

GOF 2401

### **Chapter 2401: Curse of Dark and Light**

Seeing more than 300 Supreme Saint Celestial Captives charging at him, Zhang Ruochen was not afraid. Instead, he was happy. He had to keep such a large amount of points.

Of course, he would never fight them head-on.

Even if more than 300 Supreme Saint Celestial Captives each used a saint technique and combined their power, they could easily kill a Supreme Saint at the pinnacle of the Thousand-Koan Realm. Even a Banshi Isshou Realm Supreme Saint would have to avoid their attacks.

Within a thousand miles, some Celestial Captives had already attacked.

*Whoosh*

A snake-shaped electric arc transcended through the void and struck Zhang Ruochen's chest.

Zhang Ruochen didn't move at all. He used his body to dissolve the attack. He laughed deliberately, "You weaklings, don't even think about hurting me from a long distance."

Perhaps it was because he had refined the Pale Blood Soil, but Zhang Ruochen's injuries healed quickly. He had mostly recovered from the punch from the Great Demonic Shadow.

Even Zhang Ruochen was surprised.

The Supreme Saint Celestial Captives were enraged. They thought to themselves, 'You're a traitor who defected to the Infernal Court. How dare you laugh at us?'

"The traitor deserves to die. I'm going to self-destruct with my Sainthood Source and die with him. Help me get within a thousand steps of him," a Bodhisattva from the Western Buddha Realm said angrily like a Vajra.

After reaching the Supreme Saint Realm, one can be titled "Bodhisattva" in the Western Buddha Realm.

This Vajra-like Bodhisattva's Dharma name was Dao Yuan. His cultivation had reached the Hundred-Shackle Realm. He was one of the top five powerful figures in this group of Supreme Saints.

They got closer and closer. In a moment, they were within 50 kilometers of Zhang Ruochen.

All the Supreme Saint Celestial Captives were delighted. As long as they got closer, they didn't need to self-destruct with their Sainthood Source. They all attacked together. Hundreds of saint techniques covered him. No matter how high Zhang Ruochen's cultivation was, he would be reduced to ashes, including Yan Huangtu, who wasn't far from Zhang Ruochen and had to die.

Dao Yuan had been paying attention to Zhang Ruochen. Suddenly, his expression changed. "Not good, Zhang Ruochen has disappeared!"

*Whoosh*

The space trembled.

Zhang Ruochen used the Great Dimensional Shift and appeared among the Supreme Saint Celestial Captives.

“The Spatial Domain.”

“Null Time realm.”

“The Realm-frame of Truth.”

“The Immovable Wisdom King’s Saint Aspect.”

“Thundergod Reverend.”

Zhang Ruochen used five techniques in a row. He also used the Pleiades Lotus as a shield. He used six different things at once, squeezing his spiritual power to the limit.

The Spatial Domain and Null Time realm greatly reduced the speed of all the Supreme Saint Celestial Captives.

The Realm-frame of Truth could allow Zhang Ruochen to see through all illusions and fantasies. It could also increase his attack power, greatly increasing the battle strength of Immovable Wisdom King’s Saint Aspect and Thundergod Reverend, each strike could make a Supreme Saint Celestial Captives bleed or explode.

Some were heavily injured, while others were killed instantly.

In just six breaths, the Immovable Wisdom King’s Saint Aspect and the Thundergod Reverend had killed nine Neverwilt Realm Supreme Saints and injured 54 Supreme Saints. There was bloody fog rolling in the starry sky.

It was a shocking scene to fight against more than 300 Supreme Saints alone and destroy the bodies of 60 to 70 Supreme Saints in a row.

All the cultivators watching the projection of the Mystic Eye of Myriad Realms felt their souls tremble.

Zhang Ruochen had only maintained his peak condition for six breaths, but he was already out of strength. His head was dizzy. He quickly put away the Thundergod Reverend and continued to control the Immovable Wisdom King’s Saint Aspect and the Pleiades Lotus with all his strength, one attack, one defense.

The Supreme Saint Celestial Captives’ attacks continued to hit Zhang Ruochen.

However, Zhang Ruochen was able to use the mysteries of The Realm-frame of Truth to predict in advance and move out to avoid their attacks.

At this moment, Zhang Ruochen was like a wolf in a flock of sheep.

He could only kill Celestial Captives but they couldn’t hurt him at all.

Countless cultivators who were onlookers fell silent as they witnessed this scene. They wondered how this could have happened. Even if the spiritual power of the Celestial Captives was sealed, there were far too many people. How could they be helpless in the face of such adversity?

In the end, a god came up with an answer. Zhang Ruochen cultivated Time, Dimension, and Truth at the same time. These three Paths of the Ancients allowed him to not only kill enemies across realms but also be at ease when facing attacks from low-realm cultivators, he could advance and retreat freely.

Besieging was ineffective against Zhang Ruochen.

“This is the terrible thing about a Master of Time and Space! The higher the cultivation, the more powerful he is.”

Some gods of the Infernal Court recalled the battle when they besieged Saint Monk Xumi.

If it hadn't been for Saint Monk Xumi's desire to protect Kunlun, the Infernal Court might not have been able to kill him even if they sent a swarm of gods to besiege him, because they couldn't keep him.

Of course, even though many gods attacked Saint Monk Xumi, they still couldn't kill him.

Saint Monk Xumi used all his divine power to transform it into the power to protect Kunlun before he died.

It was a martyr's death.

He had fought for 100,000 years for the lives of Kunlun. He had also fought for time for the severely injured gods of Kunlun to recuperate.

All the gods of an eternal and indestructible Macroworld couldn't die.

“If Zhang Ruochen keeps killing like this, won't the points between the Immortal Vampires and the Yanluo clan widen again?”

Yan Huangtu stopped healing and killed more than 300 Supreme Saint Celestial Captives with his Great Demonic Shadow.

“Zhang Ruochen, do you not care about the lives of the remaining Immortal Vampires? If all of them are killed, what's the point of collecting more points now?”

Yan Huangtu himself hunted the Celestial Captives, while the Great Demonic Shadow held the Scepter of Heaven's Pass and guarded by his side. It was used to defend against the Celestial Captives' attacks and to guard against Zhang Ruochen's sudden attack.

Zhang Ruochen didn't say anything.

Under the hunting of the two powerful figures, even if the Supreme Saint's vitality was strong, the Celestial Captives kept dying.

Many heavily injured Celestial Captives were killed several times. Their souls and bodies were instantly destroyed.

Not long after, nearly 100 Supreme Saint Celestial Captives died.

The remaining Supreme Saint Celestial Captives were killed to the point of fear. They immediately scattered in all directions.

“Zhang Ruochen isn’t someone we can kill. Let’s wait for Lord Hornless to come and kill him,” the purple beast stared at Zhang Ruochen with fear. He turned into a phantom and fled into the distance.

“Going somewhere?”

Zhang Ruochen folded his arms. A powerful space shock wave spread out with him at the center.

36 Dimensional Swords condensed around him. They turned into a rain of swords and flew toward the fleeing purple beast.

The purple beast was a Supreme Saint in the Great Perfection stage of the Hundred-Shackle Realm. He had a million points.

Any cultivator would look at it with shining eyes. It was more attractive than a beautiful woman.

The Dimensional Sword Dance was a technique comparable to the high-level saint technique of the Thousand-Koan Realm. The purple beast looked back and saw the rain of swords flying toward it. Its Saint Soul trembled. It felt like it was locked on to death.

*Boom*

The Great Demonic Shadow appeared in the middle of the attack. It waved the Scepter of Heaven’s Pass and controlled the Supreme Power, shattering more than half of the Dimensional Swords.

Only five Dimensional Swords caught up to the purple beast. They were blocked by the purple flames he spat out, neutralizing Zhang Ruochen’s fatal attack.

Zhang Ruochen’s face darkened. Yan Huangtu was still interfering.

Zhang Ruochen didn’t want to pay attention to him for the time being. He used the Great Dimensional Shift and prepared to continue chasing after the purple beast.

*Bang*

He was only halfway through casting the Great Dimensional Shift when he was bounced back by an invisible space wall. His body reappeared in space. Fortunately, Zhang Ruochen sensed that something was wrong in advance, so he wasn’t injured.

He steadied himself and looked forward.

A dark green light ball appeared out of thin air around him. It had a diameter of about 30 meters and trapped him inside.

The light ball was originally invisible. It only appeared after he hit it.

At this moment, the light of the dark green light ball gradually faded and disappeared into nothingness.

Zhang Ruochen did not dare to act rashly. He knew that the light ball was still there.

‘Did someone set this trap in advance? No, that’s not right. If this ball of light was here earlier, my Spatial Domain and Realm-frame of Truth would have sensed it,’ Zhang Ruochen thought.

Yan Huangtu was surprised when he saw this.

A moment later, he seemed to have guessed something. He turned his head and saw a large group of Nether Clan Supreme Saints flying into the void. They formed small teams to hunt the escaping Celestial Captives.

“Zhang Ruochen, you can stay here. I’ll go hunt the purple beast first!”

Yan Huangtu laughed loudly. He turned into a streak of golden light and chased after them.

Zhang Ruochen, of course, saw the Nether Clan Supreme Saint. He had attained enlightenment. He turned on his Eye of Truth and took a look around. “Wujiang, I know you’re hiding nearby,” he said. “What kind of enchantment is this?”

There was no response in the void.

However, the dark green ball of light with a diameter of 30 meters naturally appeared and quickly shrank.

27 meters, 24 meters, 21 meters...

The space that Zhang Ruochen could move in became smaller and smaller.

Zhang Ruochen’s face darkened. Wujiang had learned his lesson. He no longer fought him head-on. Instead, he took full advantage of his situation and hid in the darkness to curse him.

“Rise!”

Zhang Ruochen opened his hands and held up the Profound Spatial Dimension, blocking the dark green light ball 9 meters away.

The Profound Spatial Dimension could hold up to 3000 meters. Zhang Ruochen thought that he could break the light ball directly. However, the strength of the light ball was far stronger than he had expected. At first, it was only about 30 feet in diameter, but soon, it was pushed back to 30 feet in diameter.

‘It seems that Wujiang is using the Myriad Curse Bead. A Supreme Artifact should be that powerful,’ Zhang Ruochen thought.

The dark green light ball didn’t continue to shrink, but hundreds of Nether Clan Supreme Saints flew in this direction. They were all mobilizing their Nether Qi and activating the Regal Artifact in their hands. It seemed like they wanted to attack together and kill him in the light ball.

Hidden in the darkness, Wujiang held the Myriad Curse Bead with both hands and mumbled, “Trapped in the Curse of Light and Dark, you can’t escape. Today is your funeral.”

At this moment, Wujiang didn’t show any emotion on his face. He was frighteningly calm.

If Pan Ruo, Supreme Saint Yuan Fei, and the others were here, they would be shocked. This was because they all felt that after being defeated by Zhang Ruochen, Wujiang had become extreme and reckless. There was a huge flaw in his state of mind.

But who would have thought that it was all an act?

In fact, after being defeated by Zhang Ruochen, Wujiang's state of mind had not collapsed. Instead, it had been tempered. He had become more reserved and deep. Otherwise, he would not have gotten half of the opportunity of the Nether Clan's home planet.

The reason for his disguise was that after careful analysis, Wujiang felt that there might be spies in the three upper clans, and they had a different relationship with Zhang Ruochen. Otherwise, there would not always be mistakes in their actions.

Wujiang had several suspects, including Pan Ruo and Supreme Saint Yuan Fei.

The purpose of pretending to be blinded by hatred was to make the spy look down on him. The more careless he was, the easier it would be for the spy to give himself away.

Earlier, when Pan Ruo was injured, Wujiang immediately went to help her heal. He wanted to investigate her background. Although he didn't think that Pan Ruo was a spy from the three upper clans, he still wanted to investigate her.

"Break!"

The Pleiades Lotus turned into a black flower. It spread out seven petals and became hundreds of meters in size. Together with the Profound Spatial Dimension, it broke the light ball formed by the dark light curse and turned into dark green light spots.

Zhang Ruochen escaped.

Only a Supreme Artifact could resist another Supreme Artifact.

In the darkness, Wujiang's eyelids twitched. He quickly put away the Myriad Curse Bead.

*Whoosh*

Above Wujiang's head, Zhang Ruochen rushed out from the spatial ripples. He stomped down with Yanshen's leg. The scorching divine flame dispersed the Power of Darkness enveloping Wujiang, revealing his handsome figure.

Wujiang put his hands together. The divine shadow of Netherdeus appeared behind him.

The Divine Shadow stretched out its huge palm and collided with Yanshen's leg.

After a moment of stalemate, the divine shadow of Netherdeus shook violently and cracked.

Wujiang's face changed slightly. He turned into a black light shuttle and retreated quickly.

*BANG!*

The divine shadow of Netherdeus shattered and was burned into sparks by the divine flames.

"Netherdeus, such vulnerability."

Zhang Ruochen flew to the opposite side of Wujiang with flames burning all over his body.

Although he said this, Zhang Ruochen thought more highly of Wujiang because he intended to seriously injure him with that kick.

It was indeed remarkable that Wujiang could retreat unscathed.

His alertness and judgment were far better than before.

Wujiang's expression didn't change. "It seems that your cultivation has improved greatly. You can find my hiding place in the dark. What's with the colorful radiance?"

The colorful radiance on Zhang Ruochen's body could be seen throughout the entire Battlefield of Celestial-Hunting. It was too shocking. Wujiang was naturally curious.

Wujiang was still uneasy because he didn't understand this.

Time was precious. Zhang Ruochen didn't have the time to talk about this with him. He was going to chase after Yan Huangtu and stop him from hunting the purple beast.

But...

*BOOM!*

A deafening sound came from afar.

The gold skeleton-like body of Yan Huangtu was slashed back by a blood sword filled with killing intent. It flew more than 200 miles.

The power of the blood sword was so strong that the bones of Yan Huangtu exploded. Golden light dispersed everywhere as if the Royal Divine Frames were about to be shattered.

Zhang Ruochen's eyes narrowed. "Lan Ying is here to join in the fun? No... It's her."

Lady Wind's figure appeared beside the blood sword.

She held a 33 centimeters long white Destiny Feather and controlled tens of millions of Precepts of Destiny. She shot it into the body of Yan Huangtu's Great Demonic Shadow, causing it to freeze on the spot.

It didn't mean that Lady Wind's cultivation was stronger than the Great Demonic Shadow's.

It was just that the power of the Destiny Feather could counter the Great Demonic Shadow.

Lady Wind wanted to try to control the Great Demonic Shadow's body, but she didn't succeed. Her two willow-like eyebrows couldn't help but frown.

Lan Ying flew out of the Sword of Asura and condensed a child-like body, he grinned hideously and said, "This Great Demonic Shadow's body was condensed from the souls of millions of demonic cultivators and was repeatedly condensed and assimilated by Yan Huangtu. How can it be controlled by your cultivation? Let me devour it in one bite."

