Heavenly Realm alone.” Shentu Yunkong raised his right arm. His muscles bulged, and waves of destructive thunder and lightning power surged out of his body.

Shentu Yunkong spread his hands and formed a Spatial Domain, emitting Saint light. “Kunlun will meet its end. You can’t stop it!” he shouted.

Zhang Ruochen stared at them quietly. He felt as if he had returned to Kunlun.

Lian Xi was much calmer. She had been observing Zhang Ruochen. After a while, she was surprised. “You have become a Supreme Saint? And th-this isn’t Kunlun!”

Shentu Yunkong, Zhou Zhen, and the rest were shocked. They quickly look at their surroundings.

“It’s indeed not Kunlun. The Precepts of Heaven and Earth in this world are quite special. It seems to revolve around Zhang Ruochen,” Gaunt said.

Shentu Yunkong said, “It should be a world formed after Zhang Ruochen used the Precepts of Dimension to merge with some Dimensional item. However, this world... is very vast that my spiritual power can’t see the ends.”



Zhou Zhen's expression became very ugly. When Zhang Ruochen was still a Saint King, he could easily suppress him. Now that he had become a Supreme Saint, how could he fight?

Shentu Yunkong was still calm. He said, "Don't panic. Let's break through to the Supreme Saint realm together. I don't believe that with four Supreme Saints working together, we can't kill Zhang Ruochen? As long as we kill him, we can naturally break through this world."

The four of them had all reached Path's Anterior. However, they had been suppressing their realms because they wanted to obtain opportunities and treasures on the Battlefields of Merits in Kunlun.

If they had wanted to break through, they could have quickly condensed Neverwither physique and become Supreme Saints.

Among them, Lian Xi, Shentu Yunkong, and Zhou Zhen were all extraordinary spiritual power masters. They had long reached the peak of the 59th level. They could become spiritual power Supreme Saints anytime.

If Zhang Ruochen had wanted to stop them, no matter how powerful they were, they would not have become Supreme Saints while they were in Qiankun.

However, Zhang Ruochen didn't stop them. Instead, he sat on a huge rock he found and looked at them as if he was waiting for them to break through.

Zhang Ruochen's actions made Lian Xi, who knew him well, feel slightly bitter. She thought, 'Zhang Ruochen is calm, and his eyes are deep and unfathomable. He didn't stop us from breaking through. He's obviously very confident in himself. That's right. Even if we break through and become a Supreme Saint, we could not defeat him.'

'However, Shentu Yunkong is the Master of Space, and Zhou Zhen is the High-Saint Array Master. Once they attain Supreme Sainthood, their combat power will definitely increase. Not only Zhang Ruochen is arrogant, but he also underestimates us. This could be our chance.'

Lian Xi did not think any further and went all out to break through to Supreme Sainthood.

Not long after, Lian Xi, Shentu Yunkong, and Zhou Zhen made it one after another and became spiritual power Supreme Saints.

Gaunt, on the other hand, condensed a Neverwither physique in the distance. He was at a critical point of breaking through to Supreme Sainthood.

Lian Xi took out a crystal staff from a spatial necklace. It was activated by the spiritual power of the 60th level. The staff immediately released thousands of black Ghost marks, causing the sky within a radius of 500 kilometers to turn dark.

Her beautiful hair flew in the air. With the twinkling of light, her exquisite facial features appeared and disappeared at times.

"She is indeed a beauty. After becoming a spiritual power Supreme Saint, her demeanor is more graceful than before," Zhang Ruochen commented while sitting on the rock with a serious expression.

Lian Xi's perfect outer appearance and shapely body were not the only reasons that made her one of the beauties in *Portrait of the Nine Beauties*?standing next to Fairy of a Hundred Flowers, Fairy Ci Hang, and other beauties. Her temperament was also her strength. Despite being evil and spooky, she did not evoke fear among people. On the contrary, she was pleasing to the eye. The more people looked at her, the more they wanted to see her.

She was the representative figure among the dark beauties in macroworlds of Celestial Court.

*Zapp!*

Zhou Zhen pressed his right hand on the ground. Suddenly, a huge array appeared and trapped Zhang Ruochen inside.

Shentu Yunkong reached out his hands above his head as if he was holding something in the air.

"The Realm in Clouds."

A red continent condensed from the dimensional power appeared in the clouds. It was hundreds of miles long, and it pressed down on Zhang Ruochen.

Zhang Ruochen said, "You guys are still too weak. You are not worthy to be my opponent for now. These attack moves are only mediocre. Disperse!"

He stood up and gently stamped his foot.

Rumble.

The array formed by Zhou Zhen shattered. The crimson continent formed by Shentu Yunkong turned into specks of dust. The black Ghost marks released by the Lian Xi all returned.

The three spat out blood at the same time and were sent flying dozens of miles away. After a long while, they struggled to get up from the ground.

"Impossible... no matter how strong you are, you can't be this strong..."

Shentu Yunkong had been the top elite among cultivators of the Fane of Dimension since 10,000 years ago. The Fane of Dimension had sent him to counter Zhang Ruochen in Kunlun. How could he withstand such a blow? His state of mind almost collapsed.

Zhang Ruochen stared at them and shook his head gently. "While you are here, even if you are ten times stronger, I can easily subdue you. Sigh!"

"I was going to ask you to help me test the power of Violet Gourd, but it seems that even if you break through to the Supreme Saint Realm, your strength is still far from enough."

Then, Zhang Ruochen urged Gong, who was condensing the Neverwither physique, "Speed up. When you also break through to the Supreme Saint realm, I'll take you to Infernal Court to check it out. I'll also introduce you to a few Supreme Saints of Infernal Court."

Just now, Xue Tu had brought Supreme Saint Qingsheng to Vastsea Manor and was talking to Zhang Ruochen.

The Zhang Ruochen in Qiankun was only his avatar.

When Shentu Yunkong, Zhou Zhen, and Xuan Xi heard Zhang Ruochen's words, they were all stunned. They thought they were hearing things.

'What did Zhang Ruochen just say?

'Take us to Infernal Court?

'Introduce us to Infernal Court Supreme Saints?'

### **Chapter 2256: My Senior's Woman**

Supreme Saint Qingsheng sat in the pavilion. With a smile on his face, he praised Zhang Ruochen. "Ruochen, Xue Tu told me everything just now. This time, you did well. You bought the seven cauldrons of Fugue Pills. The overall strength of the cultivators attending the Festival in Bloodsky Clan will definitely increase by a lot."

Zhang Ruochen glared at Xue Tu coldly.

Xue Tu felt sullen and helpless. "Senior brother, I can't help it. With Supreme Saint Qingsheng's exceptional insight, how can I hide it from him?"

"You swore to heaven," Zhang Ruochen said.

"In Infernal Court, no cultivator believes in heaven," Supreme Saint Qingsheng said. "What is heaven? In Infernal Court, cultivators believe in destiny, darkness, slaughter, death, or gods."

Xue Tu was shocked. He hadn't expected Supreme Saint Qingsheng to trick him.

'This old man is d\*mn sly!

'He's trying to punish me just because I didn't tell him the truth.

'Seriously, did I offend anyone?'

Before Zhang Ruochen got angry, Xue Tu quickly explained, "Senior brother, listen to me. It's not what you think. I didn't tell Supreme Saint Qingsheng anything. He figured it out all by himself."

Zhang Ruochen poured a cup of Saint Spring Water and handed it to Supreme Saint Qingsheng. He said leisurely, "Then swear again. Swear in the name of your father."

"Still need to swear?"

Xue Tu felt bitter. How could a Supreme Saint like him, who was a terrifying, powerful figure to all Celestial Court cultivators, live like a loser.

He had no choice so he could only swear again.

Xue Tu was in deep sh\*t now. Hence, if he offended Zhang Ruochen, he would have no place in the Divine Domain of Destiny.

Zhang Ruochen said, "I'm afraid Uncle Qingsheng has some misunderstanding. I want to keep the Fugue Pills for my own use. Of course, if Bloodsky Clan participants can afford it, I can sell some to them."

Supreme Saint Qingsheng had a certain understanding of Zhang Ruochen's character. He didn't force him. He moved his eyes. "Of course," he said. "You spent a fortune for it. Why would you give it to other cultivators? Even I'm not that generous."

Then, Supreme Saint Qingsheng and Zhang Ruochen fell silent.

Zhang Ruochen knew very well that Supreme Saint Qingsheng hadn't come to Vastsea Manor to chat with him. He must have other intentions, so Zhang Ruochen continued to wait.

He waited for Supreme Saint Qingsheng to speak first.

Supreme Saint Qingsheng stared at Sundial and exclaimed, "What an amazing Time treasure. With it, one year of practice is actually just one day in reality. Sigh, it's a pity, though."

"What do you mean by 'pity'?" Zhang Ruochen asked.

Supreme Saint Qingsheng said, "It was damaged and lost its former glory. The vessel spirit is gone, and it can only cover an area of 640 meters. In such conditions, it becomes less useful to deities. Hence, its value is greatly affected."

When a deity practiced enlightenment, they would enter a state of selflessness. As a result, they would take their true form.

How could a mere 640-meter coverage accommodate a deity?

"Sundial's attack power is still very strong. I'm afraid that many deities still want to snatch it away from me," Zhang Ruochen said.

"HMPH! Snatch it away from you? Even Asurendra Samay got a heavy lesson from that. Who still dares to snatch it away from you?"

After a short pause, Supreme Saint Qingsheng sighed. "Xue Chen and Xiao Xiao are both top geniuses of the Xue Jue family. Unfortunately, even though I'm the acting leader, I can't provide them with the best practice environment and resources.

"Ruochen, why don't you let them practice in the area covered by Sundial before Celestial-Hunting Festival?"

"This... Of course," Zhang Ruochen said.

