

GOF 2361

Chapter 2361 Escape

Arctic Ice Continent.

Pitch-black demonic clouds covered the sky, and the cold night rain dripped incessantly.

Raindrops could pierce through mountains and the hardest rocks.

BANG!

Lightning would occasionally streak across the sky like a bright sky blade, traversing thousands of miles before dissipating into nothingness.

This land, which was unknown whether it was Buddhist land or the demon's domain, had become even more dangerous.

Moyin, Lady Wind, Lord Bladehell, Yue Tinghai, and Lord Sinluo stood in a Cloaking Array not far from the Reclining Buddha Hill. They were looking at the Dracopent Temple from afar.

They did not follow Zhang Ruochen into the temple but hid at the foot of the mountain.

Lord Bladehell's face was gloomy and his eyes were deep. He said, "Six hours have passed."

"Zhang Ruochen is still too reckless. If he takes us into the copper temple, the danger will be reduced a lot. How can he fight against Que, Lan Ying, and Yan Huangtu alone?" Lady Wind sighed softly, wearing a golden veil.

Even if Zhang Ruochen defeated Wujiang, she still did not think that he had the strength to fight against Que, Lan Ying, and Yan Huangtu.

It is not so easy to achieve the impossible.

Yue Tinghai said in a low voice, "Maybe he doesn't want to take us with him. After all, the Bright Kannati and the Buddha's sarira can only be shared by themselves, not equally."

"What nonsense are you talking about?".

Lord Sinluo growled and took a step forward, ready to teach Yue Tinghai a lesson.

Moyin raised her hand gently and stopped Lord Sinluo, she smiled and said, "Even if my master wants to take the Bright Kannati and the Buddha's sarira for himself, it's because he can take them. If you go, Yan Zhexian can kill you without the help of Yan Huangtu. What right do you have to talk about my master? Haven't you kneeled enough?"

Yue Tinghai was the number one powerhouse in the Puresky Clan and was obeyed by tens of thousands of people. He felt proud and said, "Who do you think you are? You are just Zhang Ruochen's servant. Do you have the right to criticize me?"

Moyin's expression was seductive. She licked her red lips and looked at Yue Tinghai as if she were eating

Lord Bladehell knew very well how terrifying Moyin's cultivation was. He moved sideways and stopped between them, he smiled apologetically and said, "Miss Moyin, we haven't heard anything from Zhang Ruochen. We're all worried about his safety. Please think of the bigger picture. Don't lower yourself to his level.

"Hurry up and apologize to Ms. Moyin."

The more Yue Tinghai learned about the Saint Devourer's power, the more he despised it.

With the Yanluo clan's arrangement in the Dracopent Temple and the monstrous strength of Que, Lan Ying, Yan Huangtu, and the others, Zhang Ruochen, in Yue Tinghai's opinion, would most likely not be able to come out alive if he barged in alone.

As long as Zhang Ruochen died, the Saint Devourer would die too. What was there to be afraid of?

However, Yue Tinghai still had to give face to Lord Bladehell.

Yue Tinghai cupped his hands and said perfunctorily, "I was not careful with my words just now. Please forgive me, Ms. Moyin."

Lord Bladehell quickly tried to smooth things over. He smiled and said, "You should know how terrifying Zhang Ruochen's opponent is today. We are all very worried. After waiting for a long time, we will inevitably become impatient. It is human nature."

"You do things flawlessly," Moyin said coldly.

"Since you all know how powerful Que, Lan Ying, Yan Huangtu, and the others are, you should understand my master didn't take you there because he didn't want you to die," she said, turning to face the crowd at Dracopent Temple.

Moyin's words left Lord Bladehell, Yue Tinghai, and Lady Wind speechless.

They were indeed top-notch powerhouses below the Thousand-Koan Realm. However, if Zhang Ruochen really brought them to break into the Dracopent Temple, they would be more or less afraid.

After all, fighting for top-class treasures would definitely lead to a life-and-death battle.

They were in great danger of dying in a life-and-death battle with powerhouses at the levels of Que, Lan Ying, and Yan Huangtu.

Lady Wind said, "Yan Huangtu and The Eight Sons of Life and Death have entered the temple. Yan Zhexian and Xi have set up an inescapable net around the copper temple. However, they are targeting the powerhouse in the temple. They don't know that we have also come to the home planet of the Yanluo clan.

"I think we can take this opportunity to break the Yanluo clan's plan first. This way, once Zhang Ruochen escapes, he can leave smoothly."

Lord Bladehell shook his head, "No! There were over 200 Supreme Saints of the Yanluo clan outside the copper temple, including top powerhouses like Yan Zhexian and Xi. At most, we can only break through their formation for a while. Soon, they will be able to rearrange their formation.

“I think we must attack from the inside and outside at the most appropriate time to truly break through the formation of the Yanluo clan.”

Lady Wind and Lord Bladehell looked at Moyin, wondering what she would decide. “I agree with Lord Bladehell. Wait for my master’s signal!” Moyin said.

Yue Tinghai’s eyes sparkled, “We can’t do it without a backup plan. If Zhang Ruochen dies in the copper temple, the Yanluo clan cultivators will immediately establish formations on their own planet. By then, it will be too late for us to think about how to leave.”

Even Lord Bladehell and Lady Wind didn’t dare to ignore this problem.

If Zhang Ruochen died in battle, the plan of the Immortal Vampires to fight for the first place among the ten clans would fall through. They had to think of a way to escape from the Yanluo clan’s home planet.

“If you want to escape, hurry up and leave. I won’t stop you,” Moyin said coldly.

Yue Tinghai wanted to leave, but he was afraid that Zhang Ruochen would escape alive. When the time came for Zhang Ruochen to settle the score, Yue Tinghai wouldn’t have a good ending

Yan Wushen released the Bridge of Vaitarna’s true vessel. Just one part of it suppressed the space, making it difficult for Zhang Ruochen to move.

On the other side, The Eight Sons of Life and Death formed The Indestructible Great Array to trap the heavily injured Que. Waves of attack power shot out, turning into an ocean of energy that swallowed Que’s body.

Yan Huangtu faced Lan Ying again.

Lan Ying had lost a significant amount of chaotic energy, Qi of Slaughter, and Divine Qi in the previous battle. It could be said that his vitality had been greatly damaged.

Lan Ying’s attack power had greatly decreased although he had the Sword of Asura as his body. The sword had been dulled by Yan Huangtu’s Scepter of Heaven’s Pass. It was showing signs of being suppressed.

It had to be said that Yan Huangtu’s plan was very successful.

If Que, Lan Ying, and Zhang Ruochen were all in their prime, the Yanluo clan wouldn’t be able to hold them back even if they mobilized hundreds of Supreme Saints to attack them.

Yan Wushen’s eyes were bright, he raised his voice and said, “Zhang Ruochen, I haven’t had enough fun in the past three big battles. I haven’t been able to determine the winner. Why don’t we have a fair and just battle today? The winner will live, and the loser will die.”

Although Zhang Ruochen was suppressed by the Bridge of Vaitarna, he smiled and said, “This is the home planet of the Yanluo clan. I have a bond in my heart, but you can enjoy yourself. How can it be fair? Besides, this Buddhist land is compatible with your power It gives you an absolute geographical advantage and allows you to burst out with stronger combat power. How could it be fair?”

Zhang Ruochen said in a voice transmission, "There's a third point. I've got the Emperor Grade Saintwill Pill. What's the point of fighting with you? A stone bridge can't stop me."

Whoosh

Zhang Ruochen released a large amount of Divine Purification Flame from his body. It formed a flame light shield and burned the lock patterns on his body.

He slowly lifted his left leg.

Powerful divine power surged out of his leg, forming a magnificent power. "Blazing-flame Kick, one hit to subjugate demons."

Zhang Ruochen used Yanshen's leg to cultivate the high-level Thousand-Koan level saint technique, Blazing-flame Kick, that he had honed in the dark star.

This kick was based on strength. It was heightened by the Path of Fire. It could set off the Precepts of Fire between heaven and earth, unleashing unrivaled destructive power.

When combined with the Yanshen's leg, it was even more powerful.

RUMBLE!

His left foot landed and instantly caused the ground to sink. Powerful Fire Qi surged up with the dust and broke the suppression power of the Bridge of Vaitarna.

Zhang Ruochen spread his ten golden wings and flew out of the golden dust toward the exit of the golden world.

"Brother Wushen, I'll leave first," said Zhang Ruochen.

Zhang Ruochen exited the golden world with a whoosh as he passed through a layer of water light curtain.

Yan Wushen looked at the huge pit on the ground with a diameter of 100 kilometers. His eyes were extremely solemn. Zhang Ruochen's kick had shocked him.

If that kick wasn't aimed at the ground but at Yan Wushen, would he be able to block it?

"Zhang Ruochen's cultivation speed is even faster than mine. This time, I let him walk in front! I have to fuse the fifth Path of The Six Paths of Reincarnation Saintwill as soon as possible." said Yan Wushen to himself.

Yan Wushen felt immense pressure. For the first time, he was afraid.

Yan Wushen was afraid that he wouldn't be able to keep up with Zhang Ruochen's cultivation speed and would be left behind.

If that day really came, there would definitely be a serious flaw in Yan Wushen's state of mind. His perfected body of good and evil might split up again.

Next, he had to work hard.

No!

It wasn't only hard work.

Yan Wushen had to work hard and cultivate hard. He wouldn't let go of any chance to become stronger.

Wasn't Zhang Ruochen always working very hard with his life at stake?

Yan Wushen's cultivation environment was too comfortable.

Yan Wushen chased after him. He couldn't let Zhang Ruochen escape. He had to get the Emperor Grade Saintwill Pill no matter what.

Outside the Dracopent Temple, 61 Supreme Saint Talisman Masters and nearly 200 Yanluo clan's Supreme Saints formed a three-layered encirclement. Sealing this place as tight as an iron chain.

With Yan Zhexian and Xi as the leaders, more than a dozen first-rate Yanluo clan's Supreme Saints of the Hundred-Shackle Realm gathered together.

"Zhexian, you don't have to be so nervous, do you? Let's not talk about whether the three of them can get past Yan Huangtu, Yan Wushen, and The Eight Sons of Life and Death. Even if they manage to break out and enter the copper temple, how can they get past us?" A Supreme Saint of the Hundred-Shackle Realm with 99 severed shackles laughed.

Clearly, Xi had great confidence in the arrangements outside the copper temple, he said, "Let alone Que, Lan Ying, and Zhang Ruochen, even a Supreme Saint in the Banshi Isshou Realm can forget about breaking through the runic array we've set up. It's even more impossible for them to break through the combined attack of 198 Supreme Saints.

"I don't know why, but I just feel uneasy. I always feel that something unpredictable will happen."

Yan Zhexian frowned slightly. Deep in thought, her beautiful eyes turned to look at the foot of the mountain. "Yan Huangtu is chasing Que and has brought The Eight Sons of Life and Death," she explained. "Lan Ying pursued Que and brought Hong Futu with him. Zhang Ruochen came to the home planet of the Yanluo clan to take the Emperor Grade Saintwill Pill. But why did he come alone?"

"You suspect that there are other Immortal Vampires who came to the home planet of the Yanluo clan with Zhang Ruochen?" Xi's expression changed slightly.

Yan Zhexian said, "Since I was young, my spiritual sense has always been very accurate..."

At that moment, an exclamation sounded. "All the Supreme Saints are on full alert. Zhang Ruochen has come out from the golden world! Talisman Masters activate the runes. Wherever you are Lord Zhexian, please come and take charge."

Chapter 2362 Danger Is Everywhere

The Dracopent's statue stood in the center of the copper temple on the altar.

A subtle spatial fluctuation appeared in the ancient mirror on the chest of the statue.

Swoosh

A light spot flew out of the mirror.

The light spot landed on the ground and turned into Zhang Ruochen's figure.

The runes in all directions were activated as soon as Zhang Ruochen appeared, creating a sea of flowers in the temple's narrow space.

The sea of flowers was colorful and beautiful.

On the ground, it was bright purple and red. In the air, petals flew like rain.

SWOOSH!

A petal flew past Zhang Ruochen's cheek.

The petals were sharper than blades. It all broke through his protective Saint Qi and the Demigod-level physique's skin defense, leaving a shallow bloody mark on his face.

A drop of Supreme Saint's blood flowed out of the wound.

"What a powerful rune mark. It's just a petal. Yet, it's more powerful than a full-strength strike from some Supreme Saints."

Zhang Ruochen immediately held up the Profound Spatial Dimension. He controlled the size of the dimension to three meters in diameter, forming the strongest defensive power.

At the same time, the blood-red aura in his body surged out of his pores.

The blood light illuminated the three-meter-wide Profound Spatial Dimension, transforming it into a massive blood-colored embryo. The light then made its way from the copper temple to the outside world.

Under the Reclining Buddha Hill, there was a dark area. The five powerhouses of the Immortal Vampires all sensed the powerful Path fluctuations coming from the hilltop. They knew that something big was going to happen, so they tensed up.

Suddenly, the copper temple, which was shining with golden light, burst out with a dazzling blood light.

Lord Sinluo was delighted. He said, "That's the signal from Master Ruochen. Let's hurry up and attack together. We will work together from the inside and the outside to break the arrangement of the Yanluo clan."

Lord Bladehell and Lady Wind both looked surprised and pleased when they saw the blood light coming from the temple. Their opinion of Zhang Ruochen had advanced to a new level.

'Zhang Ruochen was able to escape from the fight with powerful figures like Que, Lan Ying, and Yan Huangtu. Did this mean that Zhang Ruochen had the battle strength to fight with them?' Yue Tinghai thought.

Yue Tinghai's face changed again and again, and he felt very upset.

Suddenly, Yue Tinghai realized that his mind was indeed much weaker than everyone present. He was not as experienced and profound as Lord Bladehell, and he was not as watertight as Lady Wind. He was still too impulsive in doing things and speaking.

“Attack the copper temple!”

Just as Yue Tinghai shouted this sentence, Lord Sinluo had already drawn his Frostwood Bow and shot an arrow.

Crack

The Divine Tree Arrow shot out a 100-meter-long tail of light and struck a Neverwilt Realm Supreme Saint outside the copper temple. It pierced through his body and left a bloody hole the size of a basin.

He was instantly severely injured and lost his battle prowess.

Moyin’s movement was as fast as a ghost. She climbed up the Reclining Buddha Hill and came to the bottom of the 384 copper stairs. Her snow-white hands pressed down on the ground.

Swoosh Swoosh

Moyin’s ten fingers turned into ten Raiden Wisterias and charged up the stairs, entangling the ten Yanluo clan Supreme Saints.

After a series of screams, the ten Yanluo clan Supreme Saints were all charred by the lightning

Ten Raiden Wisterias shot up into the sky and threw them away before they fell down the mountain.

“Enemy Attack!”

“A powerful enemy is attacking from below the mountain.”

The top of the copper stairs was in chaos.

The Supreme Saints of the Yanluo clan were all focused on the temple. Who would have thought that an enemy would attack from behind?

As Lady Wind, Lord Bladehell, and Yue Tinghai joined in the battle, the combined attack formation formed by the 198 Supreme Saints of the Yanluo clan was quickly destroyed. They could only defend with great difficulty.

The Supreme Saints of the Yanluo clan were all extremely depressed.

No matter how powerful Lady Wind, Lord Bladehell, and the Saint Devourer were, they wouldn’t have been able to win against the enemies’ combined attack formation if they hadn’t been ambushed and fought head-on. They wouldn’t have been so easily broken through.

In the Fane of Destiny, the gods were all paying attention to the Dracopent Temple.

Unfortunately, they couldn’t see the golden world created by the Swastika Seiryu. They didn’t know what was going on inside. They could only make all sorts of conjectures and calculations.

Zhang Ruochen was the first to return to the copper temple, exceeding the expectations of most gods.

“This junior’s cultivation has improved quite a bit. Could he also get a share of the opportunity of the Yanluo clan’s home planet?”

“Do you feel it? Zhang Ruochen has the aura of the Emperor Grade Saintwill Pill.”

Even though the gods were deep and knowledgeable, they were still surprised and couldn’t figure it out.

They couldn’t figure out how Zhang Ruochen had taken the Emperor Grade Saintwill Pill from Que?

Luo Yan frowned. His eyes showed that he was thinking. “It’s incredible. This kid from the Xue Jue family is really interesting. The impossible has become possible for him.”

Amane’s temperament was gentle and moving. She said elegantly, “If Zhang Ruochen can protect the Emperor Grade Saintwill Pill and fight his way out of the encirclement, there will be a bigger change. By then, the situation on the Battlefield of Celestial-Hunting will definitely change.”

“Whether or not he can fight his way out of the encirclement and escape the Yanluo clan is indeed a bigger test.” Luo Yan said and nodded.

There was an inescapable net in front and a powerful enemy chasing after him.

In Luo Yan’s opinion, even if he gave Zhang Ruochen twice the combat power, it wouldn’t be easy for him to break out of the encirclement. The key was still to see if the other Supreme Saints of the Immortal Vampires could display their extraordinary power. The gods of the ten great clans of the Immortal Vampires all gathered together and paid close attention to the home planet of the Yanluo clan.

They knew very well whether the Immortal Vampires could suppress the Yanluo clan on the Battlefield of Celestial-Hunting and take first place. This battle played a crucial role.

“If I was young, I would have already used a forbidden technique and burned my blood. With my strongest power, I would have first paralyzed the first layer of power formed by the 198 Supreme Saints of the Yanluo clan.

“Then, I would kill my way up the copper stairs and break the formation and runes from the outside. Killing a group of Array Masters and Talisman Masters would be as easy as chopping vegetables.

“Look, those juniors are clearly much stronger than the Supreme Saints of the Yanluo clan, but they are fighting so weakly and without any imposing manner. If this was when I was their age, I would have already washed the ground with the blood of the Supreme Saints of the Yanluo clan.”

A god of the Yellowsky Clan was very anxious. He covered his head and beat his chest. He wished he could go to the battlefield himself.

This crucial battle was too important for the Immortal Vampires.

“There are hundreds of Supreme Saint Talisman Masters and Array Masters in the temple. Zhang Ruochen won’t be able to hold on for long. If Lady Wind and Lord Bladehell are not able to threaten the Yanluo clan’s Talisman Masters and Array Masters from the outside in time, the Immortal Vampires may be extinguished today,” said an elder clan chief.

The god of the Yellowsky Clan shouted again, "Burn the Saint Blood and cast the forbidden technique. Hurry up and fight. Let's turn the world upside down. Whatever supreme clan, step on them."

The other gods of the Immortal Vampires rolled their eyes.

Who would burn the Saint Blood to fight unless it was a life-or-death situation?

Not everyone was as crazy as you. It was a miracle that a madman like you could cultivate until divinity alive.

"Lord Bladehell and Lady Wind are indeed quite talented. It's a pity that they don't know how to seize the opportunity. Even if they don't burn their Saint Blood, they should at least use their trump cards, right? At this moment, why are they still doing nothing?" The god from the Yellowsky Clan said, he clutched his chest, looking as if his liver was in pain.

Actually, Lord Bladehell, Lady Wind, Moyin, and even Yue Tinghai were all going all out to attack the upper echelons.

However, there were too many Supreme Saints of the Yanluo clan. Although they had destroyed dozens of them in one wave of attacks, there were still more than a hundred Supreme Saints. Under the leadership of Xi and more than ten Hundred-Shackle Realm powerhouses, they quickly stabilized their formation.

Xi wore a wide black robe and held an ebony staff in his hand. His face was delicate and pretty as he said condescendingly, "Lord Bladehell, you dare to barge into the Yanluo clan's home planet? Are you here to die?"

Lord Bladehell sent the four Supreme Saints of the Yanluo clan flying with a single slash. He climbed a few levels higher and laughed, "You are just a weakling ranked thirteenth. How dare you say that I am here to die?"

Xi's expression did not change and his voice was even colder, "Alright! Let me see if your blade is as tough as your mouth."

He raised the ebony staff above his head and chanted a series of ancient incantations.

The black light emitted by the ebony staff was like thin threads that extended to an endless distance

CAW! CAW!

In the darkness, an ear-piercing raven's cry sounded.

The two Nine-lives Blood Ravens were covered in blood. They released an aura that was comparable to that of a Thousand-Koan Realm Supreme Saint as they attacked Lord Bladehell at the same time.

What Xi cast was the Wiccan technique, Soul Capture.

He used it to control all spirits.

Although the Nine-lives Blood Ravens were powerful, their intelligence and willpower were far inferior to that of a Thousand-Koan Realm Supreme Saint. Hence, Xi was able to control two of them with his level 65 spiritual power.

As Lord Bladehell was restrained by the two Nine-lives Blood Ravens, the battle outside the copper temple became even more intense.

Yan Zhexian and 61 Supreme Saint Talisman Masters guarded the only exit of the copper temple, which was the door.

Dozens of Supreme Saint Array Masters sat cross-legged on the four sides of the copper temple. Each of them released their spiritual power and pushed the three Ninth Stratum Array to the extreme. Among them were three Array Masters.

In the temple.

The “Flower dance in the mortal world” rune pattern complemented the three Ninth Stratum Arrays. It suppressed Zhang Ruochen so much that he could only defend passively. He couldn’t even move a step.

Flower petals rained down on Zhang Ruochen.

Two of the three Ninth Stratum Arrays were offensive arrays. They formed 81 Saint Swords and an Array Beast whose combat power had reached the peak of the Thousand-Koan Realm.

After defending for a few breaths, Zhang Ruochen’s body was covered in blood. There were 27 wounds.

Luckily, he had avoided his vitals. The wounds were all shallow.

“The Yanluo clan has really put in a lot of effort. Even if I, Lan Ying, and Que aren’t injured, they’re all at their peak. It won’t be easy to break through the runes and arrays in the copper temple.” said Zhang Ruochen.

In Zhang Ruochen’s eyes, the danger here was enough to threaten the life of a Banshi Isshou Realm Supreme Saint.

He could only hope Moyin and Lord Bladehell could attack from the outside as soon as possible.

It was much easier to break the formation from the outside to the inside.

Of course, Zhang Ruochen did not place all his hopes on others. He thought quickly and thought of a way to break the situation.

‘I will retreat first.’ Zhang Ruochen thought.

Zhang Ruochen was about to rush toward the ancient mirror on the chest of the Dracopent statue, but a figure flew out from the ancient mirror first and manifested into Yan Wushen’s appearance.

“This is even more troublesome. It’s really a double disaster,” said Zhang Ruochen.

Zhang Ruochen thought of something. He formed his right hand into a palm and attacked Yan Wushen.

Yan Wushen obviously didn’t expect such a situation in the copper temple.

Yan Wushen immediately activated his Golden Giant Mode and exchanged a palm attack with Zhang Ruochen. Powerful power erupted from their palms and shattered a large number of runes.

The petals disappeared into thin air.

“Zhang Ruochen, you have no way out. Give me the Emperor Grade Saintwill Pill and I’ll give you a fair chance to fight.”

Yan Wushen had fought with Zhang Ruochen three times, but he still hadn’t won. It had become an obsession in his heart.

If Yan Wushen didn’t break this obsession, it would affect his cultivation state of mind.

Zhang Ruochen didn’t answer him. His body moved to the right like lightning.

The Array Beast that was chasing after Zhang Ruochen suddenly rushed toward Yan Wushen with great momentum.

Yan Wushen knew that he had been tricked by Zhang Ruochen again. He had to raise his golden arms and hit the Array Beast.

The Array Beast’s attack was so powerful that even with Yan Wushen’s power, he was pushed back and pressed against the wall of the copper temple.

Taking this opportunity, Zhang Ruochen threw out a drop of Dark Space-time Matter. Then, his body turned into a golden light and rushed into the ancient mirror on the chest of the copper statue.

Boom

The Dark Space-time Matter was detonated. The vigorous power of Darkness, Time, and Dimension spread out and filled the entire copper temple, destroying a large number of runes and inscriptions of the array.

There was even a powerful force surging out from the temple gate.

At this time, Zhang Ruochen returned to the golden world where the Swastika Seiryu was.

Zhang Ruochen saw Que, who was ragged all over, rush over with Kagamaru in his hand as soon as Zhang Ruochen landed on the ground.

Que’s speed was extremely fast. His flight trajectory was like a black line. He passed Zhang Ruochen and rushed into the water curtain to the copper temple.

‘It’s no surprise that Que is ranked first in the Hundred-Shackle Realm’s Great Perfection stage. He’s already been heavily injured, but he can still break through the Indestructible Great Array and escape from The Eight Sons of Life and Death,’ Zhang Ruochen thought.

The Eight Sons of Life and Death caught up.

Zhang Ruochen calculated that the destructive power of Dark Space-time Matter had been exhausted, so he turned around and rushed back into the water-screen.

SWOOSH!

Back in the copper temple, Zhang Ruochen found that the originally narrow space in the temple had become pitch-black. His vision was greatly affected, and he could hardly see anything.

It was caused by the remnants of the Dark Space-time Matter.

The energy fluctuation in the temple was extremely chaotic. Even spiritual power could not detect it.

Zhang Ruochen did not have time to check whether Yan Wushen had been killed by the Dark Space-time Matter, nor did he have time to find where Que was hiding. He immediately set up the Profound Spatial Dimension, Null Time realm, and the Realm-frame of Truth, he hid above the heads of the copper statue and stared at the ancient mirror on the copper statue's chest.

A moment later.

Space ripples appeared on the surface of the ancient mirror.

One of The Eight Sons of Life and Death rushed out first.

Kagemaru pierced the head of one of The Eight Sons of Life and Death, a Supreme Saint of the Hundred-Shackle Realm's Great Perfection stage, just as Zhang Ruochen was about to attack. Blood splattered and dyed the copper statue red.

The next moment, Kagemaru flew back to Que's hand and chopped off the second of The Eight Sons of Life and Death who had rushed out of the ancient mirror.

Chapter 2363 Teasing Zhexian

Pfft!

Ugh!

Que killed three Supreme Saints in the Great Perfection stage of the Hundred-Shackle Realm in a row. His attacks were fast, accurate, and ruthless. It was clear that he had been hit with true fire today, and he couldn't care less about the "No Killing" prohibition.

Just as Que was about to kill the fourth member of The Eight Sons of Life and Death, the pitch-black copper temple shone with the Light of Origin.

Yan Wushen charged out of the darkness. Half of his flesh and blood had disappeared, revealing a large number of golden bones. His face was ferocious, and he looked like the Infernal Yama.

The Precepts of Origin in his palms formed a Pagoda of Origin.

"Die!" Yan Wushen shouted.

He leaped up and smashed the Pagoda of Origin towards Que.

Yan Wushen was also enraged today.

In an instant, the entire copper temple was filled with powerful qi. The wind howled, and the Qi surged.

Que had no choice but to give up on his killing intent. He swung his sword backward, leaving behind a dazzling arc of sword light that slashed toward the Pagoda of Origin.

Boom

The Pagoda of Origin shattered, turning into an even more dazzling Light of Origin.

Yan Wushen and Que each spat out a mouthful of blood and flew in two different directions.

Suddenly, the remaining five members of The Eight Sons of Life and Death all appeared in the copper temple. They saw the three members lying on the ground and realized that their life force was rapidly losing.

The Eight Sons of Life and Death had grown up together and cultivated together. They were like brothers.

Seeing this scene, they felt like their eyes were about to explode. Each of them held up The Book of Life and The Book of Death. They activated the incomplete Indestructible Great Array and attacked Que.

“Kill!”

Que is half-knelt on the ground. He supported his body with his sword. Biting his bloody teeth, he charged forward.

Zhang Ruochen glanced at Yan Wushen. He was very surprised.

In such a small space like the copper temple, Zhang Ruochen had activated Dark Space-time Matter and Yan Wushen was actually able to survive.

Yan Wushen was heavily injured. After getting up from the ground, he didn't care about his injuries. He rushed to the side of the three Supreme Saints at the Great Perfection stage of the Hundred-Shackle Realm. He mobilized his Power of Origin and Buddhist light to purify the Qi of Oblivion that invaded their bodies.

Que's three swords hit their vitals, and the Power of Oblivion had invaded their bodies.

If they didn't dissolve the Power of Oblivion in time, no matter how strong their vitality was, they would be devoured by the Oblivion in a moment. They would die without a trace.

Zhang Ruochen turned into a breeze and flew down from the top of the copper statue. He glanced at Yan Wushen.

Yan Wushen also stared at him.

Their eyes met. There were all sorts of complicated emotions in their eyes.

If Zhang Ruochen attacked, this was the best time to kill Yan Wushen. He would definitely die.

However, Zhang Ruochen didn't do so. He quickly looked away and rushed to the temple gate.

Zhang Ruochen didn't want to kill an opponent like Yan Wushen while he was saving people. This was one of the reasons.

The other reason was that Yan Wushen couldn't be killed.

The Dark Space-time Matter destroyed the rune patterns and many array patterns in the temple. When Zhang Ruochen arrived at the door, he found that there were remnants of the array of inscriptions floating in the air.

“Not good!”

In front of him, a blinding sword light flew over. The light was so bright that Zhang Ruochen felt like he was going blind.

Zhang Ruochen quickly closed his eyes and used his spiritual power to analyze.

“It’s the ninth-class sword array,” said Zhang Ruochen.

The blinding sword light came from 81 swords. Under the control of dozens of Supreme Saint Array Masters, they turned into a long sword dragon and charged toward Zhang Ruochen.

Zhang Ruochen extended his right hand and rotated his five fingers.

Suddenly, 36 Dimensional Swords condensed in the space in front of him and collided with the 81 swords.

This ninth-class sword array was guarded by a High-Saint Array Master. It was extremely powerful.

When the swords collided, they let out deafening sword chimes.

The sword light transformed into thousands of sharp sword Qi that flew out and collided with the copper temple’s walls, pillars, and floors, leaving white marks.

It was unknown what the copper temple was made of or what mysterious power it possessed. It could not be destroyed even by a Supreme Saint. It was unshakeable even by Dark Space-time Matter.

“Violet Gourd,” Zhang Ruochen called out.

Zhang Ruochen summoned the Violet Gourd and used Supreme Power to protect his body. He pressed his arm against the ground.

The 36 Dimensional Swords turned into a sword path. The sword rolled from the ground all the way to the distance and hit the High-Saint Array Master who was in charge of the sword formation.

CRACK!

The High-Saint Array Master’s defense was penetrated. Three Dimensional Swords pierced through his chest, abdomen, and right leg.

The High-Saint Array Master let out a scream and was sent flying backward.

Yan Zhexian waved her dark green brush in her hand as she realized she was about to be hit by the other seven Dimensional Swords and killed by the chaotic swords. It cut the Dimensional Swords in half by forming seven runic patterns.

The ninth-class sword array’s power was greatly reduced when it was not under the control of the High-Saint Array Master.

“Break!”

Zhang Ruochen’s body released a burst of space vibration power that struck 81 swords.

All the swords flew out in pieces.

Yan Zhexian's body was suspended above the 384 copper steps. She looked at Zhang Ruochen at the same level. Her beautiful eyes were cold and sharp, she said, "I didn't expect that you could kill your way out of the copper temple. Let us fight again."

"If you don't want the Yanluo clan to suffer heavy casualties, you'd better not stop me," Zhang Ruochen said.

In the end, the Battle of Celestial-Hunting and the War of Merits in Celestial and Infernal Courts were completely different.

The War of Merits was a life-or-death struggle. It was a fight for life and death.

The Battle of Celestial-Hunting was just a competition between the various races in Infernal Court. It didn't have to be a battle of life and death. It could only be described as a battle of advantages, a battle of honor and disgrace.

Zhang Ruochen didn't want to become too hostile with the Yanluo clan on the Battlefield of Celestial-Hunting if it wasn't the last resort.

"Great Rocfish Talisman!"

Yan Zhexian's brush was stained with the blood of the Rocfish and she drew a genuine Rocfish.

The Rocfish spread its wings and flew toward the temple gate.

The ten tattered golden wings on Zhang Ruochen's back spread out. They turned into a streak of golden light and cut the Rocfish in half. Then he flew toward the pitch-black night rain.

After flying for a distance, Zhang Ruochen sensed that something was wrong.

The night rain had disappeared!

Everything was bright in front of him, and a cold wind blew around him.

He stood in a world of white snow. The mountains were covered in snow, and snowflakes were falling. He couldn't see the end of the world.

"This is... an illusion formation!" Zhang Ruochen exclaimed. Zhang Ruochen opened his palm and caught a snowflake in it.

The snowflake melted and turned into a drop of ice water.

It appeared to be very real and not an illusory formation.

"What a brilliant illusory formation. It's got to be set up by both the High-Saint Array Master and the High-Saint Illusionist. The Yanluo clan is really full of talents," Zhang Ruochen said to himself.

"Zhang Ruochen, now you know you've been tricked, right? I have no intention of fighting you alone. I just want to lure you into the formation."

Yan Zhexian's voice was still cold, but it was particularly pleasant.

RUMBLE!

The vast glacial world shook.

Seven towering snow-capped mountains broke through the ground and stood up.

The seven peaks looked like seven Maleficents. Their faces were terrifying, but they released a powerful oppressive force that landed on Zhang Ruochen from seven directions.

This suppressive force was real. It compressed Zhang Ruochen's Profound Spatial Dimension, Null Time realm, and the Realm-frame of Truth, making the space he could move in smaller and smaller.

"Myriad Glacier illusory formation, together with The Seven Evils of Ksitigarbha Talisman, nearly a hundred Supreme Saint Talisman Masters and Supreme Saint Array Masters working together. Is that enough to kill you?"

Yan Zhexian's figure appeared on the top of one of the snow peaks. She was beautiful and had an extraordinary temperament. She was like a pure and flawless snow lotus.

"With the High-Saint Array Master, High-Saint Talisman Master, and High-Saint Illusion Master all working together to set up these two arrays, it would be enough to kill a Banshi Isshou Realm Supreme Saint, let alone me," Zhang Ruochen said calmly.

"I'll give you another chance. Cripple your cultivation and you'll have a way out. Think carefully. This is your only chance," Yan Zhexian said.

Zhang Ruochen shook his head. "Your arrays can kill me, but you're also in the array now. I can guarantee that I'll kill you before the array kills me."

"Really?"

Yan Zhexian only said one word, but seven overlapping voices sounded in the cold wind. At the top of the other six snow peaks, Yan Zhexian also appeared. Her white clothes fluttered, and she held a jade brush. She looked like an ice fairy.

It was hard to tell which is her true self out of the seven Yan Zhexians.

Yan Zhexian didn't have a choice. She had to enter the formation of The Seven Evils of Ksitigarbha Talisman to wield great power.

Zhang Ruochen looked at Yan Zhexian on the top of the seven peaks and said, "I'm afraid you don't know how profound my attainments in the Path of Truth are. Using the illusory formation to deal with me will be the stupidest decision you have ever made."

Swoosh

Zhang Ruochen turned into a streak of golden light and flew to the top of one of the snowy peaks at the fastest speed.

Yan Zhexian looked at Zhang Ruochen who was flying straight toward him. A look of surprise appeared on her clean face. She thought to herself, 'The illusory formation is not an illusion. How could he see through it so easily? Is he also the Master of Truth?'