Lan Ying opened his mouth wide and swallowed the Great Demonic Shadow into his stomach.

## **Chapter 2402: Chant of Death**

"Boom."

The space collapsed and a huge hole appeared. The exhausted Yan Huangtu was pushed into the void by Zhang Ruochen.

Wujiang hesitated for a moment and did not stop him.

It was not necessarily a bad thing for him that Yan Huangtu was driven out of the battlefield.

After swallowing the Great Demonic Shadow, Lan Ying's face suddenly changed. His child-like body became bigger and bigger like a balloon being blown up.

"Not good. The soul power contained in the Great Demonic Shadow is too powerful, and it also has the powerful will of Yan Huangtu."

Lan Ying's body radiated a rainbow of colors. They shifted between light and dark, barely keeping his body from expanding. He sent a message to Lady Wind before flying into the Sword of Asura.

Lady Wind was stunned. She thought, 'Lan Ying was unrestrained. How powerful was the Great Demonic Shadow? He dared to swallow it in one gulp. Wasn't he afraid of being stuffed to death?'

It seemed that Lan Ying had to refine the Great Demonic Shadow in a short period and couldn't make a move.

However, after Lan Ying's sneak attack succeeded, he got rid of Yan Huangtu and helped the Immortal Vampires a lot.

Lady Wind was being pursued by Yan Huangtu and Pink Skull a few days ago. She was able to flee because she met Lan Ying. She then made some secret deals with Lan Ying. One of them was to work together to deal with the Yanluo clan.

Lady Wind looked at the Scepter of Heaven's Pass floating in mid-air. A smile appeared on her beautiful face and she was about to retrieve it.

*Whoosh*

The Scepter of Heaven's Pass turned into a white light and flew away. It landed in Yan Wushen's hands.

Yan Wushen's figure was cold and indifferent as he played with the Scepter of Heaven's Pass in his hands, he said in a deep voice, "The Supreme Artifact of Yanluo clan is not something that you can take lightly. Xi, you are ranked 13th on the list of those who achieved the Great Perfection stage of the Hundred-Shackle Realm. Do you dare to fight against Lady Wind alone?"

Xi wore a black robe and held an ebony staff in his hand as he walked out from the hundreds of Supreme Saints of the Yanluo clan, he said, "I have subdued two Nine-lives Blood Ravens on my home planet. I have long wanted to battle and raise the ranking of the Great Perfection stage of the Hundred-Shackle Realm."

Two crows with blood-red feathers flew on the left and right sides of Xi and croaked strangely.

The croaks were so strange that even Supreme Saints would feel uneasy when they heard them.

One had to know that Supreme Saints who were ranked in the top 18 of the Great Perfection stage of the Hundred-Shackle Realm were all extraordinary individuals. They had at least fused a Grade Four



Saintwill and possessed the ability to cross realms and fight against Thousand-Koan Realm Supreme Saints.

The two Nine-lives Blood Ravens which Xi used the Soul Capture of the Deva Path of Great Wiccan to tame were both in the early stage of the Thousand-Koan realm. If the three of them attacked together, they would be able to fight against a Supreme Saint in the mid-stage or advanced stage of the Thousand-Koan realm.

Yan Wushen warned, "Be careful of her Destiny Feather."

"My Deva Path of Great Wiccan is used to counter the Destiny Feather."

Xi stepped on the two Nine-lives Blood Ravens, it was as if he was stepping on two blood wheels. He burst forth with unparalleled speed.

He was still a thousand miles away from Lady Wind. The ebony staff in his hand had already started to glow with a dark light. He used a secret technique of the Path of Wiccan and attacked Lady Wind.

Lady Wind's injuries hadn't healed, but she wasn't afraid of Xi at all.

She reached out with one hand and grabbed the hilt of the blood-red Sword of Asura. She looked exhausted. She reached out with her other hand and held the sword with both hands. She finally managed to lift the Supreme Artifact, the Sword of Slaughter.

The battle between Lady Wind and Xi was about to start.

"Lady Wind is being held back by Xi. Then, only Zhang Ruochen remains among the Immortal Vampires," said Yan Wushen.

Yan Wushen's gaze shifted from the battlefield between Lady Wind and Xi to Zhang Ruochen. He instructed the Yanluo clan Supreme Saints behind him, "Hurry up and hunt the Celestial Captives. Try your best to collect points."

A Yanluo clan Supreme Saint in the Hundred-Shackle Realm asked, "Why don't you go and kill Lord Hornless first? He is worth 30 million points."

Yan Wushen stared at him.

Immediately, the Hundred-Shackle Realm Supreme Saint did not dare to continue speaking. Together with the other Yanluo clan cultivators, they flew rapidly in all directions.

Yan Wushen shook his head gently and took out the diamond-shaped mirror. He saw the rankings on it.

The Immortal Vampires were in first place with 89 million points.

The Yanluo clan was in second place with 83 million points.

The Immortal Vampires' points were lower because the 63 Nine-Step Saint Kings who had teleported away with 6,300 clansmen were almost all captured by the Bone Clan Supreme Saints, and a large number of clansmen died.

If Zhang Ruochen hadn't killed a large number of Supreme Saint Celestial Captives, the Immortal Vampires' points would have been even more unsightly.

Of course, the Yanluo clan's points were also deducted because they attacked the Immortal Vampires' cultivators.

Yan Wushen said to himself, "There's only a difference of six million points. As long as Zhang Ruochen is restrained, even if we don't kill Lord Hornless, the Yanluo clan can kill other Celestial Captives to close the gap."

It was too risky to surround and kill Lord Hornless. Even if they could, a large number of Yanluo clan Supreme Saints would die.

Yan Wushen knew Supreme Saint Yuan Fei had brought a large number of Deathkins to surround and kill Lord Hornless for all of these reasons, but he was unmoved. Leaving aside whether or not Supreme Saint Yuan Fei could kill Lord Hornless, even if he did, it would be a huge help to the Yanluo clan.

Of course, Yan Wushen didn't believe that Supreme Saint Yuan Fei could kill Lord Hornless.

Lord Hornless could only die at Yan Wushen's hands.

"It's not too late to take care of Lord Hornless after we've locked on to the absolute victory of the Battle of Celestial-Hunting," said Yan Wushen.

Yan Wushen had to admit that the Yanluo clan had never been forced into such a predicament in the previous Battle of Celestial-Huntings. There was no doubt that the Immortal Vampires led by Zhang Ruochen was indeed very powerful.

He wanted to fight Zhang Ruochen fair and square on the Battlefield of Celestial-Hunting. He wanted to determine victory and even death.

But now, he couldn't do that. He had to ensure that the Yanluo clan could win first place in the Battle of Celestial-Hunting. He had to do everything he could to deal with a powerful challenger like Zhang Ruochen.

In the face of the Yanluo clan's interests, Yan Wushen's personal feelings had to be put aside.

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Zhang Ruochen was not interested in fighting Wujiang. He knew that killing the Celestial Captives was the most important thing to do at this moment.

However, Wujiang did not give up. He kept mobilizing the Myriad Curse Bead to cast a curse on Zhang Ruochen.

Wujiang said, "Zhang Ruochen, it's useless. These Celestial Captives are destined to be divided among the Nether Clan, the Stone Clan, the Bone Clan, and the Yanluo clan. It's only a matter of time before the points of the Immortal Vampires are surpassed by the Yanluo clan.

"Once Supreme Saint Yuan Fei and the Deathkins kill the Immortal Vampires hiding in the jade tree... Then, the points of the Immortal Vampires will not only be surpassed by the Yanluo clan, but also by the

Rakshasas, the Nether Clan, and the Deathkins. They'll be beaten back to their original state. All your efforts will be in vain.

"Falling to the bottom of a pit must be hard for you, right? But you can't change anything!"

"Instead of struggling, why don't you stay and fight me fair and square?"

Suddenly, Zhang Ruochen, who was flying, stopped. He stared at him coldly and said, "Okay, as you wish."

Zhang Ruochen was caught off guard by Wujiang's curse. He didn't want to fight just now, so he suffered a few small losses.

Since Zhang Ruochen couldn't shake off Wujiang, he changed his strategy and decided to finish him off as soon as possible.

"Brother Wujiang, Wushen is here to hold down the fort for you."

said Yan Wushen.

Yan Wushen crossed space and appeared 300 miles behind Zhang Ruochen. He smiled and didn't seem to plan to attack.

However, Yan Wushen's Spatial Domain was released and covered a vast area. He wanted to stop Zhang Ruochen from escaping and trap him on the battlefield.

Of course, wasn't that the same as trapping Wujiang here?

"Thank you, Brother Wushen," said Wujiang.

Wujiang was aware of the strangeness of the Dimension and Time. Streaks of dark rays appeared on his body and formed a 9-meters-wide black hole. His body disappeared inside.

Zhang Ruochen turned his head and glanced at Yan Wushen. "You want to join hands with him?"

Yan Wushen shook his head and said, "I've already promised Brother Wujiang that I would give him a chance to avenge himself. So, I won't attack until the victor has been decided."

"I still believe in your words," said Zhang Ruochen.

Zhang Ruochen nodded and ignored him. His body flashed and he disappeared. When he reappeared, he was already within 3000 meters of the black hole. Then, he released the Profound Spatial Dimension.

"Dimensional Freeze."

The space within 3000 meters became frozen.

Only the space around the black hole was affected by the Power of Darkness. It instantly shattered a large area of frozen space.

"Violet Gourd."

"Immovable Wisdom King's Saint Aspect."

“Incarceration of Divine Demon.”

“Realm-frame of Truth.”

Zhang Ruochen held the Violet Gourd with both hands. He urged the Supreme Power to condense a red light pillar and fly toward the black hole.

The void burned wherever the light pillar transcended.

The Immovable Wisdom King’s Saint Aspect and Incarceration of Divine Demon merged into one. They supported their enormous bodies and formed a cloud-sized handprint. They pressed down from above.

In the Realm-frame of Truth, each star flew out a beam of light. They turned into a torrent of starlight and struck the black hole together with the scarlet beam of light.

Yan Wushen’s eyes focused. He saw that Zhang Ruochen was planning to win in one strike. He wanted to get rid of Wujiang in the shortest time possible.

“To control these powerful techniques, Zhang Ruochen must have used all his strength and concentrated his mind. If I attack from behind now, he won’t be able to resist at all. He’ll be defeated instantly.”

Yan Wushen was conflicted. He had already made up his mind to deal with Zhang Ruochen at all costs to win first place for the Yanluo clan.

But now...

The opportunity was right in front of him. He was too embarrassed to attack.

“I still believe you, Yan Wushen.” If another cultivator had said this, Yan Wushen might not have taken it to heart. However, Zhang Ruochen’s words affected Yan Wushen’s state of mind.

Yan Wushen wondered, ‘Zhang Ruochen must have said this on purpose to affect my heart. If I attack him from behind now, even if I defeat him or even kill him, I will feel guilty. In the future, in the Thousand-Koan Realm and the Banshi Isshou Realm, there will be a huge knot in my heart.’

Finally, Yan Wushen smiled bitterly and did not make a move.

Wujiang was also amazing. With the 66th level of spiritual power, he used the Myriad Eye Illusion to support the divine shadow of Netherdeus. He also released the Nether Domain and mobilized the Myriad Curse Bead to cast thirteen curses in a row.

*Rumble*

The two of them used their techniques and clashed intensely.

After about three breaths, the divine shadow of Netherdeus has shattered again. The 900-meters-wide black hole was broken by the columns of flames and starlight.

*Pfft*

Wujiang spat out blood and was sent flying.

It was strange. The divine shadow of Netherdeus and the black hole were both shattered, but the Nether Domain he condensed only suffered some damage. It was because of the Nether Domain's defense. Even if he was hit by the Supreme Power, Wujiang only spat out a mouthful of saint blood.

If it had been any other cultivator, they would have been turned into ashes.

Zhang Ruochen had been attacked by the curse. His spiritual power, physical body, and Saint Soul had all suffered some injuries, but none of them were severe.

His current physique seemed to have a strong resistance to the curse.

*Whoosh*

After Wujiang flew out, he had yet to stabilize his body when Zhang Ruochen rushed out of the void. The Violet Gourd in Zhang Ruochen's hand hacked directly at the top of Wujiang's head.

Blood spurted out of Wujiang's head with a bang.

Then Zhang Ruochen struck Wujiang's heart with his palm again.

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In the blink of an eye, Zhang Ruochen attacked 12 times in a row. Wujiang's skull was shattered, his chest caved in, and his legs were smashed into bloody mud.

Every move was meant to kill Wujiang.

More than 100 Supreme Saints of the Nether Clan caught up and saw this scene. They were all terrified.

Zhang Ruochen was too bold. He wanted to kill Wujiang.

Did he know who Wujiang was? Did he know who Wujiang's master was?

"Stop."

"Form a formation and attack together. Use the curse to attack Zhang Ruochen."

There were a total of 132 Supreme Saints of the Nether Clan. They formed a strange seal with their hands and chanted curses.

The power of the curse shuttled between them, becoming stronger and stronger.

The starry sky within a thousand miles was enveloped by the Qi of Death.

Yan Wushen, who was watching the battle from the side, felt his heart stop beating. His body turned cold and his body temperature instantly disappeared. Furthermore, it continued to drop.

"The Chant of Death," said Yan Wushen.

Yan Wushen's expression changed slightly. Golden Buddhist light burst out from his body, expelling the power of the curse that invaded his body. He quickly cast the Great Dimensional Shift and retreated far away.

More than 100 Nether Clan Supreme Saints had cast their curses at the same time. After layers of overlapping, they could easily kill a Thousand-Koan Realm Supreme Saint.

Zhang Ruochen's heart stopped beating. His palm that had been attacking Wujiang slowed down for a moment.

At this moment, Wujiang, who had been beaten to the point of being unable to retaliate, exploded and turned into a cloud of black fog.

*Whoosh*

The black fog appeared again in the center of the 132 Nether Clan Supreme Saints. It condensed into Wujiang's body. His body was still dripping with blood and was even slightly deformed. Countless bones in his body had been broken.

Fortunately, Wujiang's spiritual power was far stronger than Zhang Ruochen's and protected his Saint Soul.

Otherwise, after being hit by Zhang Ruochen 12 times in a row, even if his body was not destroyed, his Saint Soul would be destroyed.

"I see, it's the Chant of Death. I'll control it and kill Zhang Ruochen."

Wujiang knew that his strength was indeed far from Zhang Ruochen's, so he gave up fighting him alone. His body could not move, but his spiritual power could activate the Myriad Curse Bead and float above his head.

He chanted the curse.

Wujiang and the 132 Nether Clan Supreme Saints' Power of the Curse all gathered toward the Myriad Curse Bead.

"Zhang Ruochen, this Chant of Death was meant to kill Lord Hornless. I didn't expect it to be used on you first. More than 100 Nether Clan Supreme Saints sent you to your death. You've died gloriously!"