Supreme Saint Qingsheng was overjoyed. He smiled and said, "With the help of Sundial, they'll have decades of practice time. Before the Celestial-Hunting Festival, they'll definitely be able to accumulate the Precepts to a higher level. I'll express my gratitude to you on their behalf."

Xue Tu stood at the side and sneered. Xue Tu could see that Supreme Saint Qingsheng, the old fox, was planning to send his children here to get close to Zhang Ruochen because he saw that Zhang Ruochen had a lot of cultivation resources.

Even if it was just a little from Zhang Ruochen, Xue Chen and Xue Ningxiao could benefit greatly from it.

'Even Supreme Saint Qingsheng is humble to Zhang Ruochen and curries favor with him. Should I take the initiative too?' Xue Tu thought.

“No need to thank me, Uncle. You can help me test the power of Violet Gourd.” Zhang Ruochen summoned Violet Gourd from Qiankun.

Meanwhile, Lian Xi, Shentu Yunkong, and Zhou Zhen walked out of Qiankun’s world gate one after another and landed on Vastsea Manor.

The four Supreme Saints were shocked and bewildered. They observed their surroundings while keeping an eye on Xue Tu and Supreme Saint Qingsheng.

“They are the Supreme Saints of the Immortal Vampires, and one of them has unfathomable cultivation. What is this place?” Zhou Zhen was shocked and broke out in cold sweat.

‘Is this really Infernal Court?’

To Celestial Court cultivators, Infernal Court meant death and darkness.

Once they fell into the hands of Infernal Court cultivators, they would definitely suffer a fate worse than death. Thus, deep fear rose within them.

“It’s Xue Tu! Why is he with Zhang Ruochen? They seem to be very close.”

Lian Xi recognized this famous ruthless figure on Battlefields of Merits. She couldn’t understand why Xue Tu called Zhang Ruochen senior brother.

‘Is Zhang Ruochen a spy sent by Infernal Court to infiltrate Celestial Court?’

Lian Xi’s heart sank. She looked up at the sky, but she could not see any light. It was as if she had been locked in a dark prison. What kind of torture and abuse would she face next?

Shentu Yunkong, Gaunt, and Zhou Zhen also felt sad.

Zhang Ruochen couldn’t be bothered with their feelings. He told Xue Tu, “Keep an eye on them. We’ll be back soon.”

Zhang Ruochen and Supreme Saint Qingsheng entered the microworld of woodlands to test the power of Violet Gourd.

Supreme Saint Qingsheng owed Zhang Ruochen a favor since he wanted to send his children to Zhang Ruochen’s side to practice cultivation. Therefore, he didn’t refuse.

The test results came out quickly.

“Violet Gourd’s suction power has increased by 20 percent,” Supreme Saint Qingsheng concluded.

Zhang Ruochen said, “Is it powerful enough to be a threat to the top 10 Supreme Saints who attained Great Perfection of the Hundred-Shackle Realm?”

“Them? Well, each of them can either defeat or kill a Thousand-Koan Realm Supreme Saint. Although your gourd has a chance, it’s not easy to suck them in.

“Unless the suction power of the gourd continues to improve,” Supreme Saint Qingsheng said.

Zhang Ruochen nodded. Suddenly, he thought of something and asked curiously, "Uncle, what grade is your Saintwill?"

Supreme Saint Qingsheng was very proud and said, "Grade Four."

Zhang Ruochen frowned slightly. "Only Grade Four?"

Supreme Saint Qingsheng's face darkened the moment he heard the contempt in Zhang Ruochen's tone. "A Grade Four Saintwill is already a top grade Saintwill. It means I have the chance to enter godhood.

"You should ask around. In the entire Bloodsky Clan, very few Supreme Saints who could condense a Saintwill of Grade Five or above."

Zhang Ruochen asked, "What grade is the Saintwills practiced by Wargod Bloodximius?"

"Well, as far as I know, Wargod Bloodximius cultivated nine types of Saintwills. After many times of merging, they have turned into two Grade Twos Saintwills." Supreme Saint Qingsheng's eyes were full of respect and awe.

In his heart, Wargod Bloodximius was someone no one could surpass, a Wargod who was worth worshipping.

Zhang Ruochen was amazed that Wargod Bloodximius could cultivate nine types of Saintwills.

However, knowing that the Wargod could only cultivate two types of Grade Two Saintwills despite being a prodigy of a Yuanhui period, Zhang Ruochen was somewhat disappointed.

Zhang Ruochen asked, "Is there no Supreme Saint who can condense Grade One Saintwill?"

"Grade One Saintwill?"

Supreme Saint Qingsheng let out a cough. He said earnestly, "Ruochen, I know that you are very talented, but you can't set your goal too high.

"You should know that in Infernal Court, sometimes in the entire 129,600 years, a Yuanhui period, there is no Supreme Saint who can condense Grade Two Saintwill.

"Those top 10 Supreme Saints who have attained the Great Perfection of Hundred-Shackle Realm can be considered the most talented cultivators in Infernal Court in the past thousand years.

"However, among them, only six have cultivated Grade Three Saintwills, while the remaining four have only cultivated Grade Four Saintwills.

"When Wargod cultivated two Grade Two Saintwills at the same time, the news sent the deities shockwaves.

"As for you, if you can condense one Grade Two Saintwill, it will be enough to solidify your status as a Yuanhui level genius.

"If you can condense two Grade Two Saintwills, I'm afraid that the forces of Infernal Court who held grudge against you will have to put down their hatred.

“Hehe. They might even want to offer their favorite daughters of their clan to you as brides to mend ties with you.”

“That serious?” Zhang Ruochen asked.

Supreme Saint Qingsheng said, “Of course, it means the Xue Jue family has a new Wargod Bloodximus. Do you still think it’s an exaggeration?”

Zhang Ruochen said, “In history, has there ever been a Supreme Saint who condensed a Grade One Saintwill?”

“I don’t think so.”

Supreme Saint Qingsheng thought carefully and said, “Although there are legends about cultivators who condensed a Grade One Saintwill, careful analysis done by the deities showed it’s unlikely to be true.

“You have to know that the cultivation of Saintwill is closely related to the Canons.

“In the universe, every Canon is constant ‘one’, which is 100 percent.

“If you practice Grade One Saintwill, after becoming a god, you can convert 100 percent of the Canon, it means you will become the Absolute Master of that Path. Do you think it is possible?

“In fact, no cultivator can condense Saintwills of Grade Three or above from a single Path. You have to combine a Saintwill with other Saintwills for a chance to advance it.”

Zhang Ruochen was deep in thought. He said, “Can I put it this way? If I condense a Grade One Saintwill from my Path of Time, I can grasp 100 percent of the Time Canon once I attained Godhood and become the Absolute Master of Time in the Universe .”

“That’s right. But that’s impossible. Even Saint Monk Xumi could only grasp less than 50 percent of the Time Canon. It’s the result of countless years of accumulation.”

“If the Time Saintwill I condense is of the second grade, does that mean I can master 50 percent of the Time Canon after I become a god? And if the Time Saintwill I condense is of the third grade, does that mean I can master 25 percent of the Time Canon after becoming a god?” said Zhang Ruochen.

Supreme Saint Qingsheng said, “Theoretically, that’s true. “However, no cultivator can condense third-grade Saintwill from a single Path.

“Therefore, it’s impossible for you to master 25 percent of the Time Canon when you’ve just attained Godhood.”

“Moreover, it’s still unknown whether 25 percent of the Time Canon without holder still exists

“If it doesn’t exist, you still have to wait until the gods who hold the Time Canon die and let the Time Canon return to the world. Only then will you have a chance.

“In addition, the Fane of Time has learned from the Fane of Truth and Fane of Destiny. They are trying their best to collect all portions of Time Canon scattered in the heaven and earth.”

“If they succeed, even if you become a god cultivating the Path of Time, you won’t be able to grasp its Canon entirely. Unless you can kill your way into the Fane of Time and take their portion by force.

“Actually, I don’t know much about the Canons. What I’m telling you is just my own guess and the contents of the books.

“Don’t think too far ahead. At this stage, try to condense Saintwills of higher grades as much as possible. That is the right thing to do.”

After telling Zhang Ruochen all of this, Supreme Saint Qingsheng let out a long sigh.

The word ‘Canons’ gave him a headache.

The Saintwill he cultivated was only at Grade Four. Even if he was lucky enough to become a god, he wouldn’t be able to grasp any Canons.

There were too few deities who could do so.

Among the top 10 Hundred-Shackle Realm Supreme Saints who had attained Great Perfection, six of them had cultivated Grade Three Saintwills. Yet, they were considered the strongest in Infernal Court for a thousand years and had been the killing targets of Celestial Court’s Macroworld leaders.

It was considered good enough to have one of them survive and become a deity in the future.

In reality, most Supreme Saints who had condensed the third-grade Saintwills would age and die at Paramount Realm. Some of them would even die at the hands of Celestial Court cultivators.

The final step to ascend to godhood was just too hard.

Zhang Ruochen asked Supreme Saint Qingsheng for some tips on condensing Saintwills. Only then did the two walk out of the microworld of woodlands and return to the Vastsea Manor.

Vastsea Manor was completely destroyed. The soil under their feet became pitch-black. It had once turned into lava, but it was frozen again.

The cultivators of Bloodsky Clan had gathered in Bingsi District. Although there had been top supreme-level Inscriptions set up everywhere, many buildings were destroyed after they were damaged.

Sundial was protected by Moyin and Zhang Ruochen’s five Saitn Aspects. It still hovered in the air above Vastsea Manor.

Supreme Saint Qingsheng’s eyes darkened. “D\*mn it.”

“Let me handle this.”

Of course, Zhang Ruochen knew what had happened.

It would be strange if the four Supreme Saints from Heavenly Realm and its allies stayed in Vastsea Manor. Xue Tu alone would not be able to suppress them.

Zhang Ruochen moved and left the Vastsea Manor.