Yan Zhexian had no time to think. She immediately activated the rune patterns.

Even without the Myriad Glacier illusory formation, she was confident that she could kill Zhang Ruochen with The Seven Evils of Ksitigarbha Talisman.

Rumble

One of the snow peaks moved. It looked like Maleficent. A pair of huge hands of ice and snow formed an ancient seal and slapped down Zhang Ruochen.

This palm print was as powerful as a full-strength attack from a peak Thousand-Koan Realm Supreme Saint.

Zhang Ruochen evaded it with extreme speed and continued to fly upwards.

The second Maleficent-shaped snow peak formed a seal.

The third snow peak attacked.

Zhang Ruochen evaded the power of the five snow peaks in a row. Finally, when the sixth snow peak struck the palm print, there was no way to dodge. He had to activate the Violet Gourd and activate the Supreme Power.

A thick golden pillar of fire surged out from the mouth of the gourd and collided with the snow palm that was as large as a cloud.

The two forces clashed and could not hold out.

The palm print from the seventh snow peak was suppressed at that point.

'More than 60 Supreme Saint Talisman Masters attacked at the same time. Their power is too powerful. It is indeed not something that my current cultivation can withstand.' Zhang Ruochen thought.

Zhang Ruochen's eyes darkened. He left the Violet Gourd with both hands and flew out from between the fingers of the snow palm print in a flash.

Above his head was the seventh palm print.

"River of Time!" Zhang Ruochen called out.

Zhang Ruochen struck out with his palm. Tens of millions of Precepts of Time gushed out of his body. He activated the Mark of Time in this space and condensed a River of Time that was as long as 300,000 meters.

The River of Time collided with the snow and ice palm print. The flow of time changed, making the palm print fall very slowly. Taking this opportunity, Zhang Ruochen flew from the edge of the ice and snow palm print to Yan Zhexian on the peak.

No matter how calm Yan Zhexian was, her beautiful face was filled with shock and panic.

Once The Seven Evils of Ksitigarbha Talismans were used, they were comparable to the combined attack of seven pinnacle Thousand-Koan Realm Supreme Saints. They could even fight against Banshi Isshou Realm Supreme Saints.

No matter how heaven-defying Zhang Ruochen's combat strength was, he was only in the Hundred-Shackle Realm. How could he break through The Seven Evils of Ksitigarbha Talisman's attack circle?

Didn't this mean that even if several pinnacle Thousand-Koan Realm Supreme Saints attacked him at the same time, they wouldn't be able to kill him with Zhang Ruochen's strength?

Zhang Ruochen came close to Yan Zhexian. He pinched her fingers and snatched the brush from her hand in an instant.

Yan Zhexian turned to escape, but Zhang Ruochen grabbed her shoulder. Her beautiful face showed pain. She was about to cut off her arm to survive, but Zhang Ruochen grabbed her neck.

Saint Qi gushed out from Zhang Ruochen's fingertips and invaded her body.

"Tell those Supreme Saint Talisman Masters to stop activating the runes, or else..." Zhang Ruochen said.

Yan Zhexian's face showed determination. She gritted her teeth and said, "Don't even think about it. Even if I die, I'll drag you down with me."

The Seven Evils of Ksitigarbha Talisman had already taken shape. Even without Yan Zhexian, they were still powerful. Zhang Ruochen wasn't confident that he could break them. Capturing Yan Zhexian was the only way he could think of to break the situation.

"Did I say I wanted to kill you?" Zhang Ruochen asked.

no

Zhang Ruochen's lips moved closer to Yan Zhexian's snow-white ears. He breathed gently, "You should know who I am," he said softly. "I'm a man who takes care of women. I didn't even kill Fairy Lian Xi. How could I bear to kill you?"

"Shameless man," said Yan Zhexian.

Yan Zhexian thought of the reason why Zhang Ruochen didn't kill her earlier. It was likely that he had some kind of intention for her. She felt a chill in her heart. She hated this person to the core.

Yan Zhexian had a strong personality. She released her spiritual power and wanted to continue fighting Zhang Ruochen to death.

However, just as Yan Zhexian released her spiritual power, she felt a sharp pain in her brain.

Yan Zhexian's spiritual power dispersed immediately and she was unable to condense it into attack power.

"You won't be able to use me to escape from the home planet of the Yanluo clan," Yan Zhexian said.

Zhang Ruochen kissed her crystal-clear face. His pupils turned blood-red. He said sinisterly, "Since you say I'm a shameless person, I can only do shameless things. Even if I die today, it's worth it!"

"What are you doing?" Yan Zhexian asked.

Yan Zhexian couldn't move. The kiss from Zhang Ruochen made her feel even more disgusted. She wanted to tear this shameless person into pieces.

“I wonder if the Mystic Eye of Myriad Realms can reflect here.”

Zhang Ruochen looked up. One hand was around Yan Zhexian’s neck, and the other hand reached toward the collar of her white robe. His five fingers slowly moved inside, feeling the soft touch.

“All Talisman Masters, Listen up. Stop activating the rune patterns.”

Yan Zhexian trembled in fear. She closed her eyes and shouted.

Zhang Ruochen’s eyes became serious again. He withdrew his hand and gently stroked her cheek. He said, “Thank you.”

“You can’t escape today. The Talisman Masters will listen to me, but the other Supreme Saints of the Yanluo clan won’t,” said Yan Zhexian. Her delicate body was still trembling. She had never been humiliated like this since she was young.

Zhang Ruochen was the shameless one she had to kill first.

Chapter 2364 Battle of Two Yans

The dense runic patterns gradually disappeared as Yan Zhexian’s voice rang out.

Buzz

The seven snow peaks in Maleficents form melted and vaporized.

A star-like shine burst out of Zhang Ruochen’s body. He controlled the power of the Realm-frame of Truth to attack Myriad Glacier illusory formation.

The illusion disappeared, revealing the real scene outside Dracopent Temple.

It was a dark night, icy cold rain was splashing the 384-story bronze stairs. Chaotic ripples of battle were still present.

“Kill!”

Bang Bang

Boom!

...

The sounds of killing, attacking, and Saint Qi colliding intertwined.

Outside Dracopent Temple, Supreme Saints of Yanluo clan stared at Zhang Ruochen as if they wanted to eat him.

How dare he blaspheme the Honorable Yan Zhexian? This was an act of capital crime.

“Zhang Ruochen, I advise you to release Yan Zhexian immediately. Otherwise, the cultivators of Yanluo clan will chase you to the ends of the Earth.” a Supreme-Saint Talisman Master was so angry that his eyes were red.

“Yan Zhexian is the pearl of Yanluo clan. She is sacred and inviolable.”

“Zhang Ruochen, you are the grandson of Wargod Bloodximus. Yet you are not a true man. You can only be regarded as a sinister and despicable scoundrel.”

Even though Supreme Saints of Yanluo clan were furious, none of them dared to attack. They could only curse.

Without the strength of runes and arrays, they were no match for Zhang Ruochen. Who would be able to bear the responsibility if they angered this crazy bandit, making him kill Yan Zhexian?

“Have you said enough? If you’ve done, get out of my way. I don’t want to kill you and get my hand dirtier.” Zhang Ruochen was extremely cold. He grabbed Yan Zhexian’s neck with one hand and held her in his arms.

Wisps of Divine Purification Flame appeared in his other palm.

Whoosh

Moyin’s graceful and attractive body flew out of Spatial Wormhole Mirror above Zhang Ruochen’s head and landed outside Dracopent Temple.

Her hands turned into dozens of thunder fire vines. They quickly spread out and entangled the 21 Supreme-Saint Talisman Masters. The thunder and Divine Purification Flame on the vines instantly refined the 21 Supreme-Saint Talisman Masters until they lost their battle strength.

She dragged the 21 Supreme-Saint Talisman Masters to her side and floated them around her body.

Some vines wrapped around their neck, and waist. Some pierced through their chest.

The 21 Supreme-Saint Talisman Masters were not weak, but they weren’t good at close combat. When they were suddenly attacked by Moyin, they naturally couldn’t defend themselves at all.

Furthermore, Moyin’s current combat strength was even stronger than many Thousand-Koan Realm Supreme Saints.

How could the majority of them, who were still Neverwilt Realm talismans be compared to her?

“They’re all fresh and delicious Supreme Saints. I really want to eat them all.”

Moyin revealed an enchanting smile as she stared at those Supreme-Saint Talisman Masters who were restrained.

“Demon, you’re courting death.”

The remaining Supreme-Saint Talisman Masters joined forces and quickly drew a great talisman.

The dense talisman inscriptions interweaved to form a beast that was hundreds of feet tall. It released cold rays of death. Its aura was overbearing and its gaze was fierce.

“It’s only a matter of time if I want to kill them. You better not force me.” Moyin licked her red lips and smiled.

The dozens Supreme-Saint Talisman Masters of Yanluo clan were suddenly indecisive about their action.

Yan Zhexian did not expect that nearly 200 Supreme Saints led by Xi could not stop Moyin. This Saint Devourer managed to break through five Supreme Saints of Immortal Vampires.

If Yanluo clan's Supreme Saint had set up a Defensive barrier, this Saint Devourer would not have been able to open Spatial Wormhole Mirror.

Below the bronze stairs.

Lord Bladehell restrained Nine-lives Blood Raven and Xi on his own. He displayed the power of a Hundred-Shackle Realm cultivator at his peak state. Each slash seemed to be able to cut through mountains, rivers, and stars.

Lady Wind knew very well that the gods must be watching this battle. Hence, she did her best to display her true strength as a Destiny Scioness candidate.

Behind her, the Gate of Destiny released a bright light. Every ray of light was a Precept of Destiny that suppressed the cultivation of Yanluo clan's Supreme Saints.

At the same time, she held a three-foot-long white feather in her hand.

When the feather waved, it stirred up a breeze.

All Yanluo clan's Supreme Saints who had been hit by the wind were bewitched. Some of their eyes became conflicted, some confused, and some murderous. The wind attacked the Supreme Saints around them.

There were many Supreme Saint cultivators of Yanluo clan, but at this moment, they were attacking each other. It was a mess.

This was why Moyin could open Spatial Wormhole Mirror and meet up with Zhang Ruochen.

The white feather in Lady Wind's hand was called Destiny Feather. It was a treasure of Destiny. It contained a large number of Destiny Divine Mark.

With her profound attainments in Path of Destiny, the feather could affect a cultivator's spiritual will. It could even change parts of a cultivator's memories.

The memories of some lower-level Supreme Saints of Yanluo clan were altered by Lady Wind using Destiny Feather, thinking that they were members of Immortal Vampires.

This was a very terrifying trick from Destiny!

Even if a person's body was changed, as long as his memories and mental state remained unchanged, he would still be the same person.

However, if a person's memories and mental state were changed, would he still be the same person?

The power of Destiny was mysterious and could easily change a person. If Lady Wind's Path of Destiny was even more profound, she could turn a Supreme Saint into a weak ant with a wave of Destiny Feather.

Or, she could turn a small rock into a mountain that was heavier than a hundred stars.

Deva Path of Great Wiccan that Xi cultivated could suppress Lady Wind to a certain extent. Unfortunately, Xi was held back by Lord Bladehell and could only watch as the Supreme Saints of Yanluo clan killed each other.

In the temple.

Swoosh!

The blood-red Sword of Asura flew out from the ancient mirror of Dracopent statues.

The sword flashed.

The sword stabbed into the back of one of the five Supreme Saints in the Great Perfection of Hundred-Shackle Realm that was attacking Que. Following that, Lan Ying's body rushed out from the sword and dragged the Supreme Saint in the Great Perfection of Hundred-Shackle Realm to the edge of the temple's gate.

In the next moment, Yan Huangtu chased after him and shouted, "Lan Ying, you can't escape."

Lan Ying was indeed extremely weak, but he still had a sinister smile on his face. "Let me leave Yan Luo clan's home planet. Otherwise, I will destroy his body and soul."

Que caught the perfect timing and used the sword to force the remaining four Supreme Saints to retreat. He turned into an afterimage and rushed out of the temple gate.

His body turned into an illusion and rushed into the heavily injured High-Saint Array Master's body. Then, Que merged with his body.

"If you want to kill me, you'll have to kill this High-Saint Array Master as well." The High-Saint Array Master spoke, but it was Que's voice.

Boom

Thunder rumbled in the sky.

A bolt of lightning streaked across the sky.

Yan Huangtu released his spiritual power. He knew the current situation very well.

Although Yanluo clan had lost this battle, they still had a strong will to fight. If they continued fighting, none of the cultivators who had broken into Yanluo clan's home planet would survive.

Yanluo clan still had a higher chance of winning

Yan Huangtu's gaze fell on Que and Lan Ying who were both at the end of their rope.

As long as they were killed, it would be much easier to deal with Zhang Ruochen and Immortal Vampires.

However, if this battle continued, they would be forced to fight to the death. It was hard to imagine how serious the losses of Yanluo clan would be.

Yan Huangtu's eyes were sharp and as cold as an emperor's, "All the cultivators who died today are heroes of Yanluo clan. I promise to do my best to take care of your clansmen. Your names will be written on the scrolls of Fame of Yama."

All Yanluo clan cultivators understood that Yan Huangtu had already made his decision.

He could not back down from this battle.

After this battle, there would be no one on Battlefield of Celestial-Hunting who could compete with Yanluo clan.

Whether it was for Emperor Grade Saintwill Pills or the glory of Yanluo clan, Yan Huangtu had to continue the battle.

Yanluo clan cultivators who were restrained by Que, Lan Ying, and Moyin all had a gloomy look in their eyes. They knew that they had been abandoned today.

Yan Zhexian, on the other hand, appeared very calm. He was neither happy nor sad.

"As expected of the cold-blooded Divine Bones of Imperial Path. Good, very good. Today, even if I have to be refined and die here, I will kill a bunch of Supreme Saints of Yanluo clan and bury them with me." Lan Ying faced the sky and roared. He was about to make his move.

"Stop."

A deafening voice rang out from Dracopent Temple.

Yan Wushen walked out step by step and stood not far from Yan Huangtu. His gaze was cold and sharp as he said, "Let them go."

The Supreme Saints of Yanluo clan who thought that they would die for sure regained their spirits and stared at Yan Wushen in unison.

Yan Huangtu said, "We can't let them go. If we let them go, there will be endless trouble. Today is the best chance to get rid of them."

Yan Wushen turned around and looked at Yan Huangtu, "The best chance? The Supreme Saints present here are all elites of Yanluo clan that have been around for thousands of years. They are the pillars that will support the future of Yanluo clan. Sacrificing a large number of Yanluo clan's elite in exchange for victory, what kind of best chance is that?"

"Yanluo clan can not accept today's humiliation. If they want to win back their reputation, they must make sacrifices," Yan Huangtu said.

Yan Wushen said, "We should be responsible for today's humiliation. We should not sacrifice them and let them bear it."

Yan Huangtu stared at him deeply, his gaze as sharp as a knife.

Yan Wushen shifted his gaze away and his tone became gentler. He said, "Right now, many Supreme Saints of Yanluo clan are seriously injured and their lives are on the line. Our first priority is to save them."

“Battlefield of Celestial-Hunting is not a battle of life and death. We don’t have to fight to the death. Whether it’s for our honor or disgrace, it is not worth sacrificing too much.

“Yanluo clan has been sitting in the top position for too long. Many cultivators think that they are truly supreme. Today’s humiliation can be considered a lesson for all of us. From now on, it is true glory to know shame and courage and regain the glory that we have lost.”

Yanluo clan’s leading figure of this generation had always been Yan Huangtu.

Therefore, everyone followed his lead.

Although Yan Wushen’s age was not much different from Yan Huangtu, he had stayed in Saint King Realm for too long. Yan Wushen was known as a top genius, but his strength was far too inferior.

Moreover, Yan Wushen cultivated alone and rarely interfered with the internal affairs of Yanluo clan most of the time.

It was only until today, when Yan Wushen and Yan Huangtu had a disagreement and fought against each other, that many Yanluo clan cultivators saw the aura of a king on Yan Wushen.

Yanluo clan was no longer one-man in power, but a pair of peerless geniuses.

“Good! This is your decision. If Yanluo clan loses in Battlefield of Celestial-Hunting, you will take full responsibility,” Yan Huangtu said.

“No matter what the outcome of my decision is, I will take full responsibility.”

Yan Wushen’s gaze swept over Que, Lan Ying, Zhang Ruochen, and the others and said, “You can leave now!”

The battle on the bronze stairs stopped.

All Supreme Saints of Yanluo clan retreated.

Que, Lan Ying, Zhang Ruochen, and Moyin all had Supreme Saints of Yanluo clan in their hands. They left Arctic Ice Continent with Lady Wind, Lord Bladehell, Lord Sinluo, and Yue Tinghai. Then they flew out of the atmosphere and Star-Shield Grand Formation of Yanluo clan’s home planet.

Zhang Ruochen went with Immortal Vampires.

He turned to Lady Wind and asked, “Are there any arrangements on Yanluo clan’s home planet?”

“Don’t worry. They’re just a bunch of low-level Yanluo clansmen. I can kill them with a little bit of force,” Lady Wind said with a smile.

They flew thousands of miles in the void space, but Yanluo clan cultivators didn’t chase them.

Moyin still used her vines to entangle the 21 Supreme-Saint Talisman Masters. “Master,” she said with a smile, “Since Yanluo clan cultivators didn’t chase us, why don’t you give them to me as nourishment?”

Zhang Ruochen shook his head, “Forget it! Killing a Supreme Saint of Yanluo clan would not only deduct a lot of points. It would also create an irreconcilable feud. There was no need to do this. Yan Wushen was right. Battlefield of Celestial-Hunting wasn’t a life-and-death battle. The gods wouldn’t care about

the lives of these elite Supreme Saints.” Moyin was slightly disappointed. She let go of the 21 Supreme-Saint Talisman Masters.

Zhang Ruochen sealed Yan Zhexian’s spiritual power. He pushed her on her back and sent her to the 21 Supreme-Saint Talisman Masters.

Then he took out the jade-green pen and sniffed it. There was a hint of Yan Zhexian’s body fragrance on it. “This pen will be considered your gift to me. I’ll see you again.”

Zhang Ruochen used Great Dimensional Shift and brought everyone hundreds of miles away.

Yan Zhexian gritted his teeth in anger. He stared at Zhang Ruochen and the others who were running away in the distance and said, “Shameless brat, the next time we meet, I will become stronger. Then, I will definitely chop off your hand and cut off your tongue.”

After grasping the Supreme Saint in the Great Perfection of Hundred-Shackle Realm. Lan Ying swallowed him after flying out of Yanluo clan’s home planet. Then, he merged with Sword of Asura and turned into a streak of blood-red light, and rushed into the six-colored star fog.

His injuries were too severe. He could only recover his combat powers by devouring the Supreme Saint in the Great Perfection of Hundred-Shackle Realm.

Yan Wushen stood above the atmosphere of Yan Luo clan’s home planet and pointed in the direction where Sword of Asura had escaped. He said, “Within ten days, I will definitely go to Asura’s home planet and flatten Fane of Barasingha. From now on, I will kill every cultivator of Fane of Barasingha I see.”

A large number of blood-devouring bugs flew out from the underground of Yan Luo clan’s home planet, sucking countless members of Yan Luo clan into dried corpses.

It was a method left behind by Lady Wind.

Chapter 2365 Ten Dragon Souls

On diamond-shaped mirror, the points of Yanluo clan dropped from 25 million to 14 million.

The points of Immortal Vampires also dropped from 23 million to 20 million, temporarily ranking first among the 10 clans.

Asura who is ranked third also dropped their points, but their total points still exceeded Yanluo clan’s, reaching about 17 million.

In City lord of Cloud City’s mansion.

Zhang Ruochen sat at the top of the hall, looking at the rankings and data on diamond-shaped mirror. He said, “Yanluo clan lost 11 million points. It must be the result of the large number of deaths.”

“But our points have been deducted by 3 million. What happen?”

Lady Wind sat on Zhang Ruochen’s right side and said, “We broke into Yanluo clan’s home planet. As long as we attack a Yanluo clan’s Supreme Saint, we will lose 5,000 points.”

Zhang Ruochen said, "There are not more than 300 Yanluo clan's Supreme Saints that we have attacked. The most points will be deducted is 1.5 million. How can 3 million be deducted?"

Lord Bladehell looked embarrassed and said, "It's me. I killed two Yanluo clan's Supreme Saints by mistake. 1 million points will be deducted."

"I also killed one," Lady Wind said.

On Battlefield of Celestial-Hunting, 5000 points were deducted for attacking an Infernal Court Supreme Saint.

Half a million points were deducted for killing an Infernal Court Supreme Saint.

If the points were negative, they would be kicked out of the battlefield.

This was a rule set by Fane of Destiny to prevent large-scale killing.

Zhang Ruochen checked the points of Lord Bladehell and Lady Wind on the diamond-shaped mirror.

He found that Lady Wind only had 70,000 points left.

Lord Bladehell's points were even worse. He has only 800 points left.

In other words, Lord Bladehell didn't dare to attack any cultivator now. He had to stay put.

Once he attacked, 5000 points would be deducted.

If his points were negative, he would be expelled from Battlefield of Celestial-Hunting by the Mystic Eye of Myriad Realms.

It could be said that Immortal Vampires had won the battle, but it was a close one. Lady Wind and Lord Bladehell were almost expelled from the battlefield.

Lord Bladehell stood up abruptly, picked up his saber, and walked out. "I'll go hunt Celestial Captives now to earn points. I'll earn back the points that have been deducted as soon as possible. I won't hold Immortal Vampires back."

"Don't worry,"

Zhang Ruochen stopped him and said, "In the Battle of Yan Luo clan's home planet, it was a life or death situation. No one could control their power. It's understandable that one or two Supreme Saints were killed."

Lord Bladehell thought that Zhang Ruochen would take this opportunity to punish him to get revenge.

He didn't expect that Zhang Ruochen, who was always cruel, would let him go.

The more he did so, the more nervous Lord Bladehell became.

"Don't be so nervous. The most important thing for us now is indeed to kill Celestial Captives. However, you won't go alone. We'll go together."

Zhang Ruochen waved at Lord Bladehell, signaling him to return to his seat and continue the discussion.

Lord Bladehell walked back carefully, trying to maintain his head held high and cold. "It's not good to go together, is it? We just went to the home planet of Yanluo clan and killed everything. Yanluo clan will definitely take revenge.

"Besides, We Immortal Vampires are now ranked first among the ten clans. We're in the limelight. The other nine clans probably want to break into our home planet and wipe out all our clansmen.

"Anyone can go out to hunt Celestial Captives. However, Supreme Saint Ruochen, you must stay on our planet. Only with you can we guarantee that nothing will go wrong."

Lady Wind's beautiful eyes were deep. She nodded her head and said, "Lord Bladehell is right. Only with you can we be a deterrent.

"Not only because of your powerful strength, but also because you are not within the rules of the war of Celestial-Hunting. You could attack and kill Supreme Saints without deducting your points. Who dares to provoke

you?"

On diamond-shaped mirror, Zhang Ruochen's personal points were still 10.84 million, accounting for half of the total points of Immortal Vampires.

In the entire Battlefield of Celestial-Hunting, Zhang Ruochen was ranked first in personal points.

He had attacked many Supreme Saints on the home planet of Yanluo clan, but he hadn't deducted a single point.

Now, almost all cultivators knew that Zhang Ruochen wasn't within the rules.

Zhang Ruochen shook his head and said. "No. We must hurry and go to the dark stars as soon as possible. At this stage, Yanluo clan has suffered heavy losses, they can't even take care of themselves. It's difficult to organize a large-scale attack on Immortal Vampires' home planet in a short time.

"Cultivators from other clans should still be focused on finding fortuitous encounters on their home planet. Besides, they'll definitely want to see Yanluo clan fight against the two elites of Immortal Vampires. They won't attack too early.

"Besides that, there's another important reason. Lord Hornless from Banshi Isshou Realm, hasn't given himself up. No one knows where he is hiding.

"Therefore, I must go and hunt Celestial Captives. At least I can hold Lord Hornless back when encountered with him.

"Lord Xia Yu and Lady Wind are going to guard our home planet. They should be able to make sure nothing goes wrong."

Immortal Vampires who are present were all elites in Hundred-Shackle Realm. They were the top fighting forces.

They all nodded and agreed with Zhang Ruochen's analysis.

Lady Wind furrowed her willow-like eyebrows and said, "Why should I stay on our home planet? I don't have enough points right now. I have to go out and hunt Celestial Captives."

Zhang Ruochen said, "Your mission is important. You have to stay on our home planet."

"Right now, the biggest threat to us is Yan Huangtu."

"He was the least injured in the battle on the home planet of Yanluo clan, but he lost all his reputation. He hates Immortal Vampires to the bone. He might come alone and wipe out the people on our home planet."

Lord Xia Yu snorted. "Yan Huangtu is strong, but I'm confident that he can't break the Defensive Array of our home planet by himself."

Zhang Ruochen said, "What if Yan Huangtu uses Shapeshifting technique and becomes a Supreme Saint of Immortal Vampires? There are other secret techniques that could allow him to sneak into our home planet."

Lord Xia Yu went silent and fell into deep thought.

Zhang Ruochen continued, "Only Path of Destiny cultivated by Lady Wind and Path of Truth cultivated by me can see through the foreign cultivators who want to sneak into our home planet. This is why Lady Wind has to stay on our home planet!"

"Okay! I will stay on our home planet temporarily and personally guard the gate of Star-Shield Grand Formation. I will not let any foreign cultivators enter our planet."

Lady Wind said to Zhang Ruochen in a concerned tone, "How are your injuries? Why don't you rest for two days and then go to Dark Star?"

Her voice was particularly soft and beautiful.

Any man who heard such concern and looked at Lady Wind's beautiful eyes would feel his heart melt.

Lord Xia Yu's eyes were full of disdain. She said to herself in a voice that only she could hear, "Crocodile tears."

Zhang Ruochen said, "It doesn't matter. Just give me half a day. It's enough to stabilize my injury. You all can leave too. Gather the Supreme Saints of the big tribes. Half a day later, we'll set off from Cloud City. We'll go directly to the first dark star through dimensional teleportation array."

The cultivators of the ten big tribes left one after another. They were busy preparing for the battle.

Zhang Ruochen looked at Lord Xia Yu, who was still sitting in her chair, "Why are you still here? Don't you have anything else to do? Immortal Vampires' home planet would definitely face a cruel war in the near future. The array you've set up might play a crucial role."

Lord Xia Yu's beautiful face was frozen without any expression.

"I stayed to remind you not to be blinded by beauty. Don't think that you're so charming that you can easily win a woman's heart. Who knows? Others might just want to use you," Lord Xia Yu said.

Zhang Ruochen couldn't help but laugh. "You mean Lady Wind?"

"I don't dare to criticize the future Scioness of Destiny, but..."

Lord Xia Yu's crystal-like eyes met Zhang Ruochen's, she added, "Lady Wind has a noble status, pure bloodline, and the potential to become a god. Even a God would want to marry her. Once she becomes Scioness of Destiny, she will have more choices in the future. How could she like you? Your identity is too special!"

"Didn't you say that you wouldn't dare to criticize the future Scioness of Destiny?" Zhang Ruochen asked.

Lord Xia Yu snorted and said, "Did she promise you something?"

Zhang Ruochen was still indifferent and said, "How do you know?"

"You gave her two Bloody Shadowseed, and one of them is a Saint Bloody Shadow. If you weren't infatuated with her, how could you do such a stupid thing?" Lord Xia Yu said in a reprimanding tone.

Zhang Ruochen said, "She said that she would marry me and be my wife no matter if she could become Scioness of Destiny or not. Any man would be moved by such a promise."

"If she becomes a Scioness, she will break off all love within 1,000 years. After 1,000 years, she will step down from her position as Scioness of Destiny. With her status as the Scioness of Destiny, even a warlord would want to marry her. Do you really think you can win the heart of the beauty? You've been deceived, but you don't know it," Lord Xia Yu said.

ca

Zhang Ruochen touched the hair above his forehead and said, "What you said makes sense. But what does it have to do with you? Why are you angrier than me?"

Lord Xia Yu stared at Zhang Ruochen with her bright eyes, unable to say a word.

Zhang Ruochen said, "I gave you a Supreme Artifact. Are you infatuated with me? Are you lying to me?"

"I'm different from her," Lord Xia Yu said coldly.

Zhang Ruochen waved his hand and said, "Go away! Remember to mind your own business. If Lady Wind finds out that you told me this today, you'll be killed. Women are all petty."

Lord Xia Yu stood up, flicked her sleeves, and walked out coldly. "Wait,"

Zhang Ruochen's voice came from behind.

Lord Xia Yu stopped and said in a deep voice, "What else?"

"I have only one Saint Blood Shadow left. Take and refine it! Refining the Saint Blood Shadow can not only improve your blood qi and Saint Soul but also spiritual power. It should be of great help to you."

Zhang Ruochen took out Saint Blood Shadow and turned it into a ball of blood light. He threw it at Lord Xia Yu.

Lord Xia Yu caught Saint Blood Shadow in her palm. Her beautiful eyes were full of surprise, confusion, dazed, and even a trace of panic.

Since she was young, Zhang Ruochen was the only one who treated her well, except for her brother and the ancestor of Xias who had died. He had given her all kinds of precious treasures that even the gods wanted without extra thought.

If he wasn't stupid, he must have had other intentions.

"What-What are you trying to do? What do you mean?"

Lord Xia Yu's voice trembled as she spoke in a low voice.

She really wanted to say that if you wanted to buy people's hearts, you could buy off Lord Bladehell, Supreme Saint Yi Xuan, or Gu Chenzi. They all had gods behind them. But the Xias behind her, the ancestor of the gods, had already fallen. They couldn't give you much support.

Zhang Ruochen took out Emperor Grade Saintwill Pill. Holding it in his palm, he studied it carefully. Without looking at her, he said, "You're very important. Raise your spiritual power as soon as possible. It'll be best if you can breakthrough to the 65th level."

"Oh, right. You're not only a High-Saint Array Master but also a High-Saint Talisman Master. What about this? Except for Array Masters, I'll transfer Immortal Vampires' Talisman Master to you. You must guard Immortal Vampires' home planet well. If you can't do it, you won't get anything good in the future!"

Zhang Ruochen trusted very few people in Infernal Court.

Lord Xia Yu was someone worth spending a lot of resources to cultivate.

Unfortunately, her temperament was still a bit lacking. She needed to be honed.

Guarding the home planet was a test for her.

After Lord Xia Yu left, Zhang Ruochen put away Emperor Grade Saintwill Pill. Just as he had expected, although the spiritual will of the Elixir Spirit had been refined, the energy contained inside was too great. It wasn't something he dared to refine with his current cultivation.

Once he swallowed it, his body would definitely explode and die.

He estimated that he would only be able to withstand it if he cultivated the Great Perfection of Hundred-Shackle Realm, broke all the shackles in his body, and awakened his demigod body completely.

Then, Zhang Ruochen closed his eyes to check the ten dragon souls flowing in his saint meridian.

The ten Blue Dragon Souls gave off a cold aura and swam in the saint meridian relentlessly driving the divine flame from Yanshen's Leg away.

It was the ten dragon souls that appeared out of nowhere that saved Zhang Ruochen's life.

Otherwise, the consequences would be unimaginable.

At this moment, Zhang Ruochen observed carefully and found that the ten Blue Dragon Souls were exactly the same. There was a swastika symbol above their heads. The aura they emitted was not the aura of Path.

It was the aura of divinity.

The auras of the ten Blue Dragon Souls were of the same origin.

“Could it be the ten dragon souls of a divine dragon?”

Zhang Ruochen was very shocked.

Each dragon soul was no weaker than a dragon soul in Thousand-Koan Realm.

“Could it be related to the fortuitous encounter on the home planet of Yanluo clan? No, fortuitous encounters on home planets should be extraordinary. How could it be only the ten dragon souls of a divine dragon?”

Ten dragon souls in Thousand-Koan Realm were indeed extraordinary to the Supreme Saint.

However, for a divine dragon, they were probably equivalent to ten scales on its body.

“Forget it. Since I’ve got ten dragon souls, I’ll refine them first. Maybe I’ll be able to improve the power of Dragon-Elephant Prajna Palm Strike,” Zhang Ruochen thought.

Chapter 2366 The Return to the Hidden

The news of the battle against the Yanluo Clan’s home planet quickly spread throughout the Celestial-Hunting battlefield and shocked all the forces.

Yanluo Clan, known as the supreme clan, had an absolute advantage every time they fought in the Celestial-Hunting battle. They had won first place among the ten clans. They had never suffered such a defeat.

Almost half of their clansmen had been killed, and countless Supreme Saint elites had been killed or injured.

What was even more humiliating was that the first place had been taken away by Immortal Vampires.

“Zhang Ruochen led a group of Immortal Vampires and ambushed Yanluo Clan’s home planet. He severely injured Yanluo Clan at the cost of zero casualties. He is not somebody that we can underestimate.”

“First, he exterminated Ghost Clan. Then he targetted Yanluo Clan. He can stir up endless storms alone.”

“As far as I know, Zhang Ruochen and Immortal Vampires were able to succeed because Que and Lan Ying were also on Yanluo Clan’s home planet.”

“Anyway, this time, Yanluo Clan has lost their faces!”

After hearing the news, all the cultivators who participated in the Celestial-Hunting battle sighed with awe.

In the past Celestial-Hunting battles, although there had been competition and friction between the ten clans, such an intense battle was very rare. In less than half of the 100 days, two home planets had already suffered severe casualties. There was even a clan's most powerful elite who died. Many Hundred-Shackle Realm Supreme Saints, who had attained the Great Perfection stage, had died tragically or left the battlefield.

No one knew where the war would take place next time?

On the Rakshasan home planet

Devala was the head of the seven great Rakshasan Divine Kingdoms. It was known as "the Nation among Nations" of ten thousand countries and "the Rakshasan Stronghold." Its forces far surpassed the other six divine kingdoms, so it had to shoulder greater responsibilities.

On the home planet, nearly 100 million Rakshasas were under Devala's protection.

The Devalan prince, Luo Shengtian, was a handsome, well-built hunk. Among Rakshasan males, he was considered a Prince Charming.

Standing by a green lake with a royal bearing, he sighed with some regret. "If I had known that Yanluo Clan's home planet was so lively, I would have visited the place."

The lake bank was lined with snow-white willow trees whose long, hanging branches were gracefully drooping down, wafting to and fro in the breeze.

Luo Sha stood below the willow branches. The beauty in cyan robe, who gave off a noble demeanor, curled her lips into a graceful smile. "My dear brother, you just want to join the fight, right?"

Luo Shengtian nodded. "For cultivators like me, it's hard to improve further except for breaking through to the Thousand-Koan Realm. Only by fighting with a superior of the same level can we find our shortcomings and improve further."

"Que, Lan Ying, Yan Huangtu, Wu Jiang, and the rising stars — Yan Wushen and Zhang Ruochen — are all worthy opponents to meet once in the bluemoon."