As Wujiang's voice rang out, the entire starry sky darkened. Terrifying killing intent brewed.

Yan Wushen retreated a thousand miles again. He was extremely fearful of the Chant of Death. This was the first time he was worried about Zhang Ruochen. 'With the help of the Myriad Curse Bead, the curse can threaten the life of a Banshi Isshou Realm Supreme Saint. Zhang Ruochen can't stop it. Is he going to die at Wujiang's hands?'

Although Yan Wushen saw Zhang Ruochen as this generation's only opponent and didn't want him to perish at the hands of other cultivators, there was no reason to save him at this time.

So, Yan Wushen stood aside and wanted to see if Zhang Ruochen could break the curse and break himself free.

### **Chapter 2403: Perception**

It was necessary to obtain something personal from the target in order to cast a curse on them. It could be a drop of blood, a strand of hair, or a person's clothing.

Without any of these items, if one wanted to cast a curse on the enemy, one had to use one's spiritual power or gaze to lock on to the enemy.

If one could not lock on to the enemy, the power of the curse would naturally be greatly reduced.

Just like Yan Wushen, he had used the light of Buddha and easily purified the curse that had invaded his body.

Wujiang's spiritual power was unparalleled in the entire Battlefield of Celestial-Hunting. No cultivator could compare to him. Zhang Ruochen had moved more than 20 times, but he still couldn't escape from Wujiang's spiritual power lock.

At the end, when Wujiang cast the Chant of Death, he also cast the Curse of Light and Dark, completely trapping Zhang Ruochen.

'What a strange curse.' Zhang Ruochen thought.

Zhang Ruochen stood in a circle of dark green dark light. He didn't panic, but his heart had stopped beating.

No matter how immune his body was to the curse, it couldn't resist the power of such a terrifying curse.

His body temperature dropped rapidly to the freezing point.

His blood flow slowed down.

What was more terrifying was that his heart had lost its vitality. It was like it was frozen or turned into stone. Even with his level-65 spiritual power, he couldn't protect it.

'Many gods of the Infernal Court are probably watching me. If I use the Heart of Truth, I'll definitely be exposed,' Zhang Ruochen thought.

Zhang Ruochen was confident that he could break the Chant of Death by using the Heart of Truth.

But he didn't dare to use it directly.

Of course, Zhang Ruochen could also escape into the Violet Gourd and use Supreme Power to fight against the Chant of Death. However, even though he could save his life, it was the same as giving up the Battle of Celestial-Hunting and completely trapping himself.

Zhang Ruochen came up with several countermeasures in a flash, but they didn't work.

"This is the only way!" said Zhang Ruochen.

Zhang Ruochen's eyes became icy. He unleashed a million times more absolute yang Qi that he had previously suppressed. The divine flames contained in the Divine Purification Flame, as well as Yanshen's leg, became violent as a result.

His body turned red in an instant.

*Lub-dub*

His heart beat again.

Zhang Ruochen's body burned with divine flames. His two eyeballs turned into fire beads. The dark green light that trapped him became slightly distorted.

"Blood Grind Ember."

A blood-colored millstone gradually formed above his head.

The light of stars in the Realm-frame of Truth spread around his body. It pushed open the dark light and gathered toward the blood-colored millstone. The destructive aura from the blood-colored millstone grew stronger and stronger.

Wujiang's expression froze, he sent a voice transmission to the 132 Nether Clan Supreme Saints at the same time, "What Zhang Ruochen used was the ultimate technique that Wargod Bloodximus was famous for when he was a Supreme Saint. He used the Path of Truth to fuse with it. He probably wants to use ten times his attack power.

"Everyone, listen up. Those who can manifest The Gate of Destiny can use the Power of Destiny to suppress Zhang Ruochen.

"Zang Wentian, Zang Wenhai, Supreme Saint Wu Ji... The ten of you, enter my Nether Domain and form the decagon nether formation."

The eerie Nether Domain appeared beneath Wujiang's feet and spread out for hundreds of miles. Inside, there was the white bone demon mountain, the blood-red lake, the magnificent nether city... all sorts of terrifying and unparalleled scenes.

On the Nether Clan's home planet, half of the opportunities that Wujiang had obtained were related to the Nether Domain, which doubled the effect of his Nether Domain.

Furthermore, as long as he spent more time, Wujiang was confident that he could make the Nether Domain even more mysterious. Even if he became a god in the future, there would be endless benefits.

The ten Supreme Saints of the Nether Clan rushed to the ten directions of the Nether Domain, preparing to form a formation.

Once the formation was completed, even if Zhang Ruochen unleashed ten times his attack power, he wouldn't be able to break through the defense of the Nether Domain.

"Amitabha! This is great! The opportunity has finally come!"

The Supreme Saint Celestial Captive, Dao Yuan used the "Boulder secret technique." His body became like a rock fragment floating in this space, ready to ambush Zhang Ruochen at any time.

However, Zhang Ruochen's Path of Dimension was powerful. He hadn't found a suitable opportunity.

Wujiang was doing his best to control the Chant of Death, the Curse of Light and Dark, and the Nether Domain. Suddenly, he sensed a rock fragment flying toward him.

"Huh? A stone? That's not right," said Wujiang.

Wujiang's expression changed and he shouted, "There's an ambush. Be careful."



“Haha! It’s too late. Ashes to ashes, dust to dust. Everything will be gone.”

The stone fragment turned into Dao Yuan’s figure. It had a bald head and a round face. Its body gave off a golden light and its body started to crack.

*Boom*

He self-detonated his Sainthood Source.

The ten Hundred-Shackle Realm Supreme Saints who wanted to form a formation were the first to bear the brunt. They were in the center of Dao Yuan’s self-detonation. They all exploded into ten balls of blood mist. Only pieces of saint bones were left.

Dao Yuan was a Hundred-Shackle Realm Supreme Saint. The destructive power of his self-detonation was too strong. He pounced on Wujiang and more than a hundred Nether Clan Supreme Saints.

Wujiang gritted his teeth. He was so angry that he was trembling.

If he hadn’t used all his strength to deal with Zhang Ruochen, how could a mere Celestial Captives have the chance to self-explode his Sainthood Source in front of him?

Ten Hundred-Shackle Realm Nether Clan Supreme Saints had died. The losses were too great. In the eyes of the Nether Clan gods, it was all Wujiang’s fault. He had to take full responsibility.

Wujiang took a deep breath and pressed his palm forward.

*Whoosh*

A circular dark ray formed in front of the Myriad Curse Bead. It was like a shield, blocking the surging destructive power.

Zhang Ruochen was slightly surprised. He hadn’t expected such a change.

Actually, Dao Yuan wanted to ambush Zhang Ruochen, but he saw more than 100 Nether Clan Supreme Saints gathered. They weren’t prepared at all. They seemed like they could all be killed in one wave.

Thus, he changed his strategy at the last minute.

What was the point of dying together with Zhang Ruochen?

Killing more than 100 Infernal Court Supreme Saints in one go would give him a greater sense of accomplishment.

“This is a good opportunity,” said Zhang Ruochen.

*BOOM!*

Zhang Ruochen shattered the Curse of Light and Dark and struck out the Blood Grind Embers with 10 times the attack power. It passed through the destructive power formed by the self-detonation of the circle and crashed into the circular dark light screen in front of Wujiang.

“Oh no!” said Wujiang.

Wujiang’s heart sank when he saw the blood-red millstone that was bigger than a mountain.

A brilliant destructive light wave spread out. The dark light Shield shattered. Wujiang and more than 100 Nether Clan Supreme Saints were thrown out at the same time. They were all seriously injured.

“In the end... I still lost...” said Wujiang.

Wujiang’s body had suffered even more damage. The Myriad Curse Bead had an effect on his spiritual power as well. He was injured to some extent.

“Slash!”

Zhang Ruochen chased after him. He waved his hand and cut open a Dimensional Rift.

Wujiang barely held up the Myriad Curse Bead to block it.

“Slash!”

“Slash again!”

...

Layers and layers of Power of Dimension fell on Wujiang. He finally could not hold on anymore. He fell into the broken space, surrounded by oblivion and darkness.

Zhang Ruochen grabbed the Myriad Curse Bead that was about to fly away and quickly sealed it.

Another Supreme Artifact was in his hands.

In an instant, the space became normal again.

Zhang Ruochen felt a little regretful that he could not kill Wujiang after all.

With his ability to reach the realms of Wujiang, Yan Huangtu, and others, it was easy to defeat him, but it was too difficult to kill him.

Previously, Zhang Ruochen had wanted to kill Wujiang, but he had put himself in a dangerous situation. So this time, he was very decisive. He directly sent Wujiang into the void and made him leave the battlefield.

Next, Zhang Ruochen had more important things to do.

“Killing Supreme Saint Yanhong and defeating Yan Huangtu and Wujiang in a row. Zhang Ruochen is simply too arrogant.”

“I’m afraid that only Que can be his opponent in the entire Battlefield of Celestial-Hunting!”

“Have you forgotten Yan Wushen? Yan Wushen is also a Yuanhui-level genius. He’s definitely not weaker than Zhang Ruochen.”

...

Countless cultivators in the entire Infernal Court were talking about Zhang Ruochen.

At the same time, they talked about Que, Lan Ying, Yan Wushen, and even Luo Shengtian. However, they rarely talked about the defeated Yan Huangtu map and Wujiang.

The loser was destined to be a foil and dim.

Yan Wushen's eyes were deep. He said, "You haven't used the Saintwill in your fight with Wujiang. Is it because the Saintwill you have cultivated has reached a higher level and can not be perfectly integrated with the saint technique?"

The Saintwill had to be combined with the saint technique in order to be transformed into combat power.

This integration required a significant amount of time to cultivate and polish.

Zhang Ruochen's body was engulfed in flames. His fighting spirit was brimming with zeal. He smiled at Yan Wushen and then disappeared.

Zhang Ruochen reappeared hundreds of miles away.

Time after time, he moved quickly towards the Albajade Tree.

Yan Wushen said, "It seems that Zhang Ruochen has given up on spending a lot of time hunting the Supreme Saint Celestial Captives. Instead, he's going to rescue the Immortal Vampires hiding in the Albajade Tree. At the same time, he must have set his final target on Lord Hornless. As long as he kills Lord Hornless, he'll be able to secure victory in the Battle of Celestial-Hunting.

"Besides, Zhang Ruochen shouldn't have completely expelled the Power of Curse in his body. He might even have suffered some degree of injury."

Yan Wushen analyzed it secretly and shouted, "Zhang Ruochen, don't leave. Fight with me."

Yan Wushen also used the Great Dimensional Shift to chase after him.

When they reached the edge of the Albajade Tree, more than 30 Deathkin Supreme Saints each took out their Regal Artifacts and attacked Zhang Ruochen.

"Get out of the way," said Zhang Ruochen.

Zhang Ruochen took out the Pleiades Lotus and turned it into a seven-petaled ghost lotus. He busted all the Regal Artifacts away. Half of them were cracked and half dull.

In front of a Supreme Artifact, a Regal Artifact was nothing.

Then, Zhang Ruochen formed a sacred fire handprint and used the Dragon-Elephant Prajna Palm Strike. He sent more than 30 Deathkin Supreme Saints flying. The Divine Purification Flame also ignited their Neverwither physique.

"Oh no, it's the Emperor-level Divine Purification Flame. Quickly expel them from our bodies. Otherwise, we'll be burned to ashes," a Deathkin Supreme Saint cried out.

Zhang Ruochen ignored them and rushed into the Albajade Tree.

...

On the seventh Dark Star.

Luo Sha hovered in the darkness and looked at the seventh Dark Star. "Have you found it? Where are the cultivators of the Yanluo clan and the three upper clans hiding?"

A Rakshasi Supreme Saint stood behind Luo Sha. She was nervous. Bowing, she said, "We... We can't find them. They're hiding very well."

"How can there be no trace of them?" asked Luo Sha.

Luo Sha felt even more uneasy. She asked again, "What's the situation on the seventh Dark Star?"

Another Rakshasa Supreme Saint said, "All the Supreme Saint Celestial Captives are still gathered on the planet."

Luo Sha said, "All of them?"

"The Supreme Saints of the six clans have surrounded them. How can they escape?" that Rakshasa laughed.

Luo Sha was silent for a moment before she shook her head and said, "No, no."

"Your Highness, what's wrong?" Lord Bladehell asked.

Luo Sha said, "One hour and a half had gone on the last day. How can the Yanluo Clan and the three upper clans remain calm and not take any action? This is one of the reasons.

"The second reason is that the Saint Qi of the Supreme Saint Celestial Captives has almost been used up. Why are they still waiting for death on the seventh Dark Star?"

"Something's fishy. Investigate deeper."

The Rakshasas and the Immortal Vampires looked at each other and smiled. They felt that Luo Sha's worries were unnecessary.

A soft and beautiful voice came from the darkness, "There's no need to investigate further. The Yanluo Clan, the three upper clans, and the Celestial Captives on the seventh Dark Star have all left."

Moyin's alluring figure flew out gracefully and landed in front of everyone.

"That's impossible. I've checked up close just now. All the Supreme Saint Celestial Captives are still on the seventh Dark Star," the Supreme Saint who reported to Luo Sha said firmly.

The Supreme Saint added, "If the Supreme Saint Celestial Captives, the three upper clans, and the Yanluo clan all left, how could we not notice them?"

Most of the Supreme Saints present had looks of disbelief on their faces.

Upon hearing Moyin's words, Luo Sha's expression turned extremely ugly.

Moyin stared at the Rakshasa Supreme Saint who had just spoken, she laughed coldly and said, "What you saw was just an illusion left behind by them. Their goal was to keep us in the seventh Dark Star. How much time did the Rakshasas waste by having such an idiot like you? Do you know that you have already been sentenced to death?"

The face of the Rakshasa Supreme Saint was deathly pale. He took a step back as his legs became weak.

When he went to investigate, he did not dare to get too close to the seventh Dark Star because he was afraid of danger. Naturally, he was unable to see through the planet's illusions.

If he truly caused the Immortal Vampires and Rakshasas to lose in the Battle of Celestial-Huntingfield, the ramifications would be dire. It was highly likely that it was a death sentence.

Luo Sha did not like Moyin, but she still asked patiently, "What's the situation?"

Moyin said, "I went to the seventh Dark Star just now. After I broke the illusion, there were two dimensional teleportation arrays left on the ground. The smaller one had already been destroyed. The larger one was very complicated. It was completely different from the dimensional teleportation array that master had set up before. I don't know where it was sent to."

Luo Sha frowned and muttered to herself, "Setting up a dimensional teleportation array on Dark Star... I understand now. It's Yan Wushen. It has to be him!"

In an instant, Luo Sha had figured out the whole incident and concluded, "If I'm not wrong, it's Yan Wushen setting up the stage and performing the last play on the Battlefield of Celestial-Hunting. They must have gone to the home planet of the Immortal Vampires. That's right, it must be so."