In Bingxi District, a large number of Supreme Saints from Bloodsky Clan had gathered. Shentu Yunkong, Zhou Zhen, Lian Xi, and Gaunt could not escape.

By the time Zhang Ruochen arrived, the four Supreme Saints had already been suppressed.

Shentu Yunkong's body had been cut in half by a sword.

He did not die.

His two halves were hung up separately. Below them were two large cauldrons that collected his dripping blood.

"Give me a quick death!" Shentu Yunkong shouted in humiliation.

A Hundred-Shackle Realm Supreme Saint held his hands in mid-air. He twisted Zhou Zhen's body into a mess with his Blood Qi. Zhou Zhen's skin and flesh split open, his bones cracked. Blood flowed out continuously and fell into the Hundred-Shackle Realm Supreme Saint's mouth.

Zhou Zhen's cries rose and fell. It was a tragic sight.

Gaunt was also in a tragic state. He was suppressed by another Hundred-Shackle Realm Supreme Saint. The Supreme Saint used chains to wrap around Gaunt's neck and dragged him on the ground like a dog on a leash.

The surrounding area was filled with mocking laughter.

Of course, Lian Xi attracted most attention.

Lian Xi's hands and waist were tied by three blood-red chains. She could not move her body. She felt as if she was about to be torn apart.

The three chains were formed from three powerful Blood Qi. The other end of the chains was held tightly in the hands of the three Hundred-Shackle Realm Supreme Saints.

It was inevitable. The nine beauties in the *Portrait of the Nine Beauties* were also very famous in Infernal Court. Many Infernal Court cultivators participated in the War of Merits with the goal of capturing one of the beauties.

Now that one of them, who was this stunning, had appeared in Infernal Court, she naturally became the main target of Bloodsky Clan Supreme Saints.

Being able to embrace a beauty was secondary.

The most important thing was their pride.

Taking in one of the beauties in *Portrait of the Nine Beauties* as a concubine or a slave would definitely make countless cultivators envious.

"Lord Canghu, Lord Bei, I'll give each of you a hundred divine stones for Fairy Shadowless," said Supreme Saint Xueqi.

Lord Canghu laughed, "What a generous offer. It's a pity that I don't lack divine stones. I only lack a woman to give birth to my children. I think the Fairy Shadowless is a suitable candidate."

“Fairy Shadowless has a special physique and is extremely talented. Her children won’t be bad. So I want to keep her as my concubine,” Supreme Saint Xueqi said.

Lord Bei said, “Canghu, Xueqi, I’ll give each of you 100 divine stones and 10 Saint Realm Beauties. Give Fairy Shadowless to me.”

“No, I want Fairy Shadowless. Whoever fights with me today will be my sworn enemy,” said Lord Canghu.

...

Xue Tu noticed Zhang Ruochen. He rolled his eyes and seized the opportunity to rush out. He acted angrily. “Why are the three of you fighting? The Fairy Shadowless has long been my senior brother’s woman. How dare you touch her? Are you looking for death?”

With Xue Tu’s current reputation, no cultivator dared to ignore him.

“She is Zhang Ruochen’s woman?” Supreme Saint Xueqi’s expression froze.

Xue Tu said, “She already is.”

In Xue Tu’s opinion, since Zhang Ruochen had captured and suppressed her in his Microworld, any normal man would have done what they needed to do.

Lian Xi was furious. She said in a low voice, “Xue Tu, if you talk nonsense again, I’ll drag you along when I die.”

“How is this nonsense? Do you dare to deny that nothing has happened between you and my senior brother?”

Xue Tu sneered and said, “Fairy, you’d better tell the truth. With my senior brother as your backer, your life in Infernal Court will be better. Otherwise, you will fall into the hands of these three. For now, they are still interested in you. But once they lose their interest after a few years, they might pass you around to other Supreme Saints like a gift. Or, they might hand you over to Realm of Star Ocean and auction you off as a slave..”

### **Chapter 2257: Friends and Foes**

“Why are you still pretending to be pure and innocent? It turns out that you are not even a virgin.”

“Fairy Shadowless is one of the most beautiful female creatures in Celestial Court. Even if she lost her virginity to Supreme Saint Ruochen, she is still worth it.”

...

Hearing all kinds of scurrilous, sarcastic, and teasing remarks, Lian Xi felt so humiliated that her mind almost collapsed. She wanted nothing more than to self-detonate her Sainthood Source and perish together with this group of Immortal Vampire Supreme Saints.

However, Supreme Saint Xueqi, Lord Canghu, and Lord Bei were all in Hundred-Shackle Realm. While they used the Blood Qi to form chains to bind her, they also suppressed the circulation of the Saint Qi in her body and restrained her spiritual power.

Her desire to die was a wild wish.

She finally understood why they all said that if she fell into the hands of Infernal Court cultivators, she would suffer a fate worse than death. She looked at the Immortal Vampire Supreme Saints in front of her. All of them looked as if they wanted to devour her. Their eyes were blatantly filled with lust.

Although the words that Xue Tu said were unpleasant to hear, perhaps that was the dark and cruel reality that she was about to face.

If she really became a sex slave alternately used by different Infernal Court Supreme Saints. She wouldn't be able to die if she wanted to. She wouldn't be able to escape if she wanted to. She didn't dare to imagine how much of a commotion this news would trigger among Celestial Court cultivators if they knew about this.

If the cultivators of Soul Realm knew, how would they look at her?

'Wh-Why...'

Lian Xi felt bitter. At the same time, she didn't understand why so many Immortal Vampire Supreme Saints would gather in a city of Infernal Court?

'How can the force of Infernal Court be so terrifying?'

'If I say that I'm Zhang Ruochen's woman, will they spare me?'

'However, Zhang Ruochen has just entered Supreme Sainthood not long ago. Even if he is now one of Infernal Court cultivators, he's only a Supreme Saint with the lowest rank. It is impossible that his words can sway the decision of these three Hundred-Shackle Realm Supreme Saints.'

After the fight, Lian Xi clearly realized that no matter how powerful she was when she was a Saint King, after becoming a Neverwilt Realm Supreme Saint, it was impossible for her to defeat a Hundred-Shackle Realm opponent.

Hence, she perceived that even if she claimed she was Zhang Ruochen's woman, that could not change the situation.

Zhang Ruochen stood on the periphery. His eyes were indifferent. He watched everything quietly and did not go forward to stop them.

He had long expected that Xue Tu alone could not suppress the four Celestial Court Supreme Saints. The reason why he left Xue Tu alone to guard them was actually intentional.

It was to let them escape from Vastsea Manor.

Zhou Zhen and Shentu Yunkong had secrets that Zhang Ruochen wanted to know. If Zhang Ruochen interrogated them, they would rather die than spill the beans.

Only by letting Immortal Vampire Supreme Saints teach them a lesson could they realize their current situation and the cruel reality.

Then, they would be more obedient.

There were very few Supreme Saints and deities who were not afraid of death.

The key was whether it was worth dying.

If there was still a chance to live, even if there was only a sliver of hope, who would be willing to die?

Besides, the scarier thing than death was being tortured and humiliated in some ways worse than death.

Xue Tu's eyes darkened. "Why are the three of you still imprisoning Fairy Shadowless? Do you really think that my senior brother is kind enough to let this slide? Do you still want to participate in Celestial-Hunting Festival after humiliating his woman?"

Defeating the Three Top Elites of Bloodsky Clan and suppressing the six Supreme Saints of the Mara family had caused Zhang Ruochen's reputation to rise.

In Bloodsky Clan, who would dare to challenge him?

Who wouldn't be afraid of him?

Lord Canghu did not sound tough as before. His tone softened. "These Celestial Court Supreme Saints barged into the Divine Domain of Destiny. They should belong to whoever captured them.

"Of course, if Fairy Shadowless is really the woman of Supreme Saint Ruochen, I will definitely give him face. However, as you can see, Fairy Shadowless has never said so."

Lord Bei said, "That's right! If she is really the woman of Supreme Saint Ruochen, we will definitely give him face. It is only right to let her go.

"However, we have been arguing here for so long. Regardless of whether it is Supreme Saint Ruochen or Fairy Shadowless, neither of them expresses their stance.

"So if we let her go just like that, it will put our reputation at risk."

Lord Canghu and Xueqi Supreme Saint both nodded their heads.

Lian Xi was quite surprised. She didn't expect Zhang Ruochen to have such influence over Infernal Court. Even the three Hundred-Shackle Realm Supreme Saints had to give him face.

She could not bring herself to claim she was Zhang Ruochen's woman. Moreover, what if she said so but Zhang Ruochen denied it, wouldn't she become the laughing stock among Infernal Court cultivators?

Zhou Zhen couldn't bear the pain. "I'm... I'm Zhang Ruochen's friend. We have a deep friendship... You can't... You can't do this to me..." His voice was feeble, his tone sad.

The Hundred-Shackle Realm Supreme Saint, who had twisted Zhou Zhen into the shape of Braided Ribbon Twist[1] to drink Zhou Zhen's blood was called Huo Duan. He was shocked upon hearing that.

'This fellow is actually Zhang Ruochen's friend!'

Zhang Ruochen wasn't someone ordinary cultivators could offend, so the Hundred-Shackle Realm Supreme Saint withdrew some of his power and asked, "Are you really Supreme Saint Ruochen's friend?"

“Yes, I am,” Zhou Zhen said.

Seeing Zhou Zhen yield, Zhang Ruochen smiled and walked out of the crowd.

As soon as the Hundred-Shackle Realm Supreme Saints saw Zhang Ruochen appear, they were all moved. Their expressions became stiff. They were worried that Zhou Zhen and Lian Xi really had close ties with him.

Huo Duan withdrew all his Blood Qi and put Zhou Zhen back on the ground.

Zhou Zhen’s cultivation was high after all. Hence, his tattered body recovered quickly with the help of the 60th level spiritual power. However, he had lost a lot of blood. His face was pale, his breath weak.