Luo Sha smiled faintly. "In your eyes, I'm not considered a rising star?"

Luo Shengtian said with a serious face, "You, Pan Ruo, Xuemo, and Lord Jadebone are still a step behind. You will only know who will stand out when you reach the Great Perfection Stage of the Hundred-Shackle Realm."

Luo Sha put away her smile and said with a deep look in her eyes, "Zhang Ruochen has initiated a war against Yanluo Clan. He probably has some big plans." Luo Shengtian snorted. "If he wants to lead the Immortal Vampires to aim for the first place among the ten clans, he is seeking his own destruction." Yanluo Clan would not let this go. The other eight clans would never allow the Immortal Vampires to become the first among the ten clans. Zhang Ruochen is still too young. Flaunting his brilliance in every aspect will definitely get himself into trouble."

Luo Sha raised her pretty face and looked at the clear blue sky. "Zhang Ruochen killed Supreme Saint Manjian. It's enough to show how determined he is. Anyone who wants to stop him will have to pay a heavy price."

Luo Shengtian looked surprised. "Are you thinking that he has a chance?"

"I have no idea."

Luo Sha shook her head lightly. "But he isn't an ordinary person. He can always create miracles. Brother, you didn't expect him to defeat Wu Jiang in such a short time, right?"

Luo Shengtian asked, "You think so highly of him?"

"I didn't feel so. I'm just thinking that if he succeeds, it will be also a good thing for the Rakshasas," said Luo Sha.

Luo Shengtian asked, "What benefits will we get?"

"Immortal Vampires do not only represent the three lower clans. They are also living beings. If they can push Yanluo Clan out of the top place, the three lower clans and the living beings will have a much higher status in the Infernal Court," Luo Sha said.

Luo Shengtian thought for a while and said, "Are you saying that we shouldn't attack Immortal Vampires, but we should help them at the right time instead?"

Luo Sha shook her head and spoke like a wise lady, "No. We shouldn't help them. Immortal Vampires are attracting attention. They are the subject of public criticism. If we help them, we will become the subject of controversy too."

Luo Shengtian could not understand what his little sister was thinking. "Then what are you trying to say?"

"Instead of harming or helping them, we should do nothing."

Luo Sha smiled and said, "However, there's a long feud between Warlord Mara and Zhang Ruochen. We must warn Warlord Mara not to get manipulated and invade Immortal Vampires' home planet."

"Don't worry. I will handle this matter. He won't dare to disobey me even if he has ten balls." Luo Shengtian clenched his right fist and released bolts of lightning.

Luo Sha continued, "There will definitely be a battle between Yanluo Clan and the Immortal Vampires. Even the upper three clans and the middle three clans might join it. They can't wait to destroy the Immortal Vampires. This is an opportunity for us." "What opportunity?" Luo Shengtian still didn't understand.

Luo Sha continued, "When all elites of each clan go to the Immortal Vampires' home planet, what will happen to the defense of their own home planet?"

Luo Shengtian suddenly came to a realization. "If we destroy their home planet, even if we can't get the first place, we'll be in the top three."

"It depends on how many elites Zhang Ruochen and the Immortal Vampires will attract. Also, it depends on when Yanluo Clan attacks Immortal Vampires."

Luo Sha suddenly thought of something and asked, "Brother, are you confident in cultivating a Grade Two Saintwill?"

Luo Shengtian shook his head with a smile. "It's not easy to do so. In a Yuanhui period, only a few can succeed."

Even though he had a Quasi-Emperor Grade Saintwill Pill, he didn't dare to take it because he wasn't confident.

There was only one Quasi-Emperor Grade Saintwill Pill. If he failed, he wouldn't have another chance.

Luo Sha said, "Brother, tell me the truth. What are your chances?"

"If I didn't have the Quasi-Emperor Grade Saintwill Pill, I wouldn't have any chances. With the Quasi-Emperor Grade Saintwill Pill, I have a twenty to thirty-30 percent confidence level," said Luo Shengtian said.

Luo Sha's eyes brightened up. "There's extraordinary fortuitous encounter hidden inside every home planet. Now is your time to visit the underground of this planet."

Luo Shengtian said, "I have been there, but unfortunately, I found nothing. The Rakshasan home planet is completely different from Ghost Clan's home planet. There are no secret realms or treasure lands. Perhaps there is no fortuitous encounter inside the Rakshasan home planet at all."

"I did find something though," Luo Sha said.

Luo Shengtian couldn't control his emotions. He said in surprise and anticipation, "You found a fortuitous encounter?"

"Maybe!"

Luo Sha opened her snow-white palm right palm, and a ball of light appeared on it.

With a wave of her hand, the ball of light flew out and landed on the ground, turning into a translucent skeleton.

The skeleton sat cross-legged. It was a Supreme Saint's remains, and each of its bones was at Neverwilt state.

Although there were tiny dots and lines carved all over the skeleton, one could not identify the patterns of these carvings.

"It's just a Neverwilt Realm Supreme Saint skeleton."

Luo Shengtian looked disappointed.

Luo Sha said, "Don't you think it's abnormal to have a Supreme Saint skeleton on a planet that doesn't even have a Demi-Saint?"

"It is indeed abnormal."

Luo Shengtian carefully observed the Supreme Saint skeleton again and finally noticed the small dots and lines on the bones. He exclaimed, "Who on earth carved so many holes and lines on these bones? That person must've been bored out of his mind."

"It's a type of word character," said Luo Sha.

Luo Shengtian was surprised. "How is that possible? I've read many books, but I've never seen this type of character."

Luo Sha said, "This type of word character has never been recorded before. However, I once saw 57 ancient symbols on a stone tablet in the imperial ancestral land."

"At that time, when I asked daddy about them, he shook his head and said he didn't know the meaning of these symbols either."

Luo Shengtian said, "Father has already lived for hundreds of thousands of years. For someone as experienced and knowledgeable as him, how could there be anything that he was clueless about?"

Luo Sha continued without answering his question, "So, I asked mom. She said 57 symbols on the stone tablet were the oldest 57 characters of the Rakshasas. They formed the foundation of the complete writing system of the Rakshasan civilization."

Luo Shengtian pointed at the skeleton on the ground and said, "So, the symbols on its body are the ones you saw on the stone tablet?"

Luo Sha shook her head again. "No, they are even older than the symbols I saw on the stone tablet. However, there is a subtle connection between the two that can be deciphered."

"Have you deciphered them?"

Luo Shengtian knew that his little sister was much smarter than him.

Moreover, Luo Sha had obtained a Divinity Source and part of a Stellar Soul of God when she was in Kunlun. Now, her spiritual power was stronger than his, and her understanding of the word characters had become better than before.

Therefore, he had great expectations in his heart.

Luo Sha took out a scroll of beast skin and handed it to Luo Shengtian. "The time is too short. I only managed to decipher the ancient language carved on the head. Take it and have a look. You might comprehend something helpful to form a second-grade Saintwill."

Luo Shengtian unscroll the beast skin to take a look. He blurted out, "The Return to the Hidden.[1]"

"That's right. It's The Return to the Hidden."

Luo Sha blinked her eyes and inadvertently looked at the sky above her.

The Rakshasan deities in the Fane of Destiny exclaimed in shock when they heard these four words.

"It's The Return to the Hidden! The Return to the Hidden! The text on the skeleton is actually The Return to the Hidden!"

“It must be the complete version. And should be the earliest script.”

“The portion of The Return to the Hidden in the Rakshasas’ possession is less than one-tenth of the earliest script. And most of it was just a few words of enlightenment shared by the deities of later generations.”

“The advent of The Return to the Hidden will open up a new path of the Rakshasan cultivation system.”

The divine spirits flew in the direction of the Rakshasan home planet one after another.

Rumble—

Luo Yan sat in his Divine Plane and spat out a mouthful of murderous Qi. It turned into a thunderstorm and dispersed all the divine spirits.

Immediately after, he snarled, “What are you all trying to do? The Return to the Hidden was deciphered by my daughter. Are you trying to steal it?”

“Back then, there were plenty of you who had personally studied the skeleton. Unfortunately, you were lacking in knowledge that you failed to identify it. That was why we buried the skeleton on our home planet and waited for the right owner.”

“Obviously, my daughter was the one The Return to the Hidden had been waiting for. This was fated long ago.”

At this moment, Luo Yan was in an extremely good mood. When he spoke, there was a hint of pride and schadenfreude.

In fact, after that skeleton was discovered in an ancient land of the Fane of Rakshasa, he had studied it himself. But to no avail, he found nothing. He had not expected those holes and lines on the skeleton to be word characters.

There was indeed a stone tablet with 57 symbols engraved on it in the imperial ancestral land.

But this stone tablet on the ground was not eye-catching at all, so Luo Yan had not deliberately studied it.

Moreover, the words on the skeleton were completely different from the 57 symbols. At least, he could not see any connection. Who knew that his daughter was so smart that she could link the two together and even decipher them?

Many Rakshasan deities had studied that skeleton.

The Rakshasan deities immediately tried to recall the holes and lines on the skeleton. However, to their surprise, they failed to recall any despite their photographic memory.

The images in their minds were very blurry.

It was as if an invisible force had erased part of their memories.

“The ancestor who carved the characters on the skeleton must be an extraordinary person. After countless years, the divine spell effect he cast on the skeleton is still not completely worn out,” a Rakshasan deity sighed.

Luo Yan beamed with delight. He turned to Amane and whispered, “Are the words on the skeleton really related to the 57 symbols on our ancestral land’s stone tablet?”

Amane understood her daughter too well. She shook her head lightly, “You actually believed it?! Sha’er knows the importance of The Return to the Hidden. And she knows the deities are paying attention to the Celestial-Hunting battlefield. Do you think she would tell the truth?”

Luo Yan was slightly stunned, but he immediately revealed an awkward expression.

Amane continued, “Among the deities which have seen the skeleton, some of them with strong spiritual power can remember the words on the skeleton. If they were to decipher it according to the 57 ancient symbols, they would not find anything.”

Luo Yan said, “So, what is recorded on the skeleton is not The Return to the Hidden?”

“Not necessarily.”

Amane shook her head gently. “Maybe yes. Maybe No. Only Sha’er knows the answer. And whether the secret of the skeleton is related to the holes and patterns on its surface remains a question.

“But one thing for sure is... She must have discovered the secret of the skeleton. After all, fusing Saintwills to form a new one is not a trivial matter. There is no way she will harm her brother and lead him to the wrong path.”

Chapter 2367 Planning the Next Move

In the pitch-black space of the universe, no light could be seen. It was cold, hollow, and silent.

Suddenly,

a dazzling light lit up, burning through the darkness.

“Dragon-Elephant Destruction.”

The dragon’s roar shook the sky and earth, causing ripples to appear in the space.

Ten green dragons covered in divine fire surged forward like ten Celestial Rivers, crashing into a black demon tree tens of thousands of meters tall.

Each branch of the black demon tree was like a hand, resisting the attack desperately with boundless strength.

The tree was one of the five Thousand-Koan Realm Celestial Captives, a Heaven Devourer.

“Zhang Ruochen, as a cultivator from Celestial Court, you’re willing to be a pawn of Infernal Court. I-I curse y-you. Y-You shall d-die horrible d-death...”

The Heaven Devourer roared as it released tens of billions of Precepts in its body. They transformed into Path, forming an illusory majestic yet spooky city. The city clashed with the ten green dragons.

KABOOM!

The city collapsed.

Then, the huge tree exploded.

Updates by . com

Under the burning of the divine fire, the life force of the Heaven Devourer quickly vanished. It turned into ashes.

Eventually, what remained was only a Sainthood Source of demonic Qi in the void space of the universe.

Zhang Ruochen grabbed the Sainthood Source telekinetically from the void space. He said to himself, "A Supreme Saint in the initial stage of the Thousand-Koan Realm is so weak. It's so easy to kill."

The other Supreme Saints at the Great Perfection stage of Hundred-Shackle Realm who were hunting the Heaven Devourer twitched their lips when they heard this. 'He is too OP!

Even though they had helped Zhang Ruochen block the escape route of the Heaven Devourer, they were still terrified that Zhang Ruochen could kill a Thousand-Koan Realm Supreme Saint with one palm.

'Doesn't this mean that Zhang Ruochen only needed one palm to kill them?'

Before attacking the dark star, Zhang Ruochen had refined the dragon souls of the ten green dragons — the Swastika Seiryus — into his left arm.

For some reason, when the ten swastika green dragon souls were refined into Zhang Ruochen's arm, they devoured the three Thousand-Koan Realm Dragon Souls in his arm. It was as if other dragon souls were not allowed to coexist.

Therefore, Zhang Ruochen might seem like releasing one palm strike; he actually struck out ten dragon souls.

In fact, each palm contained the power of 13 dragon souls of the Thousand-Koan level. Even without the support from a Saint Technique, a casual palm strike was comparable to a full-strength strike unleashed by a Supreme Saint of the initial stage of the Thousand-Koan Realm.

It was even more powerful.

Just now, Zhang Ruochen had struck out with his full strength. With the divine fire and the Saintwill of Fire fusing into his palm strike, how could the Heaven Devourer possibly withstand it?

Although Zhang Ruochen had yet to practice Dragon-Elephant Prajna Palm Strike to the grand completion of Thousand-Koan level, his palm strike was far more powerful than many Thousand-Koan level Saint Techniques.

'These ten dragon souls are extremely precious. Under my nurturing, I might be able to grow to the level of one in ten thousand deaths and one in life, or even the ultimate realm. If I can get ten elephant souls that can also grow, why wouldn't my dragon and Elephant Prajna palm reach the peak?' Zhang Ruochen thought as he sighed.

Holding a diamond-shaped mirror, Gu Chenzi walked to Zhang Ruochen's side with a look of awe. "After a few days of continuous battles against the first and second dark stars, we have killed 307 Supreme Saints, 17,000 Saint Kings, and countless Saints and Demi-Saints among the Celestial Captives.

"At present, the total points gained by Immortal Vampires reached 71 million, which secures Immortal Vampires the top spot."

Zhang Ruochen fell into deep thought for a while. There had been a point in the past when Sainthood and Demi-Sainthood were cultivation ranks out of his reach. At that time, Saint Kings and Supreme Saints were even legendary figures to him.

But now, they had become prey and targets for him to hunt. They were powerless to fight back in his hands.

More than 300 Supreme Saints and 17,000 Saint Kings were massive numbers. Some Macroworlds could not even nurture this many Saint elites.

With so many Saint elites driven to become prey on the battlefield, no wonder Infernal Court valued the Celestial-Hunting battle so much.

Zhang Ruochen couldn't help but think, in this world where the strong preyed on the weak, what kind of elite was a truly powerful elite?

What kind of Macroworld was a truly powerful Macroworld?

When Kunlun was at its most glorious, there were many deities and Saints in the past. What was it like?

Zhang Ruochen collected his emotions and asked, "How many points did I gain?"

"28 million," Gu Chenzi replied.

Zhang Ruochen frowned. "That's all?"

Gu Chenzi let out a bitter smile. "Other than the Immortal Vampires, Asuras, and Yanluo, the total points of all the other seven clans combined are not as much as yours. You are No. 1 in the Celestial-Hunting battle."

All the cultivators present had witnessed Zhang Ruochen's brutal slaughtering methods. He showed no mercy to any Celestial Captives.

If these images were all projected by the Mystic Eye of Myriad Realms, Zhang Ruochen would definitely be called the "Slaughter King."

All the living beings in Celestial Court would be scared to death when they saw this scene.

Now, they would never believe that Zhang Ruochen would betray Infernal Court. They felt that Zhang Ruochen had completely regarded himself as a member of Immortal Vampires.

Even if Zhang Ruochen returned to Celestial Court now, no cultivators there would accept him. They would only regard him as a deviant and execute him.

It could be said that Zhang Ruochen had already completed the first trial given by the Infernal Court deities. Wargod Bloodximius, Blood Empress, and Lord Ming all breathed a sigh of relief and nodded in satisfaction.

It was a big decision that required a great resolve from Zhang Ruochen. He had to experience pain that ordinary people couldn't understand.

Zhang Ruochen's expression was calm. "What about the casualties of Immortal Vampires?"

"Three Supreme Saints died here when Celestial Captives self-detonated," said Gu Chenzi. "Some Supreme Saints were severely injured, but they survive."

This time, Zhang Ruochen led over 600 Immortal Vampires to fight together. They had the absolute advantage.

When being forced to the brink, the Supreme Saint Celestial Captives would self-detonate their Sainthood Sources.

However, their spiritual power was sealed. When these Celestial Captives wanted to self-detonate, their spiritual wills would get suppressed instantly. Only under rare circumstances could some Supreme Saints self-detonate successfully and cause casualties to the Immortal Vampires.

Otherwise, if they wanted to kill more than 300 Supreme Saint Celestial Captives, the Immortal Vampires would have lost more than 300 Supreme Saints.

Celestial Captives were slaves and prey after all.

Their roles and fates had already been decided when they entered the Celestial-Hunting battlefield.

This was a game between hunters and prey. From the start, it was already unfair.

The 600 or so Immortal Vampire Supreme Saints stood on the surface of the huge Violet Gourd like divine beings. They flew out of the dark starfield within the vicinity of the second dark star.

Whoosh—

A Communication talisman flew over from afar and landed in Gu Chenzi's hand.

After reading the contents of the talisman, Gu Chenzi was stunned. He reported it to Zhang Ruochen, "It's a message from Supreme Saint Xueqi. Yan Wushen broke into the Asuran home planet and killed most of their clansmen. He has rushed to the fifth dark star to meet with Yan Huangtu."

It was almost impossible to wipe out a clan.

A Supreme Saint of each clan would at least take a few clansmen with them. This was the only way to ensure that the total points would not be deducted in half.

Zhang Ruochen was a little surprised. "He did it. He's really ruthless!"

The Asuras knew that Yan Wushen would definitely pay them a visit, so they must have made a foolproof plan and set up an inescapable trap. Many powerful figures were waiting for Yan Wushen to fall into the trap.

Under such circumstances, even Zhang Ruochen had to think twice before going to the Asuran home planet.

Not only did Yan Wushen go alone, but he also killed most of Asuran clansmen. More importantly, he escaped unharmed.

He was like a celestial being.

Gu Chenzi was also very shocked. "Yan Wushen is indeed a top elite. I'm afraid only you can compete with him."

"Yan Wushen is indeed amazing, so is Yan Huangtu. Yan Huangtu's presence, can restrict Yan Wushen," Zhang Ruochen said thoughtfully.

Gu Chenzi looked confused. He didn't quite understand what Zhang Ruochen meant.

In fact, Zhang Ruochen had never taken Yan Huangtu seriously before. He had never seen Yan Huangtu as a threat. In his opinion, Yan Huangtu was flinty and conceited. Hence, Yan Huangtu should not be a tough opponent.

But this time, it was beyond Zhang Ruochen's expectations.

Yan Huangtu restrained his anger and did not rashly barge into the Immortal Vampires' home planet alone. Instead, like Zhang Ruochen, he led the Supreme Saints of Yanluo Clan to attack other dark stars and fight for points.

That was why, although almost half of Yanluo Clan had been killed, their points had risen rapidly to 60 million over the past few days. They weren't far behind the Immortal Vampires.

From this, it could be seen that Yan Huangtu wasn't as simple as he appeared. Hatred and humiliation couldn't affect his emotions and judgment. He was a resilient person who knew when to yield. He knew how to judge the situation and was shrewd.

Such character was the most terrifying.

He was unfathomable and unpredictable.

The way he acted was just the facade he wanted all to see.

Even the strength he displayed might not be his true strength.

"It's a pity. If Yan Huangtu was really an obstinate and autocratic person, he would attack the Immortal Vampires' home planet, leaving Yanluo Clan without a leader, and getting 3,000 point would be considered amazing for them in such situation." Zhang Ruochen sighed.

The Immortal Vampires' points had risen rapidly recently. The cultivators of the ten clans were under pressure. They stopped fighting and focused all their energy on killing the Celestial Captives.

Under Yan Huangtu's leadership, Yanluo Clan destroyed the Celestial Captives gathered near the fourth dark star and started attacking the fifth dark star.

The battle for points was in full swing.

“We have to take down at least one dark star and get 100 million points. Only then can we guarantee that our current ranking — top one among the ten clans — is safe,” said Zhang Ruochen.

Not all Celestial Captives gathered around the seven dark stars.

It was just that the space region where the seven dark stars were located was strategic for hiding, so the population of Celestial Captives was more concentrated there. Fighting in these seven places could collect many points in a short time.

A star map was floating in front of Zhang Ruochen after Gu Chenzi opened it. Gu Chenzi pointed to a black ball and said, “Yan Huangtu and Yan Wushen are both on the fifth dark star. There was no room for us to interfere the battle there.

“So now we are left with only the sixth and seventh dark stars.

“The three middle clans are the ones who attacked the sixth dark star. They have occupied it since a long time ago. More than half of the Celestial Captives hiding there have been wiped out.”

“If we go now, we might fall into the trap they set. And once we do so, it will affect the entire battle.”

Zhang Ruochen nodded slightly, “Although there was no top elites among the three middle clans, we should not underestimate their combined strength. There is no need to compete with them for the remaining points. What is the situation of the seventh dark star?”

Gu Chenzi took a deep breath and said with a solemn expression, “The seventh dark star is quite special. It is the largest dark star on the Celestial-Hunting battlefield, covering a space region a diameter of six million miles.

“That place is like the abyss of death or a forbidden land.

“All the Infernal Court Supreme Saints who participated in the Celestial-Hunting battle have never returned after they entered it. Seventy-three Supreme Saints went missing there.

“No one knows whether it was due to man-made cause or it had something to do with the environment inside the dark star.”

“Many cultivators perceived that Lord Hornless is likely to be there. Therefore, no force dares to barge in easily. In contrast, more and more Celestial Captives are hiding there.”

“The seventh dark star is where Celestial Captives gather the most. If any force can take it down, their points will significantly increase.”

Zhang Ruochen looked at the huge black ball on the star map.

Gu Chenzi continued, “However, I’ve received news that the Supreme Saints of the upper three clans, led by Pan Ruo, Yuan Fei, and Que Fei, are rushing toward the seventh dark star.

“It seems that the upper three clans are planning to crack the tough nut.”

Lord Bladehell laughed coldly. “Ever since Wu Jiang has been severely wounded by Supreme Saint Ruochen, he hasn’t shown up.

“The upper three clans don’t have any top powerhouses to hold down the fort currently. Hence, once they enter the complex environment of that dark star region and encounter Lord Hornless, they will suffer heavy casualties.”

“Why don’t we wait for a while and let the upper three clans take the lead? We can attack after they return in defeat,” said Gu Chenzi.

Everyone looked at Zhang Ruochen to see how he would make a decision.

Zhang Ruochen’s gaze was sharp. “I hope Lord Hornless is really on the seventh dark star. After all, his points alone are 10 million.”

At this moment, two things came to Zhang Ruochen’s mind.

The first was Intergold Tiger’s test.

Only by passing the test could he obtain the special opportunity inside Ghost Clan’s home planet. At that time, his cultivation might rise to a higher level in a short time.

Second, Lord Hornless was a cultivator of Avīci Pavilion, and the leader of Avīci Pavilion was Empress of Thousand Bones.

The first place in the Celestial-Hunting battle was so important to her.

Could it be that Lord Hornless showing up on the Celestial- Hunting battlefield was part of Empress of Thousand Bones’ plan?

Chapter 2368: A Kindred Spirit

Zhang Ruochen stood alone in a six-colored star fog and looked ahead.

Color, light, time, space, and the precepts of heaven and earth all showed signs of distortion here.

Further ahead was a pitch-black and empty space, containing unpredictable dangers. The star fog turned into twisted ribbons that lingered on the surface of the darkness.

Those Saint cultivators who traveled the universe were most afraid of encountering such a place.

That place was at the edge of the seventh Dark Star.

‘The energy here was 100 times stronger than the third Dark Star. The seventh Dark Star is not a place for ordinary cultivators,’ Zhang Ruochen thought.

The core area covered by the third Dark Star was only one million miles in diameter.

The seventh Dark Star was six million miles in diameter.

Even a Supreme Saint would find it extremely difficult to ascend to the third Dark Star. Zhang Ruochen suspected that an ordinary Neverwilt Realm Supreme Saint might not even be able to fly off the ground when he ascended to the seventh Dark Star.

The target of 600 Supreme Saints of the Immortal Vampires was too large, so Zhang Ruochen stuffed them all into the Violet Gourd.

Zhang Ruochen decided to investigate the situation of the seventh Dark Star on his own first. To avoid unnecessary casualties, he would then release all of the Supreme Saints to wipe out the seventh Dark Star.

Just as Zhang Ruochen was about to fly into the dark space, the Heart of Truth suddenly trembled and sensed something.

“Huh?”

He looked back and looked across the layers of space. He saw a meteoroid thousands of miles away.

Updates by . com

There were many powerful energy fluctuations on the meteoroid.

...

This meteoroid was like a stone mountain tens of thousands of meters long. It flew in the universe and never once stopped.

There were dozens of saint corpses lying on the ground with blood stains on them.

The Saint Blood was ignited and turned into a sacred flame with the smell of blood.

The powerful Wills of Death subdued the thirteen Saint King Celestial Captives and forced them to kneel on the ground. They lacked the dignity and power of a Saint King. Their clothes were tattered, and they were as skinny as sticks. They were the same as the beggars on the streets.

Even their eyes had become cloudy due to the long period of torture, humiliation, and enslavement. They had lost the spirit and energy that a Saint Realm powerhouse should have.

Apart from that, there was also a white-bearded elder in the Supreme Saint Realm.

The Supreme Saint Blood in him had been drained countless times. His blood qi had become extremely thin, and he was even skinnier. His old face was like a layer of skin covering his bones.

The white-bearded elder knelt on one knee in front of Yuan Mo and Qi Yang. He looked at the dead body on the ground. His heart was aching, but he still spoke in a pleading tone, he said, “I am the Supreme Lord of the Southern Sword Realm. My Lords, please spare our lives. We will definitely do our best to serve you. From now on, all living beings in the Southern Sword Realm will be your slaves. We will construct 100,000 sacred temples throughout the world and carve the divine statues of my lords, which will be worshipped by all slaves.”

Yuan Mo raised his chin and revealed a mocking smile. He said, “A Supreme Lord of the realm is actually willing to kneel at my feet. Aren’t you too cowardly?”

“It’s not that I’m afraid of death, it’s just that I don’t dare to die.”

The white-bearded elder knelt on the ground and lowered his head. He laughed miserably.

Then, he said, "I'm the only living being in the Southern Sword Realm who has cultivated to the Supreme Saint realm. At least, I have some use. I can speak to the Supreme Saint of the Infernal Court and beg to be a slave."

"But if I die, who can speak for the living beings of the Southern Sword Realm? They will either become food for the Rakshasa or be killed by the Ghost and the Corpusian. They will become wandering ghosts with corpses strewn all over the place."

As he spoke, he started to shed tears.

"I don't ask for anything else... I just... I just want to find a way for them to live."

Behind the white-bearded elder, the thirteen Saint Kings were also covered in tears.

They were not crying for themselves, but for the billions of lives in the Southern Sword Realm.

They were already the strongest powerhouses of the Southern Sword Realm, but they were unable to find a way for the mother world to live. The pain in their hearts, the unwillingness in their hearts, and the helplessness in their hearts made them want to die.

However, they struggled to live until now.

Qi Yang wore golden armor and was extremely handsome. His long and narrow eyes were raised as he smiled evilly, "Are there any beauties in the Southern Sword Realm?"

"Yes... There are. If my lord accepts the Southern Sword Realm as your slave realm, all the beauties in this realm will belong to you." A Saint King Celestial Captive had an expectant look in his eyes.

Qi Yang smiled, he snorted, "I already have 7,000 concubines in my imperial palace and 30,000 slaves. There are many Saints and Saint Kings among them. How can the mortal women of the Southern Sword Realm be of my taste? I was just joking with you, but you actually took it seriously!"

The Southern Sword Realm's 13 Saint Kings gritted their teeth and struggled furiously to get up.

"A bunch of lowly slaves. Do you still want to resist?" said Yuan Mo.

Yuan Mo's eyes turned sharp as he released an even more powerful Will of Death. He suppressed them until they knelt on the ground again, and the sacred bones on their bodies crackled.

"Trash like you don't even have the right to be my slaves. You should just be the prey when you are in the Battlefield of Celestial-Hunting."

The white-bearded Supreme Saint elder lowered his head. His eyes were filled with despair as tears dripped down.

He could not help but think about why the universe was so cruel. What did the Southern Sword Realm do wrong to end up like that?

He was a gifted genius. He was determined to lead the Southern Sword Realm to prosperity. He did not have a path of cultivation for the Saint King Realm. Instead, he created his own path of cultivation.

He did not have a path of cultivation for the Supreme Saint Realm, but he cultivated painstakingly for five hundred years and developed a method to become a Supreme Saint.

When he reached the Supreme Saint Realm, he thought that he could finally realize his dream. However, what came next was the attack of the Infernal Court.

In front of the Infernal Court, he was as weak as an ant.

Qi Yang said, "Don't talk so much nonsense with them. Kill them and bring their saint corpses back quickly. We still need some saint corpses to build The Altar of Death."

Just as Yuan Mo was about to make his move, he suddenly felt a powerful wave of Saint Qi. He raised his head and looked forward.

Whoosh

A streak of golden light approached from afar and landed on a rock in the starry sky. It condensed into an evil and handsome figure.

Who was it, if not Zhang Ruochen?

The arrogant Yuan Mo and Qi Yang noticed him. Their expressions shifted in fear. They couldn't help but take a step back. To defend themselves, they each summoned a weapon at the Regal Artifact level.

The Saint King and the Supreme Saint of the Southern Sword Realm were both confused.

Why did these two powerful Supreme Saints of the Infernal Court suddenly become so nervous?

What were they afraid of?

Could it be that the young man with ten Golden Wings was an important figure?

Zhang Ruochen was a little surprised. He said, "So it's you two. Long time no see."

Yuan Mo was the younger brother of Supreme Saint Yuan Fei, the number one powerhouse of the Deathkin. He was once the commander of the Battlefield of Merits in Kunlun's Northern Region and a top Deathkin powerhouse below the Supreme Saint Realm.

Qi Yang was the son of Lord Qi Tian of the Deathkin. He had also been to the Battlefield of Merits in the Northern Region. Like Yuan Mo, they were both first-class powerhouses below the Supreme Saint Realm.

Qi Yang had a strong desire for beauty. His goal in taking part in the War of Merit was to capture one of the nine beauties from the *Portrait of the Nine Beauties*. He had even set his sights on Fairy of a Hundred Flowers at the time.

Yuan Mo and Qi Yang were both extremely talented. They had the battle strength to fight a Supreme Saint with the cultivation of a Saint King.

Now, the two of them had reached the Neverwilt Realm.

Yuan Mo's face muscles trembled. "Why are you here?" he asked quietly. "Are the Supreme Saints of the Immortal Vampires arriving soon?"

Yuan Mo had killed a large number of innocent people in Kunlun. Zhang Ruochen had a strong desire to kill him. However, he hadn't found a chance to do so in the Divine Domain of Destiny.

Zhang Ruochen gazed sharply and said. "Is this how you speak to me?"

Yuan Mo felt a shiver run down his spine as he sensed Zhang Ruochen's cold killing intent. He continued to retreat, he said tremblingly, "My elder brother is Supreme Saint Yuan Fei, the number one powerhouse of the Deathkin. If... If you dare to... kill me, my elder brother will... will definitely make you die a horrible death."

Zhang Ruochen walked over step by step and said, "Are you threatening me? I, Zhang Ruochen, have never been provoked by a weakling in such a presumptuous way. If I don't kill you, I will not be able to wash away the humiliation on me."

Qi Yang's face had turned ashen from fear. When he saw Zhang Ruochen walk by, he quickly retreated into the distance.

How could he be a hero and help Yuan Mo at that time?

Zhang Ruochen had even said such shameless words. Obviously, he wanted to find an excuse to kill Yuan Mo. What was the difference between rushing forward and seeking death?

Zhang Ruochen didn't deduct points for killing people.

Killing one was murder, and killing two was also murder.

"If you dare to escape, I will drain the blood on your body one drop at a time and make you beg for death," said Zhang Ruochen as he glanced at Qi Yang.

Qi Yang, who had wanted to escape, was so scared that his legs went soft. He stopped in place with a sad face.

Yuan Mo sensed that Zhang Ruochen's killing intent was getting stronger and stronger. He knew that Zhang Ruochen must be trying to settle the old scores of Kunlun.

Zhang Ruochen was like a peerless demon king now. Even his elder brother would be afraid, let alone him.

Swoosh

Yuan Mo used a forbidden technique to burn the Qi of Death in his body. He turned around and fled at an extreme speed.

"You think you can escape from me with your cultivation?" said Zhang Ruochen.

Zhang Ruochen stretched out his hand and pointed across space.

Whoosh

A Spatial Wormhole Mirror appeared in front of his fingertip.

With a bang, Yuan Mo fell from the Spatial Wormhole Mirror and was stomped on the ground by Zhang Ruochen.

The divine flame burst out from his feet and burned through the Qi of Death and The Will of Death protecting Yuan Mo. It refined his body and burned his flesh.

Yuan Mo was in great pain. He roared, "I want to..."

Before he could say the words "I want to withdraw from the Battlefield of Celestial-Hunting," the space was frozen by Zhang Ruochen. His voice stopped abruptly.

Qi Yang, who stood on the side, watched Zhang Ruochen refine Yuan Mo. He gritted his teeth, his heart trembled. He said, "Zhang Ruochen can kill a person without a word. It's too terrifying. What are the gods thinking? How could they let such a terrifying guy enter the Battlefield of Celestial-Hunting?"

The cultivators of the Southern Sword Realm looked at each other in shock and fear.

They were curious. Was this young man a cultivator from the Infernal Court or a Celestial Captive?

If he was a cultivator from the Infernal Court, why would he be so ruthless to his own people?

Under Zhang Ruochen's watchful gaze, Yuan Mo was reduced to ashes. He tucked the Supreme Sainthood Source away.

Qi Yang was shocked when he saw Zhang Ruochen staring at him. He swallowed and stepped back. "I..."

"How dare you speak of yourself in my presence," Zhang Ruochen said.

Qi Yang remembered that Yuan Mo had been turned into ashes by Zhang Ruochen because he said something wrong. His face turned green, and he quickly said, "Lord Ruochen, I... I... I swear to God that I did not kill innocent people on the Battlefield of Merits of Kunlun. My goal is to capture a fairy from the *Portrait of the Nine Beauties*."

"Yes, yes. We are, in fact, on the same side. I have no friendship with Yuan Mo. We're not on the same team. Good kill, good kill. Yuan Mo must have eaten God's guts to dare to provoke Supreme Saint Ruochen. He deserves to die."

Zhang Ruochen approached Qi Yang step by step. He patted his shoulder lightly and said, "You also think he deserves to die?"