She immediately took out the diamond-shaped mirror and found that the points on it had not changed much from yesterday.

*CRACK!*

The diamond-shaped mirror was crushed by her.

"The Mystic Eye of Myriad Realms must have done it on purpose. In this last battle, they specifically tested our intelligence and did not remind us about the points." Luo Sha said angrily as she was breathing heavily.

Ever since she was young, she was the only one who toyed with others.

She didn't expect that she would be tricked by Yan Wushen today.

The Immortal Vampires all felt their scalps go numb. They didn't dare to imagine how serious the consequences would be.

How could the Nine-Step Saint Kings and the few Supreme Saints on their own planet stop the legion of Supreme Saints of the three clans and the Yanluo clan? It was unknown how bad the situation had become.

Lord Bladehell's expression changed several times. He said, "Let's go. We should be able to make it back in time."

"We can make it. We definitely can make it. Zhang Ruochen was on the planet. If he wanted to leave, thousands of soldiers and horses wouldn't be able to stop him. As long as he can leave with some of his clansmen, our points won't be cut in half," Supreme Saint Yi Xuan said in a trembling voice.

The Supreme Saints of the four clans had gathered together. There were also top powerhouses like Yan Huangtu, Yan Wushen, and Wujiang. In fact, none of the cultivators present thought that Zhang Ruochen could escape.

The outcome of losing on the last day seemed to have been decided.

All the Immortal Vampires Supreme Saints were angry, disappointed, and unreconciled.

Luo Sha stopped them and said, "Where are you all going?"

"It's none of your business," said Lord Bladehell.

Lord Bladehell was too anxious to talk to her.

At the edge of the seventh Dark Star, the Immortal Vampires had a dimensional teleportation array. Of course, this secret was not meant for Luo Sha. However, it would take several hours to get to the dimensional teleportation array from here.

Unfortunately, the dimensional teleportation array on the Dark Star was different from ordinary ones. Except for Yan Wushen, no other cultivator could use it.

Even with Moyin's dimensional attainment, they couldn't activate it.

Luo Sha had calmed down. Her beautiful eyes sparkled with a strange light, she said, "If you Immortal Vampires want to fight for the first place among the ten clans, you'd better listen to my suggestion. Besides, there's a dimensional teleportation array on the Dark Star. Why do you want to go far instead of near?"

#### **Chapter 2404: Han Jue**

The Supreme Saints of the Immortal Vampires and the Rakshasas gathered on the seventh Dark Star and surrounded the dimensional teleportation array of darkness that Yan Wushen had set up.

Luo Sha stood alone in the array. From time to time, she would crouch down and use her fingers to gently touch the array patterns on the ground.

Suddenly, the corners of her mouth curled up as she said with a smile, "I knew that Yan Wushen would never leave the array here for no reason. He has finally started to reveal his true side, revealing his methods everywhere."

Yan Wushen had tampered with the array patterns on the ground.

If the Supreme Saints of Rakshasa and the Immortal Vampires were too impatient and entered the array, they would immediately try to teleport. The final result would be that the teleportation array would be shattered and the space would collapse. The Supreme Saints of the Immortal Vampires and the Rakshasa would fall into the void and be eliminated.

Luo Sha was also a Master of Dimension. Her attainments in dimension were extremely high and she was able to repair the problematic array patterns one by one.

Lord Bladehell greeted Luo Sha as he walked out of the array and asked, "How is it? Have you finished repairing it?"

Luo Sha nodded.

Then Lord Bladehell and a large group of Immortal Vampires cultivators rushed impatiently into the teleportation array.

No one knew how far the battle on their home planet had progressed, and they could only race against time to return. Every Supreme Saint was extremely anxious.

Luo Sha thought about it and finally said, "I have something to say. I don't know if I should say it."

Gu Chenzi cupped his hands and bowed. He said, "Your Highness, are you trying to say that it's too late for us to rush back to our home planet? Why don't we kill our way to the Yanluo clan's home planet and kill their clansmen?"

Luo Sha said, "That's right."

Gu Chenzi shook his head and said, "The Yanluo clansmen must have been brought along by the Yanluo clan Supreme Saint. It's impossible to keep them on our home planet."

Luo Sha shook her head, she said, "Firstly, we can't bring all of our clansmen out of our home planet. Secondly, to the Yanluo clansmen, there is no place safer than our home planet. After all, Lady Wind's Path of Destiny is profound. We can predict where they are hiding.

"Perhaps a large number of our clansmen have been taken away by the Yanluo clan Supreme Saint. However, there must be quite a number of them left on our home planet.

"Thirdly, I happen to know the coordinates of a teleportation array on the home planet of the Yanluo clan."

Gu Chenzi's expression kept changing and he finally made a decision. "Your Highness, please send me to the home planet of the Yanluo clan alone."

"You alone?" Luo Sha was slightly surprised.

Gu Chenzi smiled and said, "I should take the risk alone than bring a large group of cultivators with me. Besides, I'm only going to investigate and see if the Yanluo clan's home planet is real or not."

Moyin and Lord Sinluo walked over and said, "We'll go to the Yanluo clan's home planet too."

Luo Sha said, "The Yanluo clan has sent out all their powerhouses. There won't be too much danger on our home planet. With your three cultivation levels, it should be more than enough."

Lord Bladehell led hundreds of Immortal Vampires' Supreme Saints and teleported away first.

Immediately after, Moyin, Lord Sinluo, and Gu Chenzi were teleported to the Yanluo clan's home planet.

Luo Shengtian said thoughtfully, "Who do you think will win? The Immortal Vampires or the Yanluo Clan?"

"In reality, it is solely dependent on Zhang Ruochen. The Immortal Vampires will most likely be number one among the ten clans as long as Zhang Ruochen can withstand the siege and hold on until the end of the Battle of Celestial-Hunting," Luo Sha said.

Luo Shengtian was surprised. “Doesn’t it depend on who can kill Lord Hornless?”

Luo Sha shook her head. “Zhang Ruochen and Yan Wushen won’t let each other kill Lord Hornless so easily. In that case, Lord Hornless will be very safe. If nothing changes, Lord Hornless will most likely die under Que’s sword.”

Luo Shengtian said, “Que? Why do you think Que will kill Lord Hornless?”

“With Que’s battle strength that far surpassed other cultivators, he must have a purpose for appearing on the Battlefield of Celestial-Hunting. If his opponent is not Que, why did the Fane of Destiny let him enter the battlefield as an anomaly who would break the balance of the ten clans?” Luo Sha asked.

Luo Shengtian thought carefully, “It seems that only Lord Hornless can be Que’s opponent on the Battlefield of Celestial-Hunting. Although Zhang Ruochen and Yan Wushen cultivate very fast, they are still far from the Great Perfection stage of the Hundred-Shackle Realm.”

Luo Sha smiled and said, “Nothing is absolute. After all, this is a battle between clans. No matter how strong Lord Hornless and Que are, they are only one person. In front of the clan’s legion of Supreme Saints, they were still too weak. With a large number of Immortal Vampires Supreme Saints rushing back, Zhang Ruochen still had a chance to kill Lord Hornless. Next, it’s up to Zhang Ruochen, Yan Wushen, and Que to seize the opportunity.

“Relatively speaking, among the four of them, Zhang Ruochen is in the most disadvantageous position because he has the Emperor Grade Saintwill Pill and Quasi-Emperor Grade Saintwill Pill.”

Luo Shengtian said, “So, you still favor Yan Wushen and the Yanluo clan in the end?”

Luo Sha smiled but didn’t say anything.

Sometimes, no matter how many analyses there were, they couldn’t keep up with the changes in the situation.

Luo Sha said, “Let’s go to the home planet of the Nether Clan first. It’s time for my Path of Destiny to come in handy!”

Luo Sha and Luo Shengtian were the children of the former Scioness of Destiny. They had the best teachers since they were young. With their talent and comprehension ability, their attainments in the Path of Destiny were naturally not weak. They could be used to predict many things, so it was not difficult to find the Nether clansmen.

...

Zhang Ruochen slowed his flight speed as he approached the Albajade Tree.

The Chant of Death cast by Wujiang’s alliance with more than 100 Nether Clan Supreme Saints was very terrifying. It hurt Zhang Ruochen’s spiritual power and Saint Soul. His body was also severely injured.

Fortunately, he had refined the Pale Blood Soil and had the Heart of the Divine Tree. That was how he had survived.



If it had been Yan Wushen, Yan Huangtu, and the others, even if they had not died, they would have been injured to the point of losing their battle strength.

It's almost impossible to fight against a clan alone. I can't do it without it, and neither can Lord Hornless. Only when my cultivation reaches the Great Perfection stage of the Hundred-Shackle Realm and I release all the divine power of the Demigod-level physique can I truly fight against a clan,' Zhang Ruochen thought.

At this moment, Zhang Ruochen desperately hoped that the Supreme Saint of the Immortal Vampires could come back as soon as possible.

He didn't want to lose the Battle of Celestial-Hunting.

Supreme Saint Yuan Fei dared to chase after Lord Hornless because he had the support of the entire Deathkin's Supreme Saint. Lord Hornless fled because he knew that he couldn't win against a clan.

As he flew, he refined the Power of Curse in his body.

After flying for about 500 miles, Zhang Ruochen met a Deathkin's Supreme Saint hiding behind a tree branch.

That Deathkin Supreme Saint was about to send a message to Supreme Saint Yuan Fei with a Communication talisman when Zhang Ruochen appeared behind him and knocked him unconscious with one palm.

Zhang Ruochen removed the Deathkin Supreme Saint's clothes and donned them himself.

After stealing some of the Deathkin Supreme Saint's memories, Zhang Ruochen did not hesitate to use the Divine Purification Flame to burn him to ashes and steal his Sainthood Source.

Then, Zhang Ruochen transformed into his appearance.

These Deathkin Supreme Saints were here to deal with the Immortal Vampires. There was no need to be merciful to them.

If they had to be killed, they had to be killed.

That Deathkin Supreme Saint who had died was called "Han Jue". He was short and fat. He didn't look good.

Next, Zhang Ruochen met six more Deathkin Supreme Saints. They were guarding six different places. After greeting them one by one, they flew over.

Fifteen minutes later, Zhang Ruochen saw the corpse of an Immortal Vampire Supreme Saint.

This Immortal Vampire Supreme Saint had obviously burned his blood and fought with all his might before he died. His body had become shriveled. However, the opponents he faced were far too formidable. They flattened him and nailed him to the white tree like a patty of meat.

The Sainthood Source had been dug out.

Zhang Ruochen kept silent and flew forward.

Along the way, he encountered more than a dozen corpses of Immortal Vampires. Some had been refined into bones. Some had been attacked by the saint techniques of the Deathkins and turned into rotting corpses. Some had been dismembered and their bones were incomplete.

Although he hadn't seen the battle with his own eyes, Zhang Ruochen could guess how cruel the battle had been.

No Immortal Vampires had left the battlefield. They were all burning their blood to fight with the Deathkin pursuers to buy time. Perhaps every time they died, they hoped that Zhang Ruochen would arrive in time.

Unfortunately, there weren't so many things that could be done in time.

Zhang Ruochen was composed. He wasn't angry or depressed. However, the fact that these Immortal Vampires Supreme Saints were willing to die for the honor and benefits of the clan, and fought to the last drop of their blood, had left an impression on his heart.

No matter how much he hated the Immortal Vampires, he had a sense of admiration for the dead.

*Boom*

The sound of battle came into his ears.

There were strong waves of death qi and blood-red aura moving through the branches.

Zhang Ruochen sped up and landed on a branch that was more than 70 meters thick. He saw nearly 100 Deathkin Supreme Saints attacking 22 Supreme Saints of the Immortal Vampires.

Seven Immortal Vampires Supreme Saints had been killed by a silk-like Regal Artifact.

There were two Supreme Saints in the Hundred-Shackle Realm's Great Perfection stage. One of them was a young lady. She was ugly and had small eyes. Her entire body was filled with death Qi. She was holding a Regal Artifact made of silk.

The other Supreme Saint in the Great Perfection stage of the Hundred-Shackle Realm was a burly man with horns on his head. His spiritual power was strong. He held a blue pearl and suppressed the Immortal Vampires who wanted to self-destruct.

Pan Ruo and Supreme Saint Yuan Fei were nowhere to be seen.

Zhang Ruochen narrowed his eyes. He adjusted his robe and flew over openly.

There were more than enough Supreme Saints. They could, in theory, kill a powerhouse like Zhang Ruochen, but it all depended on the circumstances.

They could use the power of each Supreme Saint reasonably if they couldn't organize a joint attack in a short period of time and there weren't any top-tier powerhouses in charge of the overall situation. They were then completely dispersed. Zhang Ruochen couldn't destroy them with time and space, but he could easily defeat them.

After all, there were nearly 100 Supreme Saints. If Zhang Ruochen wanted to escape, it was already amazing that he could keep one-third of them.

The ugly-looking young woman sensed a cultivator approaching. She glanced at Zhang Ruochen and asked, "Han Jue, what are you doing here?"

"The situation outside has changed. Wujiang lost to Zhang Ruochen and was expelled from the Battlefield of Celestial-Hunting," Zhang Ruochen said.

The ugly-looking woman was slightly shocked. "How is that possible? There are so many Nether Clan saints around Wujiang. Even if he lost, he wouldn't be expelled from the battlefield."

### **Chapter 2405: Suppressing a Hundred of Supreme Saints**

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"Where's Supreme Saint Yuan Fei? Hurry up and tell him about this. We have to make preparations," said Zhang Ruochen.

Zhang Ruochen carried a gust of wind and landed not far from the black-ugly woman. He walked over step by step and looked at the battlefield not far away.

"Supreme Saint Yuan Fei and His Highness Pan Ruo are not here. They have gone to kill Lord Hornless," the black-ugly woman said.

Including the two Supreme Saints at the Great Perfection stage of the Hundred-Shackle Realm, there were a total of 94 Deathkin Supreme Saints here.

The Qi of Death on their bodies was thick, and they were filled with corrosive power. Powerful energy waves constantly erupted, causing the air to boil.

The Deathkin Supreme Saints did not attack randomly. Instead, they formed two combined attack arrays.

The innermost one was formed by 60 Supreme Saints.

Each of them released hundreds of millions to billions of precepts. In total, hundreds of billions of precepts interweaved and turned into different attack powers. There were human-shaped lightning, palace-shaped fireballs, and deadly shadows...

Zhang Ruochen didn't know how the Deathkins had managed to completely merge the 60 Supreme Saints' precepts into one without repelling each other.

But Zhang Ruochen knew very well that if hundreds of billions of precepts came at him at the same time, he might not be able to withstand all kinds of attacks. He would most likely choose to retreat temporarily instead of fighting them head-on.

But the 22 Immortal Vampire Supreme Saints who were surrounded in the center had no way to retreat. They could only try their best to resist.