The moment Zhou Zhen saw Zhang Ruochen, his eyes were apprehensive. He didn’t dare to look directly at Zhang Ruochen.

He had been tortured to the point of breaking down just now, so he had no choice but to shout Zhang Ruochen’s name. But now, he was worried that Zhang Ruochen would expose his lies in public.

However, unexpectedly, Zhang Ruochen reached out his hands and help Zhou Zhen up. He said with concern, “Brother Zhou Zhen, are you okay? Are you hurt badly? This is an Earth-Grade healing pill. Take it first.”

Zhou Zhen was confused. He didn’t know what Zhang Ruochen was up to.

However, he had no other choice now. He took the Earth-Grade healing pill. After a slight hesitation, he swallowed it.

Huo Duan was extremely nervous. He quickly walked up and said carefully, “Supreme Saint Ruochen, I didn’t know he was your friend. I just saw him disturbing the order of Bingsi District. That’s why I...”

Zhang Ruochen waved his hand, “No need to say more. This time, it’s not your fault. Remember, this spiritual power Supreme Saint is the current-gen leader of Formation Sect. His name is Zhou Zhen. He’s my bro.”

Exclaim came from surrounding cultivators.

“Formation Sect is the pilgrimage place for Celestial Court cultivators practicing arrays and formations. It has produced many powerful High-Saint Array Masters and Archsaint Array Masters. I didn’t expect him to be the leader of this generation. No wonder he’s so hard to capture.”

“Zhou Zhen, I’ve heard of his name. He’s a prodigy.”

“How can he be mediocre since he is Supreme Saint Ruochen’s bro?”

...

Hearing the discussions of the crowd, Zhou Zhen didn’t smile at all. On the contrary, he was about to cry.

He already understood that this was Zhang Ruochen’s evil plan.

He believed that this matter would soon be reported back to Celestial Court and Formation Sect.

At that time, no matter how he explained, it would be useless. There was no way things would go back. Even if he went back, he would probably be locked up and never be able to make it out of the prison alive.

Gaunt, on the other hand, with his neck tied up and dragged along, roared in rage. "Zhou Zhen, you conspired with Zhang Ruochen since a long time ago. No wonder Zhang Ruochen let you go during the battle in Central Imperial City. It was you who leaked our plan to Zhang Ruochen!"

Shentu Yunkong, whose body had been cut in half, fell. "Traitor! Coward!"

Zhou Zhen's face was bitter. He wanted to deny it, but seeing the ferocious looks of the Immortal Vampires around him, he could not do so.

Lian Xi was shocked. Zhang Ruochen seemed to have a high status in Infernal Court. Even a Hundred-Shackle Realm Supreme Saint had to bow to him.

At this moment, Zhang Ruochen's eyes were fixed on her.

Lian Xi wanted to lie like Zhou Zhen, telling them she was Zhang Ruochen's woman. so she could suffer less. However, the dignity and unyielding will within her were resisting her thought.

Some words could not be said, not even over her dead body.

Zhang Ruochen clearly saw this. He glanced at Supreme Saint Xueqi, Lord Bei, and Lord Canghu. A powerful Saint aura burst out from his body. He snorted coldly, "How dare you. Release Lian Xi immediately."

Supreme Saint Xueqi, Lord Bei, and Lord Canghu all thought that Zhang Ruochen was really angry. They were terrified. They quickly withdrew the chains and retreated to the side.

As soon as the three chains disappeared, Lian Xi immediately mobilized the Saint Qi in her body, wanting to self-destruct.

However, the next moment, Zhang Ruochen held her delicate body tightly in his arms. He put one hand around her slim waist and caressed her face with the other.

His gentle appearance made all the cultivators present think that Fairy Shadowless was really Zhang Ruochen's lover.

However, Lian Xi was in great pain. The Saint Qi that was originally circulating was forcefully suppressed by Zhang Ruochen. At the same time, an even more powerful force surged out of Zhang Ruochen's body and completely sealed her Sea of Qi and Saint Heart.

Gaunt was extremely angry and howled, "I knew it! I knew it!" He said, "You B\*tch, you surrendered to Zhang Ruochen's tyranny.

"Otherwise, how could it be that coincidental when we were in Central Imperial City?

"It was you... You and Zhou Zhen who betrayed us."

Lian Xi's beautiful face showed signs of struggle, but she couldn't say a word because of Zhang Ruochen's suppression.

Although she was unwilling to accept Zhang Ruochen's scheme, deep in her heart, she felt relieved.

The reason why she felt so conflicted was that it was better to fall into Zhang Ruochen's hands than those Immortal Vampire Supreme Saints.

Moreover, this was Infernal Court.

She probably couldn't find a safer place than Zhang Ruochen's embrace.

Of course, she was shocked as soon as that thought appeared in her mind. She quickly cleared it out.

She was a noble beauty depicted on *Portrait of the Nine Beauties*, a talented beauty, the future ruler of Soul Realm. How could she belittle herself like this?

"If you don't want to give up your life and want to survive, come with me. In Infernal Court, only I can save you and allow you to preserve your most basic dignity. You're a smart woman. You should know what to choose."

Zhang Ruochen held Lian Xi's waist and stared at her.

Lian Xi's heart trembled slightly as she met Zhang Ruochen's eyes. She felt a majestic pressure in his eyes that made her unable to breathe.

In the end, she had to close her eyes and lean into Zhang Ruochen's arms.

Zhang Ruochen nodded in satisfaction and walked toward Vastsea Manor. Suddenly, he turned around and stared at Xue Tu, "Gaunt and Shentu Yunkong aren't my friends. Instead, we have a deep grudge against each other. Help me teach them a lesson. Bring them to me only when they are tamed. Remember, I want them alive."

Xue Tu was delighted. "Can I devour their Saint Blood?"

"You have full authority," Zhang Ruochen said.

"Don't worry, Senior Brother. I'll take care of them."

Xue Tu had felt sullen recently. He finally had a chance to vent his anger and display a Supreme Saint's dignity.

Returning to Vastsea Manor, Zhang Ruochen looked at the devastation in front of him. He narrowed his eyes and said, "Zhou Zhen, you're a brilliant High-Saint Array Master. It shouldn't be a problem for you to change and restore the environment, right?"

Zhou Zhen said nothing.

He suppressed his resentment, and his eyes were cold. He wanted to take this opportunity to launch a sneak attack on Zhang Ruochen.

However, he thought that the success rate of the sneak attack was too low. Moreover, even if the sneak attack succeeded and killed Zhang Ruochen, he would not be able to escape.

Even if he escaped, it was unlikely that he could return to Celestial Court.

‘What should I do?’

Zhou Zhen hesitated for a long time and smiled. “It’s a small matter. Leave it to me.”

While Zhou Zhen was restoring the environment and buildings of Vastsea Manor, Zhang Ruochen let go of Lian Xi. With his hands behind his back, he stood tall and firm. He said, “Do you know why I saved you?”

Lian Xi stood in front of him, her eyes as cold as ice. She said, “I didn’t ask you to save me.”

“No, deep in your heart, you want me to save you,” Zhang Ruochen said.

“Why don’t you kill me and give me a quick death? I’ll be grateful to you.”

“Coward,” Zhang Ruochen said.

“What did you say?”

“I said that you’re too weak and your spiritual will is not firm. When you encounter adversity, you would only want to die. A cultivator like you, no matter how talented, is useless. Your future achievements are limited.

“Whether you live or die, you won’t have any impact on the world.”

Of course, Lian Xi was not satisfied with Zhang Ruochen’s evaluation of her. When she was about to speak, Zhang Ruochen continued.

“Those who have the potential to attain godhood will never give up. Even if you are in Infernal Court and suffer all kinds of torture and humiliation, your heart should never waver. Instead, you should just take this as a test to make you stronger.

“Can you do it? No, you can’t take it. In other words, you are a coward. You have no courage to face such adversity.”

Lian Xi was even more dissatisfied. She wanted to refute, but could not open her mouth.

Zhang Ruochen continued, “Let’s go back to the first question. Do you know why I saved you?”

“Why?”

“Because you’re my captive. Everything about you belongs to me. Even you should live or die, I should be the one who decides.” Zhang Ruochen’s eyes were cold, filled with authority.

Lian Xi was so angry that her delicate body was trembling. But this time, she did not mention that she would rather die.

Perhaps Zhang Ruochen was right. Her state of mind was not strong enough. She should have seen today’s incident as a test, a test that would train her state of mind. As long as she could withstand it, she would have a more promising future.

By then, it would not be too late to seek revenge on Zhang Ruochen.



When the time came, she could even make the entire Infernal Court suffer.

Zhang Ruochen stared at Lian Xi with a satisfied expression. As long as she did not seek death, it would be his first step to success. Next, he would slowly conquer her and control her.

Lian Xi's ability was not weak, so she was still of some use for the time being.

"Two out of these four Supreme Saints of Heavenly Realm and its allies no longer share the same stand. Their resolution is no longer as firm as before. In other words, it's the time for interrogation." Zhang Ruochen's eyes were deep, his expression darkened.

### **Chapter 2258: Huang Tian**

The surrounding of Vastsea Manor had been completely restored and had become more beautiful than before. There were many pavilions scattered everywhere, lakes were surrounding them, bridges with white mist and the array formation intertwined. It was like sacred ground for the fairies.

It was a piece of cake for a High-Saint Array Master to change the landscape, environment, and rivers of a planet. Let alone a manor.

Zhou Zhen did not feel any sense of accomplishment. Instead, he felt very sullen.

How could the Formation Sect's leader of this generation, a talented High-Saint Array Master, be reduced to Zhang Ruochen's gardener?

At that moment, Zhang Ruochen stood at the edge of the opened bronze coffin within the coverage of the Sundial. He used his spiritual power to carefully observe the half of the divine corpse in the coffin.