Qi Yang's body was slapped so hard that he almost knelt on the ground. He bowed and said, "He definitely deserves to die."

Zhang Ruochen pressed his palm on Qi Yang's shoulder. After a long time, he pulled it back. "You're a sensible person. Like me, you always follow principles."

Qi Yang let out a long sigh of relief and stood up again, "I have 7,000 concubines and 30,000 servants. They were all captured from all realms. They're all first-class beauties. Since the Supreme Saint Ruochen is a fellow kindred, you must come to my imperial palace as a guest after the Battle of Celestial-Hunting. I guarantee that you will be satisfied."

"How can I do that?" said Zhang Ruochen.

"No, if you don't come, you are not giving me face. So either way, I must have you come by invitation," said Qi Yang.

Zhang Ruochen said, "Well, it's rare for you to have such a heart. You are indeed a better person than Yuan Mo."

The cultivators of the Southern Sword Realm were even more stunned. It was hard to imagine that a Scion of the Supreme Saint-level would curry favor with another Supreme Saint of the Infernal Court.

Who was that Supreme Saint of the Infernal Court?

Qi Yang asked tentatively, "If the Supreme Saint Ruochen is here, are you planning to attack the seventh Dark Star?"

"If I wanted to attack the seventh Dark Star, I would definitely bring the Supreme Saints of the Immortal Vampires with me. Why would I be alone?" Zhang Ruochen said.

Qi Yang was confused. "If we're not going to attack the Dark Star, are you having another goal, my lord?"

Zhang Ruochen said, "Didn't you say that we're in the same boat? You should understand why I'm here."

Qi Yang was shocked. He stared at Zhang Ruochen's evil eyes and said, "Is it true? Supreme Saint Ruochen is interested in Her Highness Pan Ruo?"

"If not, how could she have escaped from the third Dark Star alive? Who do you think is more attractive? A Scioness from the Fane of Destiny or your 7,000 concubines?" Zhang Ruochen said.

Other cultivators would not believe such nonsense.

However, as a "fellow cultivator", Qi Yang knew the allure of beauty.

Even Qi Yang coveted Pan Ruo. It was just that Pan Ruo's background was overwhelming, and her cultivation was stronger than his, so he didn't dare to act rashly.

'It seems that Zhang Ruochen killed Yuan Mo not only because of their enmity in Kunlun. Maybe it has something to do with Pan Ruo,' Qi Yang thought.

Everyone in the Infernal Court knew that Yuan Mo had been pursuing Pan Ruo and was her most loyal follower.

Since Zhang Ruochen was targeting Pan Ruo, how could he not get rid of this eyesore?

Chapter 2369: The Altar

The white-bearded elder knelt in front of Zhang Ruochen and said piously, "My lord, please accept the Southern Sword Realm as your slave world. We will offer our worship to you."

"We are willing to be your slaves."

The 13 Saint King Celestial Captives said in unison.

Qi Yang pointed at them and sneered disdainfully. "Who do you think Supreme Saint Ruochen is? All of his slaves are either Scions or Scionesses. Who do you think you are to serve under him?"

The cultivators of the Southern Sword Realm gritted their teeth and endured the humiliation without saying a word.

Zhang Ruochen waved at Qi Yang and said, "You make a move first and wait for me."

"They are just Celestial Captives of an undeveloped Macroworld. Why do you care about them... Okay, okay, I'll go first..."

Qi Yang tactfully flew out of the meteors and retreated to the sky above a patch of starry fog hundreds of miles away.

Zhang Ruochen stared at the 14 cultivators kneeling on the ground. They were all shabbily dressed and in dire straits. They were inferior to the commoners.

"Since you can become the top powerhouse of a realm, you must be wise men. Why don't you understand the law of the jungle? Rather than live in humiliation, it's better to die in a fierce battle," Zhang Ruochen said calmly.

"We can die in a fierce battle, but... What about the others in the Southern Sword Realm?" said the white-bearded elder, he looked sad and helpless.

Zhang Ruochen squatted down and looked at the wrinkled face of the white-bearded elder. He said, "It's so humiliating to be a slave of the entire realm. It's better to die than live. Is this the kind of life you want?"

"As long as you live, there is hope. If you die, there is nothing! Nothing!" The white-bearded elder said while shaking his head.

Zhang Ruochen was not a heartless person, but he still could not understand their persistence.

Updates by . com

What was the belief that supported them to live?

To survive, they had to persevere even if it meant being a slave, having no dignity, and being as lowly as a dog. All they desired was a glimmer of hope, which they could only wish for.

Was there really hope for the future of the Southern Sword Realm?

Would the future of Kunlun also face the choice of destruction and survival?

Zhang Ruochen stood up and let out a long sigh. He said, "This is the Battlefield of Celestial-Hunting. You are destined to die. No one can change this."

The cultivators of the Southern Sword Realm had a spark of hope that was finally lit, but it was mercilessly extinguished.

Yes, they were a group of Celestial Captives and a group of prey.

No hunters would ever let go of their prey.

Zhang Ruochen changed the topic and said, "But there is a saying, it's better to help yourself than depend on others."

“Ourselves?”

“What can we do by ourselves?”

...

The cultivators of the Southern Sword Realm looked at each other, not understanding what Zhang Ruochen meant.

If helping oneself was useful, who would kneel down and beg others?

Zhang Ruochen said, “If I want to kill you and get points, it is just a matter of a snap of the fingers. However, if you can play some role, help me do one thing. Although I can not save your lives, I can help the Southern Sword Realm find a way to survive.”

“There’s a way out?”

A Saint King Celestial Captive asked quickly.

Zhang Ruochen just looked up and did not say a word.

The white-bearded elder understood and asked, “What do you want us to do, my lord?”

Zhang Ruochen said, “What is your purpose in coming to the seventh Dark Star?”

“We heard that the Celestial Captive powerhouse is hiding in the seventh Dark Star and can intimidate the cultivators of the Infernal Court,” the white-bearded elder replied honestly. “We came here specifically to seek refuge to survive.”

Zhang Ruochen nodded and said, “This is also my goal!”

The white-bearded elder was capable of cultivating the Supreme Saint Realm with his knowledge. Therefore, Zhang Ruochen’s intent was already clear to him.

“If you can help me find the information of the Celestial Captives in the starfield where the seventh Dark Star is located and Lord Hornless is hiding,” Zhang Ruochen said, “I promise you that I will protect the lives of those from the Southern Sword Realm for 10,000 years.”

“Only... For 10,000 years?” The white-bearded elder asked.

Zhang Ruochen said, “10,000 years is not a short time!”

The white-bearded elder discussed with the 13 Saint King Celestial Captives for a while. Then, he kneeled in front of Zhang Ruochen again and kowtowed heavily.

He said, “Sir, the Southern Sword Realm is not a Microworld, but a Marcoworld. There has been no birth of gods because of the devastating disaster and the loss of inheritance.”

“Why are you telling me this?” Zhang Ruochen asked.

The white-bearded elder stared at the ground, he said, “I want to tell you, my lord, that the Southern Sword Realm is full of talents and geniuses. They are not a burden to you. As long as you are willing to teach them, they will become a powerful force under you in the future.”

Then, the white-bearded elder spat out a three-inch sword-shaped token. He held it in his hands and handed it to Zhang Ruochen.

“If you agree to teach the Southern Sword Realm to fight, we will risk our lives to do what you asked us to do.”

The cultivators of the Southern Sword Realm said in unison.

There was a tragic and resolute feeling in them. They knew that they were doomed. They could only pin all their hopes on Zhang Ruochen.

Even though they did not know this person, they had no choice.

Zhang Ruochen touched his hair and said, “It seems that you are not stupid at all. On the contrary, you are very smart and know how to bargain.”

“I can see that you are different from other cultivators in the Infernal Court. You have a kind heart. You want to help the Southern Sword Realm. You don’t want innocent lives to be destroyed,” the white-bearded elder said.

Zhang Ruochen smiled coldly. “I have a kind heart? You probably didn’t see it. When I killed, I didn’t even blink an eye.”

“But you’re willing to protect the Southern Sword Realm for 10,000 years. Even if we didn’t finish the mission, you’d still do it, right? I believe in you,” the white-bearded elder said.

Zhang Ruochen said, “Don’t think you can see through me. Go do your job. If you succeed and help me, I’ll seriously consider helping the Southern Sword Realm.”

The white-bearded elder and the thirteen Saint Kings were overjoyed. They said in unison, “Please accept the realm token. You are now the Supreme Lord of the Southern Sword Realm.”

“Please accept the token, my lord.”

...

Zhang Ruochen grabbed the realm token and held it in his hand. Then, he released Lord Bladehell from the Violet Gourd.

“I’ll leave them to you! It should be easier for the Celestial Captives to spy on the other Celestial Captives.”

Zhang Ruochen briefed Lord Bladehell on what happened. Then, he picked up dozens of saint corpses on the ground, flew out of the meteors, and met up with Qi Yang.

Qi Yang stared at the meteors that had flown far away and asked, “Where are the dozen Celestial Captives from the Southern Sword Realm? Did you let them go?”

Qi Yang didn’t know what had happened inside because Zhang Ruochen had just released the Profound Spatial Dimension to cover the entire meteor.

“Don’t ask anything you shouldn’t ask,” Zhang Ruochen said coldly with his hands behind his back.

Qi Yang naturally didn't think that Zhang Ruochen would let them go after a few pleas from the Celestial Captives. However, when he thought about how badly Yuan Mo had died, he suppressed his curiosity and didn't dare to ask any more questions.

"Let's go. Take me to see Pan Ruo," Zhang Ruochen said.

Qi Yang thought he'd heard wrong. He said in shock, "Supreme Saint, What are you doing? Are you trying to steal her? Her Highness Pan Ruo has a powerful backer. Please don't act rashly."

"It seems like you have forgotten what I just said," Zhang Ruochen said.

Qi Yang quickly shut his mouth. He held it in for a while and said in a low voice, "Her Highness Pan Ruo has a large group of powerful figures from the three upper clans gathered around her. It's probably... Not good for you to go so openly."

"You're right. We can't swagger out like this," said Zhang Ruochen.

Zhang Ruochen transformed into Yuan Mo and said, "This should be enough, right?"

Zhang Ruochen's voice changed. He sounded exactly the same as Yuan Mo.

His aura, eyes, and power fluctuations were flawless.

Qi Yang circled around Zhang Ruochen three times. He swallowed his saliva when he saw the surging Qi of Death around him.

If Yuan Mo hadn't died right in front of him, he wouldn't have believed that the person in front of him was actually Zhang Ruochen.

"Everyone says that the Immortal Vampires' Shapeshifting technique is amazing. I've finally seen it today!" Qi Yang exclaimed.

Qi Yang and Zhang Ruochen used the Qi of Death to carry dozens of saint corpses and flew away quickly.

Soon, they arrived at a rocky asteroid at the edge of the dark space.

After verifying their identities, the two of them entered the interior of the asteroid through an invisible enchantment. Only then did Zhang Ruochen sense a Supreme Saint's powerful aura.

Supreme Saint cultivators from the Nether Clan, Deathkin, and Stone Clan flew past him from time to time.

The total number of Supreme Saints was most likely greater than 1,000.

The Celestial Captives' bodies were piled upon an altar on the asteroid. On the altar, their Sainthood Source flashed.

Scarlet Saint Blood flowed down from the altar and filled up the mysterious inscriptions on the ground.

The corpse of Celestial Captive had over a million bodies piled up like a small mountain. Their souls flew around the altar and let out hoarse howls, using the corpse skin as a sacrificial flag and the sacred bones as pillars.

Nearly 300 Deathkin Supreme Saints had gathered near the altar. They continued carving inscriptions with the Will of Death.

With each inscription, the power of the altar became stronger.

Zhang Ruochen asked, "Why are you building The Altar of Death?"

Qi Yang smiled proudly and said, "This Altar of Death was built by Her Highness Pan Ruo. It has a divine and unfathomable power. With it, we can dominate the entire Battlefield of Celestial-Hunting. Even if Lord Hornless comes, he will die."

Qi Yang threw dozens of saint corpses to a Deathkin Supreme Saint. He raised his head and looked at The Altar of Death which gave off a terrifying aura. "Her Highness Pan Ruo is a genius of the Fane of Destiny. Only she can build such a magnificent masterpiece in such a short time," he said.

"Is this the secret weapon you used to conquer the seventh Dark Star?" Zhang Ruochen asked.

Qi Yang was worried that Zhang Ruochen would destroy the altar. He stopped smiling and said quickly, "The Altar of Death is almost complete. It has the power of self-defense. Supreme Saint Ruochen, please don't act rashly."

"What if I want to?" Zhang Ruochen asked.

Qi Yang said anxiously, "There are nearly 300 Deathkin Supreme Saints near The Altar of Death. Supreme Saint Ruochen, as soon as you activate your power, they will sense it and release The Will of Death to combine with The Altar of Death.

"The power of nearly 300 Supreme Saints' Will of Death combined with altar enhancement. I'm afraid you won't be able to resist it with your current cultivation."

Following that, Qi Yang bent his body and quickly said, "I have no intention of threatening you. I'm only thinking about your safety and my own life."

Pan Ruo's beautiful figure walked out from a gray light door below the altar. She looked at the two of them.

Qi Yang sensed her and quickly straightened his body. A smile appeared on his handsome face and he said, "Greetings, Your Highness Pan Ruo. Your Highness is even more beautiful than before. You are as beautiful as the moon in the nine heavens."

Pan Ruo was quite tall. The water of the Nether River surrounded her. Destiny's sacred light radiated from every inch of her skin. It was a stark contrast to the desolate surroundings here.

Her gaze fell on Zhang Ruochen. "So you are here too, Yuan Mo. I was about to find you. Follow me to the altar."

With that, Pan Ruo walked into the altar.

Qi Yang stared at the side of Zhang Ruochen's face and was stunned for a moment.

Wow!

If it was outside The Altar of Death, Zhang Ruochen certainly would not be able to destroy it. However, once he entered the inner part, the self-defense mechanism of the altar would be ineffective. With Zhang Ruochen's terrifying cultivation, the altar that the three upper clans had painstakingly built would probably be torn down in an instant.

More importantly, the altar was covered in secret engravings. Even gods couldn't find out what was happening inside.

Zhang Ruochen had come for Pan Ruo. What if he did something reckless after entering the altar?

Pan Ruo was bringing disaster to herself.

Qi Yang was extremely anxious. He wanted to expose Zhang Ruochen's identity several times, but he restrained himself because the image of Yuan Mo's tragic death appeared in his mind.

That image would probably haunt him for the rest of his life.

"I shall take my leave from Supreme Saint Ruochen and Her Highness Pan Ruo," said Qi Yang.

Qi Yang turned to leave, but he found that he couldn't move, Zhang Ruochen's voice rang in his ears. "You'll go in with me. If you dare to escape or try to reveal my identity, I can guarantee that you'll die a worse death than Yuan Mo."

"I... I don't want to disturb you..." Qi Yang replied telepathically

Qi Yang followed Zhang Ruochen into the altar miserably.

The precepts of heaven and earth in the altar were chaotic.

The Sainthood Sources emitted bright light and released a large number of precepts, forming a chaotic environment.

The ground was a liquid surface like the surface of the water. Ripples would appear when one stepped on it.

Pan Ruo stood in the center, holding the cyan-brown Compass of Destiny. The bright Door of Trueself appeared with a light stroke of her hand.

"Follow me into the Door of Trueself," she said.

Qi Yang was intrigued and inquired, "The Door of Trueself is formed by the interweaving of the Precepts of Destiny. Inside is Her Highness Pan Ruo's Realm of Trueself. Why are we entering her realm?"

"Don't ask so many questions. Just go in." Zhang Ruochen ordered.

Then, Pan Ruo's gaze fell on Zhang Ruochen.

Zhang Ruochen took the lead and walked in.

Qi Yang thought to himself, 'Is Her Highness Pan Ruo smart enough to see through Zhang Ruochen's true form? So, she wants to trap him in the Realm of Trueself?'

The more Qi Yang thought about it, the more he felt it made sense. He quickly followed and stepped into the Door of Trueself.

The interior of the Door of Trueself was another scene. It was a vast expanse of whiteness with only a white stone island floating in it.

It was raining eternally in the sky.

The rain was also white.

Drip Drip

Zhang Ruochen stood on the island and closed his eyes to listen to the sound of the rain. He smelled the faint fragrance approaching him, he said, "It is said that every cultivator can cultivate a realm of his or her own. The world is what the heart is like. "I didn't expect your world to be so simple and pale. "Why is there no vitality at all?"

Pan Ruo stood beside Zhang Ruochen and stared straight ahead. Her eyelashes were long and curved. She said, "The more I think, the more mistakes I make. I'm not really simple and pale. I just have to choose this."

"Can't you stop the rain?" Zhang Ruochen asked.

Pan Ruo said, "Why should we stop? I think it's good."

Qi Yang stood to the side. He didn't understand what they were saying, but he instinctively felt that Pan Ruo and Zhang Ruochen were both strange.

One was as cold as ice in Qi Yang's eyes, and the other was ruthless.

But at that moment, no matter how he looked at it, they were shy towards each other.

Pan Ruo wasn't like this when she normally communicated with Yuan Mo.

When Zhang Ruochen killed Yuan Mo, he was not as calm and gentle as he was now.

Suddenly, Pan Ruo asked Zhang Ruochen a question that made Qi Yang's heart jump. "Is Yuan Mo still alive?"

"He's dead!" Zhang Ruochen said.

Pan Ruo said, "Did you kill him because of Kunlun?"

"Because of myself." Zhang Ruochen replied.

Zhang Ruochen did not want her to continue asking. So he decided to ask her, "How did you see through my Thirty-six Formless Transmogrification?"

"Do you think I'm still the same person? Actually, I don't need to see it. When you appeared in front of me, I knew it was you. A person can change anything, but if his heart does not change, he will definitely notice.," Pan Ruo said.

The more Qi Yang listened, the more he felt that something was wrong. He felt that he had heard things he shouldn't have heard and knew things he shouldn't have. He felt a chill run down his spine. He felt like a disaster was coming.

Dong

Qi Yang knelt on the ground, trembling, and said, "I... I didn't hear anything. I, too, don't know anything. Can you please allow me to leave the Realm of Trueself now? I'm not at all interested in your secret."

Zhang Ruochen acted like he couldn't hear him. "I'm here to ask you a question."

"What is it?" Pan Ruo asked.

"Why did Lord Hornless appear on the Battlefield of Celestial-Hunting? Was it because of the Empress?" Zhang Ruochen asked.

Chapter 2370: Destruction of the Altar

"Lord Hornless willingly surrendered to become a Celestial Captive. He gave up his life to assist the Empress in accomplishing that great feat," said Pan Ruo.

Pan Ruo didn't hide her admiration for her breathtaking face.

She admired those who dared to sacrifice themselves to accomplish great things and give more people a better future.

Zhang Ruochen said, "It's not easy for a cultivator to cultivate from a mortal to Banshi Isshou Realm. Is it worth it to sacrifice everything?"

Pan Ruo said, "Yes.

"Even the Empress is not sure if the Grand Supreme Master is still alive. Maybe his sacrifice is not worth it at all."

Pan Ruo's tone was firm. She added, "Even if it's just a one-in-a-million chance, it's worth it. If I die, I can play a role in saving the Grand Supreme Master. I will give up my life without hesitation and have no regrets."

"Just like when you gave yourself to Chi Yao?" Zhang Ruochen asked.

"I don't know what you're talking about," Pan Ruo replied.

"It seems that you've lost a lot of your memories," Zhang Ruochen said.

Pan Ruo said, "I don't care what memories you want me to remember, but I know that the Empress did the right thing. She has a heavy responsibility on her shoulders. She's stronger than anyone else. She can face all the joys and sorrows of the world.

"Zhang Ruochen, you are not like her. You are not as strong as her. You still don't know where your future leads you."

"Really?" Zhang Ruochen seemed to be asking himself.

Pan Ruo asked, "Do you have a dream?"

Updates by

"Do you have an ultimate goal?"

"What kind of life do you think you should live in the future?"

Then Pan Ruo added, "You did not. You're just walking on the path that others want you to walk on. The path that the Shengming Empire's old cadre wants you to take, the path that Moon Goddess wants you to take, the path that Blood Empress wants you to take, the path that Wargod Bloodximius wants you to take..."

"But I'm different. I always know what I want to do, what I'm doing, and what cultivation means."

Qi Yang, who was kneeling by the side, finally understood the meaning of curiosity kills a cat. His entire body was trembling. He only felt that his death was imminent.

What did these secrets have to do with him?

He didn't want to know at all.

If he had known earlier, he wouldn't have entered The Altar of Death, much less enter Pan Ruo's Realm of Trueself.

Now, he couldn't escape even if he wanted to.

Zhang Ruochen didn't have any intentions of targeting Pan Ruo. The two of them were old friends. They might even be old lovers.

"Your Highness Pan Ruo, Supreme Saint Ruochen, you two are people with great supernatural powers. Why don't you erase this memory of mine? If it doesn't work, erase all my memories. Then I won't know anything!" Qi Yang begged.

Zhang Ruochen closed his eyes and remained silent.

Pan Ruo sighed. "Lord Hornless doesn't know that you're working with the Empress. Before he became a Celestial Captive, he received a mission to die at my hands. He'll do his best to cooperate with me and take first place in the Battle of Celestial-Hunting."

Zhang Ruochen finally opened his eyes. They shone with a fiery light. He said, "You can kill a Banshi Isshou Realm Supreme Saint?"

"Of course, I can't kill a Banshi Isshou Realm Supreme Saint with just my cultivation. But I can use the Compass of Destiny to control this Altar of Death and combine the power of 300 Deathkin Supreme Saints. That power is enough to kill anyone on the Battlefield of Celestial-Hunting," said Pan Ruo. She had an aura as strong as a mountain.

Zhang Ruochen said, "The Spirits of the gods are all paying attention to the Battlefield of Celestial-Hunting. No matter how real your acting is, there must be a god who will see through it."

Pan Ruo said, "So this battle must be carried out on the seventh Dark Star. The seventh Dark Star contains a huge amount of energy. It's enough to avoid the Mystic Eye of Myriad Realms, and it can also deceive the gods' senses and predictions."

"What if the gods' spiritual power is strong enough?" Zhang Ruochen asked.

Pan Ruo shook her head slightly, "Impossible!" She said, "The distance between the Battlefield of Celestial-Hunting and the Fane of Destiny was very far, to begin with. It was hundreds of millions of miles away, and it was difficult for the gods' senses to reach it. With the influence of the Dark Star's energy, no matter how strong the spiritual power is, it will be useless."

"It's not that simple. Let me do it!" Zhang Ruochen said.

Pan Ruo said, "Indeed, you should do it. All the points will be given to you, and you will definitely be first in the Battle of Celestial-Hunting. However, if you can't do it by yourself, The Altar of Death can help you."

Zhang Ruochen's eyes were determined. He shook his head and said, "I told you not to get involved, so don't get involved."

Pan Ruo frowned and said, "You can't be his opponent. If you try to be brave, you will only die. Since you're here, come with me. Use The Altar of Death and fight on the seventh Dark Star. Lord Hornless will recognize you as long as you're with me."

"Don't think of the gods of the Infernal Court as simple. We shouldn't be close. Being enemies is good for everyone."

Zhang Ruochen looked at the white rain in the sky and said, "Let me out. It's time to go. If you don't, those who are looking at the Mystic Eye of Myriad Realms will think that I've really done something to you!"

"Right! I'll think carefully about what you asked me."

...

The Altar of Death was made of more than 1.7 million saint corpses. It was magnificent and saint light shot into the sky. Before it could operate, the power it released made even the Saint Soul of the Supreme Saint feel uneasy and trembling.

The number one powerful figure of the Deathkin, Supreme Saint Yuan Fei, was a young man who looked quite elegant.

He stood below The Altar of Death, and his body was filled with pride, he said, "Only on the Battlefield of Celestial-Hunting can such a majestic altar be built. If it were any other place, I'm afraid that they would have to kill all the living beings in a Macroworld to build it. From today onwards, we Deathkin will dominate the Battlefield of Celestial-Hunting."

A purple-haired girl with a green-gold staff came to the side of the Supreme Saint Yuan Fei, she reported excitedly, "The Altar of Death has been completed. A total of 1,790,000,000 secret engravings have been carved on it. It can absorb the dark energy released by the Dark Star and convert it into offensive and defensive power. Now, we can enter the dark space and conquer all the Celestial Captives."

Around the altar, the Deathkin Supreme Saints were ecstatic. Their faces were filled with anticipation. Today, the Deathkin would shake the Battlefield of Celestial-Hunting. All the cultivators in the entire Infernal Court would be in awe of them.

Next, they could use the power of The Altar of Death to take care of the Immortal Vampires and fight against the Yanluo clan. In the end, the Deathkins would have the last laugh in the Battle of Celestial-Hunting.

Supreme Saint Yuan Fei asked, "Is Her Highness Pan Ruo in the altar?"

"Yes!" the purple-haired girl replied.

After some thought, the purple-haired girl said, "Yuan Mo and Qi Yang are in there too."

"What are they doing in there?" Supreme Saint Yuan Fei asked.

The altar was filled with the Precepts and the arcane runes of death. If cultivators who were not familiar with the altar entered, it would be very dangerous.

BOOM!

A deafening sound came from inside the altar.

The ground shook and the small asteroid beneath the feet of the cultivators of the three upper clans was shaken until it deviated from its trajectory. The asteroid showed signs of cracking.

Supreme Saint Yuan Fei's expression changed and he was about to charge into the gray door of light beneath the altar.

BOOM!

The door of light shattered.

The dense cracks in space passed through the door and there were more than a hundred of them. They were like inch-long flying knives that crashed into Supreme Saint Yuan Fei's body.

It was too fast!

Supreme Saint Yuanfei couldn't avoid them. Five bloody holes appeared on his body.

Fortunately, he had activated the Supreme Artifact, *The Scroll of Truth and Deceit*, in time so he wasn't hit by more Dimensional Rifts.

However, the purple-haired girl standing not far from him wasn't so lucky. Hundreds of Dimensional Rifts struck her. Her slim figure was like a sieve. She was launched over ten miles away.

Supreme Saint Yuanfei gave the purple-haired girl a glance. His face was riddled with blue veins. "The Power of Dimension..." he roared. "That's the presence of Zhang Ruochen. Immediately activate The Altar of Death."

Boom

Another loud sound.

The altar was made of more than 1.7 million saint corpses shattered with a bang. The corpses were thrown into the sky like crushed stones.

The 1.790 million Death arcane runes had yet to display their full potential before they started to crack.

A powerful dimensional storm erupted from the center of the altar like a tsunami. It hit the bodies of the three hundred Deathkin Supreme Saints and sent them flying.

Some of their muscles and bones were injured by the Dimensional Rifts. Some of their bodies were deformed by the chaotic space.

Crack!

The asteroid couldn't withstand the impact of such a powerful force. It cracked and shattered.

Not only the Deathkin Supreme Saints but also all of them were dumbfounded!

The Supreme Saints of the Nether Clan and the Stone Clan were also at a loss. They didn't know what had happened and were in a panic.

Zhang Ruochen held a corpse in his hand and flew up from the collapsed Altar of Death. He floated 10,000 meters away from Supreme Saint Yuan Fei, he raised his voice and said, "Last time, you three upper clans plotted against me and wanted to kill me. Today, I'll return the favor."

Then, he threw the corpse in his hand at Supreme Saint Yuanfei.

The corpse was wrapped in the Divine Purification Flame. When it fell in front of Supreme Saint Yuanfei, it was only burned to the bones.

Supreme Saint Yuanfei sensed the aura on the corpse. It belonged to Qi Yang.

Supreme Saint Yuanfei's state of mind was originally very profound, but now, he was furious. He gritted his teeth and asked, "Where is Yuan Mo?"

Zhang Ruochen didn't answer him. He spread his ten golden wings and flew away.

Supreme Saint Yuanfei and Deathkin's Supreme Saint attacked together. They cast killing saint techniques one after another.

Unfortunately, Zhang Ruochen was too fast. After the killing saint techniques flew out, they had already lost sight of him.

Pan Ruo's face was pale, and there was blood at the corner of her mouth. She flew out of the ruined Altar of Death. She was so weak that she almost fell to the ground, "Zhang Ruochen's Thirty-six Formless Transmogrification is too powerful," she said. "He turned into Yuan Mo and came back with Qi Yang. He hid it from me. It's all my fault. I shouldn't have let my guard down. I never thought that Zhang Ruochen would be so bold to break into the gathering place of the cultivators of the three upper clans."

The Supreme Saints of the Stone Clan and the Nether Clan rushed over. They stared at the destroyed Altar of Death in a daze.

Supreme Saint Yuan Fei suppressed the killing intent in his heart and comforted her. "It's not your fault. There are many powerful figures in the Yanluo clan. They all suffered because of Zhang Ruochen's Shapeshifting technique, not to mention Qi Yang leading the way.

"Qi Yang must know that Zhang Ruochen had transformed into Yuan Mo's figure. He caused all the Supreme Saints of the Deathkin to lose everything. He deserves to die."

A Supreme Saint of the Deathkin gnashed his teeth. He wanted to whip the Supreme Saint bone on the ground.

Que Fei, who was wearing the Armor of Darkness, said, "Zhang Ruochen destroyed The Altar of Death. He must be worried that we will use The Altar of Death to deal with the Immortal Vampires in the future.

"Since Zhang Ruochen is here, it means that the Battle of the second Dark Star has ended. The Immortal Vampires must have set the seventh Dark Star as their next target. We can't delay any longer. We have to act immediately."

A Stone Clan Supreme Saint said, "Without The Altar of Death, what should we do if we meet Lord Hornless?"

"As long as the three upper clans can summon ten Supreme Saints at the Great Perfection stage of the Hundred-Shackle Realm to activate *The Scroll of Truth and Deceit* with me, it will be enough to trap Lord Hornless for a while. Don't be too concerned," Supreme Saint Yuan Fei said.

Que Fei said, "I just got word that Wujiang has emerged from the Nether Clan's home planet's underground. He's fully recovered and is on his way to the seventh Dark Star. He'll be able to meet us soon."

The news that Wujiang was on his way boosted the morale of the cultivators of the three upper clans, who had recently suffered a setback.

"Wujiang's injuries have healed so quickly. He might have gotten an opportunity from his home planet."

"Great! Wujiang's heart is strong. This time, he will undoubtedly fight Zhang Ruochen and avenge himself."

"Someone can stop Wujiang as long as he comes, even if he runs into Lord Hornless."

A top-notch powerhouse represented not only a powerful fighting force but also the spiritual support of countless cultivators.

Just like Zhang Ruochen to the Immortal Vampires and Luo Shengtian to the Rakshasas, as long as they were here, the cultivators of the clan would be full of confidence and fighting spirit.

...

Zhang Ruochen went to meet Lord Bladehell after leaving the broken asteroid.

After flying for a while, Zhang Ruochen found Lord Bladehell in a crimson fog of stars.

Lord Bladehell had silver hair, his figure was tall and straight, and he had a dignified aura. He asked, "Supreme Saint Ruochen, you came back so quickly. How is it? Has The Altar of Death been destroyed?"

"Yes!"

Zhang Ruochen was still deep in thought. He answered casually.

Suddenly, Zhang Ruochen felt something was wrong. His eyes became sharp. He glared at Lord Bladehell and said, "How do you know about The Altar of Death? Who are you?"

Whoosh

Zhang Ruochen moved in a flash and crossed a hundred feet in an instant. With his five fingers, he grabbed Lord Bladehell's neck.

The three upper clans had been acting in secret. Before Zhang Ruochen went to the rock asteroid, he had no idea that they were building The Altar of Death.

Lord Bladehell had no way of knowing.

Lord Bladehell's body exploded, transforming into a ball of crimson gas.

A long hair fell from the gas.

"It's fake," said Zhang Ruochen.

Zhang Ruochen was surprised. Although he had been thinking about what Pan Ruo had said and was a little absent-minded, he had been fooled by a single hair. It could be seen from this that the caster must be a person of great skill.

Zhang Ruochen immediately released his spiritual power to check his surroundings. He was secretly relieved that he did not find an ambush.

He twirled the strand of hair and a series of Precepts of Truth appeared in his eyes. He raised his head to look around and said, "So it's you. Your Thousand-illusion has become even more brilliant. Come out!"

Chapter 2371: Visions of the future

"Haha! Zhang Ruochen, how come your vigilance has become so bad?"

A burst of melodious, bell-like laughter rang out in the fog of stars. The sound came from left to right unpredictably.

Luo Sha's slim and tall figure strolled out of the fog. She was at least 1.8 meters tall and her long and straight legs moved, full of youthful vigor. Her slim waist turned slightly, and she possessed a soul-stirring charisma.

She was dressed in ornate robes and had her hands clasped behind her back. Her long hair was tied into two braids. Her beautiful face that cause nations to fight over always had the pure smile of a young and innocent girl.

Such a young, clear, and pure-looking woman was like a lamb without any aggression. Who would believe that she was hiding military strategies within and full of schemes?

Zhang Ruochen asked, "Where is Lord Bladehell?"

"He is ranked in the top 10 on the Great Perfection of the Hundred-Shackle Realm list. With my cultivation, how can I eat him? Besides, the Immortal Vampires are also human-shaped creatures. I have no appetite for those at all."

Luo Sha bit her red lips lightly and touched her belly. "I'm really hungry! Zhang Ruochen, do you have anything to eat?"

Zhang Ruochen asked, "Seriously where is Lord Bladehell? Is Luo Shengtian nearby also?"

The ten clans were all rivals.

Zhang Ruochen had to make no mistakes in order to win first place among the ten clans.

"Lord Bladehell, Lord Bladehell, everything you speak of is about Lord Bladehell. Is he your lover? If I wanted to harm you, the one who became Lord Bladehell just now would not be a hair, but my royal brother. With my royal brother's cultivation, even if you didn't die from the sneak attack just now, you would at least lose a layer of skin, right?"

Luo Sha beckoned with her finger and said, "If you want to know where the Lord Bladehell is, follow me."

She turned into a streak of green light and flew away.

"Since Luo Sha turned into the Lord Bladehell's appearance to trick me and knows that I had destroyed the Altar of Death, it can be seen that she knows the stars around the seventh Dark Star like the back of her hand." Zhang Ruochen thought to himself. "There should be many Supreme Saints of the Rakshasa scattered around nearby."

Lord Bladehell's cultivation was indeed very strong, but Luo Sha's Thousand-illusions technique was hard to guard against.

If they really fought, Lord Bladehell would most likely not be Luo Sha's match.

Zhang Ruochen's thoughts swirled around in his head, and then he chased after Luo Sha and flew into the Dark Star Domain covered by the energy of the seventh Dark Star.

They didn't enter into the depths and instead halted at areas by the edge.

The two of them landed on an asteroid that revolved around the Dark Star.

The asteroid was more than 1,000 meters long and flat. Dozens of Rakshasa girls were stationed there. They were all Supreme Saints with lithe bodies and snow-white skin.