They were burning the Supreme Saint's blood in their bodies and turning into 22 human torches. They let out long howls to resist the attacks of the 60 Deathkin Supreme Saints.

"Fight, fight until we are left with the last drop of blood."

“This is the last day of the Battle of Celestial-Hunting. The Immortal Vampires must not fall on this day.”

...

Xuemo was the strongest of the 22 Immortal Vampires Supreme Saints. He sat cross-legged in the void and revealed nine demonic portraits. It was as if nine demonic worlds had opened up.

Nine blood holes appeared on Xuemo’s body. Nine streams of blood flowed out continuously and flowed into the nine demonic worlds to block the attacks of the Deathkin Supreme Saints.

However, Xuemo’s body quickly dried up.

The Supreme Saint blood would soon run out.

The other 21 Immortal Vampire Supreme Saints’ blood had also burned more than half of their bodies. Their battle strength had declined and they could no longer defend against the Deathkin Supreme Saint’s attack.

Despair spreads in the hearts of every Immortal Vampire Supreme Saints.

After spending hundreds of years, they stood out from hundreds of millions of Immortal Vampires and became the kings among the Saint Realm. Every single one of them was ambitious and unwilling to die just like that.

However, they could sacrifice themselves for the Immortal Vampires.

They absolutely could not die on the last day.

If that was the case, today would become their lifelong regret and they would be mocked by other cultivators for the rest of their lives.

“You are the Immortal Vampires and we are the Deathkins. Your lives are destined to be ended by us,” the Deathkin Supreme Saint in the Great Perfection stage of the Hundred-Shackle Realm with two horns on his head said in an indifferent voice.

The ugly black woman said, “Hand over the Immortal Vampires hidden on your bodies. Don’t struggle for no reason.”

Zhang Ruochen did not launch an impulsive attack. ‘The 60 Deathkin Supreme Saints in the inner layer are responsible for attacking,’ he thought to himself. ‘The 32 Deathkin Supreme Saints in the outer layer, along with the Supreme Saints in the Hundred-Shackle Realm’s Great Perfection stage with two horns, are responsible for releasing the Will of Death to prevent the Immortal Vampires Supreme Saints from self-detonating their Sainthood Source. Supreme Saint Long Li, the black-ugly woman, was guarding the outermost perimeter against outside sneak attacks.

‘The two Supreme Saints in the Great Perfection stage of the Hundred-Shackle Realm pose the least threat. The two combined attack arrays need to be broken at the first moment. As long as their powers can not be combined, the threat is not great.’

Zhang Ruochen’s hands behind his back condensed into numerous tiny Dimensional Rifts after he made his decision.

Each Dimensional Rift was only an inch long.

The black-ugly woman was very cautious. Sensing the spatial fluctuations, she immediately looked at Zhang Ruochen.

Attack.

*Whoosh*

Zhang Ruochen formed more than 300 Dimensional Rifts and merged the Mark of Time into them.

He waved his hand.

More than 300 Dimensional Rifts silently flew toward the black-ugly woman and nearly 100 Deathkin Supreme Saints like a black rain of knives.

“Be careful... Ah...”

The black-ugly woman had just shouted when the death qi shield protecting her body was pierced through. Six bloody holes were left on her body. Her flesh and bones seemed to have been dug out.

The inch-long Dimensional Rifts penetrated her body and could take away a piece of flesh the size of a palm.

After the Dimensional Rifts were integrated with the Mark of Time, her flying speed was more than ten times faster than before. At such a close distance, how could she avoid it with her cultivation in the Great Perfection stage of the Hundred-Shackle Realm?

*Swish*

The Supreme Saints' reaction was very fast, but the Dimensional Rift was even faster.

Half of the 90 Deathkin Supreme Saints were hit by the Dimensional Rift. They made muffled sounds and suffered different degrees of injuries. The attacks of the two arrays were naturally interrupted and the formation was scattered.

Many angry eyes locked on Zhang Ruochen.

“Who are you?”

“There's no need to ask. It's Zhang Ruochen.”

Zhang Ruochen felt that it was a pity that he couldn't tear open too many Dimensional Rifts inside the Albajade Tree. Otherwise, they wouldn't just be injured.

*Whoosh*

Zhang Ruochen's body disappeared in an instant.

A loud bang sounded. Before the black-ugly woman could react, Zhang Ruochen's palm struck her neck. Her tibia broke and her body flew out.

The next moment, Zhang Ruochen appeared in front of the Deathkin Supreme Saint with horns on his head. He gently pressed his palm forward.

The Supreme Saint in the Great Perfection stage of the Hundred-Shackle Realm barely held up an arm. He wanted to resist, but Zhang Ruochen broke his arm. His body flew away like a cannonball. He crashed into a tree branch. The sound of bones breaking rang in his body, and blood flowed out of his head and back.

In less than a breath's time, he had severely injured two Supreme Saints in the Great Perfection stage of the Hundred-Shackle Realm.

*THUMP!*

Zhang Ruochen stomped on the void with his left foot. The void seemed to turn into water and shook.

Then, the surging sea of divine flames spread out and enveloped all the Deathkin Supreme Saints.

"Bell of Time."

Zhang Ruochen raised his hands. The Marks of Time between heaven and earth gathered rapidly and condensed into a huge bell above his head. It spun quickly.

Suddenly...

A deafening bell chime sounded.

The Marks of Time and sound waves surged like waves. They crashed into each Deathkin Supreme Saint and sent them flying like fallen leaves.

The Marks of Time had cut off a lot of their lifespan. Their bodies fell into a temporary state of weakness.

At this moment, the divine flame burned through their protective death qi and entered their bodies. Their skin turned crimson and turned into black dust. It spread into their bodies.

*Swoosh*

The Pleiades Lotus flew out of Zhang Ruochen's hand. The seven flower petals couldn't be cut off. They dismembered the Deathkin Supreme Saints' Neverwithers physique one by one. Their hands, feet, and heads flew everywhere.

These moves were all unleashed within a breath's time.

The 22 Immortal Vampires were taken aback by Zhang Ruochen's appearance. They couldn't believe a Supreme Saint of the Hundred-Shackle Realm had such terrifying battle power. He had defeated nearly 100 Deathkin Supreme Saints on his own.

They would never forget this scene.

"He's Here! He's finally here! Zhang Ruochen is finally here!" An Immortal Vampire Supreme Saint laughed loudly. He couldn't hold it in anymore. He fell from midair onto a tree branch.

Xue Ningxiao stopped using her secret technique. Her face was pale, but a smile appeared on her delicate face. It was as if she had seen a ray of light in the darkness. "It's... It's Cousin Ruochen..."

It was as if being Zhang Ruochen's cousin was a kind of pride.

Suddenly, Zhang Ruochen sensed something. He suddenly turned around and punched.

The secret technique was activated by the ugly black woman. She set fire to her life and left a handprint. It smacked into Zhang Ruochen's fist. Her fractured neck had been repaired. Her eyes were red with rage.

*Boom*

Zhang Ruochen caught her palm, and his body only shook slightly.

After burning her lifespan, the black-ugly woman could burst out with the battle strength of a Supreme Saint in the initial stage of the Thousand-Koan Realm in a short time. However, it was still not enough in front of Zhang Ruochen.

Zhang Ruochen kicked her in the chest.

*Pfft*

The black-ugly woman spat out blood and flew out.

Zhang Ruochen reached out his hand and was about to use the Power of Dimension to pull her back. Suddenly, his head hurt, and the Power of Dimension was interrupted.

It was the Will of Death.

Hundreds of Deathkin Supreme Saints attacked Zhang Ruochen with the Will of Death at the same time, led by the two-horned Supreme Saint in the Hundred-Shackle Realm's Great Perfection stage.

"You're courting death," said Zhang Ruochen.

Zhang Ruochen withdrew the Pleiades Lotus and used the Supreme Power to defend.

Then, he put his hands together. The huge Immovable Wisdom King's Saint Aspect rose behind him. It released a bright light that was even brighter than the sun. Its aura rose higher and higher.

"All Deathkin Supreme Saints, retreat immediately," said the two-horned Supreme Saint in the Hundred-Shackle Realm's Great Perfection stage. "I'll cover the back."

The Supreme Saints' vitality was strong. Zhang Ruochen's wave of attacks had only killed six Supreme Saints. The rest of the Deathkin Supreme Saints were either injured or had been burned by the Divine Purification Flame. They were all greatly weakened.

Looking at the growing Immovable Wisdom King's Saint Aspect, they couldn't help but feel terrified.

"What a powerful saint might. How is this still a Hundred-Shackle Realm Supreme Saint? The Thousand-Koan Realm Supreme Saints I've seen are also much weaker than him."

The sound of wind breaking could be heard!

More than 80 Deathkin Supreme Saints flew in different directions. Because they were too fast, their original bodies were already dozens of miles away. The afterimages they left behind were still very clear.

The Immovable Wisdom King's Saint Aspect grabbed the two-horned Deathkin Supreme Saint in the Great Perfection stage of the Hundred-Shackle Realm and crushed his Neverwither physique. His bones cracked.

"Ah! Zhang Ruochen, you can't kill me. It's just the Battle of Celestial-Hunting. We don't have any personal grudges. Let me go and I'll never forget your kindness." said the two-horned Supreme Saint.

The two-horned Deathkin Supreme Saint cried out in pain. He was scared. He didn't want to be crushed by Zhang Ruochen.

"You're one of the top elite of the Deathkin," Zhang Ruochen said. "You were crushed like a clay figurine in front of so many cultivators. How could you not feel resentment? If I let you go, will you remember my kindness? No, you will remember the hatred and anger in your heart. Once you have the chance, you will definitely think of ways to kill me."

The black-ugly woman flew from behind, holding a silk-like Regal Artifact. It stretched out for more than 1,000 meters, like a bright light thread.

Zhang Ruochen did not look back. A bolt of lightning condensed in the void and struck her body.

This bolt of lightning was a spiritual power attack.

The black-ugly woman's Qi of Death dissipated. With a scream, she fell down.

*Boom*

The Immovable Wisdom King's Saint Aspect's palm exerted force and crushed the two-horned Deathkin Supreme Saint's body until it exploded, turning into a cloud of blood mist.

The Divine Purification Flame in Zhang Ruochen's palm refined the two-horned Supreme Saint's Saint Soul into a wisp of smoke.

Even until his death, the Supreme Saint in the Great Perfection stage of the Hundred-Shackle Realm could not believe that Zhang Ruochen would really kill him.

Zhang Ruochen did not chase after the fleeing Deathkin Supreme Saints. They had either been invaded by the Divine Purification Flame or had their lifespans cut off. It would be difficult for them to recover their combat strength in a short period.

At least today, they could not continue fighting.

Xue Ningxiao flew in front of Zhang Ruochen. She looked at her cousin, who had defeated nearly a hundred Supreme Saints with a wave of his hand. Her originally pale face blushed and said, "You shouldn't have killed Supreme Saint Xu Man," she said softly. "He's Deathkin's God Candidate. He has a deity backing him. If you kill him, you'll have a vendetta."

Zhang Ruochen said, "Don't the Immortal Vampires have a grudge against the Deathkin? We've killed many of the Scions and Scionesses of the Deathkin anyway. Killing one more won't make much of a difference."



“The position of Scion or Scioness might not be as high as the God Candidate,” Xue Ningxiao muttered. She didn’t dare say it out loud.

The Albajade Tree couldn’t tear open too much space inside. Zhang Ruochen couldn’t send his enemies into the void, so he had to kill them.

“Greetings, Supreme Saint Ruochen.”

The Supreme Saints of the Immortal Vampires all bowed to Zhang Ruochen. Their eyes were filled with respect and worship.

Zhang Ruochen said, “Give me all your clansmen.”

Xue Ningxiao hesitated for a moment, but said, “Cousin, if you take your clansmen with you, it will definitely affect your combat power.”

“Don’t worry. I have many Regal Artifacts that are suitable for storing lifeforms. I won’t use them as weapons.”

As he spoke, Zhang Ruochen took out 11 Regal Artifacts. There was a brush, a cauldron, a sword... all of them had stable and huge internal spaces. Even ordinary humans could survive in them for a while.

The Immortal Vampire Supreme Saints all looked at each other.

The only Regal Artifacts they had were all shattered. They had suffered heavy losses. After all, the Regal Artifacts they had brought into the Battlefield of Celestial-Hunting were their strongest weapons. They were worth more than half their wealth.

On the other hand, Zhang Ruochen took out more than 10 of them.

This comparison made them feel sad.

They were all Supreme Saints. Why was there such a big difference?

Zhang Ruochen put the 34 million surviving clansmen into 11 Regal Artifacts and stared at the Immortal Vampires. He said, “You’re too heavily injured. Leave the battlefield! Leave the rest to me.”

The Immortal Vampires didn’t leave. They stood still and showed their determination to Zhang Ruochen through their eyes that they wanted to continue fighting along his side.

Only Xuemo stood up, he sighed. “Too much Supreme Saint blood has been lost. We can’t continue fighting! Don’t just stand there. Let’s go together. Zhang Ruochen is The Scion of Time and Space. If he wants to escape, the Deathkin and Yanluo clan Supreme Saints won’t be able to stop him.”

Thinking of this, the Immortal Vampires Supreme Saints nodded. It made sense.

*WHOOSH!*

Streaks of white light flashed. The Mystic Eye of Myriad Realms sent all the Immortal Vampires out of the battlefield.

As Xuemo had predicted, Zhang Ruochen’s best option now was to flee with the remaining Immortal Vampires and hide until the Battle of Celestial-Hunting was over.

This way, the Immortal Vampires could at least be ranked second. They might even have a chance of staying first.

As long as Lord Hornless wasn't killed by the Yanluo clan.

Zhang Ruochen didn't run away. He took out the diamond-shaped mirror and glanced at it:

Immortal Vampires, 89.75 million points.

Yanluo clan, 89.07 million points.

The Immortal Vampires were in the lead. They were still in the lead.

But how much longer could they stay in the lead?

"Luo Sha and Moyin should be able to react soon. I hope the final decision isn't about which clan can kill Lord Hornless."

Zhang Ruochen did not want to kill Lord Hornless, but he also hoped that he could win more easily.

However, to be safe, he had to find Lord Hornless first, or at least stop the Yanluo clan from killing him. If there was a chance, he would not mind cutting off one of Lord Hornless's hands or legs.

Therefore, Zhang Ruochen released his spiritual power to search for the Qi of Lord Hornless, Supreme Saint Yuan Fei, and the others. Then, he spread his ten wings and flew in one direction.

This time, he didn't change into the appearance of a Deathkin cultivator.

The Deathkin Supreme Saint who had escaped just now must have passed the news to Supreme Saint Yuan Fei. With his intelligence, he would be cautious. There was no point in changing into the appearance of a Deathkin cultivator.

Of course, Zhang Ruochen hid in the space as if he was invisible.

...

The *Scroll of Truth and Deceit* unfolded and turned into a lightmap that was hundreds of miles long.