The space inside the coffin was huge.

The half of the divine corpse was more than 2,000 miles long. It looked like a scorpion's tail and was covered with huge cyan spikes. Although the divine soul had been taken away, there were still remnants of the divine soul. It condensed into soul fog floating around the divine corpse.

Zhou Zhen, Liao Xi, Moyin, Xue Chen, and Xue Ningxiao stood at the side, and they all focused on the divine corpse.

Xue Chen said, "The lingering divine soul fog is the main ingredient for refining the Divine Soul Elixir. It's extremely precious."

The Divine Soul Elixir was a king-grade elixir that could increase the strength of spiritual power.

From this, one could imagine the value of the divine soul fog.

Above that, there was the Divine Soul Elixir.

However, for the Divine Soul Elixir to reach emperor-grade, it had to be refined using the divine soul itself.

Moyin's graceful body walked to Zhang Ruochen's side and said, "Master, if you give this half of divine corpse to me, I'm confident that I'll reach the Banshi Isshou Realm within a hundred years. I might even reach the Paramount Realm."

She extended her finger. Roots as thin as hair flew out from her fingertip and extended into the coffin.

“Don’t blame me for not reminding you,” Zhang Ruochen said, “This half of the divine corpse is poisonous. You might not be able to withstand it.”

Moyin’s expression changed slightly and she quickly retracted her silver roots.

The Saint Devourer was not afraid of any poison. However, no living creature would dare to try the poison in a god. Even a god would have to be careful.

Zhou Zhen, Lian Xi, Xue Chen, and Xue Ningxiao could not help but take a few steps back after hearing what Zhang Ruochen said.

Zhang Ruochen summoned a God-eater Bug the size of a fingernail and threw it into the coffin.

The God-eater Bug was a creature born from the Divine Sky-connecting Tree. It could devour everything in the world. In terms of its resistance to poison, it was even stronger than the Saint Devourer.

However, the God-eater Bug stopped moving after it flew to the divine corpse and it took only a dozen bites. The blue flames on its body extinguished along with its lifeforce.

“What a terrifying poison.”

The cultivators’ expressions became even more solemn.

Zhang Ruochen frowned deeply. He thought and walked toward the wind pavilion. The divine corpse was left there and he did not care about it anymore.

Xue Ningxiao said, “Cousin, you don’t have to be disappointed. Although the divine corpse contains poison, its value has been greatly reduced. However, the poison produced by god has great lethality. If properly refined, it can be used to poison a Supreme Saint. Many cultivators would rush to buy such a poison.”

“It’s not that simple,” said Zhang Ruochen.

He shook his head and continued, “Just because you can poison a Supreme Saint doesn’t mean the Supreme Saint is poisoned.”

“Huh?”

Xue Ningxiao was stunned. She couldn’t understand what Zhang Ruochen had said.

Zhang Ruochen said, “Poisoning is the simplest way to kill someone. However, killing a Supreme Saint is as difficult as ascending to heaven.”

“A Supreme Saint won’t stand still and let you poison him. If he senses something, he’ll fly dozens of miles away. Unless the poison you refine can cover hundreds of miles in an instant.”

“However, a Supreme Saint must have some means of defense. It will not be difficult for him to withstand the poison for a short while. By then, he will have escaped the range of the poison.”

“If you want to poison a Supreme Saint, you have to make him swallow the poison or allow the poison to seep into his body directly. If you can do that, why do you need to use poison? Wouldn’t it be better to kill him with a sword?”

These poisons were of great value and had many uses. However, their value was far less than the price of 180,000 Godstones.

Zhang Ruochen was not willing to give up. He walked to the bronze coffin again and summoned more than 100 God-eater Bugs. He put them in at the same time.

*Whish*

The God-eater Bugs flew to the divine corpse and began to devour it.

Half of the God-eater Bugs died in a breath’s time.

After 10 breaths, there were only 25 God-eater Bugs left.

After an hour, there were only nine God-eater Bugs left.

The nine that were still alive suddenly became motionless and stiff. However, the blue flames on their bodies did not go out. Although their lifeforce was weak, they did not disappear.

It was as if... They had fallen into a deep sleep.

A smile appeared on Zhang Ruochen’s face, and he said to himself, “This is great! The devouring ability of the God-eater Bugs was indeed very strong. The nine that survived must be consuming the toxins in their bodies and the flesh of the divine corpse. When they wake up, will there be a surprise?”

Zhang Ruochen’s greatest desire was to turn the God-eater Bugs into poisonous bugs that could devour everything. Their lethality would become even greater.

Although the flames on the God-eater Bug were powerful, the threat it could pose to a Supreme Saint with a Neverwithier physique would be greatly reduced. However, a Supreme Saint of Thousand-Koan Realm, Banshi Isshou Realm, or even Paramount Realm would suffer if hit by a divine-grade poison.

Only by using the poisoned God-eater Bug could it pose a threat to a Supreme Saint.

When the God-eater Bug woke up and if it worked, then we could expand the scale of cultivating poisonous bugs.

Xue Chen and Xue Ningxiao entered the area covered by the Sundial to cultivate. Zhang Ruochen took out an exquisite palace the size of a palm and waved his hand.

The palace grew bigger and bigger until it was more than 2,100 meters tall. Then it stopped.

It was the Sevenstar Imperial Palace.

When Wargod Bloodximus was in the Supreme Saint Realm, he used a lot of treasures to refine the palace. He was just one step away from transforming it into a fane. The doors, walls, pillars, and beams of the palace were all meticulously carved. The lines were filled with beauty.

Every brick and tile consisted of divinity.

There were both breathtakingly detailed patterns and majestic auras. Even the will of the Wargod Bloodximius seemed to be integrated into it. Which makes Zhou Zhen, Lian Xi, and Moyin feel suffocated.

“Every inch of the floor is engraved with Supreme Saint inscriptions. Every pillar is made of divine material. Every picture and text seems to contain some kind of profound path. “Is this... Is this a fane of a god?” Zhou Zhen said in a trembling voice.

It was not that he had not seen the world, but such a fane was comparable to the places where some gods lived. How could it be in Zhang Ruochen’s hands?

“Come with me.”

Zhang Ruochen took the lead to step on the stairs and walk toward the palace gate of the Sevenstar Imperial Palace.

Zhou Zhen did not know what Zhang Ruochen wanted to do, but he did not dare to go against his will. He had no choice but to follow him.

Previously, Supreme Saint Qingsheng had told him that the Sevenstar Imperial Palace had the records of Wargod Bloodximius’s cultivation experience, which might help him comprehend a higher level of saintwill.

When they came to the entrance of the palace, they saw a creature that looked like a lion and a dog lying on the ground. Its body was more than six meters long, and it had long blood-red hair.

It opened its sleepy eyes and saw Zhang Ruochen. Then, it transmitted a telepathic consciousness towards him. It said, “I know you. Zhang Ruochen, the grandson of the Wargod Bloodximius. I am Huang Tian, the spiritual guardian of the Sevenstar Imperial Palace. When you defeat me, then you shall be my master.”

‘Why do all the cats and dogs address themselves as “me”? They can be a couple with Blackie. No, wait. What’s his name? Huang Tian?’ Zhang Ruochen thought.

Zhang Ruochen was stunned for a moment. He carefully looked at the big dog lying on the ground. He thought to himself that only Wargod Bloodximius would dare to name his pet, Huang Tian.

“May I ask what realm your cultivation has reached?” Zhang Ruochen asked.

Huang Tian said, “My cultivation is equivalent to that of a Supreme Saint in the Thousand-Koan Realm. You are just a Supreme Saint in the Neverwilt Realm and you are still far from it.”

The so-called spiritual guardian of the palace was the vessel spirit of the Sevenstar Imperial Palace.

The Blood Dripper had already become a Supreme Artifact, yet the vessel spirit had not reached the Supreme Saint realm. The vessel spirit of the Sevenstar Imperial Palace had reached the Thousand-Koan Realm. This showed the defensive power of the Sevenstar Imperial Palace. If it was fully activated, it might be able to withstand the attack of the Supreme Saint of the Banshi Isshou Realm realm, as Supreme Saint Qingsheng had said.

Of course, it was not a big deal that the dog Huang Tian had cultivated for more than 100,000 years to reach the Thousand-Koan Realm.

Zhou Zhen, who was following behind Zhang Ruochen, felt a chill run down his spine.

'It turned out that Zhang Ruochen was the grandson of the Wargod Bloodximus. No wonder he could make a name for himself in the Infernal Court,' Zhou Zhen thought.

Wargod Bloodximus's name also had a great deterrent effect in all realms of Celestial Court.

Zhou Zhen looked at the spiritual guardian lying on the ground. He was terrified. He quickly cupped his hands and bowed deeply. He thought to himself, 'Zhang Ruochen has many powerful people around him. In Infernal Court, he has a high status. It seems that there's no hope for me to escape.'

Zhang Ruochen did not challenge the spiritual guardian immediately. Instead, he stepped into the Sevenstar Imperial Palace.

The interior of the palace was very big. It was divided into seven isolated halls. A hall that specialized in collecting all kinds of books, a hall that specialized in refining weapons, a hall that was used for cultivating saint techniques...

What surprised Zhang Ruochen was that there was a harem. It used to be a place where women lived and cultivated. The decorations and layout were out of place. It was full of colorful flowers and strange plants. There was also a saint spring that formed a lake.

Zhou Zhen thought to himself, 'This harem is huge! I didn't expect that even the world-famous Wargod Bloodximus couldn't resist the beauties.'

Zhang Ruochen was not surprised. Wargod Bloodximus's identity was special. Even if Wargod Bloodximus did not want to marry, there must be countless forces that wanted to present their favored daughter under their banner to him.

He did not want descendants, but the Xue Jue Family needs.

With Wargod Bloodximus's cultivation and identity, there were times when he could not live his own life.