The Rakshasa girls were all beautiful, especially those who had reached Supreme Sainthood. They were all as beautiful as fairies and possessed devilishly slim figures.

"The princess is back!"

Rakshasa girls came forward one after another.

Their bodies carried elusive fragrance, and their eyes were glistening. They didn't have the imposing manner of a Supreme Saint. Instead, they carried a gentle and seductive charm.

Even though many of their cultivation was above Luo Sha's, they behaved extremely respectfully to Luo Sha. From this, one could see Luo Sha's methods and abilities.

Luo Sha smiled and said, "Look who I brought back. Zhang Ruochen, the grandson of the Wargod Bloodximus. He has talent, status, and good looks. You fairies are lucky!"

Then he said hurriedly, "Han Ying, didn't you kill a dragon in the Supreme Sainthood? Hurry up and cook it. I'm hungry."

Other than the Rakshasa girl named Han Ying, all the other Rakshasa girls looked at Zhang Ruochen.

Their beautiful eyes flashed with fiery light as if they wanted to swallow Zhang Ruochen.

Not every Rakshasa girl looked at faces like Luo Sha, but they all worshipped the strong. There was not a single Rakshasa girl who could dislike an elite that emerges once in an era like Zhang Ruochen.

"Supreme Saint Ruochen, I heard that you defeated Wu Jiang. Is this true?"

"Has Supreme Saint Ruochen condensed and used the Grade Two Saintwill? I swore 500 years ago that I would only marry a genius who could condense the Grade Two Saintwill."

"I am Yan Qing of the Yan Saint Clan of Devala, and I have long heard of Supreme Saint Ruochen's great name. Seeing you today, you are indeed extraordinary. I wonder if we can get to know each other as friends?"

There were Rakshasa girls who introduced themselves with unconcealed love in their eyes.

If the Supreme Saints were like this, it could be seen that the Rakshasa girls were indeed bold in nature. They express their emotions freely and few were pretentious.

Luo Sha stood at the side and quietly looked at Zhang Ruochen who was being surrounded by the girls. Her face was full of smiles as she waved her hand while saying, "All of you can leave now. If you want to get to know Supreme Saint Ruochen, there will be plenty of opportunities in the future. Now, let me discuss important matters with him."

These Rakshasa girls could attain Supreme Sainthood within 1,000 years. Naturally, they had very high standards. Only someone with family background and talent like Zhang Ruochen was worthy of them to take the initiative to approach.

If a female cultivator's talent was too high, there would be countless lonely old people.

If they are talented, then naturally their standards would also be high.

When they reached Supreme Sainthood and sometimes even became gods, they would look down on the weak even more. Their feelings for men and women would also gradually fade, and they would focus more on understanding the Deva Path.

After the Rakshasa had dispersed, Zhang Ruochen and Luo Sha sat in the heptangular palace. Dragon meat, liver, and ears carrying an elegant fragrance were served before them.

Just a sniff was enough to make saliva flow.

The heptangular palace was an Imperial Artifact of Precept.

The various precepts flowed densely in the temple. One could eat and cultivate at the same time.

Luo Sha was a glutton.

Zhang Ruochen had known this when he first met her in the Zuling Realm.

/ please keep reading on MYBOXNOVEL(dot)COM.

Luo Sha ate elegantly and without cutlery by picking up pieces of fragrant dragon meat with her two jade fingers and putting them into her mouth. She chewed delicately and a layer of grease shone on her cheeks.

Her big, bright eyes stared at Zhang Ruochen, "Try some," she said. "There are only a few dragons that have attained Supreme Sainthood in the entire Battlefield of Celestial-Hunting. These ingredients are very precious! However, Han Ying's culinary skills are far inferior to Qing Mo. I had wanted to bring Qing Mo back to the Infernal Court when I was in Kunlun, but that girl was too stubborn. She wouldn't come with me no matter what."

Zhang Ruochen was still wary of Luo Sha. He didn't touch the food on the jade plate. "You were spying on me when I met Yuan Mo and Qi Yang right? Your spiritual power is so strong that I didn't sense anything at all."

Before Luo Sha had broken through to the Supreme Saint Realm, she had been able to control the corpse of a Supreme Saint with the help of the Dark Divinity Lotus. Her spiritual power was already very strong.

Now, it had grown a lot and wasn't much weaker compared to Zhang Ruochen's.

Luo Sha nodded, "My spiritual power is strong because of the foundation I built from reading books since I was young," she said. "I have traveled all over the world to gain more knowledge. In the end, I obtained the Stellar Soul of God inside the Divine Python's corpse in Kunlun. That's how I advanced through leaps and bounds."

Of course, Zhang Ruochen knew about the Divine Python's corpse.

Back then, Zhang Ruochen had seized the Divine Python's corpse and fused the evil spirit with the divine corpse. Luo Sha, on the other hand, had taken the more precious Divinity Source and the Stellar Soul of God.

Luo Sha's cultivation of the paths and increase in spiritual power must have something to do with it.

"Where is Lord Bladehell?" Zhang Ruochen asked.

Luo Sha rolled her eyes and said, "Why is it Lord Bladehell again? Don't worry, I didn't do anything to him. Besides, Lord Bladehell is also a tough guy. How can he be taken care of so easily?"

"Tell me your purpose."

Zhang Ruochen was very direct. He didn't want to waste too much time.

Luo Sha licked his lips and wiped her fingers on the scarf, saying, "Since Supreme Saint Ruochen doesn't like foreplay, let's get to the point. I want to work with you. To be more precise, I want to work with the Immortal Vampires to take down the seventh Dark Star."

Zhang Ruochen was a little surprised. He smiled and said, "I prefer to work alone compared to working with others."

"No, you do." Luo Sha said.

Zhang Ruochen replied, "How so?"

"Because in the Battlefield of Celestial Hunting, the Immortal Vampires have enemies everywhere. Only the Rakshasa clan can be your friend."

Luo Sha placed the jade plate containing the dragon meat in the center of the table, and said, "The seventh Dark Star is too big for the Immortal Vampires to take over. Besides, the three upper clans have been staying here for many days so you wouldn't have any advantage over them."

"Go on," said Zhang Ruochen

"The Rakshasa clan has been operating and setting up on the seventh Dark Star. They have a better grasp of information there than the dozen or so Celestial Captives that you can send out at a short notice."

"The dark dimension of the seventh Dark Star is 100 times wider than other Dark Stars," said Luo Sha. "Without detailed and accurate information, you won't be able to wipe out the Celestial Captives hiding everywhere, let alone in a few days. Even if you have a few years, you won't be able to wipe them out."

Zhang Ruochen said, "Now that you mention it, there seems to be a basis for cooperation. But, how do I know that you won't betray the Immortal Vampires at a critical moment?"

Luo Sha picked up the dragon meat and ate another piece, she laughed and said, "What good would it do the Rakshasa clan to betray the Immortal Vampires? For them to provoke a great enemy like you for no reason... The Rakshasa clan certainly does not want to follow the footsteps of the Ghost and the Yanluo clan."

Zhang Ruochen asked, "Where is Luo Shengtian? I want him to come out and talk to me personally."

Luo Sha straightened her pink back and sat upright, and she said heroically, "I can make decisions for the Rakshasa."

"But only if Luo Shengtian makes a move can we have more confidence in killing Lord Hornless," Zhang Ruochen said.

Although Lord Hornless's realm was profound, his spiritual power was sealed, and his hands and feet were bound by divine chains. His combat power was greatly reduced. Zhang Ruochen had dark time and space matter, so he was confident that he could kill him.

However, if Lord Hornless wanted to escape, Zhang Ruochen couldn't stop him.

Therefore, he needed an elite to help tie him down.

Luo Sha said, "If you want to kill Lord Hornless, I can help you."

"You?"

Zhang Ruochen's eyes were full of doubt.

Luo Sha smiled and said, "I will personally go with you to kill Lord Hornless. Now, do you believe me?"

"You are playing with your own life," Zhang Ruochen said in a deep voice.

When one's cultivation reached Lord Hornless's level, even the fallout of a battle could threaten Luo Sha's fragile body.

Luo Sha said, "I love my life very much, so I am not joking."

Zhang Ruochen could not guess what Luo Sha's trump card was, but she was indeed extraordinary, so he temporarily believed her.

Zhang Ruochen finally let down his guard. He raised his glass and said, "Then I wish us a great victory to take down the seventh Dark Star as soon as possible."

After clinking his glasses and drinking, Zhang Ruochen asked, "The three upper clans must have started to move. Your Highness, when do you think we should set off?"

Luo Sha's almond-shaped eyes stared straight at Zhang Ruochen's evil and handsome face, and she said, "There's no rush. Let the three upper clans clear the way for us first. We'll set off after they've cleared the array patterns, runes, and saint technique traps. Come, let us talk again."

"Talk about what?" Zhang Ruochen asked.

Luo Sha said, "About... how about feelings? I'm still curious. Are you a passionate man or one that is fickle with love?"

"Boring."

Zhang Ruochen stood up and was about to leave. Suddenly, he stopped. He thought of something and sat back down.

Luo Sha curled her red lips and chewed on the dragon liver in her mouth. "Why aren't you leaving?" she asked.

"I have a few questions. I want to communicate with you to know what you think about them," Zhang Ruochen said.

Luo Sha looked very interested. "That's great! Supreme Saint Ruochen has already treated me as a close friend. Now please tell me what are you confused about, and maybe I can help you figure it out," she said excitedly.

Zhang Ruochen asked, "Does your Highness have a grand goal or vision?"

Luo Sha had a strange look in her eyes, and she smiled while saying, "This is the question that Wargod Bloodximus asked you to think about, right?"

Zhang Ruochen didn't say anything.

Luo Sha said, "Actually, only a Thousand-Koan Realm Supreme Saint would think about this question seriously and make a careful decision. The fact that the Wargod Bloodximus asked you to think about it at this stage is correct. If you figure it out earlier, you will be less troubled when you are in the Thousand-Koan Realm."

"Why the Thousand-Koan Realm?" Zhang Ruochen asked.

Luo Sha stood up with her arms behind her back, and she spoke frankly with assurance, "The most important thing for the Thousand-Koan Realm Supreme Saint is to transform the Path. The so-called transformation of the Path is to show what the heart is thinking."

"Therefore, cultivators at this stage will ask themselves all sorts of questions, such as by inquiring themselves about the gains and losses in their lives. They will ask about the right and wrong of the past and the direction of the future... and so on. Then, they will solve the problems one by one."

"The more complete one's state of mind is, the more complete one's Path will be."

"At this stage, the most important question is the cultivator's vision. Every cultivator at this stage will have a vision that they will have to work hard to achieve. It can also be called a dream and goal."

"The Supreme Saint of the Thousand-Koan Realm calls this 'The heart determines your future achievements.'"

"Of course, it doesn't mean that the bigger the wish, the better. For example, some cultivators in the Thousand-Koan Realm make a grand wish to become the leader of the Rakshasa in their lifetime. As such, the grand wish will take root and become his obsession."

"However, as his cultivation grew higher and higher, he realized that this vision could not be realized. Instead, it gives birth to a mental demon which consumes him and causes him to become a madman that had lost his mind."

"Therefore, for every cultivator in the Thousand-Koan Realm, when they asked about their future goals and dreams, they decided based on their strength and true thoughts. The more false and empty the wish is, the worse the result," she said darkly, "Just like..."

Zhang Ruochen woke up from deep within his thoughts and asked, "Just like what?"

"You must not hit me if I said it," Luo Sha warned.

Zhang Ruochen replied, "Just say it. I won't hit you."

Luo Sha said, "Just like Saint Monk Xumi. He made a grand vow that he wouldn't attain Buddhahood until the Infernal Court was empty. But in the end, he died in the hands of the Infernal Court deities. Isn't that ironic? What are you doing, Zhang Ruochen? This is the territory of the Rakshasa. You can't go back on your words..."

This was a complete provocation!

She knew that Zhang Ruochen was the disciple of Saint Monk Xumi, but she still said such words. so wasn't she asking for a beating?

Based on his previous experience beating her up, Zhang Ruochen seriously suspected that Luo Sha was deliberately courting death and wanted to be beaten up by him... because females always said one thing but secretly think of the opposite.

Chapter 2372: Direction

Zhang Ruochen had raised his hand but didn't hit her in the end. Shaking his head, he said, "If the Infernal Court isn't empty, He swears that he won't attain Buddhahood? You might have misunderstood what he meant by that."

"For the so-called Infernal Court to be empty. It's not to destroy everything in Infernal Court, but instead to overcome all evil in the world."

On the last page of the Secret Tome of Time and Space is written, "If the Infernal Court isn't empty, I swear I won't attain Buddhahood."

Zhang Ruochen had read countless books, and there were records of these words which are related to Saint Monk Xumi in them.

It was a great aspiration that Saint Monk Xumi made after listening to the sermon of the Sixth Buddha several Yuanhui periods ago.

At that time, the Infernal Court was not called the Infernal Court. The Infernal Court's Ten Clans also communicated frequently with the other macroworlds. They were not as opposed to life and death as they were now.

"What? Do you want to make the same aspiration as Saint Monk Xumi? Don't you ever force yourself to become a monk!" Luo Sha was a little nervous and worried.

Zhang Ruochen said, "I'm selfish and also not that selfless and great."

"It's good to have selfish motives. It's better than not being selfish. People who aren't selfish are too unreal. They don't look like people," Luo Sha said.

Zhang Ruochen asked, "What's your vision of the future?"

"I. . . I've thought about it. Actually, my ambitions aren't that big. In the future, being the Empress of Devala or the leader of the Rakshasa will be enough," Luo Sha said seriously.

Zhang Ruochen wanted to grab her and beat her up.

Wasn't she afraid of being beaten up just because of her pretty looks?

Luo Sha said, "What's with your expression? I think that with my talent, it's only a matter of time before I become the Empress of Devala. If my father doesn't pass the throne to me, will he pass it to my royal brother? At the moment, my brother is still far behind me."

Updates by

“Do you dare to say that in front of him?” Zhang Ruochen asked.

“What’s there to be afraid of, even he thinks so too.”

Luo Sha snorted and said, “You know why I believe in destiny, but have no desire in joining the Fane of Destiny and become a core Scion? I don’t even care about the position of the Scioness of Destiny.”

Zhang Ruochen said, “You’ve already said this before. Becoming the Scioness of Destiny will require you to sever all feelings and desires for 1,000 years...”

“It’s all a lie. It’s just 1,000 years. For a Supreme Saint, that is not a long time. For a princess like me, who will attain godhood in the future, the time passes with a snap of the finger.” Luo Sha said.

Zhang Ruochen was speechless. He was silent for a long time before asking, “Then how many of your words before were true and how many were false?”

“Why do you care so much about whether what I said was true or false?”

A cunning light flashed in Luo Sha’s eyes and she laughed, “Do you want to know the truth and lies of the destined one for you? Don’t open your mouth yet... since you want to know so much, let me tell you,” she said. “Any of my words may be false. However Zhang Ruochen you are indeed the destined one for me. Those words are true.”

Hmph

Zhang Ruochen did not have a good impression of the Rakshasa. He had always been hostile to them.

The first time he stepped onto the Battlefield of Merits, he saw the Rakshasa roasting human flesh. That left a deep impression of disgust on him.

But he could not hate Luo Sha.

It could be that because she was too beautiful, or perhaps it was because she did not eat the flesh of humanoid creatures, and they both cultivated spiritual power, or maybe it was because Luo Sha had never done anything to hurt him.

It’s because Zhang Ruochen had a good impression of Luo Sha that he was willing to confide with her all his inner feelings like a friend.

Luo Sha saw that Zhang Ruochen was sitting there like a withered stone ignoring her, so she restrained her arrogance a little, saying, “Actually, the biggest reason is that even if I become the Scioness of Destiny for a thousand years, it won’t help me much when I become the Empress of Devala in the future. If that’s the case, why should I waste 1,000 years working for the Fane of Destiny?”

Zhang Ruochen said, “Becoming the Fane of Destiny can bring more benefits to the Rakshasa and Devala. Didn’t your father tell you about the strong relationship between them and urged you?”

“Well...”

Luo Sha rolled her eyes and smiled. “I understand now, so there is where your confusion lies.”

“What do you understand?” Zhang Ruochen looked at her calmly.

Luo Sha said, “You’re conflicted inside. Should you do what you want or what others force you to do? You want to be yourself, but inside you don’t even know what you really want.”

“When you killed Supreme Saint Manjian, you were in pain, weren’t you?”

“If you want to survive in the Infernal Court, but have to do countless things you don’t want to do, you must be in pain, right?”

“You don’t like killing, but you’ve gone further and further on the path of slaughtering. Aren’t you afraid of growing inner demons if you go against your heart?”

“Zhang Ruochen, do you feel that because of responsibilities, feelings, survival, protection... and other external reasons, you haven’t been doing things according to your heart and have become someone you don’t even know?”

“In your heart, there is a lack of perseverance... a perseverance that is worth persevering for.”

Luo Sha’s eyes were exceedingly penetrating. It almost seemed that she could see through Zhang Ruochen and force him into a corner with nowhere to go. He had to face his own heart.

For everyone... the path of cultivation required constant reflection.

It requires you to correct your own mistakes and see clearly in confusion, and also to guide yourself amid difficulties.

Luo Sha said, “My father forced me to be the Scioness of Destiny. My mother taught me countless principles and responsibilities, but I still didn’t follow the path they arranged because I have things I wanted to do and know what I want. Being the Scioness of Destiny will only bind me for a thousand years.”

“Some cultivators can stand on their own after merely reaching the Demi-Saint realm

“Some cultivators have reached the Supreme Saint realm but still don’t know what they want in the future.”

“Do you think my royal brother is okay? The Divine Prince of Devala is one of the most dazzling geniuses of the past thousand years. However, in my opinion, he is a loser. Specifically, a loser who is dragged down by the identity of the Divine Prince!”

“He could have broken through to the Thousand-Koan Realm seventy years ago and continued to advance. However, for the sake of the Celestial-Hunting Battle and Devala, he suppressed his cultivation until now.”

“Is he wrong to do that? There’s no wrong.”

“It’s because of people like him who keep giving. That’s why Devala has always been the leader of the seven great kingdoms of the Rakshasa,” she said. “But he can’t change the fact that he’s a loser. He’ll be bound by his identity all his life. There will be more things to restrict him in the future.”

“Zhang Ruochen you are the same. You didn’t want to participate in the Celestial-Hunting Battle but still came. You could have not come instead.”

Zhang Ruochen replied, “Do I have a choice?”

“Of course, you can choose, but you didn’t. If you, Zhang Ruochen, are a heartless and cold-hearted person, who can control your will? Unfortunately, you are not that kind of person. This is the source of your pain and confusion. The coldness on your face is all an act because the more unscrupulous and ruthless you act, the more you struggle and suffer.”

Luo Sha sighed. “Just like me, I fell in love with you.. a man who doesn’t love me and caused me to become more indecisive than ever. Do you think we’re doomed?”

There was a long silence.

“I understand!”

Zhang Ruochen’s solemn face suddenly relaxed.

Luo Sha said, “It’s good that you understand that I have been encumbered by you.”

Just now, Zhang Ruochen had been thinking and had a direction in mind.

There was a direction, but no answer.

Because the answer was too difficult, he still did not know it without a doubt. In other words, he did not dare to confirm the answer without further confirmation.

Pan Ruo said that he had been walking the path that others wanted him to walk.

Yes!

Zhang Ruochen was indeed confused in the past. From the moment he became the ninth prince of Yunwu Commandery, his heart had been confused. At that time, hatred was all he had.

But hatred was not a person’s future.

The future that Zhang Ruochen wanted was not necessarily to become a deity or a ruler of heaven and earth. He wanted a peaceful and tranquil world where there was no killing, no cannibalism, and no evil... where all his friends and family could live happily without all the bad things around them and live out their years fully, and all of his descendants would continue for generations.

However, this was precisely the hardest part.

His birth that was out of the ordinary meant that the life he imagined was an extravagant hope.

Wanting peace and tranquility was countless times harder than cultivating to achieve divinity.

Perhaps...

This chaotic and cruel universe needed a new order!

That’s right!

A brand new order.

To establish that new order, he had to work hard on his cultivation and become stronger.

This was a path to follow, and it was something that Zhang Ruochen had always longed for in the depths of his heart.

After thinking this through, the pain and struggle in Zhang Ruochen's heart were reduced by more than half. He felt a sense of relief and joy as if he had just gotten free from a swamp. Despite that, the path he had chosen was as difficult as ascending to heaven.

It was very likely that he would not reach the end even if he worked hard in his lifetime.

However, he was willing to keep going until the day he ushered in a new order.

Zhang Ruochen closed his eyes and immersed himself in the grand vision that he imagined. In his mind, he tried to perfect the perfect picture of the new order bit by bit to get a complete answer.

Whoosh

Gradually, Zhang Ruochen's body bloomed with an increasingly bright white light, like a saint lamp that was set alight.

Luo Sha exclaimed in surprise. She carefully observed Zhang Ruochen and found that he was currently extremely divine. There was an aura of flawless solemnity and sacred, inviolable dignity.

This scene was like when Zhang Ruochen wielded the Imperial Ruler and charged into the thousands of soldiers of the Infernal Court alone. It left a lasting impression on her heart.

Crack! Crack!

The 12 shackles in her heart broke automatically in an instant.

By now, Zhang Ruochen had broken 50 shackles.

After a long while, Zhang Ruochen opened his eyes. He raised his hand and looked at it.

Then he stood up and looked around his own body.

Then, a warm and sunny smile appeared on his face, and he said, "Thank you, Your Highness. I have benefited for life from your words today."

Luo Sha didn't think that she had helped Zhang Ruochen much. However, she was used to Zhang Ruochen's cold look and he turned so gentle and modest all of a sudden. It made her feel like she had eaten honey, all sweeten up inside. She was also about to give a modest reply.

Zhang Ruochen abruptly changed the topic, "However, there are many flaws in what you said. Forgive me that I can't agree with you blindly." He continued. "For example, I don't think it's appropriate to comment on the prince. If it weren't for his and your father's hard work, you wouldn't have the right to do as you please. As another example, if you want to be the empress, but don't want to sacrifice for Devala, why should the people of Devala submit to you?"

"Get lost!" Luo Sha replied.

Zhang Ruochen didn't continue anymore. He smiled briefly and walked out of the heptangular palace.

The moment he stepped out of the palace, the smile on his face disappeared and turned cold again.

He looked up at the pitch-black void and declared, "Only by becoming stronger can my vision become reality. and the reality I'm facing now is the cruelest."

Pan Ruo's figure could not help but appear in Zhang Ruochen's mind.

She was always like that since the beginning. She always said such harsh words and never wanted to communicate properly. However, she had pointed out the biggest flaw in Zhang Ruochen.

Half of the reason why Zhang Ruochen was able to realize enlightenment today was because of her causing him to have a realization.

Otherwise, he didn't know when the twelve locks around his heart would break.

"Sooner or later, I will tell you my answer. Now how about your answer? What is your vision and purpose of coming to the Infernal Court?" Zhang Ruochen said to himself.

...

In just three days, the cultivators of the three upper clans had broken through the layers of defense set up by the Celestial Captives. They had traveled millions of miles to reach the sky above the seventh Dark Star.

In the past three days, almost all the Celestial Captives they had killed were useless troops in the Saint King Realm.

However, the three upper clans had suffered heavy losses because of the arrays, runes, and saint technique traps that Celestial Captives had set up in advance.

Two Supreme Saints had fallen, and hundreds of them were injured.

There were more than 700 Supreme Saint Celestial Captives gathered on the seventh Dark Star. They occupied one-third of the Battlefield of Celestial-Hunting. They were a huge force that couldn't be underestimated.

If the three upper clans attacked forcefully, they would suffer heavy losses.

...

In the heptangular palace...

Zhang Ruochen and Luo Sha received the news immediately.

Luo Sha crushed the communication talisman and laughed. "This is interesting! More than 700 Supreme Saints all gathered together. The cultivators of the three upper clans must have been shocked."

"Without the Altar of Death, the battle for the three upper clans will not be easy," Zhang Ruochen said.

Luo Sha said, "The three upper clans initially thought that the Celestial Captives would be scattered in this millions of miles of dark space and could be defeated one by one. Now, all the Supreme Saint Celestial Captives are gathered together, they are unable to attack."

On the Dark Star, spiritual power and cultivation would be severely suppressed. However, that would be an advantage for the Celestial Captives instead.

One side was determined to die and wanted to drag a few people down with them.

The other side cherished their own lives and just have the will to hunt.

Once the war started, even if the three upper clans had an absolute advantage, they would suffer countless losses to vanquish the Celestial Captives on the seventh Dark Star. Thus, the three upper clans didn't dare to fight.

Luo Sha said, "If the Altar of Death is here, the three upper clans can launch a strong attack. Zhang Ruochen, I'm afraid that the monks of the three upper clans are hating you to death right now!"

Zhang Ruochen shook his head and chuckled.

Without the Altar of Death, Lord Hornless and Pan Ruo couldn't continue their drama.

What decision would Lord Hornless and Pan Ruo make next?

Zhang Ruochen asked, "Did the message you received only contain information about the Supreme Saint Celestial Captives on the Dark Star? What about the Celestial Captives in the Saint King Realm, Saint Realm, and Demi-Saint Realm?"

"Cultivators below the Supreme Saint Realm will be suppressed till they were like ordinary people on the seventh Dark Star. Once the war starts, they will be cannon fodder," Luo Sha said.

Zhang Ruochen said, "But there are many Celestial Captives below the Supreme Saint Realm. There are millions of them. One Saint King might be cannon fodder, but what about 10,000 Saint Kings working together? One saint might not be able to exert much power but what about 100,000 of them?"

Luo Sha nodded and said, "You're right. Celestial Captives below the Supreme Saint Realm are the biggest variable in this battle. But so far, the Rakshasa clan hasn't found out where they're hiding yet."

"Lord Hornless isn't an ordinary person," Zhang Ruochen said. "He's a Supreme Saint in the Banshi Isshou Realm. Since he can hide millions of Celestial Captives, he must have his reasons. We have to be careful."

Celestial Captives could die as they pleased, but the Supreme Saints of the Rakshasa and the Immortal Vampires were all precious. They were the foundation of the clan's future.

Luo Sha and Zhang Ruochen naturally had to be careful.

Luo Sha said thoughtfully, "Then let the three upper clans help us first. We'll take action after they have drawn out Lord Hornless trump card. Zhang Ruochen, why don't you accompany me to find someone?"

"Who?"

“Yan Guang of the Deathkin, the most powerful necromancer on the Battlefield of Celestial-Hunting.”

“Why do we need to find him?”

“To borrow an army from him.”

Chapter 2373: The Legion of Death?

After the Altar of Death was destroyed, there were still over a million corpses of the Celestial Captives preserved.

All the corpses were handed over to Yan Guang.

As the most talented necromancer seen in the past thousand years of the Infernal Court, Yan Guang’s spiritual power had reached level 65. As long as he had enough high-level corpses and spirits, even the top elite of the Deathkin, Supreme Saint Yuan Fei, had to be wary of him.

According to reason, Yan Guang, who was only 759 years old, should be able to retain his youth and remain young forever.

However, he was extremely old. Half of his hair was white while the other half was black.

Cultivating the Path of the Necromancers has caused his body to be severely corroded.

Over a million corpses of Celestial Captives floated in the void, stretching for hundreds of miles long and turning the place into a Sea of Corpses.

Some of the corpses were sacred beasts whose bodies were even bigger than mountains.

Some of the corpses were smaller than human bodies, resembling reptiles.

In the Sea of Corpses, clusters of bluish spectral flames floated, illuminating the pitch-black world in a ghastly and terrifying way.

Zhang Ruochen and Luo Sha stood in their respective Profound Spatial Dimensions and came to the edge of the Sea of Corpses. They restrained their aura and carefully conceal themselves.

“He could split and summon out 100,000 spiritual avatars. This Yan Guang is indeed not a simple person.”

Zhang Ruochen stared at the elderly person in the Sea of Corpses. He saw the old man holding a bone scepter and summoning numerous clones. The clones were using their fingers to constantly draw runes onto the corpses of the Celestial Captives.

“He’s drawing death talismans. With those talismans, he can control all the saint corpses by himself,” Luo Sha said.

Zhang Ruochen was shocked and replied. “The corpses here were at least Demi-saints when they were alive. There are also many Supreme Saint corpses. Even if they are dead, they can still unleash powerful battle strength.”

One person controlling an army of a million saint corpses?

The thought of it was shocking!

How powerful was the battle might that Yan Guang could unleash then?

"If I'm not wrong," Luo Sha said, "The Deathkin have lost their Altar of Death. They can only settle for the next best. Yan Guang will control the Legion of Death and act as the vanguard to charge into the Dark Star and destroy the fort made up of more than 700 Supreme Saint Celestial Captives. As long as we disrupt Lord Hornless' arrangements on the dark star, the three upper clans will have a chance to destroy all of them."

"This is likely the best plan!" Zhang Ruochen exclaimed.

Luo Sha laughed. "That's why I want to destroy their best plan and borrow this Legion of Death."

"It won't be that easy."

Zhang Ruochen pointed to the southeast edge of the Sea of Corpses and said, "See? Four Hundred-Shackle Realm Supreme Saints with 99 severed shackles are guarding there. Beside Yan Guang, that Lie Chang at the Great Perfection of the Hundred-Shackle Realm is also there."

Luo Sha said, "That's why I brought you here. With your cultivation, it's as easy as taking care of a few cats and dogs."

"It's not that easy."

Zhang Ruochen shook his head, "The armies of the three upper clans' Supreme Saints are less than a thousand miles away from here. They could arrive here at a moment's notice and even the slightest movement will alarm them. When that happens, thousands of Supreme Saints will come together. How many can your Highness defeat?"

A cunning look appeared on Luo Sha's snow-white face. "Where are the cultivators of the Immortal Vampires? How about you dispatch them to pin down the Supreme Saints of the three upper clans?"

Zhang Ruochen turned his face and stared into her eyes. "I was just about to ask your Highness where are the Supreme Saints of the Rakshasa? Don't tell me there are only dozens of Rakshasa girls following you to the seventh Dark Star?"

Luo Sha and Zhang Ruochen do not completely trust each other. They hid the cultivators from their clans in the dark and would not deploy them until the last moment.

"Then there's nothing we can do. We can only watch the three upper clans use the Legion of Death to conquer the seventh Dark Star and collect a large number of points."

Both of them covered up and did not give in to the other. Each of them did not want to be used by the other side.

After a while, Luo Sha thought of something. She blinked and said, "Don't you have a Gourd? Why don't we use the Gourd first and take away the Saint Corpses of the Celestial Captives here?"

"We can't use the Gourd for now."

Zhang Ruochen said again, "But I have another way. Moyin, come out."

Whoosh

The vines of the Saint Devourer extended from Zhang Ruochen's back like tentacles, forming the Moyin's seductive figure.

Zhang Ruochen transmitted his voice to the Moyin and gave an order.

Moyin took the order and left them.

Luo Sha stared in the direction where Moyin had left and said, "This Saint Devourer is very powerful. Zhang Ruochen, how could you let her retain the independent spirit and Saint Soul in her body? Be careful to nurture a tiger that may result in calamity for you."

"I don't need you to remind me. I know how to deal with it," Zhang Ruochen replied.

Luo Sha touched her slender chin and asked, "Where did you send her?"

"You'll find out later!" Zhang Ruochen replied.

Luo Sha looked at the Gourd on Zhang Ruochen's waist and laughed. "Are all the cultivators of the Immortal Vampires hiding in this gourd?"

Zhang Ruochen's expression didn't change, but his heart fluttered briefly.

He had to admit that Luo Sha was indeed smart. It was hard for him to keep secrets from her.

Perhaps she had guessed that the Supreme Saints of the Immortal Vampires were hiding in the Violet Gourd before she suggested using the Gourd to keep the Sea of Corpses.

Her suggestion was just to probe him.

Zhang Ruochen denied it, "You're too suspicious of me!" he said. "I don't use the Gourd to take away the Sea of Corpses because there are too many precious treasures in the Gourd. I can't just put the cultivators in without considering them. Also, Lie Chang and Yan Guang are still in the Sea of Corpses!"

Luo Sha smiled and didn't say anything.

Zhang Ruochen immediately changed the topic. "There are millions of saint corpses in the Sea of Corpses. Even if we take them away, are you confident that you can control them?"

"I can do whatever Yan Guang can do," Luo Sha said.

Time went by with every passing minute...

Yan Guang's spiritual power clones carved death talismans on each saint corpse.

"It is done!"

Yan Guang laughed with the bone scepter in his hand and withdrew his 100,000 spiritual power clones. In an instant, a cold and terrifying aura erupted from his body. Streams of cold air condensed into frost that spread for hundreds of miles.

"Rise!"

Yan Guang raised the bone scepter in his hand and chanted an incantation.

Instantly, the Silent Sea of Corpses erupted with clamoring.

All the saint corpses stood up and let out roars, killing cries, and wails. Their bodies emitted a powerful Qi of Death as they greedily absorbed the Power of Darkness released by the Dark Star.

A Legion of Death had come to life.

Lie Chang, who was standing behind Yan Guang and bearing a heavy shield, couldn't help but suck in a breath of cold air.

Originally, as an elite of the Great Perfection in the Hundred-Shackle Realm, he was quite proud and didn't take Yan Guang seriously. But at this moment, he felt the huge pressure of death.

Lie Chang said, "Lord Yan Guang is worthy of being the number one Necromancer of the past thousand years, Her Highness Pan Ruo did not misjudge him. Now, we will lead the Legion of Death to attack the seventh Dark Star and destroy all the Celestial Captives."

Yan Guang was quite proud of himself in his heart, and he said, "With this Legion of Death composed of saint corpses, who else in the Battlefield of Celestial-Hunting can match me? I want to personally chop off the head of Lord Hornless and prove to the gods that I am the most outstanding cultivator in the past thousand years."

"Congratulations, Sir!"

"In this battle, Sir Yan Guang will surely become the greatest hero of the Deathkin."

The four Supreme Saints that had broken the ninety-nine shackle of the Hundred-Shackle Realm joined together with Yan Guang and Lie Chang, and they spoke flatteringly.

In Yan Guang's heart, he was even more pleased with himself. He even felt that his position was above Supreme Saint Yuan Fei, Pan Ruo, and even Wu Jiang, just as if he had become the first person of the three upper clans.

Luo Sha looked at the Sea of Corpses and said, "Why hasn't the Saint Devourer taken action yet? If we don't act now, we won't have a chance!"

"It's coming!"

Zhang Ruochen looked up at the night sky.

In the endless darkness, a dazzling flame flew over the Sea of Corpses. It headed toward the place where the Paths were the densest thousands of miles away.

That was where the Supreme Saints of the three upper clans had gathered.

The streaks of flame were countless rocks and asteroids in the starry sky. They turned into a meteor shower.

Zhang Ruochen had learned this move from Hong Futu. He could use it to create the greatest amount of disturbance at minimum cost. This would create chaos and pin down the Supreme Saints of the three upper clans.

“Now, do it.”