On the scroll, there were not only words, but also mountains, rivers, and lakes.

Words and scenes appeared and disappeared at times, sometimes in nothingness, and sometimes in reality.

400 Deathkin Supreme Saints were standing in all directions of the *Scroll of Truth and Deceit*.

Lord Hornless was only about 10 miles away from the *Scroll of Truth and Deceit*, and he was being attacked by words one by one. There were more than 100,000 words. Each of them was 33 centimeters long and heavier than a mountain. They turned into a sea of words.

**BOOM!**

Even though Lord Hornless's cultivation level was high and his defense was impenetrable, he was able to send the words flying. However, even if the words were destroyed and turned into nothingness, they could be formed immediately. They continued to attack him as if they were endless.

Supreme Saint Yuan Fei and Pan Ruo stood at the center of the *Scroll of Truth and Deceit*. There were words beneath their feet.

“Use the words to attack and deplete Lord Hornless’s Saint Qi. At that time, he will only have physical strength left and he will be exhausted. Then, we can easily kill him,” Supreme Saint Yuan Fei said.

Pan Ruo stood at the side and a look of confusion flashed across her eyes.

She had to admit that she had underestimated Supreme Saint Yuan Fei in the past. This person was not as easy to use as he appeared to be. He had many things hidden in his heart. Just like the power of the *Scroll of Truth and Deceit*, it was only now that it was fully unleashed. It had always been hidden.

Originally, Pan Ruo thought that the *Scroll of Truth and Deceit* was given to Supreme Saint Yuan Fei by the Deathkin’s deity.

However, after witnessing Supreme Saint Yuan Fei’s mastery of the *Scroll of Truth and Deceit*, she couldn’t help but suspect that this Supreme Artifact had long been a weapon of Supreme Saint Yuan Fei.

It was able to use the *Scroll of Truth and Deceit* to hide all the Deathkin Supreme Saints and from Lord Hornless’s senses. After they approached him, they suddenly erupted and trapped him completely.

What did this mean?

It meant that Supreme Saint Yuan Fei had cultivated the Path of Oblivion and his attainments were not low.

Otherwise, how could he accurately control the Power of Oblivion of the *Scroll of Truth and Deceit*? This was something Pan Ruo didn’t know before.

Not to mention Pan Ruo, even Que, who was standing in the *Scroll of Truth and Deceit*, in deep thoughts.

...

## **Chapter 2406: Yin Yang Five Elements: One Against Three**

*RAWRRRRRR!*

Lord Hornless let out a long roar. The sound waves spread across the vast world where the Albajade Tree was located. The thick branches of the divine tree trembled, and the word characters surrounding them were on the verge of collapsing.

Greenlight burst out from Lord Hornless. His body expanded, turning into a Hornless Dragon that was more than twenty miles long.

The beast had the form of a dragon but with no horns. The scales on its body were as green as jade, reflecting a metallic luster.

If not because the Albajade Tree had too many branches and the space was too small, it would have been difficult for it to be unleashed. The actual body of the Hornless Dragon should have been even bigger.

The divine chains still locked the two front claws of the Hornless Dragon. The Hornless Dragon charged forward and sent the word characters flying. It was not hurt at all.

Inside The Scroll of Truth and Deceit, Supreme Saint Yuan Fei was not shocked. Instead, he was delighted. "Lord Hornless has been forced to reveal his true form. It seems like the Saint Qi in his body is almost depleted. Now, it's time to kill him."

Supreme Saint Yuan Fei laughed. He was in high spirits. All the meridian points in him released a powerful Death Qi. The Qi surged into The Scroll of Truth and Deceit, and he shouted, "Seal of Hollow."

*BAM! BAM!*

The countless word characters surrounding the Hornless Dragon suddenly flew away.

They collided and formed a word character that was even bigger than the Hornless Dragon's body — "Hollow."

The "Hollow" character emitted a strange light. Not only was it dazzling, but everything touched by the light gradually became illusory. In the end, it turned into oblivion.

Only the Supreme Saints standing on The Scroll of Truth and Deceit were unaffected.

Of course, the Albajade Tree was not devoured by the power of Oblivion since it was the body of Madre Bloody Shadow.

The word "Hollow" pressed down on the Hornless Dragon's body. The power of Oblivion wrapped around it, and its hard scales gradually became transparent. Despite his attainment of Banshi Isshou Realm, it was clear that it would not be able to hold on for long.

The Hornless Dragon spat out Pentastone Sword from its mouth and continuously slashed toward the word character "Hollow".

The sword light slashed down and easily cut through the word character. However, as if passing through a layer of water, it failed to destroy the word character.

Pan Ruo could see that Lord Hornless had already used all his strength. Unfortunately, the power of The Scroll of Truth and Deceit was too unpredictable. Lord Hornless couldn't escape at all. His death was approaching.

'Lord Hornless entered the Celestial-Hunting battlefield with a death wish. Hence, him dying at the hands of Deathkin might not be a bad thing. Although these thirty million points will go to Deathkin, Deathkin won't be able to surpass the Immortal Vampires,' Pan Ruo thought to herself.

She looked at Lord Hornless with deep respect.

'Sacrifice ourselves to save more people.' Those Celestial Court cultivators who entered Infernal Court were mentally prepared for the worst at all times. Death was also their final destination.

Today was Lord Hornless, and tomorrow might be her.

Que had never been interested in weapons. He only believed in his absolute strength. However, after seeing the power of The Scroll of Truth and Deceit, his originally firm mind wavered a little.

'If I can control The Scroll of Truth and Deceit, will my battle strength be able to rise to a higher level?'

However, this thought only appeared for an instant as he had shrugged it off immediately.

His mind, which had been steadfast for hundreds of years, could not be shaken. Otherwise, he would have to spend countless amounts of time in the future strengthening his mind. His cultivation leveling progress would be delayed, and it might even affect his potential to attain Godhood.

'I am who I am. With a single word, I can kill all the enemies in the world. Using other battle weapons will only restrict me.'

Que opened his eyes once more. His pupils shot out a dazzling light. He no longer hid his aura. Like a divine sword being unsheathed, the light pierced through the sun like a white rainbow. His aura soared into the sky.

At the moment that Que held onto his mind, his mind became crystal clear. He vaguely found a way to perfect his incomplete Grade Two Saintwill.

Supreme Saint Yuan Fei sensed that terrifying aura. He looked at Que in surprise, and their eyes met.

"Lord Hornless can only die under my sword!"

Dense Sword Qi was condensed around Que. It formed into a ring-shaped rain of swords flying in all directions.

*Thud!*

"Arghhh! Wh-Who the hell attacked us?"

"How could the attack get into The Scroll of Truth and Deceit?"

...

Before many of those Deathkin Supreme Saints could react, they were pierced by the Sword Qi, and blood flowed continuously.

The Sword Qi, with the power of Oblivion, had invaded their bodies.

Flesh and blood on their wounds started to turn into nothingness.

The word "Hollow" pressing on the Hornless Dragon started to waver and fade.

*KABOOM!*

Green Flames erupted from the Hornless Dragon's body and shattered the word character "Hollow". It escaped through the gaps in the branches.

"You can't escape from me!"

Que moved at speed of light. He appeared in the sky above the Hornless Dragon and slashed out with his sword, Kagamaru.

A black sword light that was more than ten miles long appeared. It was like a long snake in the void. It shuttled between reality and the virtual realm, changing constantly. It was very magical.

The Hornless Dragon gave a deep snort and spat out Pentastone Sword, slashing out a five-colored sword light.

*Zzzzzzz*

The two sword radiances clashed and broke in the middle before dissipating quickly.

Que furrowed his brows and muttered, "As expected of a Banshi Isshou Supreme Saint. He is already at the end of his rope, yet he can still block my attack."

Supreme Saint Yuan Fei's expression was cold as he stood in The Scroll of Truth and Deceit. He was very unhappy.

He placed all his chips on Lord Hornless. He was about to succeed, but Que destroyed his plan. If he could not kill Lord Hornless, the Deathkin's ranking would become unsightly.

"If any of you are not dead yet, come with me and reactivate The Scroll of Truth and Deceit. If we fail to kill Lord Hornless, we will end up being sinners of the Deathkin," said Supreme Saint Yuan Fei coldly.

The streaks of Sword Qi Que had unleashed were in the tens of thousands. The power of Oblivion contained in each of them was very thin. Hence, some of the Hundred-Shackle Supreme Saints had already absorbed the power of Oblivion and recovered.

*Whoosh!*

The Scroll of Truth and Deceit once again released a bright light and formed a huge word character, "Hollow." At the same time, it suppressed Que and Lord Hornless.

Que felt the dense energy contained in the word character "Hollow." He raised his head and looked at it. "Using the power of Oblivion before a Master of Oblivion. What a joke!"

He ignored the "Hollow" character and disappeared.

When he reappeared, he was already standing on the back of the Hornless Dragon. He held Kagamaru tightly with both hands and suddenly stabbed downwards.

The four-foot-two-inch-long sword body emitted a dazzling light and pierced through the scales on the back of the Hornless Dragon. The Sword Qi pierced through its body. A large amount of blood gushed out from the scales and turned into a fountain of blood.

*Growl!*

The Hornless Dragon roared miserably, full of sorrow.

It flew at high speed, trying to break free.

However, Que clung to it like shit to a shovel. He pressed down on the sword and stabbed it even deeper.

*Boom! Boom!*

Pentastone Sword kept slashing at Que, but Mirror of Oblivion dispelled all the attack power under Que's feet. Mirror of Oblivion was like an impenetrable sphere. Even a Supreme Artifact couldn't pierce through it.

Pan Ruo's expression was calm. She did not dare to reveal her emotion. However, all her fingernails had already pierced her palm.

'I must restrain myself. I must hide all my emotions.

'Is this the strength of a top Hundred-Shackle cultivator in the ranking?! Que is too terrifying. He is unrivaled.

'Although Lord Hornless' spiritual power is sealed and his Saint Qi is almost exhausted, he is still a Banshi Isshou Supreme Saint. How could he fail to break free from Que's sword?'

...

The Scroll of Truth and Deceit flew behind and chased after the Hornless Dragon.

The Deathkin Supreme Saints were shocked by Que's bravery. If they were in his shoes, they would not dare to kill Lord Hornless alone. That was no different from courting death.

Supreme Saint Yuan Fei's expression was icy cold. He gritted his teeth and controlled the word character "Hollow" without saying a word.

*Whoosh—*

Suddenly, a meandering golden light flew out from between the branches.

The golden light charged towards Que, who was on the back of the Hornless Dragon. Someone threw a punch. Mirror of Oblivion under Que's feet reflected the true identity of the golden light. It was Yan Wushen, who was in Golden Giant Mode.

Yan Wushen emitted the light of Origin to resist the corrosion of the Mirror of Oblivion. His golden fist was getting closer and closer to Que.

In front of his fist, an arc of light formed.

Que squinted, pulled out his Kagemaru, and slashed at Yan Wushen.

*Clang!*

The sound of metal colliding came as Yan Wushen was thrown backward and hit a branch. However, after he was sent flying, he quickly chased after the Hornless Dragon as if he wasn't injured.

Yan Wushen laughed as he chased, "Que, killing Lord Hornless is useless to you. Why don't you leave him to me?"

"Lord Hornless' life is mine. Whoever dares to fight for it must be mentally prepared to die under my sword."

Que's posture was straight as he stood on the back of the Hornless Dragon. He held Kagamaru as thin as a cicada's wing and stared at Yan Wushen, who was chasing after him. Que was actually a little surprised. After taking Que's sword head-on, Yan Wushen did not seem to be injured at all.

Yan Wushen's golden body became even stronger!

*Boom! Boom! Boom! Boom!*

Que, Lord Hornless, Yan Wushen, Supreme Saint Yuan Fei, and the rest of the Deathkin Supreme Saints controlling the word character "Hollow" continued to attack each other, setting off waves of energy one after another.

From the beginning to the end, Que stood on the back of the Hornless Dragon and did not move. He only defensively blocked the attacks of Pentastone Sword, Yan Wushen's attack, and the word character "Hollow." Every casual swing of his sword neutralized their killing moves.

It was not that Que did not want to end the battle as soon as possible, but because he sensed a strong aura lurking in the dark. In other words, there was someone who had yet to make a move.

The aura was intimidating to him.

Therefore, Que did not dare to use his full strength. He reserved some strength to deal with the attack from the person in the dark.

Zhang Ruochen had already expelled all the Curse power in his body and stayed hidden in a dimension. He followed Que and the rest closely to find the right time to attack.

"It seems that Lord Hornless won't live no matter what. In that case, I'll send him off myself."

*KABOOM!*

When Que swung his Kagamaru again and sent Yan Wushen flying, Zhang Ruochen spread out his ten golden wings and flew out of the dimension. Holding a Pleiades Lotus, he aimed at Lord Hornless' head.

All the cultivators saw Zhang Ruochen at this moment.

Supreme Saint Yuanfei's eyes were bloodshot. He roared, "Stop him!"

Que's reaction was very fast. He formed a sword tactic with both hands.

*Whoosh!*

Kagamaru flew out. The tip of the sword stabbed straight at the Pleiades Lotus and struck the center of the lotus.

Energy ripples emerged in all directions.

In the next moment, Que's figure flashed. He appeared in front of the Pleiades Lotus and grabbed the hilt. The power in his body erupted like a mountain flood, tsunami, and collapsing sky.

Zhang Ruochen was different from before. He wasn't pushed back by Que. Instead, he punched the Pleiades Lotus and instantly exploded with nine layers of tremor force.



Fist Saintwill, Nine-tremor Saintwill.

Nine layers of tremor force spread toward Que and forced him back nine steps.

Que's expression changed again and again. 'Zhang Ruochen's cultivation had improved so much in just a few dozen days? He broke 68 Shackles and cultivated close to ten billion Precepts.'

Of course, even if Zhang Ruochen was so powerful, Que was still confident that he could defeat Zhang Ruochen.

Que quickly stabilized his posture and activated more power. Thousands of sword shadows appeared on the body of Kagamaru. They crashed into the supreme light protective barrier the Pleiades Lotus formed like raindrops.

As long as the light barrier was broken, the rain of swords would fall on Zhang Ruochen.

Lord Hornless had returned to his human form. He wielded Pentastone Sword and slashed at Zhang Ruochen and Que simultaneously. The Sword Qi enveloped them.

Forced into a corner, Zhang Ruochen and Que retreated immediately. They used different methods to block the penta-colored sword light.

"Haha, this is great. This battle is getting more and more interesting!" Yan Wushen rode a golden light and flew over. He laughed and shot out a Communication Talisman.

Obviously, he was trying to call the Yanluo Clan Supreme Saints to come quickly.

Lord Hornless suddenly stopped running. He waved his sword and attacked Zhang Ruochen.