Of course, after cultivating for more than 100,000 years and having fewer than twenty children, he could already be considered a god of abstinence.

After that, they came to the Hall of Cosmic Words, which collected all kinds of ancient books and scrolls. After using his spiritual power to investigate, he walked to the place where the Wargod Bloodximus had cultivated his experience. He took out a book called *The Secrets of Palm Saintwill*.

When Zhang Ruochen was about to flip through it, He looked at Zhou Zhen standing next to him. His eyes became serious and he said, "You and Shentu Yunkong were the ones who committed the massacre in Syzygy Mansion, right? How many of the great Confucianists in Kunlun have you killed?"

Although Zhou Zhen had guessed that Zhang Ruochen would ask about this, his expression changed drastically. He shook his head hard and said with his trembling lips, "I... I was only in charge of setting up the array... No, I did not participate in the massacre..."

Zhang Ruochen said, "It was you and Shentu Yunkong who sent the spatial coordinates of the Rainbow Pavilion to Infernal Court, right? Who gave you the order?"

If there was no mole, Infernal Court would not have been able to set up the Voidbridge of Chaos directly to Rainbow Pavilion.

Zhang Ruochen had suppressed Zhou Zhen and Shentu Yunkong outside the Rainbow Pavilion. He had also found the seriously injured Sui Han and Wang Shiqi from the Exquisite Dimensional Orb on them.

Therefore, Zhou Zhen could not deny it.

Zhang Ruochen said, "Don't be in a hurry to answer. Think carefully before you say anything. I'll give you enough time to think. After I finish reading this book, I hope to get a satisfactory answer.."

### **Chapter 2259: A Fourth-grade Saintwill**

Wargod Bloodximius wrote *The Secrets of Palm Saintwill* personally. The words were heavy, and each word was like a palm, slapping towards Zhang Ruochen.

If Zhang Ruochen's cultivation had not reached the Supreme Saint Realm, he would probably vomit blood and be seriously injured before he could even read a few words.

Zhang Ruochen held the scroll with one hand, his body was solid as a rock and the powerful Yang Qi in him circulated rapidly. No matter how powerful the words were, they could not hurt him at all.

"When Wargod Bloodximius wrote *The Secrets of Palm Saintwill*, his cultivation should not have reached divinity. Although the words were like the palm, they did not contain the divine force."

Wargod Bloodximius was known as a genius that only appeared once in a Yuanhui period. Naturally, he had a unique understanding of the saintwill. The contents of *The Secrets of Palm Saintwill* were complicated and obscure. Zhang Ruochen read very slowly and would occasionally stop to think for a long time. He was completely absorbed.

Zhou Zhen stood on the side. His eyes were flickering, and he was struggling internally.

'Zhang Ruochen is using all of his mind to comprehend and study. If I sneak attack at such a close distance, the chances of success are very high. As long as I suppress him and control his Saint Soul and spirit, I can order him to take me out of Infernal Court.' he thought.

Zhou Zhen was eager to attack.

Suddenly, he thought of something. His heart trembled slightly. He thought to himself, 'Zhang Ruochen isn't testing me on purpose, is he?'

The more Zhou Zhen thought about it, the more he felt that the possibility was very high.

Why did Zhang Ruochen want to comprehend *The Secrets of Palm Saintwill* in front of him? Did he not expect that Zhou Zhen would launch a sneak attack?

Zhou Zhen cursed in his heart. He felt that Zhang Ruochen was too sinister. Fortunately, he was smart. Otherwise, the consequences of a failed sneak attack would be terrible.

'What should I do now? I can't win or escape. Can I rely on Zhang Ruochen and tell him everything?' Zhou Zhen thought.

Although he had become a Spirit Supreme Saint, he could protect his memories. Moreover, he was confident that Zhang Ruochen's current spiritual power wouldn't be able to take his memories.

However, Zhang Ruochen was the grandson of Wargod Bloodximus, and this place was Infernal Court.

As long as Zhang Ruochen was willing, it would not be difficult for him to sway a top-notch Spirit Supreme Saint. By then, would Zhou Zhen still be able to keep the secret in his mind?

'Martial Uncle, I can't help myself in this situation. I can't be blamed for all this,' Zhou Zhen sighed in his heart.

It took Zhang Ruochen half a month to comprehend *The Secrets of Palm Saintwill*. He had gained a lot from it. He also had a deeper understanding of the Palm techniques and the saintwill.

Zhang Ruochen regretted it. He should have asked Supreme Saint Qingsheng for advice earlier. If he had made enough preparations and condensed the Fist Saintwill again, he might be able to surpass the fifth grade.

Cultivating the fifth-grade Saintwill from a single Path was an outstanding achievement for any Supreme Saint.

However, Zhang Ruochen did not seek to be outstanding. Instead, he wanted to be supreme or unparalleled.

To cultivate a Saintwill, it is not simply to combine the Precepts but to deeply understand the Path. If I can comprehend deeper the Canon of one Path, then the stronger the saintwill will be condensed.'

Zhang Ruochen shook his head with a smile. There was only one Canon of Palm in total. How many gods could grasp the Canon of Palm?

It was not easy to obtain the opportunity to comprehend the power of the Canon of Palm.

Zhang Ruochen was about to close the book when he found that there was still one last page. However, this page seemed to be glued to the book cover, which he had neglected before.

Zhang Ruochen turned it over and found that this page weighed thousands of pounds.

When he opened it, there was a faint palm print on the paper.

However, when Zhang Ruochen looked carefully, his spirit and consciousness were sucked in in an instant.

The palm print became infinitely huge as if it had turned into a universe. Every fingerprint was like a milky way.

"This is... This is a mark of the Canon of Palm. That's Great!" Zhang Ruochen said.

He did not need to guess to know that it must have been left for him by Wargod Bloodximius.

Since Wargod Bloodximius had cultivated the Palm Saintwill when he was a Supreme Saint, he must have grasped part of the Canon of Palm after he became a god.

Zhang Ruochen sat cross-legged in the center of the world of the palm and entered the state of comprehending Path with his whole body and mind.

At that moment, Wargod Bloodximius, who was sitting with Lord Ming and Blood Empress, sensed something. He said, "He is going to cultivate the Palm Saintwill as the second saintwill."

Blood Empress said, "Chen 'er had mainly cultivated the Swordsmanship, Path of time, and Path of Dimension. He is the first to cultivate the Fist Saintwill and the Palm Saintwill. He is probably just exercising."

"The later it gets, the more difficult it gets. If it were me, I would first condense Time Saintwill and Dimension Saintwill before condensing the Swordsmanship Saintwill. As for the other saintwills, we can condense as many as we can later. It is not that important anyway," Lord Ming said.

"You're a pure sword cultivator. There's nothing wrong with taking such a path," Wargod Bloodximius said, "But Zhang Ruochen will be fusing those saintwills, so every saintwill he cultivates is very important. In the end, we'll decide whether he can fuse a second-grade saintwill or not."

Blood emperor said, "The first Fist Saintwill that Chen 'er condensed was already fifth-grade. Which is already at the top level."

Wargod Bloodximius shook his head and said, "In the Saint King Realm, he has cultivated the Fist Saintwill to the completion. Condensing a fifth-grade saintwill is only a passing grade."

Blood Empress knew that Wargod Bloodixmius had high expectations of Zhang Ruochen. That was why he graded Zhang Ruochen's performance with passing.

"Fist is not one of the three main paths that Chen 'er cultivates," the Blood Empress said.

For most Supreme Saints, they could only cultivate one type of saintwill. However, they had never considered whether Zhang Ruochen could condense a second, third, or even more.

They felt that it was natural for Zhang Ruochen to condense many types of saintwill.

The key was how many types he could condense?

Lord Ming said, "If Zhang Ruochen can reach the fourth grade for all three of his main Paths. The others are not his main Paths and all of them can reach fifth grade. Then it won't be too difficult for him to condense a second-grade saintwill in the future."

Wargod Bloodximius nodded slightly and said, "Let's see if he can give us a surprise."

Fusing a second-grade saintwill was the three gods' biggest hope for Zhang Ruochen.

To be exact, many important figures in Infernal Court were paying attention to Zhang Ruochen and Yan Wushen. They wanted to know who could condense a second-grade saintwill?



Whoever succeeds, would be the representative of this Yuanhui period and be recorded in history.

Wargod Bloodximius said, "The crazy old man from the Yanluo clan sent me a message yesterday. Yan Wushen has condensed three types of saintwills, two fifth-grade, and one fourth-grade."

Blood Empress said, "Yan Wushen can enter the Fane of Yama to cultivate freely. His spiritual power is strong and will be of great help in condensing the saintwill. It's only natural for him to be one step ahead. My son has the help of the sundial. It's only a matter of time before he catches up to him. There's even a great chance to surpass him."

Lord Ming said, "I'm looking forward to it. What grade of Palm Saintwill can Zhang Ruochen condense? Is it possible for him to surprise us and condense a fourth-grade saintwill?"

"The probability is very low... hmm..."

Wargod Bloodximius's expression changed slightly.

"What's wrong?" Blood Empress asked.

Wargod Bloodximius had a rare smile on his face and said, "Interesting! How interesting! The Canon of Palm's Mark that I left for Zhang Ruochen was vast and profound. It contained infinite subtlety. Qingsheng had tried to comprehend it before. But even after a hundred years, he could only analyze fifty percent of it. Zhang Ruochen on the other hand..."

"He has just begun to analyze it. Has he already learned it?" Lord Ming asked.

Wargod Bloodximius nodded and said, "Let's wait. I want to know how fast he can analyze it."

Two hours later.

Wargod Bloodximius said, "He has analyzed ten percent of it."

Four hours later.

"He has analyzed twenty percent."

...

Twelve hours later.

"Fifty percent analyzed."

Lord Ming and Blood Empress looked at each other. Even with their state of mind, their faces showed strange changes.