Zhang Ruochen and Luo Sha rushed into the Sea of Corpses as fast as they could.

They had no choice. This place was too close to the seventh Dark Star. Its atmosphere was much more solidified than in the third Dark Star. They couldn't use the Great Dimensional Shift.

The six Supreme Saints in the Sea of Corpses immediately sensed their auras.

“Watch Out! Enemy Attack!”

Lie Chang shouted loudly. The heavy shield on his back emitted a dark light. It flew out automatically and crashed into the oncoming duo.

Bang

Zhang Ruochen hit the heavy shield with one punch, and violent waves burst out.

The surrounding saint corpses were all sent flying.

The heavy shield flew back.

Lie Chang had just caught the heavy shield when the expression on his face changed dramatically.

“This power...”

The returning heavy shield carried an overwhelming crushing force with it.

He could not control his body and flew backward, knocking countless saint corpses over and sending white bones and corpses flying everywhere.

“I'll leave them to you. As for Yan Guang, I'll take care of him.”

Luo Sha's melodious voice rang in Zhang Ruochen's ears.

“Deal with Yan Guang alone?”

Zhang Ruochen turned around abruptly and looked at Luo Sha's graceful figure. It was hard to imagine how she could take care of an elite like Yan Guang...

Could the title of the number one Necromancer be false?

Even if Yan Guang did not control the Legion of Death, Luo Sha might not even be his opponent.

Not to mention that the surrounding saint corpses controlled by Yan Guang were his home ground.

Even Zhang Ruochen wanted to end the battle quickly. Before Yan Guang activated the power of the Legion of Death, he would be the first to deal with him instead of fighting head-on.

Worried about Luo Sha, Zhang Ruochen left Lie Chang who had been pushed back, and rushed toward Yan Guang.

“Assemble a tactical formation.”

The four Hundred-Shackle Supreme Saints who had broken 99 shackles, each summoned a Regal Artifact spear. They assembled in a tactical formation and thrust their spears at Zhang Ruochen simultaneously.

The combined attack of the four people was more powerful than the full-strength attack of Supreme Saint Lie Chang.

Zhang Ruochen stretched out his left arm and casually struck out with his palm. A palm print the size of a cloud landed on the four of them.

Bang! Bang!

Bloody mist burst out from their bodies as they were sent flying like mere scarecrows.

They were shocked to the extreme. The four of them working together could not block an attack from the intruder?

Ignoring them, Zhang Ruochen flew to a place not far from Yan Guang and Luo Sha. He let out a soft exclamation.

Yan Guang and Luo Sha were ten steps apart. They looked at each other without moving. It was a very strange situation.

“What a powerful spiritual power field. Luo Sha is fighting Yan Guang’s with spiritual power.”

Zhang Ruochen stopped ten steps away. He didn’t move forward.

A spiritual power fight was very dangerous. It couldn’t be disturbed.

Lie Chang and the four injured Supreme Saints of the Hundred-Shackle Realm charged forward again. A strong Power of Death erupted from their bodies.

“How dare you trespass here. Who are you to be so bold?”

Lie Chang knew that the newcomer had profound cultivation, but with such a violent battle that had erupted here, the cultivators of the three upper clans could arrive in an instant. Naturally, they had nothing to fear.

“All of you should leave the Battlefield of Celestial-Hunting on your own accord to save your lives.” Zhang Ruochen turned around and stared at them.

Just now, Zhang Ruochen was too fast for them to see his face clearly.

Now that they had seen him clearly, they all turned pale with fear and couldn’t help but step back.

“Zhang Ruochen!”

“How could it be this killer?”

“What should we do now?”

...

Zhang Ruochen said calmly, "I'll count to three."

"One!"

"Two!"

"Three!"

As soon as he finished speaking, Zhang Ruochen raised his left arm above his head and suddenly brought it down separating the air.

His five fingers burned with divine fire.

Ten giant green dragons coiled around his five fingers and palm and roared furiously.

Before the palm print pressed down, the powerful power and heat scared the five people, including Lie Chang, so much so that their bodies trembled and could not move.

"How can he be so powerful? Is Zhang Ruochen really just a Supreme Saint of the Hundred-Shackle Realm?"

Everyone was shocked and afraid.

The five couldn't withstand the pressure and were afraid of being killed by Zhang Ruochen's palm. They shouted almost at the same moment, "I'm leaving the Battlefield of Celestial-Hunting."

Bang

Zhang Ruochen tore open a Dimensional Rift and smacked all five of them into the void and he recited, "Let the deities watching over all of you personally enter the void space to save you."

Although the space here was stable, with Zhang Ruochen's dimension attainments, he could still tear open a rift.

The power of the Mystic Eye of Myriad Realms could not cover the area where the Dark Star was. Naturally, it could not hear their voices to teleport them away from the battlefield.

Bang

Yan Guang, who was fighting with Luo Sha, spat out a mouthful of blood. His old body bent over as he coughed violently.

Luo Sha's graceful figure rushed to Yan Guang's front with a swoosh and struck his head with a palm.

Crash

Nine spiritual energy chains rushed out from her palm and entered Yan Guang's body, binding his spiritual energy and Saint Soul.

Yan Guang struggled fiercely and roared unwillingly, "No, it's impossible. I'm the number one Necromancer. My spiritual energy is strong enough to rank in the top five on the Battlefield of Celestial-Hunting. How could I lose to you?"

“Your spiritual power is indeed strong. It’s a pity that carving death talismans on millions of saint corpses consumed too much of it from you. Otherwise, I would need to spend more effort to defeat you.”

Luo Sha waved her sleeve and sent Yan Guang flying toward Zhang Ruochen like a fallen leaf. “Send him out of the battlefield,” she commanded.

Zhang Ruochen did not hesitate to shoot Yan Guang into the Dimensional Rift.

“It’s useless. I’ve set up death talismans on these saint corpses. You can’t control them. You can’t... you can’t...”

Yan Guang’s body disappeared into the void, and the Dimensional Rift closed again.

“Just because others can’t control them doesn’t mean I can’t. Calling yourself the number one Necromancer doesn’t mean you are the number one Necromancer.” Luo Sha smiled and shook her head gently.

Then, she opened her jade-white palm. Her palm was like the surface of the water, and a black lotus floated out.

It was the Dark Divinity Lotus.

The Dark Divinity Lotus was a divine level treasure that could control evil spirits. It only grew on the divine corpses and would absorb all of its power. Only then would it bloom and mature.

Zhang Ruochen, who was standing guard by the side, suddenly felt extreme danger. It was like the tip of a blade on his back or a blade against his neck. Life and death could be decided in an instant.

“Who is it?”

He suddenly turned around and looked behind him. His gaze was sharper than two divine swords.

The Realm-frame of Truth, Profound Spatial Dimension, and the Null Time Realm were all revealed in an instant, and his body burst into white divine flames.

There weren’t many people on the Battlefield of Celestial-Hunting who could still cause him to feel such a sense of danger.

Chapter 2374: A Hidden Talent Below and A Bright Genius Above

The Qi of Death and spectral flame floated and roared in the ghastly sea of corpses.

Zhang Ruochen’s body felt as if he had fallen into an ice abyss. It was so cold that his bones were about to freeze.

His eyes were intertwined with the Precepts of Truth. He scanned the saint corpses in all shapes and sizes. He wanted to pierce through the corpses, even time and space, to find the source of danger.

However, the killing intent disappeared in a flash.

It disappeared without a trace.

Luo Sha, who was emitting a charming fragrance, approached Zhang Ruochen and asked cautiously, "What's wrong?"

"He's gone! Hurry up and collect the saint corpses. We have to leave immediately," said Zhang Ruochen.

Zhang Ruochen's expression was still as solemn as ever.

Zhang Ruochen was certain that the sense of impending danger he was experiencing was not a figment of his imagination. There must be a top powerhouse hiding among the corpses, attempting to ambush and kill him.

Unfortunately, the other party did not expect that he had the Heart of Truth and amazing perception.

After being detected by Zhang Ruochen, he immediately ran away.

Luo Sha was both shocked and confused.

She had never seen Zhang Ruochen so nervous. She thought, 'Was there really a powerful figure hiding nearby just now?'

She couldn't sense anything with her level 65 spiritual power. She didn't notice any changes even after she unleashed the Profound Spatial Dimension.

How powerful was the other party to be able to be so silent?

Luo Sha had always believed that with her spiritual power achievements and that hidden trump card, she could be fearless on the Celestial-Hunting Battlefield.

At that moment, she realized that there was always someone better than her. If she did not raise her cultivation to the Great Perfection stage of the Hundred-Shackle Realm, she was still far from it.

Whoosh

Under Luo Sha's command, the Dark Divinity Lotus bloomed with divine light right away.

The entire sea of corpses was sucked into the black lotus.

An extremely alluring redness appeared on Luo Sha's snow-white face. It was obvious that she had used all her strength to do it.

This space became dark, empty, and silent again.

"Let's go!" said Zhang Ruochen.

Zhang Ruochen and Luo Sha hid in the dark space and flew away quickly.

Splash

A Nether River meandered over. The water was sometimes dark and sometimes bright.

Pan Ruo's beautiful figure stood on the Nether River. She was like a flawless spiritual flower, blooming with a beautiful scent. The pitch-black world instantly became bright because of her arrival.

She looked in the direction where Zhang Ruochen and Luo Sha had left. Her long, thin eyebrows furrowed slightly.

The Legion of Death had been taken away. The three upper clans' plan to conquer the seventh Dark Star without bloodshed had been ruined again.

There were still wisps of Qi of Death floating in the air.

Suddenly, Pan Ruo sensed something. Her pretty face, which was as calm as the surface of a lake, suddenly turned cold. She asked, "Who is it?"

A tall and thin black shadow appeared silently in the front of the Nether River.

Strangely, his body could swallow the light from the Nether River, so Pan Ruo couldn't see his figure and face clearly.

However, Pan Ruo still figured out his identity at once. She said, "Que!"

"Your Highness Pan Ruo is more shrewd than I thought. You recognized me just by showing a slight flaw. In time, when I cultivated to the Great Perfection stage of the Hundred-Shackle Realm, I will definitely amaze the world." Que said with a firm and resolute tone.

Pan Ruo said, "Are you here on purpose?"

"Actually, I'm here to find Lord Hornless and Zhang Ruochen. Lord Hornless is my biggest challenge since I came to the Battlefield of Celestial-Hunting. Zhang Ruochen is the target I have to kill no matter what," Que said.

Pan Ruo had a thought and said, "Then why didn't you attack just now?"

"I was going to attack just now, but Zhang Ruochen is more powerful than I thought. He immediately noticed my slight killing intent and never gave me any chance to sneak attack again," Que said.

Pan Ruo was even more taken aback. Que's cultivation was so profound that despite being the number one powerhouse on the list of the Hundred-Shackle Realm's Great Perfection stage, he could still conceal his identity and sneak attack and kill his opponent.

In that way, who else could he not kill?

Pan Ruo said, "With your cultivation, why do you need to sneak attack? Even if it's a head-on fight, Zhang Ruochen is definitely not your opponent."

"Zhang Ruochen is not as simple as you think. I can defeat him in a head-on confrontation, but it's difficult to kill him. Once he knows that I've come to the seventh Dark Star, it will be much more difficult to kill him," Que said.

Pan Ruo said, "So, you're giving up this opportunity for a better next opportunity?"

"Yes," said Que.

"I need Your Highness' help to create the next opportunity," he continued.

"Why should I help you?" Pan Ruo asked.

“Zhang Ruochen’s cultivation has improved too quickly. It has reached an unprecedented level. Now, his strength has entered the top ranks. Only a few people are qualified to kill him on the entire Battlefield of Celestial-Hunting. And I’m the most qualified one,” said Que.

Que’s tone was calm with a hint of supreme aura. He continued, “If Your Highness wants to become the Scioness, your biggest threat is not Pink Skull, but Lady Wind. So, you have to kill Zhang Ruochen.

“Once Zhang Ruochen dies, the Immortal Vampires will be exterminated, and Lady Wind will be thrown into the abyss.

“We can’t let Zhang Ruochen continue cultivating. Otherwise, if he is successful, no one will be able to stop him.”

It was obvious that Zhang Ruochen posed a significant threat to him after receiving such a high evaluation from the number one powerhouse on the list of the Hundred-Shackle Realm’s Great Perfection stage. He wanted to get rid of him as soon as possible.

Pan Ruo’s emotions surged, but she remained calm. “That’s right. Zhang Ruochen is our common enemy. The three upper clans have suffered heavy losses because of him. Tell me, how can I help you create an opportunity?”

Whoosh

The tall and thin black shadow on the other side swallowed all the darkness around him and formed a man in black armor.

He looked ordinary and sallow.

It was hard for anyone to link him to Que.

It was unknown whether his current appearance was his true form.

Que stepped into the Nether River and stood beside Pan Ruo’s magnificent figure, he said in a low voice, “From now on, I will be a Supreme Saint-level guardian by your side. When the war breaks out, I will look for the best opportunity to surprise Zhang Ruochen and Lord Hornless and give them a fatal blow.”

Pan Ruo looked at the man in front of her carefully and said, “I can’t see any flaws in your qi-restraining technique, Mr. Que. However, it may not be able to fool a superior of Zhang Ruochen’s level.”

“As long as Your Highness’ Door of Trueself can block the detection from Zhang Ruochen’s Path of Truth, he won’t be able to find any clues,” Que said.

Pan Ruo’s expression was as usual, but she sighed in her heart. Que was too dangerous. He clearly had the absolute advantage, but he was still unscrupulous.

If Que plotted to kill someone, that person would probably die.

“With Mr. Que’s support, my position as Scioness is already within reach.”

Pan Ruo said with a smile. Her smile was beautiful, sacred, and mysterious. It had an alluring bearing that could topple all living things.

However, Que's will was astonishing. Standing so close to her, he was not affected by her beauty and temperament. It was as if no external force could shake him.

Only this kind of strong willpower could condense a Grade Two Saintwill.

Even if the Saintwill was incomplete.

BANG!

A streak of lightning tore through the darkness and approached from afar.

The lightning flew in front of Pan Ruo and condensed into Wujiang's handsome and extraordinary figure.

His entire body emitted a dark ray. The violent and heavy power on his body surged in all directions like a tidal wave, exploding with a terrifying aura capable of killing gods and demons.

This was the result of achieving a great breakthrough in cultivation, but not being able to perfectly control the new power.

Both Pan Ruo and Que looked at Wujiang.

The number of precepts in Wujiang had increased greatly. It had broken through ten billion precepts. The fatal injury from the battle with Zhang Ruochen had also healed.

Wujiang took a deep breath. His eyes shone with fervent and malicious light. He said, "It's Zhang Ruochen's presence. He came here just now."

"He was here. He destroyed The Altar of Death and took the Celestial Captives' saint corpses," Pan Ruo said.

"Since I'm here," Wujiang said, "He'll have to pay a heavy price for everything he's done. He will pay for the humiliation last time."

Que, who was standing on the side, glanced at Wujiang indifferently.

Wujiang sensed him and immediately stared at him.

Pan Ruo knew that Wujiang's spiritual power had reached level 66. On the Battlefield of Celestial-Hunting, almost no one could compare to it. She was worried that he would discover Que's true identity.

"Who are you?" Wujiang's tone was filled with hostility.

Because Wujiang had never seen Pan Ruo alone with another man, and so close to him.

Wujiang wondered, 'How could this person enter Pan Ruo's Nether River?'

The Nether River was Pan Ruo's defense. If one was not absolutely trusted, they would not be able to enter.

Que was silent.

Pan Ruo said, "He is a hidden powerhouse that I invited. He can play an important role in attacking the seventh Dark Star this time."

“Almost all of the powerhouses on the Battlefield of Celestial-Hunting are on the list of those who achieved the Great Perfection stage of the Hundred-Shackle Realm. What other hidden powerhouses can there be?”

Wujiang stared at Que. There was disdain and provocation in his eyes. He said, “Since I’m here, I can destroy the seventh Dark Star in an instant. Why do I need the help of an outsider?”

Pan Ruo wondered if she should tell Wujiang about Que’s identity.

Que shook his head to signal at Pan Ruo. He transmitted his voice to her and said, “Only by deceiving Wujiang can we deceive Zhang Ruochen and Lord Hornless.”

Pan Ruo said, “Is the Ten Thousand Hands Supreme Saint confident of conquering the seventh Dark Star?”

“I have already obtained half of the opportunity of the Nether Clan’s home planet. Not only have my injuries healed, but my cultivation has also improved. I came to the seventh Dark Star to devour Lord Hornless so that I can break through to the Thousand-Koan Realm and take the other half of the chance,” Wujiang said.

It was not that they could not break through to the Thousand-Koan Realm on the Battlefield of Celestial-Hunting.

There were three reasons why those Supreme Saints at the Great Perfection stage of the Hundred-Shackle Realm did not breakthrough.

First, they had to suppress their realms and fuse with a stronger Saintwill. They had to accumulate more precepts so that they could cultivate to their best state.

Only in this manner could they gain access to the Thousand-Koan Realm and reap greater benefits.

Second, not every Supreme Saint at the Great Perfection stage of the Hundred-Shackle Realm could break through to the Thousand-Koan Realm. The threshold of the cultivation realm was enough to stop many cultivators who wanted to breakthrough.

Third, and most importantly, every Supreme Saint at the Great Perfection stage of the Hundred-Shackle Realm had to enter seclusion to break through to the Thousand-Koan Realm. If the time was shorter, it would generally take two to three years. It could even take a hundred years if the time was longer.

The Battle of Celestial-Hunting only last for a hundred days, it would not be enough for one to enter seclusion to breakthrough.

Wujiang knew that he absolutely couldn’t fuse a Grade Two Saintwill, and he didn’t want to waste any more time, so he planned to break through immediately. Then, he would sweep across the Battlefield of Celestial-Hunting to maximize the benefits.

He’d already spent a long time in the Hundred-Shackle Realm’s Great Perfection stage, and he was only one step away from the Thousand-Koan Realm.

If he could use the Path of Darkness to devour Lord Hornless, it was entirely possible to break through the realm in an instant and save years of seclusion.

“You took half of the opportunities?” asked Que.

Que finally carefully observed Wujiang.

Wujiang revealed an unhappy expression and said, “Is there a place for you to speak here?”

SWOOSH!

Wujiang’s right hand clenched his claws and turned into a ray of black light. He rushed in front of Que like lightning.

As Wujiang attacked, numerous claw shadows appeared and sealed off all of Que’s paths of retreat. At the same time, the claw prints released a dark power that sucked everything out of the surrounding space.

However, Wujiang’s claw missed Que.

Que’s figure stood on the other side of the Nether River and said, “Your cultivation has indeed improved a lot. However, it’s still impossible to devour a Banshi Isshou Realm Supreme Saint. Be careful that you don’t choke yourself to death.”

A look of disbelief appeared in Wujiang’s eyes as he looked at Que in a daze.

After coming out from the Nether Clan’s home planet, Wujiang had great confidence in himself. Even if he did not break through to the Thousand-Koan Realm, he would still be invincible in the Battlefield of Celestial-Hunting. At least, the likes of Luo Shengtian and Yan Huangtu would definitely not be his match.

But now, a nameless person could actually dodge Wujiang’s claws.

Although Wujiang didn’t use his full strength, he just wanted to test his opponent’s strength.

“Again,” said Wujiang.

Wujiang, undeterred, gathered his strength and prepared to launch another attack.

“Stop!” Pan Ruo shouted.

Pan Ruo stopped between them, she advised, “Zhang Ruochen and Luo Sha appearing here at the same time means that the Immortal Vampires and the Rakshasa have formed an alliance. The army of the two races has probably come to the seventh Dark Star to snatch points. So, the most important thing now is to destroy the Celestial Captives first.”

Wujiang’s eyes were still fixed on Que. He restrained his power and said, “I only used 50% of my speed just now. You might not be my match if I used all of my strength.”

“Let’s go to the Dark Star first,” said Wujiang.

Wujiang took off on his own. He gathered with the Nether Clan’s Supreme Saints a moment later. They were only a few tens of thousands of feet from the Dark Star.

Wujiang was energized at the time, and Nether Qi was gushing from his body.

The auras of the cultivators of the three upper clans were activated when Wujiang arrived.

“The Ten Thousand Hands Supreme Saint is here!”

“The Ten Thousand Hands Supreme Saint’s might is so terrifying. I wonder how much his cultivation has improved.”

“Finally, there’s someone who can stop Lord Hornless.”

...

Wujiang took out the Supreme Artifact, Myriad Curse Bead. He held it in his palm and shouted, “All the Supreme Saints of the Nether Clan, listen up. Together with me, we will activate the beads and unleash the Blood-devouring Curse. We will curse and kill all the living beings on the Dark Star.

Chapter 2375: A Heavy Loss

Wujiang’s hands released the Myriad Curse Bead, which floated hundreds of meters away.

Whoosh

Hundreds of Supreme Saints of the Nether Clan stood behind Wujiang in different directions. They were like the divines from the heavens, channeling the Nether Qi with all their might. They shot out from their hands and turned into beams of light that poured into the Myriad Curse Bead.

In an instant.

The Myriad Curse Bead exploded with an extremely dazzling light that illuminated ten thousand miles of space.

At the same time, the Supreme Saints of the Nether Clan, led by Wujiang, chanted the Blood-devouring Curse in unison.

The Blood-devouring Curse was one of the six most terrifying curses of the Nether Clan. It could silently sip away the blood of all living beings and turn them into dry corpses.

Most of the Supreme Saint Celestial Captives on the seventh Dark Star were living beings full of blood qi.

At that moment, they were horrified to find that their bodies were rapidly shriveling up. They were getting weaker and weaker. The blood in their bodies was flowing out of their control. However, they didn’t know where they had lost it.

“The Blood-devouring Curse! It’s the Blood-devouring Curse...”

“We can’t resist it at all. We can only wait for death. This curse is the nemesis of all living beings with blood qi... ah... I can’t accept this... I can’t just die like this...”

All the Supreme Saint Celestial Captives fell into panic.

The Supreme Saints of the Stone Clan and the Deathkin were all shocked when they saw what happened.

Supreme Saint Yuan Fei sighed, "The Blood-devouring Curse is the best way to kill the Celestial Captives. It seems like all the points here will be taken by the Nether Clan."

"Wujiang's cultivation base is higher than before. Otherwise, he wouldn't be able to control the Myriad Curse Bead, which is supported by hundreds of Supreme Saints," another Supreme Saint of the Deathkin said.

Supreme Saint Yuan Fei nodded and said, "Wujiang's cultivation level has reached its peak. No one can stop him."

Wujiang's current cultivation level was the level that Supreme Saint Yuan Fei had always dreamed of reaching.

Unfortunately, there was still a gap between humans.

Just the physique of Wujiang's myriad hands and eyes was two to three levels lower than Supreme Saint Yuan Fei. Furthermore, Wujiang's master was an extremely great existence in the Nether Hall, which made Supreme Saint Yuan Fei unattainable.

Thinking of this, Supreme Saint Yuan Fei sighed again.

Whoosh

A five-colored light appeared on the Dark Star and formed a circle that spread out in all directions.

The Supreme Saint Celestial Captives attacked one after another and injected the power in their bodies into the five-colored circle.

The five-colored circle became brighter and brighter as it released the Supreme Power. The entire space started to boil.

"Why are there fluctuations of Supreme Power?"

"Don't tell me that the Celestial Captives can control a Supreme Artifact?"

The expressions of the cultivators from the three upper clans changed.

Swoosh

A five-colored Saint Sword flew out of the circle and slashed toward the Myriad Curse Bead.

The tip of the sword clashed with the bead.

BOOM!

Hundreds of Nether Clan Supreme Saints all trembled and were sent flying.

Among them, Wujiang, who controlled the Myriad Curse Bead, let out a muffled sound. His face turned pale and he was sent flying more than ten miles away.

A violent wave of Supreme Power swept across hundreds of miles, forcing the Supreme Saints of the Deathkin and Stone Clan to fend for themselves.

"It's the Pentastone Sword!"

“How could the Pentastone Sword of the number one powerhouse of the Stone Clan be snatched away by the Celestial Captives?”

“The Pentastone Sword belongs to Lord Lei. How... how could it be on the other’s hand? That’s not possible, absolutely impossible.”

...

Hundreds of Celestial Captives flew out of the Dark Star and charged toward the cultivators of the three upper clans, who were stunned and in a state of chaos.

These Celestial Captives had ferocious expressions and their eyes were filled with killing intent. They were burning their lifeforce and bursting out with extreme speed.

Pan Ruo, who had just returned, stood on the Nether River and witnessed everything. She immediately shouted, “Retreat! Retreat quickly and distance yourself. They are going to self-detonate their Sainthood Source and perish together with you.”

The Supreme Saints of the three upper clans were all pale with fright.

Some of them ran away in panic.

Some of them released their spiritual power in an attempt to suppress the spiritual will of the Celestial Captives and stop them from self-destructing. Unfortunately, the spiritual power released was dispersed by the sword Qi from the Pentastone Sword.

“It’s too late! Today, all of you will die... Haha...”

“If you want to die, we will die together.”

“If the Infernal Court wants to kill us all, we can only die together.”

Dozens of Celestial Captives laughed crazily and charged into the area where the Supreme Saints of the three upper clans gathered.

Rumble

Earth-shattering sounds rang out.

Their Sainthood Source and Neverwither physique exploded at the same time, releasing dozens of destructive powers.

From afar, they looked like fireworks in the night sky. They illuminated the pitch-black world like it was daytime. It was brilliant and beautiful.

The terrifying qi spread thousands of miles away.

3,000 miles away, Zhang Ruochen and Luo Sha stood. The layers of shock waves continued to jolt them. They couldn’t standstill. “Search our n?wno?el.?rg”The energy in the center of the self-detonation was probably very concentrated.

“Wujiang was too rash. Attacking the seventh Dark Star so aggressively and forcing Celestial Captives into a desperate situation would backfire. Perhaps the boiled frog effect might be a better solution.”

Luo Sha sighed. She felt that it wasn't worth it for those Supreme Saints of the Infernal Court who had died tragically.

It was Wujiang's wrong decision that had killed them.

Dozens of Supreme Saints had self-detonated at the same time. The impact of the detonation was too powerful. At that moment, the center area was still in chaos. All kinds of power interweaved, and lightning and fire filled the air.

Zhang Ruochen said, "Wujiang underestimated Celestial Captive's strength and determination. It was too easy for him to destroy more than 700 Supreme Saints. Also..."

After a moment of silence, he said, "How did the Pentastone Sword fall into the hands of Lord Hornless?"

The person controlling the Pentastone Sword must have been Lord Hornless.

Other Celestial Captives couldn't control such a powerful force.

Luo Sha frowned deeply and said, "Even the Pentastone Sword has been lost. I'm afraid Lord Lei is doomed. This is a big trouble!"

That's right.

Big trouble!

Lord Hornless was the Banshi Isshou Realm powerhouse. In the Battlefield of Celestial-Hunting, no one could defeat him.

With an additional Supreme Artifact, it was as if his power got redoubled.

Who would dare to provoke him?

There was a tragic scene in the dark space not far from the seventh Dark Star. More than 200 Supreme Saints from the three upper clans were present. As they floated in the void, their bodies were incomplete.

The Supreme Saints of the Nether Clan suffered the most losses because they were the closest to the Dark Star.

Some of the Supreme Saints of the Stone Clan had their bodies shattered into pieces of stone. Some of the Supreme Saints of the Nether Clan had their immortal bodies explode and turn into a ball of dark gas. Some of the Supreme Saints of the Deathkin only had one arm and one head left.

"The Scroll of Truth and Deceit!"

Supreme Saint Yuan Fei immediately unfurled the Supreme Artifact of the Deathkin and turned it into a thousand-mile scroll. It enveloped all the Supreme Saints of the Infernal Court to prevent the Celestial Captives from launching a second suicidal attack.

The other Supreme Saints of the Hundred-Shackle Realm were all on high alert. They escaped from the area where the Celestial Captive self-destructed and were almost unharmed.

They all held up their Regal Artifacts and formed a defensive force at that point.

The vitality of a Supreme Saint was strong, especially a Hundred-Shackle Realm Supreme Saint. Even if their Neverwilt physique was shattered, they would not die and their cultivation would not drop to the Saint King Realm.

There were only thirty-four Supreme Saints from the three upper clans who were killed by the Celestial Captives' self-explosion.

The stone fragments floating in the void slowly gathered together and formed a stone body once again.

Balls of black Nether Qi also started to gather under the control of the Sainthood Source, forming the outline of a human.

Tentacles grew out of one of the heads of the Deathkin Supreme Saint, forming a neck, chest, hands, and legs. Gradually, they formed a complete body.

Of course, they had suffered such serious injuries. They couldn't recover completely in a short time.

Wujiang looked at the shocking scene in front of him. His eyes lost focus. Then, he revealed a furious expression again. "Such a hateful group of prey. I'll kill all of you."

Losing to Zhang Ruochen had made a huge flaw in Wujiang's state of mind. He couldn't calm down.

Wujiang's cultivation had improved greatly this time. He thought he could sweep through the Battlefield of Celestial-Hunting, but he'd already suffered so much in the first battle. His emotions were naturally even more extreme.

Splash

The water of the Nether River swept over and stopped Wujiang, who wanted to charge into the Dark Star alone.

Wujiang looked back. His gaze fell on Pan Ruo and said, "Let me go. I want to avenge the dead cultivator."

"Calm down first. Lord Hornless is in control of the Supreme Artifact and hundreds of Supreme Saint Celestial Captives are gathered on the Dark Star. If you go now, it will be suicide," said Pan Ruo

Pan Ruo's tone was cold. She mobilized the Power of Destiny to help Wujiang control his emotions.

Supreme Saint Yuan Fei and Que Fei rushed over. Both of their eyes were filled with dissatisfaction.

The fact that the Celestial Captives were able to cause such a huge loss to the three upper clans meant that they had to bear the main responsibility for their recklessness.

Supreme Saint Yuan Fei advised, "The most important thing for us to do now is to stabilize our position so that we won't be attacked by the Celestial Captives."

"Not good!"

The four of them sensed danger at the same time. All of them looked behind them.

A meteor shower tore through the dark space and flew towards the 200 or so three upper clans Supreme Saints who had just reformed their saint physiques.

Looking closely, the meteor shower was actually over a million stone swords.

The stone swords were covered with a layer of sacred light.

If this wave of attacks hit, the 200 or so Supreme Saints, who were already heavily injured and extremely weak, would most likely be wiped out. It would be an unbearable pain to the entire three upper clans.

Supreme Saint Yuan Fei and the others' defensive measures were mainly placed on the edge facing the Dark Star. Who would have thought that such a powerful attack would suddenly erupt from behind?

Everyone's faces were extremely pale.

Wujiang was indeed worthy of being a level 66 spiritual power powerhouse. He was the first to notice the rain of stone swords and displayed the reaction speed of a top-notch powerhouse. He rushed over immediately.

"Nether Domain."

"Netherdeus."

The Nether Qi from Wujiang's body spread out for hundreds of miles, revealing the Nether Domain. The black palace, the blood stone walls, the white bone divine mountain... it was as if an ancient Nether kingdom appeared under his feet.

At the same time, the phantom of the Netherdeus rose up and collided with millions of stone swords.

Everyone was shocked and forgot to rush to help.

3,000 miles away, Zhang Ruochen and Luo Sha were also slightly absent-minded.

"Where did these stone swords come from? Which force did it?" Zhang Ruochen asked.

Dense Precepts of Truth appeared in Zhang Ruochen's eyes. He looked in the direction where the stone swords flew.

Luo Sha said, "Wujiang must be crazy! He's alone against millions of stone swords. The swords can chop him into ashes."

BOOM!

Millions of stone swords smashed Wujiang's Nether Domain into pieces. Then, they exploded the phantom of Netherdeus.

Wujiang's body turned into a 9-meter-wide black hole.

Any stone sword that hit the black hole immediately disappeared.

However, more rain of stone swords continued to fly towards the 200 or so Infernal Court Supreme Saints who had just formed their saint physiques.

Luckily, Wujiang was able to stall for time. Pan Ruo controlled the Nether River to flow over quickly and swept the 200 Supreme Saints away from the danger zone.

After the rain of stone swords flew past, the black hole could no longer withstand it. It exploded and shot out tens of thousands of stone swords.

CRACK!

Wujiang stood during the tumultuous Power of Darkness. He spit blood out of his mouth. His body was splattered with blood. "I will try my hardest to make up for my mistake," he panted heavily.

...

Luo Sha shook her head and said, "Impossible. How can Wujiang withstand this wave of attacks? There must be a problem. There must be."

"His Nether Domain is more than twice as powerful as before, especially its defensive power." Zhang Ruochen commented.

Zhang Ruochen had fought with Wujiang before. He knew more than Luo Sha and could see through its hidden power.

When Wujiang manifested the Nether Domain just now, Zhang Ruochen had a completely different feeling from the last time he fought.

Last time, Wujiang had only manifested the Nether Domain.

This time, it was as if the real Nether Domain had appeared.

This feeling was as if the Realm-frame of Truth had transformed from the "Shoreless Star Ocean" to the "Boundless Universe".

The Nether Domain was a strange phenomenon formed when Wujiang cultivated one of the eight volumes, the Nether Domain volume of the Nether Scrolls. During this period, it must have undergone a qualitative change, which could increase Wujiang's battle strength and defense, it was even more powerful.

"The opportunity Wujiang received in the home planet of the Nether Clan must be related to this. It has improved his understanding of the Nether Scrolls. I just don't know what is new in his Nether Domain."

Luo Sha looked thoughtful. Her red lips curled up slightly. It was unknown what she was up to.

"The three upper clans have stabilized their formation. It's hard for the Celestial Captives to take advantage of this. Next, they'll probably fight a long battle," Zhang Ruochen said.

"With Pan Ruo's intelligence, she'll definitely take the strategy of encircling and then attacking from afar. In this way, she'll drag Celestial Captives to their death. After all, there's no Saint Qi of heaven and earth, saint stones, or Godstones on the Dark Star."

It was obvious that among the three upper clans, Luo Sha only looked up to Pan Ruo and regarded her as the biggest opponent of her generation.

As for the likes of Wujiang and Supreme Saint Yuan Fei, they were both power-type cultivators and her royal brother should deal with them.

“Do you think Lord Hornless would be trapped on the Dark Star so easily without considering this?” Zhang Ruochen asked.

Luo Sha immediately understood and said, “You mean...”

Zhang Ruochen’s hand pointed in the direction where the millions of stone swords had flown.

Chapter 2376: Snowpetra

There were more than 700 Supreme Saint-level Celestial Captives on the seventh Dark Star.

One could imagine the number of Celestial Captives below the Supreme Saint-level in this galaxy. The Rakshasas and the three upper clans had yet to find any of their tracks, making them a huge variable.

Just now, their tracks were finally discovered.

The one million stone swords that attacked the cultivators of the three upper clans were not very powerful. However, each stone sword gave off a different aura.

If it wasn’t an attack from the Celestial Captives, who were below the Supreme Saint Realm, Zhang Ruochen really couldn’t think of a second possibility.