Pentastone Sword burst out with five-colored supreme power. It condensed into a cloud. Illusory images of golden spears, battle horses, long rivers, majestic mountains, dragon-shaped flames, and green trees appeared and evolved in the cloud.

Que thought for a moment and swung his sword at Zhang Ruochen.

Lord Hornless' goal was to die at Zhang Ruochen's hands.

Que's goal, on the other hand, was to kill Zhang Ruochen first and take back the Emperor Grade Saintwill Pill. If possible, it would be best to take away the Supreme Artifacts and the Quasi-Emperor Grade Saintwill Pill from Zhang Ruochen.

After all, it was easy to kill Lord Hornless, who was at the end of robe, but there was very little chance to kill Zhang Ruochen.

Even more unexpected was that Yan Wushen had condensed a Pagoda of Origin and suppressed Zhang Ruochen. In his opinion, no matter who killed Lord Hornless, the person could not be Zhang Ruochen.

In this case, Que had to kill Zhang Ruochen first.

At least he had to force Zhang Ruochen to withdraw from the battlefield.

Que had been the target of public criticism last time. Even if Zhang Ruochen, Lan Ying, and Yan Wushen joined hands, both sides could only fight in an internecine state.

This time, for various reasons, Zhang Ruochen was targeted.

Zhang Ruochen didn't retreat. If he did, he would lose the chance to kill Lord Hornless forever.

Looking at Lord Hornless' performance, Zhang Ruochen guessed that Pan Ruo must have used some method to pass the message to him. That was why Lord Hornless didn't choose to run away when he was at the end of his rope. Instead, he attacked Zhang Ruochen.

He wanted to die in Zhang Ruochen's hands!

"Yan Wushen, don't you want to see my Saintwill? As you wish!"

"Yin Yang Five Elements, Heaven and Earth Rotation."

Zhang Ruochen wasn't afraid of the combined attack of the three powerful forces. Instead, his fighting spirit was boiling. His body was covered in flames, and his long hair stood. He raised his hands and released his Yin Yang Five-Element Saintwill.

Suddenly, a five-colored light of Primordia burst out from Zhang Ruochen's body and illuminated the Albajade Tree, that was more than 10,000 meters tall.

A Taiji mark appeared around Zhang Ruochen's body to block Pentastone Sword that Lord Hornless swung at him.

Pentastone Sword contained the power of the five elements. The power was absorbed and transformed by the Taiji mark.

Boom!

Que's Kagamaru hacked down, releasing boundless power of Oblivion and Sword Qi.

However, these powers did not break the Taiji mark. They only made the Taiji mark shake violently. Then, the Yin Yang Five-Element Saintwill absorbed the power of Oblivion and Sword Qi, transforming them into the power of the five elements and the power of Yin-Yang.

*Boom!*

The Pagoda of Origin condensed by Yan Wushen hit somewhere above Zhang Ruochen's head, but it still could not break the Taiji mark formed by the Yin Yang Five-Element Saintwill. Its power was also absorbed.

Zhang Ruochen stood at the center of the Taiji Mark. His body spun rapidly, constantly absorbing their attack power. He transformed it into the five elemental power and Yin-Yang power to attack them in reverse.

He had single-handedly blocked three powerful figures.

All kinds of power shuttled between the four people. Any one of them could kill a Supreme Saint.

"How is this possible? Zhang Ruochen...How can he be so powerful?" Supreme Saint Yuanfei trembled. He couldn't believe what he was seeing.

Pan Ruo gritted her teeth. Her face was stiff.

In the Fane of Destiny, the deities all looked at the battlefield where the four of them were.

This was Zhang Ruochen's first time using the newly fused Saintwill!

They all wanted to see how powerful the Saintwill was after fusing six types of Saintwill. Was it the legendary first-class Saintwill?

"This..."

Even the deities' mouths were agape when they saw Zhang Ruochen fighting against the three masters alone.

They didn't think that Zhang Ruochen was stronger than Lord Hornless or that he could defeat Que.

However, it was still shocking that Zhang Ruochen could absorb and transform their attack power with the Saintwill and block the three forces by borrowing their strength.

The deities could see the true nature, but the ordinary cultivators who watched the projection of the Mystic Eye of Myriad Realms didn't.

The cultivators only saw that Zhang Ruochen had fought against Lord Hornless, Que, and Yan Wushen to a draw. Moreover, he hadn't been defeated in a short time. This had completely overturned their understanding of strength.

#### **Chapter 2407: The Fall of Lord Hornless**

Que, a top Hundred-Shackle Realm elite on the ranking, was a Master of Oblivion.

Yan Wushen, a Yuanhui-level genius with demi-buddha physique, had attained the Great Perfection in terms of his Precepts at his Saint Kingdom.

Lord Hornless was a Banshi Isshou Supreme Saint.

The three powerful figures were all existences that all living beings looked up to. However, at this moment, the three of them could only fight Zhang Ruochen to a draw.

There was nothing more shocking than this.

"With this Saintwill, Zhang Ruochen can definitely go a long way in his future practice," said a deity who was in deep thought.

All the deities understood that the longer a cultivator could practice, the higher their cultivation level would be.

During a cultivator's Sainthood, it was crucial to choose a wide enough path, lay a strong foundation, and support themselves to keep going and become stronger.

Even the deities who held grudges against Zhang Ruochen started to think about whether they should kill Zhang Ruochen at all costs or use some means to resolve their feuds.

After all, with such talent, Zhang Ruochen should be able to attain Godhood in less than a thousand years.

Once he ascended, he would be superior among the deities.

A thousand years was too short a time.

If they went into seclusion training, a thousand years might pass already when they came out. By then, Zhang Ruochen would already be a deity.

Certain things had to be resolved in time. The longer they delayed, the more serious the consequences would be.

Zhang Ruochen's weight in the deities' views had changed!

Ancient God of Knowledge and Luo Yan were still in the divine realm of Wargod Bloodximus. They held their wine cups and said no words. No one knew what they were thinking. The atmosphere turned uncanny.

Blood Empress stared in the direction of the Celestial-Hunting battlefield. Her eyes were solemn. Apparently, she was worried.

On the surface, Zhang Ruochen was fighting three enemies simultaneously, but in reality, it was extremely dangerous. Once his Yin Yang Five-Element Saintwill was broken, the outcome could be tragic for Zhang Ruochen.

It would only take a moment to decide life or death.

The key was that even with her cultivation in the divine realm, she couldn't predict the outcome of the upcoming victory or defeat.

...

After a short moment of shock, Supreme Saint Yuanfei's eyes darkened. He said, "Let's join hands to use the Seal of Hollow."

Pan Ruo could not help but say, "No..."

Supreme Saint Yuanfei stared at her sternly and said, "Your Highness, what do you mean by 'No'?"

Pan Ruo's panicked heart quickly recovered. She said calmly, "The battle between the four of them is very dangerous at the moment. They are in a delicate balance. Once the balance is broken, the lives of the four of them will be in danger."

"Do you care so much about Que's safety, Your Highness? Don't forget Que just ruined our big plan. I don't care about the lives of Zhang Ruochen, Que, and Yan Wushen. I just want to kill Lord Hornless."

Supreme Saint Yuanfei raised his hand. Countless word characters flew up from the ground and imprisoned Pan Ruo.

Que had ruined Supreme Saint Yuanfei's plan, and Pan Ruo was the one who had brought him here. Obviously, this pissed Supreme Saint Yuanfei off and affected their ties.

"Seal of Hollow."

Under Supreme Saint Yuanfei's control, the huge "Hollow" character fell rapidly.

Seeing this, the deities behind Zhang Ruochen, Yan Wushen, and Que couldn't sit still. If the three of them died, it would be a huge loss for either side.

"No deity is allowed to interfere in the Celestial-Hunting battle. This is the rule." Fukurokuju's stern voice spread throughout the Fane of Destiny.

Boom!

The "Hollow" seal landed and hit the Yin Yang Five-Element Saintwill, creating a huge ripple.

The balance was broken. The Taiji diagram around Zhang Ruochen couldn't hold on anymore. It broke apart. The surging power hit the four.

"Ptui!"

The four spat out blood and flew in four directions.

Zhang Ruochen and Yan Wushen both had Supreme Artifacts to protect them. Comparatively, they weren't too badly injured. The first thing Que did was virtualize himself into an incorporeal state. Hence, most of the impact force had been neutralized; he did not receive any major injuries.

Only Lord Hornless, who was at the end of his rope, was the most severely injured. His body had almost been destroyed, with large areas left with only his bones.

Even his vitality was rapidly declining.

Everyone could see that Lord Hornless was really done for. It was just one last attack away from taking his life. The life of this Supreme Saint at Banshi Isshou Realm was about to reach its end.

*Swoosh!*

*Swoosh!*

*Swoosh!*

Zhang Ruochen, Yan Wushen, and Que couldn't care less about their injuries. They rushed toward Lord Hornless at their fastest speed.

Their speed was even faster than using Great Dimensional Shift at such a close distance. Using the Great Dimensional Shift move would require time.

Supreme Saint Yuanfei gritted his teeth and seized every second. He controlled the word "Hollow" and attacked Lord Hornless.

Lord Hornless knew that he would die today. He smiled bitterly and glared at Zhang Ruochen. He roared, "Zhang Ruochen, you bastard. Even if I die today, I'll drag you down with me."

RAWWWRRRRR!

He transformed into his true form, the Hornless Dragon, and charged at Zhang Ruochen.

The huge eyes of the Hornless Dragon saw Zhang Ruochen flying towards it. There was no sadness or fear. It was already the best outcome for it to die at Zhang Ruochen's hands and help her highness to accomplish her goals.

"No!"

Que, Yan Wushen, and Yuan Fei shouted almost at the same time.

The Seal of Hollow, formed by Supreme Saint Yuan Fei, was the closest to Lord Hornless. It was about to kill him first. Who would have thought that Lord Hornless would want to die with Zhang Ruochen before he died?

The victory that was right in front of them slipped away again.

Once Lord Hornless succeeded and died with Zhang Ruochen, those 30 million points would go to Immortal Vampires.

Lord Hornless was already self-detonating his Sainthood Source. It was too late for anyone to use spiritual power to suppress him.

Yan Wushen and Que forced themselves to stop. They stared at Zhang Ruochen deeply. Then, they fled the scene quickly. They didn't want to die under Lord Hornless's self-detonation.

Zhang Ruochen only exchanged a glance with Lord Hornless. Zhang Ruochen understood all Lord Hornless's emotions. Then he roared, "You won't be able to self-detonate in front of me that easily."

"Null Time Realm!"

The Null Time Realm's domain enveloped the huge Hornless Dragon. In the domain, time slowed down and almost stopped. It bought Zhang Ruochen a moment of time.

"Dimensional Sword Dance!"

36 Dimensional Swords condensed around Zhang Ruochen and wrapped him up. They hit the center of Lord Hornless's brows and pierced through.

*Bang! Bang!*

Zhang Ruochen and the 36 Dimensional Swords rushed from the head to the tail of the Hornless Dragon. By the time he flew out, he was covered in blood. In his hand was a crystal clear Sainthood Source.

In the end, Lord Hornless could not self-detonate.

The Hornless Dragon let out a mournful cry. Its huge body fell, and its breath of life completely disappeared.

At this moment, the entire world was silent. All eyes were on Zhang Ruochen.

Pan Ruo wanted to cry, but she restrained herself in the end. She knew that Lord Hornless didn't die in vain. Everything was worth it. If she was in Zhang Ruochen's shoes, she wouldn't feel sad if she died under Zhang Ruochen's sword.

...

The battle was still going on in the starry sky outside the Albajade Tree. The Supreme Saints of all races were hunting the escaping Celestial Captives. There were less than 100 Supreme Saint Celestial Captives left.

The Supreme Saint army of the Immortal Vampires rushed back and joined the battle.

“Charge!”

Xue Tu used five Regal Artifacts to kill a Supreme Saint Celestial Captive at Neverwilt Realm. First, he took away his Sainthood Source. Next, he cut off the Supreme Saint’s heart, lungs, and kidneys... In other words, he sorted and stored all the valuable items on the Supreme Saint’s body carefully.

Finally, he collected the drops of blood from the Supreme Saint’s corpse with a jade bottle. Only then did he nod in satisfaction.

He took the diamond-shaped mirror out of habit to check his points.

“1,770,000. Not Bad, not bad. My performance in the Celestial-Hunting battle was too outstanding. I’m even better than some of the Supreme Saints at the Great Perfection of the Hundred-Shackle Realm. I’ll definitely be a prominent talent nurtured by the clan.

“The key is that I’ve seized several Regal Artifacts. I’ve collected a lot of Sainthood Sources, blood, heart, kidneys... I should be able to sell them at a high price. It should be enough to support my training until I reach the Great Perfection of the Hundred-Shackle Realm. “Unfortunately...”

Thinking about how Zhang Ruochen had taken eight Regal Artifacts away from him, Xue Tu was resentful.

‘How could there be such a shameless person in the world?’

“I just owe him a Supreme Artifact, and it was already taken away by him. Why does he keep pestering me to repay ‘debts’ at any time?”

“When I attain the Great Perfection of Hundred-Shackle Realm, I must take revenge.

“If he still insists repayment from me, he will have to defeat me first— Eh?”

Suddenly, Xue Tu’s eyes widened. He looked at the diamond-shaped mirror in shock as if he had seen a ghost.

Why did the points of the Immortal Vampires suddenly increase by 30 million?

It was now 120 million!

“Lord Hornless! Lord Hornless must have been killed. He is a Supreme Saint in the Banshi Isshou Realm. Who could possibly kill him?”

Zhang Ruochen’s figure appeared in Xue Tu’s mind. He quickly checked Zhang Ruochen’s score.

A moment later, he was stunned again.

“As expected! As expected... Amazing! He actually killed a Banshi Isshou Supreme Saint. How can he be so OP?” Xue Tu lightly brushed his chest to calm himself after he said it. “I was too conceited. I was too conceited just now. I must keep a low profile, a low profile...” he muttered to himself.

Then, he immediately hid the five Regal Artifacts.

Gradually,

Immortal Vampires, Bone Clan, Netherkin, Yanluo Clan... the cultivators of the ten clans all saw the changes in their points. Some were happy and excited, some were silent, and some shook their heads and sighed.

“Yanluo Clan... was defeated in the end...”

“We have become sinners. We have lost the honor of the supreme clan.”

The morale among the Supreme Saints of Yanluo Clan charging at the Albajade Tree went low. It was as if the Celestial-Hunting battle had ended prematurely. Even if they killed all the other Supreme Saint Celestial Captives, their points wouldn't surpass the Immortal Vampires'.

The defeat was set.

After killing Lord Hornless, the injuries Zhang Ruochen suppressed and endured finally went out of control. Cracks appeared on his body, as if his body was about to explode.

The power contained in the Yin Yang Five-Element Saintwill ran through his body, shattering his blood vessels, arteries, veins, and meridians.