Twelve hours was comparable to Supreme Saint Qingsheng's hundred years of cultivation?

Supreme Saint Qingsheng could reach Paramount Realm and he was not an ordinary person. How could the gap be so huge?

Even if Zhang Ruochen had the help of the Sundial, twelve hours of cultivation equal to half a year had passed.

Lord Ming smiled and said, "Fortunately, Third Brother is not here. Otherwise, It would have hurt his reputation severely. If I were him, I would never be able to hold my head up in front of Zhang Ruochen."

Twenty hours later.

"Ninety percent of the analysis is done."

Wargod Bloodximus said, "Almost there. He's about to finish. For a Neverwilt Realm Supreme Saint to analyze ninety percent of the Canon's mark is more than enough. It's just a waste of time to continue the analysis."

Just as Wargod Bloodximus was about to take back the Canon of Palm's mark, he was surprised to find that Zhang Ruochen's progress had reached ninety-one percent.

"How did he manage to continue?" said Wargod Bloodximus

That time, even Wargod Bloodximus could not remain calm.

The speed of analysis proved that his comprehension was high and was still within the scope of understanding.

However, there was a barrier to the level of analysis. How could he exceed ninety percent?

Wargod Bloodximus was still shocked, but Zhang Ruochen spent another four hours analyzing the Canon of Palm's mark to hundred percent.

Blood Empress smiled happily after hearing the news and said, "After Third Brother analyzed fifty percent of it, he was able to condense the fifth-grade Palm Saintwill. When Chen 'er was in the Saint King Realm, his Precepts of Palm reached completion. Now, he has analyzed the Canon of Palm's mark to hundred percent. It seems that there is a high chance that he will be able to condense the fourth-grade Palm Saintwill."

Supreme Saint Qingsheng's Palm Saintwill was only in the fifth grade. He had only managed to cultivate a fourth-grade saintwill after fusing it with another type of saintwill that he had condensed.

"Palm is not his main cultivation path. Whether he can condense a fourth-grade saintwill is still unknown," Lord Ming said.

A fourth-grade saintwill was the limit of a single Path that could be condensed.

It was more than ten times harder than the fifth-grade Saintwill.

...

Zhou Zhen had been staying in the Hall of Cosmic Words. He was on the verge of collapse.

It was just a book. Zhang Ruochen had been reading it for a whole year. In the end, Zhou Zhen knew that Zhang Ruochen must have entered a state of mind whole bodily. He did not know why, but he still did not dare to make a move.

He was always afraid of this and that.

*Swoosh*

The Canon of Palm's mark flew out of the book and disappeared.

Zhang Ruochen was completely awake. He thought about it carefully for a long time. Then, he closed the book again and put it back on the bookshelf.

Zhou Zhen immediately put away his impatience and went up to him. He said with a smile, "Supreme Saint Ruochen, have you finally finished reading it? I have thought it through. I can tell you everything."

That one whole year had worn down Zhou Zhen's heart.

After countless hesitations and negations, now, even if Zhang Ruochen was seriously injured and dying, he would not dare to attack Zhang Ruochen even if he lay in front of him.

Zhang Ruochen stared at Zhou Zhen and smiled meaningfully. He nodded slightly and said, "Go ahead."

After a year of probing, he still did not dare to attack.

Zhou Zhen's remaining threat was gone.

Although Zhang Ruochen was fully focused on comprehending and analyzing the Canon of Palm's mark, he had secretly informed the Sevenstar Imperial Palace's vessel spirit, Huang Tian, when he came in. If Zhou Zhen attacked, he would be suppressed before he could even attack Zhang Ruochen.

After listening to Zhou Zhen's story, Zhang Ruochen recalled a name. That name was High-Saint Kai Luo.

High-Saint Kai Luo was Zhou Zhen's Martial Uncle and also one of the top High-Saint Array Masters in the Formation Sect. He was one of the cultivators closest to the Archsaint Array Master in all the worlds of the Celestial Court.

It was High-Saint Kai Luo who had allowed Zhou Zhen to participate in the plan.

It was indeed Zhou Zhen and Shentu Yunkong who had told Infernal Court the spatial coordinates of the Rainbow Pavilion. Moreover, they had personally handed over the Nine-heavens Maiden's Saint blood to Yan Wushen.

Of course, Yan Wushen did not know their identities.

'Zhou Zhen doesn't know much. Who is the magnate that the Heavenly Realm has come into contact with Infernal Court? That High-Saint Kai Luo should know more.' Zhang Ruochen thought.

Zhang Ruochen wanted to clean up those behind-the-scenes people of the Celestial Court, but it was too late. Even if he went back, he would not be a match for High-Saint Kai Luo with his current cultivation.

'Condense? *The Secrets of Palm Saintwill*? first.' Zhang Ruochen thought.

With the help of the Canon of Truth and the Heart of Truth, Zhang Ruochen's speed of analyzing the Canon of Palm's mark was far faster than other cultivators.

Now, he had full confidence in condensing the Palm Saintwill.

Zhang Ruochen did not leave the Sevenstar Imperial Palace. Instead, he used his spiritual power to take back the five Saint Aspects who were sitting cross-legged under the Sundial and comprehending the Precepts. He merged them with his original body.

Then, he took out the Violet Gourd and flew in.

He then took out the Yuanhui-grade Lotus of Divine Reflection and sat cross-legged in the center of it. He quickly adjusted himself to his best condition.

With the help of the Violet Gourd and the Yuanhui-grade Lotus of Divine Reflection, Zhang Ruochen condensed the Palm Saintwill. Everything went smoothly and it only took him six days to succeed.

Blood Sun Saintwill—the fourth-grade saintwill.

His ten wings were spread out fully. His skin turned blood-red. Streams of flames flowed around his body, giving off a temperature as hot as the sun.

“It turns out that condensing the fourth-grade saintwill isn’t too difficult... Oh no, what’s going on...”

Zhang Ruochen had just opened his eyes. Before he could feel happy, something unexpected happened.

A million times more Yang Qi suddenly burst out uncontrollably.. Like a million lava rivers surged from his body, gathered together, along the spine, and rushed to his brain.

#### **Chapter 2260: The Growing Inner Demon**

Zhang Ruochen mobilized all the Saint Qi in his body to protect his Lingtai meridian on his brain in case his spiritual will was destroyed by the Yang Qi.

*Crackle*

His body began to burn with raging flames. His skin was like a soldering iron, and his hair was like golden threads.

Fortunately, Zhang Ruochen’s Neverwilt Physique and demigod body were strong enough. If it had been any other Neverwilt Realm Supreme Saint, he would have been burned to ashes by the impact of millions of times more Yang Qi.

‘All along, I have used the water force contained in the fist technique to counter the fire force of the palm technique. But this time, the level of the saintwill that I condensed is different, breaking the balance between the two.’ Zhang Ruochen thought.

He moved in a flash across space and landed on the Cosmic Glacier Stone in the gourd. He sat cross-legged.

He spread his hands and slowly raised them. He immediately activated the power of the Cosmic Glacier Stone and entered the sea of Qi between his eyebrows. Then, he followed his meridians and saintly meridians and surged to all parts of his body to suppress the Yang Qi.

*TRUMPET!*

*ROAR!*

There was a dragon’s roar and an elephant’s trumpet sounded from his left and right arms.

Three dragon and elephant souls in the Hundred-Shackle Realm rushed out of his arms and appeared on his left and right sides. The six souls also burst out with fierce Yang power. Like a wild horse, they rushed from his arms and neck to Zhang Ruochen's head.

At the same time, his blood started to burn and emitted a deafening phoenix cry.

His demigod body was formed from the divine blood of a Blood Phoenix in divinity. Its divine blood had already completely fused with his blood.

But then, there was a change.

Before, Zhang Ruochen had been at his peak all the time. Even if there were unforeseen dangers, he could suppress them with his powerful cultivation. But now, all the unforeseen dangers burst out in an instant.

After a deafening cry of a phoenix sounded, a huge phantom of a Blood Phoenix appeared above Zhang Ruochen's head. It spread its boundless wings.

Compared to it, the three dragons and three elephants were like three earthworms and three ants.

"It's the Blood Phoenix's remnant soul."

Even if a god has fallen, there would still be a remnant soul wandering between heaven and earth. It could not be completely destroyed.

The Blood Phoenix released a powerful divine soul power that attacked Zhang Ruochen's spiritual will. It wanted to crush him and take over his body.

If it was a real divine soul, Zhang Ruochen would not be able to resist it.

However, it was only a remnant soul. It could not take over Zhang Ruochen's body. Of course, the burst of the remnant soul at this time had a great impact on Zhang Ruochen. It made it even more difficult for him to suppress Yang Qi.

Just as Zhang Ruochen was going all out to suppress the Yang Qi, the three dragons, three elephants, and the Blood Phoenix's remnant soul, the fourth power burst out.

The fourth power came from his left leg.

Zhang Ruochen's left leg fused with Yanshen's divine leg. At that moment, dense lines of fire appeared on his leg. It released the divine power of flames that could destroy heaven and earth. It surged from his leg to his abdomen and fused with the million times Yang Qi.

Zhang Ruochen was able to defeat a Supreme Saint at the peak of the Hundred-Shackle Realm with the cultivation of the mid-stage of the Neverwilt Realm because his body contained all kinds of incredible power.

Although these powers made him stronger than other cultivators of the same realm, they also had huge hidden dangers.

The four hidden dangers erupted at the same time, causing Zhang Ruochen's body to be on the verge of breaking apart. His long hair flew in the air. His ten golden wings transformed the Saint Qi in him into a

blood-red aura. His mental state was greatly affected and chaotic. Bloodlust, greed, lust, hunger, cruelty, and all sorts of negative emotions appeared in his mind.

Each person had a demon living in their body.

As one's cultivation became stronger, the demon would become more and more powerful. The demon would jump out from time to time and affect one's mind and judgment.