Zhang Ruochen spread out his ten golden wings and was about to burst out to track down the Celestial Captives.

“Hey, are you trying to do this alone? Aren’t you afraid of ending up like the Nether Clan? Shouldn’t we continue to work together?” Luo Sha called out in a clear and beautiful voice.

Zhang Ruochen turned around and asked, “Your Highness, what do you mean?”

Luo Sha pursed her lips and snorted. She reached out a small hand that was as fair as snow and said, “Take me with you.”

Zhang Ruochen looked down at her flawless hand.

It was a hand that countless cultivators in the Infernal Court dreamed of holding. Her forearm was crystal clear, and her fingers were long and slender. Her skin gave off a faint fluorescent light. It didn’t look like a hand. It was like a work of art carved by a god using saint jade.

“Let’s go!” said Zhang Ruochen.

Zhang Ruochen grabbed Luo Sha’s wrist, which was slightly cold. Her skin was delicate and smooth. He spread out his ten golden wings and burst out with extreme speed. He turned into a streak of golden light and rushed in the direction of the stone sword.

Zhang Ruochen was so fast that thousands of Thousand-Koan Supreme Saints could not catch up with him.

Luo Sha didn't seem to care about locating the Celestial Captives at all. Her beautiful eyes were fixed on Zhang Ruochen's chiseled profile, whether it was his cold eyes, straight as a mountain nose bridge, or tightly pursed lips that made her heartstrings tremble.

'What a lovely man. How could I have met you in my life? For I am so noble, so beautiful, so talented, and so free. How could I be trapped in a love net like other shy women?' Luo Sha thought and sighed softly.

Of course, Zhang Ruochen could feel the fiery love in Luo Sha's eyes. He spoke in a ruthless tone, "Your Highness is a very intelligent person. You should understand how absurd it is to decide your own feelings because of an illusory prophecy."

"Who said it's just because of a prophecy? I really like you. I like you from the bottom of my heart," Luo Sha argued.

Zhang Ruochen didn't know if Luo Sha's words were true or false. After a moment of silence, he said, "Then you'd better control your feelings because we're not meant for each other."

Luo Sha's eyes darkened slightly. She could no longer tell.

That's right!

They were destined to never be together.

Luo Sha and Zhang Ruochen were too special.

Luo Sha could be stubborn and do whatever she wanted. But her father would never agree to this, and the royal family of Devala would also strongly oppose it.

At the same time, it also included Zhang Ruochen's heart.

Luo Sha knew Zhang Ruochen better than the gods of the Infernal Court. He was too hostile to the Infernal Court. To be more specific, "Search our n?wn0?el.?rg" it was his beliefs that clashed with the Infernal Court.

Zhang Ruochen despised the fact that the Infernal Court only knew about killing and destroying.

Zhang Ruochen desired that all things in the universe awaken, become vibrant, and live in harmony. He desired for life to become more exciting, civilization to become more brilliant, and the world to become more prosperous.

Zhang Ruochen had been through every battle and slaughter to save others since the day they met. He had not killed for the sake of killing, but of destroying.

What the ten clans of Infernal Court had done was contrary to Zhang Ruochen's firm belief.

It was destined that Zhang Ruochen would not be able to integrate into the Infernal Court. What he was doing now could not be his original intention.

For some reason, the more Luo Sha thought about it, the more her heart hurt. There was no longer a trace of joy. She wanted to break free from Zhang Ruochen's grasp.

Finally, Luo Sha asked, "Have you killed any innocent people?"

Zhang Ruochen did not understand why Luo Sha suddenly asked such a question. He answered expressionlessly, "Yes."

Luo Sha asked again, "Have you ever killed for the sake of killing?"

"I haven't reached the Thousand-Koan Realm yet. Why is everyone asking me all kinds of questions?" Zhang Ruochen asked.

Luo Sha said, "Answer me first."

Zhang Ruochen thought for a long time and kept thinking about the past. He said, "Yes."

Luo Sha looked surprised. She said, "Why? A good person like you has done so many things against your will. Can you pass the Thousand-Koan and Banshi Isshou test?"

"Do you know what my heart is made of?" Zhang Ruochen asked.

Zhang Ruochen stared into her eyes. He lowered his voice and said, "Sometimes, even I'm confused."

Zhang Ruochen went into deep thought during the following period. He had to admit that Luo Sha had dug up things he didn't care about before, causing him a lot of trouble.

His mind was full of distracting thoughts.

Luo Sha stared at him. Although he looked calm on the surface, he sometimes frowned and sometimes was confused. She could not bear to see him continue to be so distressed, she said, "I don't know what you've experienced in the past. However, the Zhang Ruochen I know has always been an extremely determined and strong-hearted person. I believe that you've found the path you want to take next. You won't be as confused as before."

This was a simple sentence, but it made Zhang Ruochen's heart skip a beat.

It was unusual and heartwarming to hear such a sentence from a woman who had been hurt by him numerous times. What he lacked the most since he was a child were encouragement and recognition.

What a child needed made Zhang Ruochen extremely touched.

Because no one had ever treated him like a child.

It only made him stronger and stronger.

"Instead of spending so much time studying me, you should think more about your own heart. The right person... if you keep saying that, you will only look as ridiculous as a child." said Zhang Ruochen.

Zhang Ruochen's eyes were cold. He quickly collected his emotions and released his spiritual power to explore the area he had flown past, not letting go of any clues.

"You can keep pretending," Luo Sha muttered to herself.

The Dark Star suppressed spiritual power greatly.

Even with Zhang Ruochen and Luo Sha's 65th-level spiritual power, they could only explore extremely small areas. Therefore, it took them half a day to find the tracks left by the Celestial Captives in the empty space of the universe.

Luo Sha mobilized the evil energy and moved a giant rock to her side. She sensed the aura on it and said, "They've left and hidden again."

Zhang Ruochen said, "We can only explore a radius of 100 miles at one time. The Celestial Captives can hide in an area of millions of miles. It is almost impossible to find them in less than 10 years."

Luo Sha nodded and said, "Besides, it will be more difficult to find them if they keep moving."

Zhang Ruochen pressed his hands to his temples and activated the Precept of Truth in his eyes.

Swoosh

His eyes opened and burst out a bright light like the stars.

Even if the space was filled with Power of Darkness, he could see thousands of miles away with the Eye of Truth. The Cloaking Array and barrier could not hide from his eyes.

After looking in all six directions, Zhang Ruochen closed his aching eyes and said, "They have left this area."

"This is bad! No one knows which direction they are going. If we pursue in the wrong direction, they will only go further and further away." said Luo Sha as she shook her head lightly.

Zhang Ruochen and Luo Sha were well aware that, in comparison to Lord Hornless on the Dark Star, the group of Celestial Captives below the Supreme Saint Realm would be much easier to eliminate.

Furthermore, there were tens of millions of points worth of Celestial Captives below the Supreme Saint Realm.

They were no less than the 700 Supreme Saint Celestial Captives on the Dark Star in terms of points.

Zhang Ruochen and Luo Sha would win more than half of the Battle of Merit if the Celestial Captives were discovered.

Zhang Ruochen's pupils were dilated and he said, "Go find them. We have to find them."

Zhang Ruochen had to take first place in the Battle of Celestial-Hunting no matter what.

Whoosh

Zhang Ruochen released tens of thousands of Spirits and condensed them into shadows. Like a swarm of bees leaving a nest, they flew in all directions.

"The environment here is special. Once your shadows flew a hundred miles away, your body would lose its perception and control over the shadows. Even if you are killed, you won't know who attacked you," Luo Sha reminded him.

Luo Sha didn't release her Spirit shadows because she wanted to control The Legion of Death in the Dark Divinity Lotus.

Zhang Ruochen nodded, "I understand what you mean," he said. "But I'll retract my shadow at a certain time. If one of the shadows doesn't come back, it means something's wrong. This way, at least we'll know which direction to go."

This was a long pursuit and retrieval, which tested Zhang Ruochen's endurance and perseverance.

Three days had passed, and Zhang Ruochen had lost 200 Spirits, but he still could not catch up with the Celestial Captives.

When he retrieved his Spirits, one of the shadows came back with Lord Bladehell and a Saint King Celestial Captive.

They met on the way.

Zhang Ruochen remembered the Saint King Celestial Captive. He was a cultivator from the Southern Sword Realm.

Lord Bladehell smiled and said, "You must be looking for the Celestial Captives below the Supreme Saints on the seventh Dark Star, aren't you?"

"It seems that you have good news," Zhang Ruochen said.

Lord Bladehell glanced at Luo Sha and said warily, "Your Highness is here as well."

Zhang Ruochen said, "The Celestial Captives on the seventh Dark Star are powerful, and the three upper clans are involved. So, I have formed an alliance with the princess. The Immortal Vampires and the Rakshasas will kill the Celestial Captives together. We are on the same side. There is nothing to hide."

Lord Bladehell laughed, "I was worried that it would be risky to kill the Celestial Captives with only the Immortal Vampires. Now with the princess leading the Rakshasas as our support, the chances are much higher!"

Lord Bladehell gestured to the scrawny Saint King Celestial Captive.

The Saint King Celestial Captive was too scared to look up at Zhang Ruochen and Luo Sha. He said in a trembling voice, "We've found the location of the Celestial Captives. Supreme Saint Ruochen, please don't forget your promise."

The Celestial Captives had no relationship other than being prisoners.

Other Celestial Captives, in the eyes of the cultivators of the Southern Sword Realm, were no different than cultivators of the Infernal Court.

That was why it was normal for the Celestial Captives of the Southern Sword Realm to sell them out to save hundreds of millions of lives in their homeworld.

The Saint King Celestial Captive flew more than 100,000 miles with Zhang Ruochen, Lord Bladehell, and Luo Sha. Then he slowed down and stopped.

Zhang Ruochen looked around and asked, "Have we arrived?"

"We've reached the nearby area," said the Saint King Celestial Captive.

Luo Sha smiled and said, "It seems that we've been chasing in the right direction. We're so close to them."

Lord Bladehell activated his blood-red aura. His golden hair became brighter and his eyes turned blood-red. He locked his eyes on a pitch-black asteroid thousands of miles away.

The asteroid was a hundred miles long, and its color was extremely dark. It looked like a crouching turtle.

The Saint King Celestial Captive still lowered his head and pointed at the asteroid. He said, "They're hiding there! There's a very strong Cloaking Array on the asteroid."

"The Celestial Captives' spiritual power is sealed. How can they set up an array?" Lord Bladehell asked.

The Saint King Celestial Captive said, "They used Saint Blood to carve the array."

Zhang Ruochen stared at Luo Sha and asked, "Where are the Rakshasa cultivators?"

"I've sent a message to them. They're on their way," Luo Sha said.

The asteroid that had been motionless suddenly moved slowly.

It became faster and faster.

Lord Bladehell's face changed. He asked, "What's going on? Did they sense something? Are they trying to escape?"

The hundred-mile-long asteroid reached the speed of sound within a few breaths.

It was getting faster by the second.

The Saint King Celestial Captive was panicking. He said, "Once that asteroid is fully activated by the cultivators on it, its speed can reach a hundred times the speed of sound. It can travel a thousand miles in an instant. At that time, I won't be able to find it."

"It can even travel at 100 times the speed of sound in the area where the Dark Star is," said Lord Bladehell.

Zhang Ruochen spread out his ten golden wings, and his body emitted a dazzling light. He was about to catch up.

"Wait a moment."

Luo Sha stopped Zhang Ruochen, but his eyes were fixed on Saint King Celestial Captive, who had his head lowered. She said, "Be careful of any tricks. Don't fall into the Celestial Captive's trap."

"Your Highness, you are indeed worthy of being the brains of the current generation of the Devala. You made the correct decision. I almost missed it. The Celestial Captives despise the cultivators of the Infernal Court. He might not work for us wholeheartedly."

Lord Bladehell walked in front of the Saint King Celestial Captive and pointed his finger at his glabella. He injected a stream of spiritual power into it to retrieve his memories.

“It’s useless. If it really is a trap, the powerhouses among the Celestial Captives will definitely cut off part of his memories. They will not leave such a flaw for us.” Luo Sha said.

Indeed, Lord Bladehell did not find anything unusual after his investigation. He said, “Perhaps we are too sensitive. Even though they are just lowly Celestial Captives, they do not dare to play tricks in front of us.”

“We can’t wait any longer. Even if it’s a trap, we must track them down,” said Zhang Ruochen.

To be on the safe side, Zhang Ruochen asked Lord Bladehell and Luo Sha to stay where they were and act according to the situation. Then, he chased after the hundred-mile-long asteroid alone.

A moment later, Zhang Ruochen came close and took out a Class Two Regal Artifact.

The sword spun rapidly between his hands. On the surface of the sword, dense Regal Inscriptions emerged, emitting a dazzling blue light.

SWOOSH!

The sword flew out. Hundreds of sword shadows separated from the sword.

Boom

About 500 meters away from the asteroid, the sword collided with a layer of a blood-red array. As the array’s light membrane appeared, the scene inside the light membrane also appeared before Zhang Ruochen’s eyes.

The so-called asteroid was actually a magnificent city of stone that was hundreds of miles long.

The city was completely snow-white and seemed to be covered in a layer of wind and snow. It gave off an ancient and archaic charm.

“The city name is Snowpetra, that’s Lord Lei’s true form. Lord Lei had been refined into a Celestial Captive’s nest...”

In the distance, Luo Sha and Lord Bladehell were both shocked.

Lord Lei’s true form was a city.

Chapter 2377: Massacre

Snowpetra was originally a barren city in an ancient ruin.

After countless years of baptism, it gave birth to a spirit, and the spirit condensed into a true soul. Under the guidance of the Stone Clan’s gods, it embarked on the path of cultivation.

It was called Lei.

The gods of Stone Clan had placed high hopes on Lei. Hoping that he could cultivate divinity and transform Snowpetra into a divine city to support the greatest Fane of Stone Clan.

Lei did not let them down. He displayed outstanding talent and became one of the leading figures of this era.

He was titled, Lord Lei after reaching Supreme Saint realm.

Who would have thought that Lord Lei would be defeated on Battlefield of Celestial-Hunting?

In Snowpetra, there were beams of holy light like fireflies. They were Celestial Captives who were sitting cross-legged on the ground. There were countless of them and even the weakest one was a Demi-Saint.

The city walls were covered in blood inscriptions.

It was the power of blood inscriptions that had burst out. They formed a formation and blocked Zhang Ruochen's Class Two Regal Artifact sword.

Clang! Clang! Clang!

After a series of ear-piercing sword sounds, spiderweb-like cracks appeared on the battle sword.

Boom!

The battle sword exploded.

Dozens of sword fragments flew out and charged at Zhang Ruochen.

Zhang Ruochen mobilized Precepts of Dimension and formed a three-thousand-meter-wide Profound Spatial Dimension. All the sword fragments flying toward him twisted and avoided his body.

"What a powerful Defensive Array," Zhang Ruochen sighed.

Suddenly, dense stone swords rose up in Snowpetra. The tip of the sword was facing up, and the hilt was facing down.

"Oh no!"

Luo Sha frowned deeply. Holding Dark Divinity Lotus in her hand, she flew quickly toward Snowpetra.

"Why are there so many stone swords?"

Even though Lord Bladehell was thousands of miles away, he felt the danger and instinctively wanted to escape.

However, he thought of the hundred Immortal Vampire's Supreme Saints who were still in Zhang Ruochen's gourd. No matter how many stone swords came hitting, he could block them all.

What was there to be afraid of?

Lord Bladehell stayed where he was. He glared at the Saint King-level Celestial Captive and said, "Low life, is this a trap?"

The Saint King-level Celestial Captive trembled in fear at Lord Bladehell's Supreme Saint Aura. He lay in the void space and said in a trembling voice, "I don't dare, I definitely don't dare..."

"I don't think you dare either."

Lord Bladehell stared at the blood vessels on the Celestial Captive's neck. If he hadn't been worried that Zhang Ruochen would scold him, he would have already opened his mouth and sucked the Celestial Captive's blood dry.

In his eyes, no matter how strong Celestial Captives were, they were just food.

...

Zhang Ruochen was decisive. He released Saint Aspect of Time and Saint Aspect of Dimension at the same time. He extracted a drop of Dark Space-time Matter from each of the two Saint Aspects.

The two drops of Dark Space-time Matter spun around each other, releasing blacklight threads that twisted together.

Releasing two drops of Dark Space-time Matter at once was very dangerous. Zhang Ruochen had never tried it before, but he had no choice but to do it now.

Boom

As soon as the two drops of Dark Space-time Matter collided with the blood-red array, they immediately exploded and turned into a huge black cloud, enveloping the entire Snowpetra.

Looking from afar, it seemed to be swallowed by darkness.

The chaotic power of time and space spread in all directions, forcing Luo Sha who was trying to get close, to stop. She had no choice but to immediately use her defensive power to resist.

Within a 500-mile radius, even a Supreme Saint wouldn't dare to get close to the forbidden zone.

Only Zhang Ruochen, who had profound attainments in Time and Dimension, avoided the strongest impact of Dark Space-time Matter and rushed toward Snowpetra again.

This was the moment.

He charged in in one go.

The blood-red array light screen was carved by tens thousands of Saint-level cultivators. Even if two drops of Dark Space-time Matter exploded at the same time, they still couldn't break it.

Snowpetra shook violently. All the Celestial Captives were shocked.

The sky became extremely dark and nothing could be seen.

What was more terrifying was that the light screen was corroded by the dark energy and became much dimmer.

The densely packed stone swords floated in the air, but they didn't know where to slash.

All the Celestial Captives looked at the high platform in the center of Snowpetra.

Kymorpho, one of the five thousand Thousand-Koan Realm Celestial Captives, was standing on the high platform. She was an old woman with white hair. It was as if there was a mountain on her back. Her body was so bent that it almost touched the ground.

Kymorpho's eyes were blood-red. She looked up and said hoarsely, "Here he comes. Kill him."

Bang!

Just now, where the two drops of Dark Space-time Matter hit, an extremely sharp sword light pierced through the array and struck straight down to Snowpetra.

It was Zhang Ruochen.

Zhang Ruochen's body was wrapped by 36 Dimensional Swords and flew down.

Hundreds thousands of stone swords suspended in the air turned into sword rain and flew out.

"Profound Spatial Dimension."

"Dimensional Warp."

"Dimension Solidification."

...

Zhang Ruochen used Power of Dimensions to the extreme to block and dodge the stone swords.

At the same time, the 36 Dimensional Swords danced wildly, making dense sounds of metal and stone colliding. All the stone swords that approached him were smashed into powder.

They flew from the sky to the ground.

Boom!

Zhang Ruochen landed in the city. The hundred-mile-long ancient city sank dozens of feet. The force under his feet shook the dozens of Saint-level Celestial Captives closest to him until their bones and blood were separated, turning into blood mist and skeletons.

More than 300 Saint-level Celestial Captives were thrown out. They were badly injured and couldn't get up from the ground.

Divine flames surged from Zhang Ruochen's feet. His aura soared. One strike towards the sky sent the sword stream that was made of thousands stone swords to fly all around.

"Stop!"

Kymorpho who stood on the high platform made a deep and long sound.

Hundreds thousands of stone swords stopped attacking in the air. They floated above Zhang Ruochen's head like stars.

Zhang Ruochen was fearless. As a Master of Time and Space, he wasn't afraid of being surrounded. This didn't scare him.

His gaze fell on Kymorpho. He was a little surprised. "I didn't expect a Thousand-Koan Realm Celestial Captive."

“Zhang Ruochen. I’m from Demon God Realm. My name is Kymorpho. I’ve cultivated in the Supreme Saint-level for 9,000 years.”

Zhang Ruochen said, “Cultivated for 900 years yet you’ve only reached the initial stage of Thousand-Koan Realm. Your talents are so-so, you’ll never reach divinity.” “Please reading on NEWNOV?L.O?G” Oh wait, you even can’t touch the edge of becoming a demi-god.”

“I don’t want to argue with you because you’ve fallen into a fatal trap. Now, I just want you to know who killed you.” Kymorpho’s voice was soft and weak, she looked old.

Zhang Ruochen was noncommittal. “Really?”

“It seems that you don’t believe me,”

Kymorpho laughed. Her voice was very strange, it sounded like a ghost’s cry.

“Bring them up,” she said.

Immediately, 13 Celestial Captives, including the Supreme Lord of Southern Sword Realm, were escorted up by a group of Celestial Captive elites made up of Nine-Step Saint Kings. They all knelt below the platform.

Kymorpho said, “You used them to spy for you, but with their cultivation level how could they escape my eyes. Do you really think that there aren’t any capable people among Celestial Captives?”

Zhang Ruochen’s eyes swept over the 13 Celestial Captives of Southern Sword Realm.

He found that there were many more wounds on their bodies. Two of them had their flesh cut off with a knife. Only their heads were left with flesh and blood, but their bodies had turned into white bones.

It was obvious that they had experienced torture.

“This is what happens when you join Infernal Court!”

Kymorpho waved her arm, and thirteen streams of blood mist flew out from her palm and landed on the bodies of the 13 Celestial Captives of Southern Sword Realm.

Instantly, the 13 Celestial Captives let out shrill screams. The bones on their bodies gradually melted, and they could no longer support their bodies. They collapsed to the ground.

The blood mist that Kymorpho shot out had the power to corrode bones.

The stronger the life force was, the longer it would be tortured. The bone-eroding pain would last until one’s death.

Zhang Ruochen’s eyes were extremely cold.

He was about to attack, but as soon as he moved, dense blood inscriptions appeared under his feet. They were like thousands of tentacles pulling his feet.

There were 30,000 blood inscriptions controlled by 30,000 Saint-level cultivators.

Those cultivators included Demi-Saints, Saint-level cultivators, and Saint Kings.

Whoosh

Zhang Ruochen raised his feet again.

The number of blood inscriptions increased to 100,000. Now, the blood inscriptions were controlled by 100,000 Saint-level cultivators.

The cultivation and battle strength of a Supreme Saint was indeed far superior to other Saint-level cultivators.

However, a large number of ants could bite an elephant to death.

Furthermore, Saint-level cultivators were much more powerful than ants. They were scorpions, wasps, and centipedes. Let alone 100,000, even 10,000 of them could kill a Supreme Saint if they were well prepared.

Kymorpho's trap in Snowpetra wasn't just set up with 100,000 Saint-level cultivators, it was with a million.

"Don't move. The more you move, the more blood inscriptions you'll draw." Kymorpho revealed her yellowish-brown teeth and smiled.

Zhang Ruochen could see that Kymorpho was at the center of everything. "You broke the spiritual power seal?"

"You can see that? That means you're not that stupid,"

Kymorpho released her Saint Aspect of spiritual power. Hundreds of blood rivers appeared behind it, converging into a blood butterfly that was hundreds of feet long.

The Butterfly's body was in the form of a Kylin.

Zhang Ruochen said, "Without strong spiritual power, you can't see through that the Southern Sword Realm's Celestial Captives are working for me.

"Without strong spiritual power as a support, you can't set up the blood inscriptions array and trap. It's not difficult to guess that you broke through the spiritual power seal. I'm just curious. How did you do it?"

"My spiritual power has reached 66th level, but it has always been hidden. It only shows the strength of a 60th level. Gods from Infernal Court are too stupid to notice this. Therefore, I easily broke through the spiritual power seal placed on me." A contemptuous smile appeared in Kymorpho's eyes.

Zhang Ruochen frowned deeply and said, "This labor job of sealing Celestial Captives' spiritual power should be done by some Demigods and pseudo gods. Most of their spiritual power is below the 70th level. They might be fooled by you."

In the void space, Lord Bladehell lifted the Saint King-level Celestial Captive, he said angrily, "Damn you! How dare you join hands with those Celestial Captives to deceive me. Believe it or not, I will suck your blood right now! After the battle of Celestial-Hunting is over, I will lead Immortal Vampires to suck the blood of all living beings in Southern Sword Realm."

“I don’t think this has anything to do with him. It’s Kymorpho who tampered with his memory. Lord Bladehell, don’t waste your time on him. Come with me and break the blood inscriptions array first and save Zhang Ruochen,”

Luo Sha threw out the seven-cornered palace and released dozens of Supreme Saint-level Rakshasi.

They quickly formed an array and stood around Luo Sha. They released their spiritual power and shot it into Dark Divinity Lotus.

Whoosh

Luo Sha pushed it lightly.

Dark Divinity Lotus flew out like a miracle. An endless army of death flew out and attacked the blood inscriptions array.

Luo Sha was very confident in Zhang Ruochen. A group of Celestial Captives below the level of a Supreme Saint could not do anything to him.

However, Kymorpho was a huge variable. Her spiritual power was too strong. It was enough to pose a fatal threat to Zhang Ruochen.

Only by breaking through this layer of defense could Zhang Ruochen advance and retreat calmly. He would not be trapped and die inside.

“This Rakshasa Princess is so amazing.”

Lord Bladehell looked at the sky full of saint corpses. He withdrew his contempt and picked up his saber to join the attack.

Boom! Boom!

Dense booming sounds came from all directions of Snowpetra.

Kymorpho raised her head to take a look. Her expression changed slightly. “Attack! Kill Zhang Ruochen as fast as you can.”

In the ancient city, the blood light on the ground flourished.

Millions of blood inscriptions spread toward Zhang Ruochen like countless poisonous snakes.

“You don’t even know you’re about to die.”

Zhang Ruochen shook his head lightly as he strike the gourd.

As Violet Gourd flew up, Supreme Saints of Immortal Vampires flew out one after another. They all released terrifying Saint Aura and charged in all directions like endless weapons descending from the heavens.

There were more than 600 Supreme Saints.

Among them were Lord Sinluo, Yue Tinghai, Supreme Saint Yi Xuan, Gu Chenzi, and others. They were all elites in the Great Perfection of Hundred-Shackle Realm.

In Snowpetra, apart from Kymorpho, everyone was below Supreme Saint Realm.

If the Supreme Saints of Immortal Vampires hadn't broken into blood inscriptions formation, they could have fought back with the arrangements they had made in Snowpetra.

However, Kymorpho was too clever. She wanted to kill Zhang Ruochen, but she didn't expect Zhang Ruochen to bring an army of Immortal Vampires' Supreme Saints into the city.

"So many Saint-level Celestial Captives. That's great."

"They're all points. Kill! Kill! Kill!"

"You think you can stop me with just a few blood inscriptions? You're too naive."

...

The army of more than 600 Supreme Saints was a terrifying force no matter where they were.

The Celestial Captives in Snowpetra were slaughtered by them.

This was a massacre and a harvest. Kymorpho and Celestial Captives had indeed prepared all sorts of methods. However, they were not facing a Supreme Saint. Instead, they were facing an army of Supreme Saints.

Kymorpho's teeth trembled. A murderous look appeared in her eyes as she released an ear-piercing sound wave from her mouth.

Wherever the sound wave spread, the Supreme Saints of Immortal Vampires immediately held their heads in pain and fell from the sky. They rolled to the ground. Their spiritual power and Saint Souls were severely injured.

Whoosh?—

Suddenly, a dimensional barrier formed around Kymorpho, blocking all the sound waves.

The sound wave surged back and attacked Kymorpho.

"Power of Dimensions."

Kymorpho noticed this and immediately stopped the sound waves and spiritual power attacks. Her body entered the Saint Aspect of spiritual power and became one with it.

The Saint Aspect of spiritual power of the blood butterfly let out a long cry. "Zhang Ruochen, I want you to die miserably."

Zhang Ruochen had already broken free from the blood inscriptions and appeared below the high platform not far away from Kymorpho. He looked at the 13 Celestial Captives of Southern Sword Realm whose bones had melted. Not only had their bones turned into pus, but even their flesh and blood had been corroded.

They were all screaming and suffering unbearable pain.

The Supreme Lord of Southern Sword Realm said with a trembling voice, “Zhang-Zhang Ruochen, don’t-don’t-don’t forget... your promise to us...”

“Even though what you did wasn’t very efficient, I still managed to find them. If Immortal Vampires win first place among the 10 clans, you’ll definitely have a share of the credit. You can go in peace. I’ll take care of Southern Sword World!”

Hearing this, the 13 Celestial Captives who had been in extreme pain, smiled.

Bzzz

Zhang Ruochen waved his arm and shot out Divine Purification Flame, burning the 13 of them into ashes.

They couldn’t be saved anymore.

Rather than for them to continue suffering, it was better to give them a quick death.

As for the idea of preserving their Saint Souls, Zhang Ruochen didn’t even think about it. As the gods of Infernal Court wanted him to be a merciless saber.

If a saber was too soft and dull to kill a Celestial Captive, how could it be a saber of the gods?

If he wanted to get more resources, become stronger quickly, and cultivate the Grade One Saintwill, he had to be the saber at this stage.

Zhang Ruochen raised his face and looked at the blood-red butterfly in the air with killing intent in his eyes.

Swoosh!

He spread his ten wings and flew up. His left arm formed a palm print, and the Phantom of ten Swastika Seiryus appeared. They burst out with a deafening dragon’s roar and struck at him with a palm.

Chapter 2378: Disfavored Saints

RIP!

The blood butterfly’s body released a dazzling red glow that carried the smell of blood. It illuminated the once white Snowpetra to blood-red.

In front of it, red crystals condensed and formed a protruding round shield. It was even bigger than a palace and made up for the mysterious ancient runes and strange beast portraits.

The ten Swastika Seiryu phantoms collided with the round shield and exploded with ten loud sounds in a row.

The dimension shook.

Surprisingly, the shield blocked the attack and didn’t break.

It was incredible!

It must be known that Zhang Ruochen's palm strike was an all-out attack. It was the tenth palm of Dragon-Elephant Prajna Palm Strike, Dragon in Nine Heavens. Its power was no weaker than the advanced Saint technique of Thousand-Koan Realm.

How could a Supreme Saint at the initial stage of Thousand-Koan Realm resist it?

Obviously, Kymorpho was using a spiritual power defensive spell.

Only the spiritual power of 66th level could resist the palm strike of Zhang Ruochen's all-out attack.

"Your spiritual power is indeed very strong. Your battle strength has probably surpassed Saint Lord Zuo Mu, who is known as the strongest Thousand-Koan Realm Celestial Captive. Killing you should give me extra points,"

Zhang Ruochen flew up in the air. His desire to fight grew stronger.

Although the Mystic Eye of Myriad Realms couldn't see the area covered by the dark star, Zhang Ruochen didn't believe that the gods of Infernal Court couldn't see what was happening here.

"You still want to kill me? Zhang Ruochen, take a good look. All the Supreme Saints of Immortal Vampires are destined to die here." The blood-red butterfly let out a vicious laugh.

Kymorpho was much soberer than the other Celestial Captives. She had never thought that she would leave Battlefield of Celestial-Hunting alive.

Since that was the case, the more Infernal Court Supreme Saints she killed, the happier she would be.

Only now did Zhang Ruochen realize that the light emitted by Kymorpho's Saint Aspect of spiritual power was the same as the power of the 13 Celestial Captives of Southern Sword Realm. They had the characteristics of eroding the bone.

"Oh no, it's Bone-eroding blood Qi. Everyone, be careful. Don't get caught in the red light."

"Ah... It's so uncomfortable. Bone-eroding blood Qi has entered my body..." an Immortal Vampire Supreme Saint clutched his chest crazily. He wanted to dig out his every bone.

"Supreme Saints who have been corroded by Bone-eroding blood Qi, stop fighting and refine it with all your strength. Don't let it corrode your bone marrow and blood."

...

Screams and curses rang out continuously.

Within a short period of time, 17 Supreme Saints of Immortal Vampires who were stained with red light lost their fighting strength. They had no choice but to sit cross-legged and refine the Bone-eroding blood Qi that had invaded their bodies.

Furthermore, more Supreme Saints were affected one after another.

The morale of an army of Immortal Vampires Supreme Saints was once again severely affected.

"A Supreme Saint with a spiritual power of level 66 is too terrifying. She can fight against a thousand soldiers alone. Let's go and help Zhang Ruochen."

Supreme Saint Yi Xuan and Gu Chenzi rushed to Zhang Ruochen's location.

Zhang Ruochen's heart was calm. He sent a message to Supreme Saint Yi Xuan and Gu Chenzi, "Leave this to me. You two, lead the Immortal Vampires to break through the Supreme Saint-level Celestial Captives first. As long as we break the formation, no matter how many Saint-level Celestial Captives there are, they won't be able to escape the slaughter."

"But Kymorpho's spiritual power is too strong!"

Gu Chenzi was a little worried. He was afraid that Zhang Ruochen wouldn't be able to handle it alone.

"That's right! Kymorpho's cultivation has reached Thousand-Koan Realm. She's outstanding in both cultivation and martial arts. She has no weakness." Supreme Saint Yi Xuan was also worried.

Zhang Ruochen said, "Listen to my orders and do what you have to do."

2.6 million Saint-level Celestial Captives were scattered all over Snowpetra. Apart from the one million cultivators who controlled the blood inscription trap, there were also 160 more. They controlled the defensive and attacking blood inscription arrays respectively.

At this moment, the Supreme Saints of Immortal Vampires hadn't even broken through the first layer of the blood inscription trap.

A million Saint-level Celestial Captives was a sea of people. Even if they were to cut melons, they would not be able to do so in a short period of time.

Further away, the one million Saint-level Celestial Captives that were controlling the blood inscriptions array were in combat mode. They controlled one million stone swords and flew above all the Supreme Saints of Immortal Vampires.

Swoosh Swoosh!

Sword Qi crisscrossed and formed a web.

There were too many stone swords and this situation could pose a threat to the Supreme Saints' lives.

Gu Chenzi and Supreme Saint Yi Xuan realized that Celestial Captives weren't that easy to kill. If they didn't destroy the three formations of Celestial Captives as soon as possible, Immortal Vampires would definitely suffer heavy losses even if they won today.

A heavy victory was a defeat.

"Let's go!"

Gu Chenzi and Yi Xuan chose to believe Zhang Ruochen.

No matter how strong Kymorpho was, could she be stronger than Wujiang?

She was definitely no match for Supreme Saint Ruochen.

Right now, their only worry was that Zhang Ruochen wouldn't be able to take down Kymorpho.

The longer the battle between the two lasted, the more Immortal Vampires would be affected. Therefore, the more serious the casualties would be.

They were even more worried that if Kymorpho was defeated, and while facing death she would choose to self-destruct. In such a small space like Snowpetra, if a Thousand-Koan Realm and a 66th level spiritual-power Supreme Saint self-destructed, the consequences would be unimaginable.

The key was that no one's spiritual power could stop Kymorpho from self-destructing.

Gu Chenzi and Supreme Saint Yi Xuan were both worried. They only hoped that Zhang Ruochen could show off his might and kill Kymorpho in a short time, not giving her the chance to self-destruct.

Only in this way could Immortal Vampires obtain victory at the smallest price.

"A group of cultivators, come with me to the south and kill. We will break the formation of Saint-level Celestial Captives who are controlling the attack of the blood inscription array."

With such a loud shout, Supreme Saint Yi Xuan was the first to push towards the south.

"I'll go with you."

"Count me in."

...

In an instant, more than 40 Hundred-Shackle Realm Supreme Saints followed closely behind Supreme Saint Yi Xuan and charged towards the south of the city.

Another 100 Supreme Saints followed Gu Chenzi and Yue Tinghai, and charged towards the north. They planned to break the blood-inscription Defensive Array so that Lord Bladehell and Rakshasa Princess, who were outside the array could join in the battle.

Zhang Ruochen knew very well how important his battle with Kymorpho would be to the battle.

He had to use 100% of his strength to end the battle quickly.

He lifted Violet Gourd with one hand and gathered it above his head. He mobilized an endless stream of Saint Qi and activated the Supreme Inscription in the gourd.

Boom!

The gourd shot out dazzling purple and golden lights, like thousands bolts of lightning shuttling between heaven and earth.

A Supreme Artifact has terrifying powers that could allow a cultivator to cross realms and kill enemies. Kymorpho sensed the fluctuation of Supreme Power and immediately stopped using Bone-eroding blood Qi to deal with Immortal Vampires. She concentrated her spiritual power, condensed a sharp sword-like spiritual power light strike, and attacked Zhang Ruochen.

A 66th level spiritual-power Supreme Saint could control or kill an ordinary Neverwilt Realm Supreme Saint with just a glance.

The spiritual power attack launched by Kymorpho with all her strength forced even the top Thousand-Koan Realm Supreme Saint to retreat immediately. They didn't dare to fight her head-on.

However, Zhang Ruochen didn't retreat.

Although his spiritual power wasn't as strong as Kymorpho's, he had reached the 65th level too.

He might not be able to fight it.

But he could protect himself.

"Thundergod Reverend!"

Zhang Ruochen's Saint Aspect of spiritual power appeared. It was formed by thunder and lightning. It was huge and looked exactly like him. It was like a thunder mountain, blocking in front of him.

The spiritual power light spike collided with Thundergod Reverend.

Powerful spiritual power shockwaves swept in all directions.

Saint-level Celestial Captives who were close all bled from their eyes, ears, nose, and mouth. They cried out in pain.

Their spiritual power and Saint Souls were scattered, and their sea of consciousness became empty.

The spiritual power shockwave was too strong, and the spiritual power seal set up by the gods vanished into thin air.

Let alone Saint-level Celestial Captives, even Immortal Vampires' Supreme Saints were injured. They were scared out of their wits, afraid that they would become an idiot who had lost consciousness. They quickly rushed into the distance.

Everyone just wanted to run as far as possible.

"Their spiritual power is too strong. It's even stronger than the Paramount Realm Supreme Saint of our clan."

"That's insane. Their spiritual power is at least level 65."

"Luckily, Zhang Ruochen is here. He can stop her. Otherwise, countless Supreme Saints of Immortal Vampires would die under her spiritual power."

"Isn't Celestial Captives' spiritual power sealed? Are gods so unreliable?"

...

Thundergod Reverend blocked the spiritual power attack from Kymorpho, buying time for Zhang Ruochen. He pushed the Supreme Inscription in Violet Gourd to the extreme.

Boom!

Like a volcano erupting, a golden pillar of light surged from the mouth of the gourd. The fiery waves rushed toward the 30-meter-long blood-red butterfly.

Facing a Supreme Artifact, Kymorpho was very clear that she would definitely not be able to block it and was going to be beaten until her soul was scattered.

Therefore, the blood-red butterfly flapped her wings and drew hundreds thousands of blood inscriptions on the ground, twisting them into a blood river. She drew the power of hundreds thousands of Saint-level Celestial Captives who had set up the blood inscriptions trap, into her body.

The scarlet-golden light collided with the blood river, and the violent power quickly spread through Snowpetra.

Even the outer layer of the blood inscription array trembled violently as if it was about to be torn apart.

The Supreme Power continuously evaporated and refined the blood inscriptions in blood river. The two powers clashed and tens thousands of Saint-level Celestial Captives were refined into ashes.

In such a confrontation, the lives of saints were worthless. They were turned to ashes.

It was for this reason that Battlefield of Merits between Celestial Court and Infernal Court would not allow Supreme Saints to get on the internal battlefield. As Supreme Saints' destructive power was too terrifying, it was a disaster for ordinary creatures.

Kymorpho was extremely crazy. She did not care about the lives of those Celestial Captives, she laughed ferociously. "The Supreme Artifact is indeed powerful, but there are no spirits in the dark star to replenish the consumption of the body. Zhang Ruochen, how much longer can you hold on?"

Zhang Ruochen was exhausted. The Saint Qi in his body was severely depleted. Even with four Sainthood Sources, he couldn't hold on.

The Supreme Artifact consumed too much Saint Qi.

"Don't worry. It's more than enough to kill you."

Zhang Ruochen looked down and saw that Lord Sinluo and hundreds of Supreme Saints of Immortal Vampires had already entered the Saint-level Celestial Captives formation. They were killing everyone.

Their saint blood flowed like a river on the street.

Because of the large number of Saint-level Celestial Captives dying, the power of the blood river controlled by Kymorpho gradually weakened.

"Moyin, come and control Violet Gourd."

Zhang Ruochen moved to the right. Then, he rushed toward the blood-red butterfly that was hundreds of feet long with extreme speed. While flying, he took out a Sainthood Source and crushed it with his five fingers, turning it into a divine rain of light.

Zhang Ruochen absorbed all the light rain into his body.

The Saint Qi that had been severely consumed recovered more than half in an instant.

Moyin and Zhang Ruochen had fought in Battlefield of Celestial-Hunting and consumed countless Celestial Captives. Now, they were even more powerful. They were two or three times more powerful

than Lord Bladehell and Lady Wind, who were the top 10 elites in the Great Perfection of Hundred-Shackle Realm.

To put it bluntly, if Wujiang hadn't gotten the fortuitous encounter on Nether Clan's home planet, he might not have gained any advantage against Moyin.

The reason why Zhang Ruochen had tamed Saint Devourer as a parasitic plant, kept its spiritual consciousness, and provided it with an endless supply of food was because he saw its potential. He saw that it could continue to grow until it became a god.

Unlike other cultivators, who would hit many plateaus.

After becoming a parasitic plant, it could even share some of Zhang Ruochen's enlightenment. It was more or less proficient in all kinds of power and Paths that Zhang Ruochen cultivated.

Such a Saint Devourer was rare in the entire universe.

Of course, it was worth Zhang Ruochen's effort to cultivate it.

Now, it was time for this Saint Devourer to show its true value.

The two snow-white palms of Moyin pressed on the bottom of Violet Gourd. The power of the blood river was sent flying to the ground by her power. After landing on the streets of Snowpetra, they continued to retreat.

However...

She managed to block it in the end!

Moyin's long hair fluttered in the wind and cut more than a dozen Saint King-level Celestial Captives who were trying to sneak attack from behind into more than a hundred pieces. A happy smile appeared on her bewitching face as she said, "I haven't tasted a level 66 spiritual-power Supreme Saint yet!"

"Oh no."

Kymorpho realized that the cultivator holding Supreme Artifact had been replaced. She immediately realized the danger.

Unfortunately, it was too late!

With Zhang Ruochen's current speed, if his opponent made even the slightest mistake, one would come to a bad end.

"No need to look. I'm up here."

Zhang Ruochen stepped on a cloud made of divine flame and urged the power of Yanshen's Leg. He descended from the sky and pressed onto the back of the blood-red butterfly.

Boom!

The blood-red butterfly was the Saint Aspect of Kymorpho's spiritual power. It couldn't withstand the power of Zhang Ruochen's foot. It exploded like a balloon and turned into a sky full of red light.

Zhang Ruochen's foot pressed onto Kymorpho's original body, pressing her down from the sky to the ground.

Boom!

Snowpetra was Lord Lei's original form. It was also an ancient city. It could be called an indestructible city as every stone was as hard as jade.

Zhang Ruochen's stomp caused the ground in the city to sink.

Kymorpho was not only a powerful spiritual-power Supreme Saint but also a Thousand-Koan Realm Martial Arts Supreme Saint. Naturally, her body was very powerful. However, she was badly injured by Zhang Ruochen's stomp. Her body was penetrated and almost broke into two from her waist.

Zhang Ruochen used the divine flame to refine Kymorpho under his feet.

"After reaching the 66th level of spiritual power, it's not so easy to be killed. You can't kill me, you can't kill me... Even if my body is destroyed, my spiritual power will not be destroyed,"

Kymorpho laughed loudly. Then, her body was shattered and broke into pieces.

Every piece of the broken flesh seemed to have a consciousness. Every drop of blood on the ground seemed to have an independent soul.

They all flew in the same direction, re-condensed into the body of Kymorpho.

Chapter 2379: Merciless Zhang Ruochen

Although Kymorpho had re-condensed her body, the aura on her body was much weaker than before.

Only her spiritual power was still full.

Zhang Ruochen didn't give her a chance to catch her breath. He burst out with rapid speed. His left arm burned like hot red iron and hit Kymorpho's chest with his palm strike.

The speed was so fast that his body seemed to have disappeared.

Because of her powerful spiritual power, Kymorpho's reaction was astonishing. She was far faster than other Thousand-Koan Realm's Supreme Saints. When Zhang Ruochen had just formed his palm strike, she had already mobilized her spiritual power and summoned wind from ten directions.

This wind was a hundred times more terrifying than squalls. It could be used to change the landscape of a world and change the trajectory of the stars.

The ten wind forces condensed into ten translucent human-shaped Wind emperors.

The human-shaped wind emperors let out a long howl and swung their sabers.

Bang! Bang! Bang!

In an instant, the six human-shaped wind emperors were shattered by Zhang Ruochen's palm power and turned into a chaotic wind blade. Countless Saint-level Celestial Captives were chopped into pieces.

The sabers of the human-shaped Wind emperors landed on Zhang Ruochen with the sound of metal colliding with rocks.

However, it was blocked by ten golden wings. Zhang Ruochen could not be hurt at all.

Boom!

Zhang Ruochen's palm strike finally hit Kymorpho, shattering her body again.

In an instant, Kymorpho's body condensed in another place.

She put her hands together and shouted, "Condense!"

The remaining four human-shaped Wind emperors collided and turned into a 33-meter-tall knight. He wore armor, held a spear, and rode a dragon.

Rustle! Rustle!

The wind between heaven and earth gathered toward him.

The sound of the air flowing was like a surging river.

The knight's aura grew stronger and stronger. His eyes shone with blue light and lightning interweaved in his body. While riding the dragon, he charged toward Zhang Ruochen.

Rumble

Wherever the knight passed, strong winds raged.

The Saint-level Celestial Captives within 300 meters turned into blood mist and were crushed into particles by the wind. Even the Supreme Saints of Immortal Vampires were all thrown away. Their bodies were covered with deep bloody scars.

Some Supreme Saints were cut in half.

Zhang Ruochen stood in the middle of the street and looked at the approaching knights. His long hair flew up. "I don't believe that I can't kill you."

The power of the knight was almost the same as Saint Lord Zuo Mu.

However, Zhang Ruochen was different now. He had broken 50 shackles. If he met Saint Lord Zuo Mu again, he was confident that he could defeat him even without the Supreme Artifact.

Crash.

36 Dimensional Swords appeared and floated around his body.

"Unite!"

The 36 swords combined into one.

They hacked down.

This sword strike cut open the stable dimension in Snowpetra. It tore a long Dimensional Rift and pierced through the knight's head.

The knight formed by wind was directly split into two.

“How is this possible?” Kymorpho was shocked.

Swoosh

The Sword Qi was extremely sharp. It passed through the knight and crossed hundreds of feet. It cut her body into two halves.

Zhang Ruochen didn't give Kymorpho the chance to condense her body. He released Profound Spatial Dimension and forcefully separated the two halves of her body. Precepts of Dimension condensed into dimensional chains and wrapped around the two halves of her body.

The two halves of her body struggled desperately and burst out powerful saint power, trying to escape.

“You can't get out,” Zhang Ruochen said.

“What's the use of trapping my body? I'm strongest at spiritual power,”

Kymorpho's gloomy voice sounded behind Zhang Ruochen.

Dense Spirits gathered together and condensed into a giant shadow that looked like a soul.

It was the form of Kymorpho.

The body of a Kylin and the wings of a butterfly.

“Soul Devouring,” said Kymorpho.

Zhang Ruochen seemed to have expected it. The Saint Aspect of spiritual power, Thundergod Reverend, and Saint Aspect of the Immovable Wisdom King rushed out of his back at the same time. They combined and turned into the Immovable Wisdom King that was covered in thunder and lightning.

This Immovable Wisdom King looked exactly like Zhang Ruochen. With endless power, he stomped down.

Kymorpho tried to fight back, but the thunder and lightning from the Saint Aspect of the Immovable Wisdom King broke her spiritual power thoughts, making her weaker and weaker.

“No... This is impossible. your spiritual power is only at level 65. How can you fight against me?”

Kymorpho was not convinced at all. She roared with grief and indignation.

This was the first time she felt the threat of death on Battlefield of Celestial-Hunting.

With the strength of her spiritual power and her cultivation of Thousand-Koan Realm, she felt that she could look down on all her opponents on Battlefield of Celestial-Hunting. The number one master of Stone Clan could not escape after falling into her spiritual power trap. In the end, she was punched by Lord Hornless until her soul was scattered.

However, in the battle with Zhang Ruochen, she was extremely sullen. Not only did she lose the upper hand, but her body was also shattered several times.

With the suppression of Profound Spatial Dimension, it was not easy for her to escape.

Zhang Ruochen said lightly, "Your spiritual power is indeed much stronger than mine, and you use it perfectly. However, I have the spiritual wills of two ancestors. Not to mention that your spiritual power is only at the 66th level, even if you reach the 67th or 68th level, you won't be able to break through my spiritual defense.

"If you can't break through my spiritual defense, how could you fight me?"

The Saint Aspect of the Immovable Wisdom King contained the Immovable Wisdom King's spiritual will. After combining it with Zhang Ruochen's Saint Aspect of spiritual power, it was naturally able to suppress Kymorpho.

Zhang Ruochen knew that Kymorpho would definitely go all out. She might even self-detonate her saint heart and Sainthood Source to kill all the creatures in the Snowpetra.

Thus, he cast a glance at Moyin.

Kymorpho went completely mad. She laughed loudly "Zhang Ruochen, you traitor of Celestial Court. Even if I die today, I'll destroy your body and soul. I'll bury all the Supreme Saints of Immortal Vampires with you."

The blood inscription array shattered. Luo Sha took the lead and flew above Zhang Ruochen and Kymorpho. She was extremely nervous, "Careful! Not only is she going to self-detonate her Sainthood Source, but she's also going to self-detonate her saint heart. Once the saint heart is self-detonated, the destructive power will be even more shocking."

She waved her arm and struck with Dark Divinity Lotus.

Luo Sha then mobilized her 65th level spiritual power to forcefully suppress Kymorpho's thoughts of self-detonating.

Luo Sha absolutely could not let her succeed.

"I can finally enter Snowpetra and kill my way through. I can collect a large number of points. I can kill a group of Celestial Captives below the Supreme Saint realm with a single slash,"

The formation was shattered. Lord Bladehell was ecstatic as he charged in with his saber.

However, when he saw that Kymorpho was about to self-destruct and the chaotic energy that filled Snowpetra, his expression immediately changed.

"Oh my god! This is... Escape!"

Lord Bladehell wasn't as stupid as Luo Sha who had run to the center where the destructive energy was most concentrated. He spread his wings and turned around to run as fast as he could.

Escape!

Run!

Zhang Ruochen is dead. Immortal Vampires are finished. Everything is over! This was the only thought in Lord Bladehell's mind.

Zhang Ruochen and Luo Sha's spiritual power were very strong. They were the top cultivators of the same generation, but they still couldn't stop Kymorpho. Kymorpho's two half bodies were already burning.

The spiritual power body also released a spiritual power storm, which gave Zhang Ruochen and Luo Sha a splitting headache.

At this critical moment, Moyin activated Violet Gourd and aim the mouth of the gourd in the direction of Kymorpho. She opened her red lips slightly and whispered, "Collect!"

Zhang Ruochen seized this fleeting opportunity. He waved his palm and mobilized the power of Profound Spatial Dimension. He struck the two halves of Kymorpho's body and spiritual body toward Violet Gourd.

Whoosh —

After keeping Kymorpho into Violet Gourd, Moyin was quite decisive. She threw Violet Gourd with all her strength.

No one knew if Violet Gourd could withstand the destructive energy formed by the self-detonation of a Thousand-Koan Realm's Supreme Saint. After all, Violet Gourd was not a pure Supreme Artifact. It was a vessel that Zhang Ruochen had randomly refined.

It was unknown whether Moyin was intentional or not. Violet Gourd flew in the direction where Lord Bladehell had escaped.

In the dark void space, Lord Bladehell flew rapidly, he thought to himself, " I have to escape. The further the better. Staying there will only lead to death. I have to protect myself. I still need to support the future of Immortal Vampires."

Boom!

A loud sound came from behind.

The dimension shook.

Lord Bladehell was shocked. Why was the sound so close? The destructive power of the self-destruction of a Thousand-Koan Realm Supreme Saint was more terrifying than he imagined.

Lord Bladehell even wanted to burn his saint blood and use a forbidden spell to increase his speed.

However, he could not help but turn his head and look. He saw a ray of light energy charging toward him, it was right in front of him.

The light energy was from the mouth of Violet Gourd after Kymorpho self-destructed.

Lord Bladehell was so frightened that he didn't dare to move. He watched as the light energy which was even stronger than Supreme power charged past him and extended out into the darkness thousands kilometers away.

He was only a few meters away from the light energy.

After a long time, the destructive energy finally calmed down.

Lord Bladehell was petrified for a long time. His mind was blank. After he finally regained his senses, he couldn't help but gasp. Then, he decisively kept Violet Gourd and flew quickly toward Snowpetra.

Standing in the broken city, Zhang Ruochen let out a long breath.

He would rather fight a Supreme Saint at the peak of Thousand-Koan Realm than a Supreme Saint with the 66th level of spiritual power. The latter was too difficult to deal with. Moreover, once one self-detonated, there was no way to stop it. It was equivalent to dying together with him.

If Kymorpho did not want to die, she would use self-detonating to negotiate with Zhang Ruochen.

Zhang Ruochen would most likely choose to let her go.

Just now, if Luo Sha had not risked her life to join the battle in time and mobilize her spiritual power to suppress Kymorpho, delaying the most precious moment, it was hard to say whether he could put Kymorpho into Violet Gourd. At least Zhang Ruochen wasn't absolutely sure.

It was too dangerous!

It was practically risking his life.

Luo Sha's long dress fluttered and landed lightly on the ground. She spread out her hand and held Dark Divinity Lotus.

Zhang Ruochen looked at her and said, "I believe what you said the other day!"

That was it.

Luo Sha was very smart. Of course, she knew what he was referring to, but she pretended not to know. She asked, "I've said so many things. Which one are you referring to?"

The sounds of battle were endless, and the flames soared into the sky.

Where they were, it was exceptionally quiet. A strange atmosphere had descended upon them.

It had been extremely dangerous just now, but Luo Sha had rushed up to help him without hesitation. There was no need to say anything more. Zhang Ruochen will remember all ties of comradeship.

Perhaps she had lied a lot, but that sentence should be true.

Unfortunately, they were not the same kind of people. Rather than suffering in the future, it was better to stop the spread of feelings now and cut off all possibilities. In Infernal Court, Zhang Ruochen would never allow himself to fall in love. That would be his biggest flaw and obstacle.

Lord Bladehell held Violet Gourd and descended from the sky. He laughed loudly and said, "Supreme Saint Ruochen, I have taken back your gourd. It is indeed a Supreme Artifact. It is not damaged at all."

There was no trace of shame on his face. Instead, he looked like he had done a great service, he continued to laugh and said, "Fortunately, I was quick. Otherwise, it would have flown tens thousands miles away. The void space is too vast. Once it flies too far away, it will be difficult to find it."

Luo Sha stared at Lord Bladehell with a look of extreme disgust and said, "The Supreme Artifact has a vessel spirit. It can fly back to its owner."

Lord Bladehell pretended to be stupid and said in surprise, "Really? Is it so magical? It's a pity that I don't have a Supreme Artifact."

Luo Sha said, "Lord Bladehell, don't you need to collect points? The battle is still not over!"

"Leave the following battle to me,"

Lord Bladehell handed Violet Gourd to Zhang Ruochen with both hands. Then, he burst into the formation of Saint-level cultivators with his blood Qi which was as vast as the river and sea.

In the past, Lord Bladehell would have been overjoyed to get Violet Gourd. He would have taken it for his own. He would never return it to Zhang Ruochen.

Now, he would not dare to do so even if he was given the guts.

Zhang Ruochen knew that Lord Bladehell had abandoned all the Supreme Saints of Immortal Vampires and escaped alone.

Logically, Lord Bladehell should have been punished severely for running away at the last minute.

However, Zhang Ruochen did not expose him.

In the face of life and death, it was not a huge mistake to choose to run away.

That was why it was so precious for Luo Sha to choose to resist difficulties in the face of life and death and fight side by side with him. How could he not be touched?

When Lord Bladehell finally left, Luo Sha thought that Zhang Ruochen would say a few sincere words. For example, thank you for your help, Your Highness. I, Zhang Ruochen would bear firmly in mind.

Or, your highness is very affectionate. Even if I, Zhang Ruochen can't marry you in this life, you will have an important place in my heart.

...

Unfortunately, the merciless Zhang Ruochen turned around and left to hunt Celestial Captives with Moyin.

Luo Sha was so angry that her eyes bulged and her cheeks trembled, she stamped her feet and said, "What an ingrate. Do you think that it's my responsibility to treat you well? I swear that if I ever speak to you, smile at you, think of you in my heart, and care about your life again, I will slap myself."

Luo Sha thought about it and realized that there was no need to mistreat herself because of this bastard. She immediately regretted it and thought to himself, "Even if I do, I should slap him."

...

Fane of Destiny.

The scene of the battle just now appeared in Fukurokuju's Gate of Destiny

Wargod Bloodximus walked out of his Divine Plane and said, "Why isn't the spiritual power of Kymorpho sealed? Whoever is in charge of this matter must be severely punished."

It was too dangerous just now. A large number of Immortal Vampires' Supreme Saints would have died.

"They didn't even notice that a Celestial Captive hid her spiritual power. Such a ridiculous thing has never happened before."

"Punishing gods who are careless is only secondary. The key is to reward points. Kymorpho is too powerful. If they kill her, we have to give Immortal Vampires at least five million points."

"Yes, Kymorpho's points must be higher than Saint Lord Zuo Mu's."

"Fane of Destiny must give Immortal Vampires an explanation for what happened today. Our young Supreme Saint almost died."

...

Immortal Vampires' gods stepped forward one after another.

To be able to get first place in Battlefield of Celestial-Hunting, Zhang Ruochen and the young Supreme Saints of Immortal Vampires were fighting desperately. Outside the battlefield, the gods of Immortal Vampires naturally did their best to fight for the best situation given to Immortal Vampires.

For five million points, for the first place, and for the pride of Immortal Vampires, Immortal Vampires' gods had all put aside their past grudges and united.

In any case, they were on the right side, so they weren't afraid of making a big deal out of it.

On the contrary, it was Fane of Destiny that couldn't afford to lose their reputation. They needed to control the situation so that the outside world wouldn't know about it.

Chapter 2380: Battle for Points

If there were no mistakes made in Battlefield of Celestial-Hunting, none of the gods would be qualified to stand up and blame Fane of Destiny or ask for points.

However, there were mistakes.

Those who could cultivate divinity, and those who could survive in the cruel environment of Infernal Court, were all beings of wisdom and treachery.

How could they let go of this opportunity?

They didn't even need to exchange glances with each other to know what to do next.

Qi Feng was a pseudo god, General of the Fane of Destiny's Adjudication Division.

He wore divine armor and knelt down on one knee under the statue of Fukurokuju. He said, "I was careless and almost made a big mistake. Please punish me, Reverend."

Fukurokuju's voice was majestic. He said, "Your division should be the one to carry out the punishment. However, Fortune Palace is the host and the organizer of Celestial-Hunting Festival. If something goes wrong on Battlefield of Celestial-Hunting, I will take care of it."

Punishing the gods was not a trivial matter.

However, with Fukurokuju's status and cultivation base, he was actually so cautious and unwilling to overstep his authority while making the decision. This made all the gods present fall into deep thought.

They realized that the internal struggle in Fane of Destiny must have reached an extremely severe stage.

This was not a good thing!

If this continued, not only would Fane of Destiny fall into chaos, but the entire Internal Court would fall into civil war.

Fukurokuju said, "Battlefield of Merits of Kunlun's field has been reopened. It has become the most important battlefield between Celestial Court and Infernal Court. Go there now and report to Skywrath. If you don't obtain enough merits and make up for your mistakes, don't come back."

"Yes, sir,"

General Qi Feng stood up and left Fane of Destiny.

Battlefield of Merits of Kunlun's field was divided into the internal battlefield and the external battlefield.

The internal battlefields were the battlefields for cultivators below Supreme Saint level. The most brutal and bloody battlefields happened there.

The external battlefields belonged to Supreme Saints and the gods.

Of course, without great benefits, Supreme Saints and the gods would not personally enter the battlefields, much less erupt in large-scale battles. They were more concerned to maintain the fairness of the internal battlefields and fighting in the dark.

For example:

The plan to destroy the roots of Kunlun's field was decided and participated by the gods.

However, in the vast starry sky outside Kunlun's Field, there were Divine Planets, God tombs, and ancient world-protecting cities. In short, these had huge benefits to them.

Because of this, the number of gods sent by Celestial Court and Infernal Court to the external battlefield of Kunlun's field was gradually increasing.

They were not sent to kill each other, but to fight for treasures.

After a short period of silence, Wargod Bloodximus spoke again, "Reverend, Immortal Vampires are the biggest victims. Fortunately, my grandson was good enough to overcome the difficulties and kill a strong enemy. Five million points should be given to him no matter what."

The biggest victim?

The gods from Stone Clan were furious. They felt that Wargod Bloodximius was too shameless while lying through his teeth. At this moment the gods from Stone Clan were about to step out.

Luo Yan of Rakshasa appeared a step before them and said, "My daughter contributed to killing Kymorpho. If you were to give five million points, Rakshasa should at least be given two million points."

Then, he added slowly, "Rakshasa would have almost been the biggest victim. I almost... lost my daughter."

As he said that, Luo Yan did not forget to look at Wargod Bloodximius as if he was saying, "Even you, Wargod Bloodximius has no sense of shame. I will not hold back anymore! Who has not been barefaced when they were young?"

The gods from Stone Clan were even angrier. Luo Yan, you are an emperor, one of the few magnates in Rakshasa, why do you have to learn from Wargod Bloodximius. How could Rakshasa be the greatest victim? It was your daughter who mindlessly risked her life. Even if she died, it would be for nothing.

Of course, these words could not be said out loud.

In the entire Stone Clan, there were not many gods who dared to offend Luo Yan.

Although Fortune Palace hadn't decided if they should reward them with five million points, Immortal Vampires and Rakshasa's gods were already fighting over points.

"How could Rakshasa still want points? Does killing Kymorpho have anything to do with you?"

"Kymorpho died from self-destruction. Princess Luo Sha participated in this battle, so why can't she get points? I think Rakshasa should get half of the points."

"Who dares to share the points of Immortal Vampires? Come on, let's fight! Come on now. I don't care even if I have to burn my divine blood and self-destruct my Divinity Source." The god of Yellowsky Clan went crazy again. His fighting spirit rose as he pointed at Luo Yan who was standing in the center of the Fane.

The expressions of the gods from Immortal Vampires and Rakshasa changed. They all quieted down and they distanced themselves from him, not daring to provoke him.

Even Luo Yan's eyelids twitched.

He knew that god. He was the son of the Yellowsky Clan's leader. He had fought all his life and never lost a single battle.

Every time he was about to lose, his enemies would be scared away by him.

That was because, ever since this god started cultivating, he had self-detonated his Sainthood Source three times and his Divinity Source once. He had killed many elites whose strength far surpassed his.

His experience in self-detonation was incomparable. He could choose the best time to self-detonate and never give his opponent a chance to escape.

Most importantly, his constitution was special. Every time he self-destructed, he could kill his enemy, but not himself. After that, he could cultivate his Sainthood Source and his Divinity Source again. It could be said to be extremely heaven-defying.

Some gods guessed that he had swallowed Pale Blood Soil.

Otherwise, it would be impossible for him to be so reckless and not die.

Taking advantage of the chance when Fane of Destiny quieted down, a god of Stone Clan finally stood up, "We, Stone Clan, are the biggest victims. The most potential person of Stone Clan, Lei has died. Fifteen Supreme Saints of Stone Clan have died at the hands of Kymorpho. Reverend, you must compensate Stone Clan with at least ten million points."

The gods of the various races looked at him with sympathy.

Half of the Supreme Saints who could participate in Battlefield of Celestial-Hunting had a chance of becoming a god. For a rising star like Lord Lei, as long as he was not killed entirely, he had a 70-80% chance of reaching divinity.

Stone Clan was indeed the one who suffered the most. It was quite miserable.

Suddenly, an ear-splitting sound rang out.

"Does Stone Clan still have any sense of shame? In Battlefield of Celestial-Hunting, death and injury were inevitable. How could you ask for compensation when a few juniors die? The number one genius of Ghost died from self-explosion and his soul was scattered. Did Ghost Master ask for compensation?" said Wargod Bloodximus.

Damn!

Ghost Master who sat in his Divine Plane was fuming and almost spitting blood. What does it have to do with me?

What's the point of mentioning this? Am I someone you can mock?

Forget it, hold it in.

Let them fight. It would be best if they shed all pretenses and fought.

Luo Yan acted like an emperor and said in a low voice, "On Battlefield of Celestial-Hunting, you can only gain points by killing a Celestial Captive. How could you gain compensation after being killed by a Celestial Captive? Do you think Infernal Court hasn't lost enough reputation?"

"That's right. Stone Clan has humiliated Infernal Court. They should be punished with points." A god suggested.

Things were getting more and more outrageous.

The gods of Stone Clan were furious. They couldn't bear it anymore and showed their divine shadows in Fane of Destiny.

"If the god of Fane of Destiny wasn't careless, how could the young heroes of our clan die?"

“Lei, has extraordinary talent and cultivated the Grade Three Saintwill. With the willpower of Snowpetra’s city lord, he will definitely become a god. However, he died because he misjudged the enemy’s strength. What a tragedy!

“Who dares to punish Stone Clan’s points? I will fight him until the end.”

When the son of Yellowsky Clan’s leader heard this, he was overjoyed. He rushed forward and said, “Come, let’s see could self-destruct their Divinity Source and dies first.”

...

The gods of the three races argued endlessly, causing the respected gods to be dumbstruck.

The main point was that the gods who dared to personally appear and argue were all powerful. Normal pseudo gods and new gods didn’t dare to show their faces in front of them.

In the end, in order to control the situation and prevent it from spreading, Fukurokuju announced, “Kymorpho’s spiritual power has reached the 66th level. She’s a Celestial Captive whose power is second only to Lord Hornless. Two million points don’t fit her status. We’ll increase her points to seven million.

“Zhang Ruochen of Immortal Vampires has six million points, and Rakshasa has one million points.”

The gods of Stone Clan was about to start a fight.

Fukurokuju added, “This mistake has indeed caused losses to Stone Clan. Fortune Palace will compensate you with Godstones.”

How much could Godstones compensate?

The rankings and benefits of Battlefield of Celestial-Hunting were astronomical. That was why the gods had to fight for it.

However, Stone Clan’s god was also very clear that being able to obtain Godstones as compensation was already the best outcome.

If it weren’t for the fact that Fukurokuju was easy to talk to and was a good person, would Death Reverend and Skywrath give Godstones as compensation? Even if they killed General Qi Feng to pay for their crimes, they would never compensate with Godstones.

Naturally, everyone was happy with the current distribution.

After returning to their respective Divine Planes, Luo Yan still had a smug smile on his face. He thought to himself, it didn’t take much effort for him to obtain one million points. It seemed that there were times when he had to fight. If he was always restrained by his identity, he would only be at a disadvantage.

Amane said, “Now, you should understand Luo Sha’s intentions, right?”

Luo Yan’s smile instantly disappeared, and he was incomparably angry.

An ancient god of Yanluo Clan appeared in Fane of Destiny. His long black hair fell to the ground, and he clasped his hands in front of his chest and said, “Your Excellency, I have a suggestion.”

The appearance of this ancient God made the gods of the various races very surprised, and they all kept quiet.

Fukurokuju smiled and said, "Ancient God of Knowledge, here's no harm in speaking."

The Ancient God of Knowledge slowly said, "Hornless has obtained a Supreme Artifact, Pentastone Sword. With this sword, it's very likely that he has already broken the chains on his body. Those juniors on the battlefield are far from his match now."

Fukurokuju said, "Gods are not allowed to interfere in Battlefield of Celestial-Hunting in any way. This is the rule of the past. No matter how strong Hornless becomes, he can not be brought out of the battlefield ahead of time."

The Ancient God of Knowledge said, "Of course, I don't dare to ask Reverend to change the rules of Battlefield of Celestial-Hunting. However, Hornless has become more powerful and harder to kill. Shouldn't his points be higher?"

The ten gods instantly understood what the Ancient God of Knowledge wanted.

In the past battles of Celestial-Hunting, the gods of Yanluo Clan had almost never interfered.

Why would the venerable Ancient God of Knowledge of Yanluo Clan personally appear in Fane of Destiny this time to interfere with Battlefield of Celestial-Hunting?

It was mainly because he felt threatened by Immortal Vampires.

Just now, Zhang Ruochen had led an army of Immortal Vampires' Supreme Saint to a great victory, and his points had soared again. It was as difficult as climbing to the sky for Yanluo Clan to catch up with Immortal Vampires.

After all, there were only a certain amount of points on the Battlefield of Celestial-Hunting.

Therefore he could only make a fuss about Lord Hornless.

As long as Lord Hornless's points were high enough, Yanluo Clan could kill him and have a chance to turn the tables.

Even though the Ancient God of Knowledge had an extraordinary background and was extremely ancient, Wargod Bloodximus had no taboos. He said impolitely, "Is Yanluo clan so confident that they can kill Hornless?"

The Ancient God of Knowledge said, "If there are still cultivators who can kill Hornless on Battlefield of Celestial-Hunting, they must be from Yanluo clan. Your Excellency, I suggest raising Hornless's points to 30 million."

"Isn't that too high?" The leader of Yellowsky Clan said.

The Ancient God of Knowledge smiled, he said, "Kymorpho can have 7 million points. Hornless's combat strength is several times higher than hers. Isn't it normal for his points to be several times higher? As long as his combat strength is strong, his points should be higher. Isn't that what you said just now?"

Obviously, Ancient God of Knowledge was telling Immortal Vampires that if Hornless's points couldn't be raised, then Kymorpho's points couldn't be raised either.