At that moment, the Divine Sky-connecting Tree's voice rang out, "Your crisis stems from the inability to suppress the Yang Qi in you. Other hidden dangers will take the opportunity to erupt. You can try to fuse both the Fist and Palm saintwills, or you can temporarily suppress the Yang Qi."

Zhang Ruochen gritted his teeth and asked with bloodshot eyes, "How Do You fuse them?"

"Follow the way I taught you, step by step."

Then, the Divine Sky-connecting Tree's voice entered Zhang Ruochen's mind, guiding him to fuse the two saintwills in the best way.

Although the Divine Sky-connecting Tree was weak, it was a wise man.

It used to be one of the oldest living beings in the universe. It was knowledgeable, and its understanding of heaven and earth, cultivation, and everything else could not be compared with Zhang Ruochen's.

In Kunlun, countless gods had listened to its sermons and cultivated divinity.

It was not an exaggeration to call it a Godmaker.

Under the guidance of the Divine Sky-connecting Tree, Zhang Ruochen mobilized the Blood Sun Saintwill and the Nine-tremors Saintwill at the same time to let the two merge.

The Blood Sun Saintwill was like a hot star, burning at any time and releasing a shocking destructive force. The Nine-tremors Saintwill was like a wave, layered on top of each other.

When the two saintwills came into contact, they shook violently and resisted each other.

### *Rumble*

Zhang Ruochen's body was already being torn apart by Yanshen's leg, Blood Phoenix's remnant soul, and the three dragons and three elephants. With the clash of the two saintwills, even the demigod body became painful and cracked, it was as if it was going to fall apart.

"Fusing the two saintwills is extremely difficult. Not even one out of hundred Supreme Saints succeed. You have to combine your own power with the internal and external power to assist at the same time."

"Internal powers can be provided by the Qiankun Realm."

"External powers can use the Violet Gourd."

According to the Divine Sky-connecting Tree, Zhang Ruochen's ten Golden Wings released ten streaks of blood-red aura to activate the Violet Gourd. Inside the gourd, the Golden Sun of Destruction and the Cosmic Glacier Stone spun quickly and pulled him to the center of the vortex.

At the same time, the Qiankun Realm suppressed both the above Blood Sun and Nine-tremors Saintwills. That way, even if the two Saintwills strongly rejected each other, the collision force would not affect Zhang Ruochen's body.

Merging the saintwills was an extremely slow process., which took a whole month.

After merging the two saintwills, it was not stable. It would still take a long time to get used to each other.

'The Blood Sun and the Nine-tremors have merged and created the tenth tremor. The saintwill should have reached the third grade. Let's call it the Blood Sun Ten-tremors Saintwill,' Zhang Ruochen thought.

Each Supreme Saint's saintwill was unique. They could name it themselves.

As both Palm Saintwill and Fist Saintwill combined, the million times more Yang Qi in Zhang Ruochen's body became slightly eased. It was no longer as violent as before.

Although Zhang Ruochen's spiritual will was still affected by the negative emotions, he could still maintain his rationality. Thus, he forcefully suppressed the Yang Qi, the remnant soul of the Blood Phoenix, the three dragons and three elephants, and the divine power of the flame.

The Divine Sky-connecting Tree's voice rang out again, "The Yang Qi in your body is still unbalanced. I suggest that the third type of saintwill you cultivate next is the Water Saintwill of the five elements. Only by fusing the Water Saintwill into the Blood Sun Ten-tremors Saintwill will you be able to achieve balance. Of course, you have to be fully prepared. There is a high possibility that there will be a new crisis."

Zhang Ruochen nodded and said, "I understand. Thank you for your guidance."

The Divine Sky-connecting Tree said cautiously, "Zhang Ruochen, you are extremely talented. You also have the demigod body and the Five-element Chaotic Neverwithier Physique. Whether it's a million times more Yang Qi, the remnant soul of the Blood Phoenix, the three dragons and three elephants, or the divine flame of the Yanshen's leg, none of them will be able to affect you."

"The main issue is still your own inner demon. It's getting stronger and stronger."

"At this stage, its impact isn't too great. You can suppress it with your spiritual will. But when you reach the Thousand-Koan Realm and the Banshi Isshou Realm, it will definitely be a huge obstacle and a fatal threat to you."

Hall of Cosmic Words.

*Whoosh*

Zhang Ruochen flew out of the Violet Gourd. The ten wings on his back were still open. A chaotic, overbearing, and fierce blood-red aura was released from his body.

Zhou Zhen, who was standing guard at the side, was pushed back four steps by the aura released from his body.

"You... What's wrong with you?"

Zhou Zhen looked at Zhang Ruochen and felt strange.

At that moment, Zhang Ruochen's face was ferocious. His eyes were full of wild and fierce light. Just a glance at Zhou Zhen made him feel terrified.

Zhang Ruochen walked out while ignoring Zhou Zhen.

Zhang Ruochen's spiritual Qi was changing with each step.

The moment he walked out of the palace gate, he completely recovered and forcefully suppressed all negative emotions. At least, on the surface, there was no difference from before.

Moyin went up to him and said, "Master, during the time you were in seclusion and cultivating, several cultivators came to visit you. Do you want to see them?"

"Who are they?" Zhang Ruochen asked.

"Princess Luo Sha of Devala..."

Zhang Ruochen stared at the Sundial and saw a graceful figure sitting cross-legged on the ground. He said, "Needless to say, I've already seen her."

Moyin said, "I'm sorry, Master. I wanted to stop her, but she claimed that she had already made an agreement with you and insisted on cultivating in the area covered by the Sundial. She was traveling with a fierce Supreme Saint's corpse. I couldn't stop her."

"We did have an agreement. Let her cultivate here! But she has to pay for the Godstones to operate the Sundial," Zhang Ruochen said.

Moyin laughed. "Indeed, the Godstones were provided by the Princess."

"How many times? What do you mean?"

"The Godstones on the Sundial has been changed four times."

Zhang Ruochen frowned and asked, "How long have I been cultivating in seclusion in the Sevenstar Imperial Palace?"

"More than a day!" Moyin said.

Zhang Ruochen said, "Two Godstones on the Sundial at the same time can run for two days. Why did the Godstone change four times in just a day?"

Moyin said, "I'm not sure either. I don't know the reason, but the consumption of Godstones has increased several times."

Zhang Ruochen thought to himself and muttered to himself, "Is it because I cultivated in the Violet Gourd within Sevenstar Imperial Palace?"

In the past, the Sundial could only cover a radius of 600 meters. However, during the battle with Asurendra Samay in the Sea of Time, the Sundial showed signs of recovery. It was probably from then on that the Sundial's coverage became wider.



Although the Sevenstar Imperial Palace was within 600 meters of the Sundial, its internal space was extremely huge. It must be more than 600 meters. Perhaps it was because it covered the internal space of the Sevenstar Imperial Palace and the Violet Gourd that the consumption of the Godstones became even greater.

Moyin said, "Lord Xia Yu, Supreme Saint Yi Xuan, Gu Chenzi, and Xue Tu have all come to look for you. It seems that they have something important to discuss. By the way, Pan Ruo, one of the three candidates for the goddess of Fane of Destiny, has come three times. She wants to see you."

Zhang Ruochen stopped thinking about the Sundial and asked, "Where is she?"

"She should still be waiting in the reception hall of the manor," Moyin said.

Pan Ruo's arrival was beyond Zhang Ruochen's expectations.

How could a stubborn, proud, and indifferent woman like her take the initiative to visit him?

Moreover, according to Sword Saint Xuanji, Pan Ruo had a more important mission in the Infernal Court. It was easy to expose her identity if she came to see Zhang Ruochen. How could she do such an irrational thing?

Zhang Ruochen kept thinking about the reason why Pan Ruo came to see him while on the way to the reception hall.

He thought about it a lot.

Did she figure out that I was the one who bought the seven cauldrons of Fugue Pills? is that why she came to see me?

Did she want to ask me to help her become the goddess of fate?

Or did she just want to see me?'

Zhang Ruochen laughed at himself for thinking about it.

He thought that it was very likely that he thought too simply of Pan Ruo.

Since she had decided to step into Death's door, she would abandon the glory and prosperity of her previous life and become a ghost. If she could withstand the tribulations of the Nether Flame and the Nether Thunder and enter the Infernal Court, her spiritual will was very likely already stronger than him.

She would never do anything irrational.

Perhaps, Zhang Ruochen would still think of that feeling in the lonely night when he was lonely. He would do things that could not be controlled by reason.

But she would never do that.

Finally, Zhang Ruochen saw Pan Ruo again in the reception hall.

She was sitting demurely in a white dress. Her eyebrows were slightly furrowed. She was demure and natural, but she exuded a cold temperament from the inside out that kept people away.

She was no longer the same old Huang Yanchen.

However, the moment Zhang Ruochen saw her, he felt like he saw Senior Sister Huang, one of the Three Demons of the Western Courtyard. The first meeting in life was always unforgettable.

It was also like seeing Princess Yanchen in the palace of Qianshui Commandery. When she got engaged, she had a smile on her face.

It was more like Huang Yanchen in front of Ziwei Palace. She was the disciple of the Empress and a Realm Bearer. They were husband and wife, but she pointed her sword at him.

The past was unbearable to look back on, but it could always evoke feelings and memories buried deep in people's hearts. Some were happy, some were sad, and some were regretful.

This was being a human!

She was no longer a human. She was Pan Ruo, a wandering soul.

Did she still have feelings?

"Supreme Saint Ruochen, you can't escape fate after all. The Infernal Court is where you truly belonged. If you're here, don't think about going back. Of course, I'm glad you came out to see me in person. It's an honor."

Pan Ruo's voice pulled his thoughts back to reality.

Zhang Ruochen walked over and sat across from her calmly. "It's an honor for me that you grace your presence in the Vastsea Manor.. What do you want to tell me, Your Highness?"