He could only rely on the Qi of Life contained in the Heart of the Divine Tree to repair his body. However, blood continued to seep out of his skin.

All the Yanluo cultivators lost their will to fight, but Yan Wushen didn't give up. He took out the diamond-shaped mirror and looked at the points on it. Then he stared at Zhang Ruochen, “No, we haven't lost yet. There's still a chance.”

Then he raised his voice and asked Pan Ruo, “Your Highness, are the rest of the Immortal Vampires with Zhang Ruochen? Help me calculate. Yanluo Clan owes you a favor.”

This favor was owed by the entire Yanluo Clan, not Yan Wushen.

In other words, as long as she helped, Yanluo Clan would support her in pursuing the position of the Scioness of Destiny at the critical moment.

Pan Ruo had no choice.

Her only competitor was Lady Wind.

It was in her interest to defeat the Immortal Vampires.

If she didn't agree, everyone could see that she was helping Zhang Ruochen and the Immortal Vampires. If she continued to investigate, everything that happened in the Celestial-Hunting battlefield would be related to her and Zhang Ruochen.



Pan Ruo held the Door of Trueself and adjusted the Precepts of Destiny. She started to calculate.

Que's face was cold. "Zhang Ruochen, give me the Emperor Grade Saintwill Pill and a Quasi-Emperor Grade Saintwill Pill, and I'll leave the Celestial-Hunting battlefield now and stop meddling in the fight between the Immortal Vampires and Yanluo Clan."

There was a strong sense of threat in his words.

Supreme Saint Yuanfei said, "I want a Supreme Artifact, a Quasi-Emperor Grade Saintwill Pill, and 100,000 Godstones. As long as you agree to this condition, the Deathkin won't interfere in your fight.

"You can owe me 100,000 Godstones until after the Celestial-Hunting battle. However, you must swear in the name of Wargod Bloodximius and Blood Empress."

Even if the points of the Immortal Vampires were cut in half, the Deathkin would not be able to surpass them.

Since that was the case, it was better to take advantage of the situation and obtain some benefits.

Supreme Saint Yuan Fei believed that Zhang Ruochen, who was seriously injured, would definitely choose to compromise and accept any of their terms. Otherwise, if all the major forces joined hands, Zhang Ruochen would not be able to leave the battlefield alive.

Furthermore, the points of the Immortal Vampires would be reduced half if that was the case.

Supreme Saint Yuan Fei felt a little regretful. He felt that he didn't ask for enough. He should have made harsher conditions.

Zhang Ruochen temporarily suppressed the chaotic power of the Saintwill in his body. He laughed. "I'm the Scion of Time and Space. I can go anywhere. Do you think I will agree to your terms?"

*Swoosh!*

Zhang Ruochen turned into a streak of golden light and rushed out.

"Stop right there!"

Yuan Fei controlled The Seal of Hollow to suppress Zhang Ruochen.

Zhang Ruochen did not want to be surrounded. He held the Pleiades Lotus and floated above his head. The lotus bloomed with a bone-chilling black light. Thousands of phantoms appeared and blocked The Seal of Hollow for a moment.

Zhang Ruochen took this opportunity to surprise everyone. He flew to the The Scroll of Truth and Deceit and shouted, "If you want a Supreme Artifact, I can give you one now."

Violet Gourd appeared in Zhang Ruochen's hand.

"Quick! Activate the defensive inscriptions of the scroll to strengthen the Seal of Hollow!"

Supreme Saint Yuan Fei saw that Zhang Ruochen was getting closer and closer. He thought that Zhang Ruochen was going to activate the Supreme Artifact to attack, so he immediately withdrew the power to control the the Seal of Hollow and activated another power contained in The Scroll of Truth and Deceit:

The Seal of Actuality.

It was to enter defense mode from attack mode.

One by one, the “Actuality” word characters rose up on the edge of the scroll and arranged themselves into a scripture.

However, Zhang Ruochen was so fast that he barged into The Scroll of Truth and Deceit. In the blink of an eye, he appeared in front of Supreme Saint Yuan Fei.

*Bang! Bang!*

He sent 13 palm strikes in a row.

He executed Dragon-Elephant Prajna Palm Strike from the first move to the 13th move. All of them landed on Supreme Saint Yuan Fei.

Supreme Saint Yuan Fei was sent flying 13 times in a row. All the bones in his body were almost shattered. His body was turning into a pool of blood. It was unknown whether he was alive or dead.

“How dare you!”

The voices of the Deathkin Supreme Saints rang out one after another. They could not contain their anger. They all used their spiritual power of Death power in attempt to crush Zhang Ruochen’s soul and spirit.

However, Zhang Ruochen had already escaped. He flew dozens of miles away from The Scroll of Truth and Deceit.

After Yuan Fei was beaten to the ground, the Seal of Actuality of The Scroll of Truth and Deceit had disappeared. Of course, it couldn’t stop Zhang Ruochen from leaving. Zhang Ruochen could come and go as he wished.

A Deathkin Supreme Saint suddenly cried out, “Oh no, Zhang Ruochen has taken her highness away!”

“He caught her highness using the Violet Gourd. Zhang Ruochen is a beast. How dare he abduct a woman at such a dangerous time?”

“Quick. Stop Zhang Ruochen from leaving. Don’t forget about what he did to Yan Zhexian whom he caught. He has the balls to do anything he wants. If we’re late, things can go awry.”

### **Chapter 2408: Ambushed**

Pan Ruo’s cultivation in the Path of Destiny was profound. With the Door of Trueself, she could infer the secrets of all the immortal vampires. She could even track Zhang Ruochen.

Hence, Zhang Ruochen would want to capture her.

*Whoosh!*

Zhang Ruochen spread his ten wings and flew through the branches.

The Deathkin Supreme Saints had long been left behind.

Yan Wushen chased after Zhang Ruochen for a while, but he was also left far behind.

Only Que cast a Flowing light Technique. He was faster than Zhang Ruochen. He chased after him and attacked him with Kagamaru from time to time.

Zhang Ruochen didn't dare to stay. He was afraid that he would be surrounded by enemies.

If it was only a few immortal and Hundred-Shackle Supreme Saints surrounding him, Zhang Ruochen wouldn't be afraid. But if there were powerful figures like Yan Wushen and Que among the Neverwilt and Hundred-Shackle Supreme Saints, he would be in big trouble.

*Boom! Boom!*

The Pleiades Lotus floated behind Zhang Ruochen and clashed fiercely with Kagamaru coming from behind.

The Sword Qi and Supreme Power clashed, creating balls of brilliant energy light clouds.

'I have to fly out of the Albajade Tree as soon as possible. Once I get out, my Dimensional cultivation techniques will be of great use. Que won't be able to catch up to me!'

A thought flashed in Zhang Ruochen's mind.

Suddenly, hundreds of powerful energy waves appeared in front of him. They surged from all directions.

The moment the Yanluo Clan's Supreme Saints received a message from Yan Wushen, they regained their fighting spirit. They gathered all the Supreme Saints of their clan to surround Zhang Ruochen, wanting to fight one last time to win first place in the Celestial-Hunting battle.

"Leave Zhang Ruochen behind and exterminate the Immortal Vampires.

"Yanluo Clan still has a chance. This is a desperate battle. They'll do whatever it takes to cut the Immortal Vampires' points by half.

"Fight! Fight until everything turns into chaos. Die with no regret!"

...

Hundreds of Supreme Saints of the Yanluo Clan were filled with fighting spirit. They charged toward Zhang Ruochen like a tide.

Zhang Ruochen flew and shouted, "Retreat or die!"

"Hell no! We'll fight even if we have to die."

The Supreme Saint's voice came from all directions.

The Yanluo Clan's Supreme Saint army stayed united. Every single of them was determined to win first place among the ten clans, even if it would cost their lives.

The only pity was that time was too short. Zhang Ruochen was too fast, and Yanluo Clan lacked the leadership of a top elite. They couldn't form a joint attack formation.

Zhang Ruochen's eyes were cold. He put his hands together.

Marks of Time in the form of light spots appeared one by one. They wrapped around his body, forming into the shape of a bell.

“Chime,”

Zhang Ruochen shouted.

The Bell of Time rang. Marks of Time and sound waves surged out like a tsunami. They hit the Supreme Saints of the Yanluo Clan.

*BONG!*

*BONG!*

...

The bell chimed again and again. More and more Yanluo Supreme Saints were sent flying.

Not only were they hit by the sound waves, but their lifespans were also cut off by the Marks of Time.

Que slowed down his pursuit and held up the Mirror of Oblivion to resist the attack from the Marks of Time. He was shocked as he thought, ‘Zhang Ruochen has suffered the backlash of the Saintwill power. His internal injuries are serious, yet he can execute such a powerful Time Technique continuously? Isn’t he afraid of suffering another backlash from Time?’

In the past, he had thought that with Zhang Ruochen’s attainment in the Path of Time, Zhang Ruochen would be considered amazing if he could chime the bell three times in a row.

But now, the time bell rang five times in a row.

It must be known that every time the time bell rang, it would be strongly impacted by the time saint phase. If he used it too much, the time saint phase would shatter.

The Bell of Time rang five times, sending countless Yanluo Clan Supreme Saints flying and weakening them.

However, these Yanluo Supreme Saints still charged at him as if they didn’t care about their lives.

“Stay out of my way or die!”

Zhang Ruochen’s body spun rapidly. He activated Divine Purification Flame in his body. It became a flaming tornado in corn shape.

The ten golden wings were like ten sharp blades, slashing away all the Yanluo Supreme Saints that approached him.

*Boom! Boom! Boom!*

Some of the Yanluo Supreme Saints were slashed by the golden wings. Their bodies were torn apart, and blood splattered everywhere. Some exploded, turning into a cloud of blood mist. Some caught fire once they contacted Zhang Ruochen’s Divine Purification Flame.

In a few seconds, Zhang Ruochen broke through the siege line formed by the Yanluo Supreme Saints and flew out.

Behind him, there were dozens of severely injured Yanluo Supreme Saints. Countless Supreme Saints had contacted the Divine Purification Flame. Some of them had even died. Their bodies and souls had been destroyed.

Zhang Ruochen seemed mighty and powerful. He killed hundreds of Yanluo Supreme Saints easily. But his injuries had actually gotten worse. He spat out a mouthful of blood as soon as he got out.

If given other circumstances, he would not have fought against hundreds of Supreme Saints head-on.

Fortunately, he had chased almost all the Yanluo Clan's top elites, Array Masters, and Talisman Masters out of the battlefield. If a Hundred-Shackle Supreme Saint as powerful as The Eight Sons of Life and Death had appeared and blocked one or two of his attacks, he would have suffered dire consequences.

*Swoosh!*

Zhang Ruochen flew out of the Albajade Tree and saw Lady Wind and the Immortal Vampire Supreme Saint army.

Seeing that Zhang Ruochen had escaped, all the Immortal Vampire Supreme Saints were overjoyed. They looked at Zhang Ruochen with respect.

It was because of Zhang Ruochen that they felt for the first time how great the Immortal Vampires were. They could be even stronger than Yanluo Clan.

Killing Lord Hornless had made Zhang Ruochen gain the most crucial 30 million points. It had pushed Zhang Ruochen's reputation among the Immortal Vampires to the peak.

Although Zhang Ruochen was injured, he was like an unsurpassable divine peak in their eyes.

"Supreme Saint Ruochen, we will fight along with you," shouted hundreds of Immortal Vampires at the same time.

Zhang Ruochen sensed that a large group of Supreme Saints of the Deathkin and Yanluo Clan had caught up with him. He ordered, "I must leave immediately. Find a safe place to hide and protect the remaining members of the Immortal Vampires."

Since there were a large number of powerful figures of the Immortal Vampires, Zhang Ruochen didn't want to continue fighting to the death. He didn't want to hurt the foundation of his Saintwill either. Finding a place to control the injuries in his body was the priority.

Zhang Ruochen was confident that with his cultivation in the Path of Dimension and Thirty-six Formless Transmogrification, no one would be able to find him in a short time as long as he lay low.

Lady Wind's face was delicate and beautiful. Holding the blood-red Sword of Asura, she said, "Don't worry. The Immortal Vampire Supreme Saints and I will try our best to stop them."

After defeating Xi, Lady Wind was full of confidence and fighting spirits.

If nothing unexpected happened, the position of the Scioness of Destiny would be hers.

Zhang Ruochen reached out his right hand and pressed forward.

*Crash!*

A dimensional wormhole mirror was formed.

He was about to cross a space through the mirror.

Suddenly, a blood-red sword light with fierce Qi of Slaughter cut through the dimensional wormhole mirror. The sword light aimed at Zhang Ruochen's neck.

The dimensional wormhole mirror was less than three meters away from Zhang Ruochen.

The sword strike was so fast that even a Banshi Isshou Supreme Saint could not dodge it, let alone Zhang Ruochen.

"Die!"

The sword light slashed past, separating Zhang Ruochen's head from his neck.

The Immortal Vampire Supreme Saints did not expect such a turn of events. The sight of it caused an uproar among them.

Most of their eyes looked in Lady Wind's direction.

Her hands were covered in blood.

The Sword of Asura in her hands had broken free from her grip and flew out, cutting off Zhang Ruochen's neck.

Lan Ying, who looked like a child, flew out of the Sword of Asura. He let out a grating laugh. "Zhang Ruochen, you've been in the limelight on the Celestial-Hunting battlefield. You've fought intense battles, defeated one elite after another, snatched the Emperor Grade Saintwill Pill, banished Yan Huangtu and Wu Jiang from the battlefield, and even cultivated an incredible Saintwill. "But all your fruits of battle will eventually become mine ."

"What you think you are doing, Lan Ying?" Lady Wind asked in a stern voice.

Lan Ying glanced at her and smiled. "Our cooperation is to deal with Yanluo Clan together and help you gain the position of Scioness. Don't worry, I'll agree to both. But how to deal with Zhang Ruochen is not within the terms of our deal."

"Did you use me?" Lady Wind asked. "You used me to approach Zhang Ruochen and kill him with a sword when he was defenseless."

"I just want to devour Zhang Ruochen and take the Saintwill pill from him. If I refine him, I might be able to have the Grade Two Saintwill without practicing.

"Lady Wind, our deal remains. I can help the Immortal Vampires resist Yanluo Clan's attack and win the top place among ten clans.

"So Supreme Saints of Immortal Vampires, you'd better restrain your emotions and think about what's best for you.

“If you attack me now to avenge Zhang Ruochen’s death, you’ll make another great enemy.

“Why don’t you take a step back?”

“Taking a step back is good for all of us.”

“If you fight me to death, Yanluo Clan will be the one who wins in the end.

“It’s not worth it to fight for Zhang Ruochen, who is already dead. From now on, I will take over Zhang Ruochen’s position and lead the Immortal Vampires to the top place among the ten clans.”

The Celestial-Hunting battle had made the Supreme Saints of the Immortal Vampires accept Zhang Ruochen, and many of them admired him and regarded him as their goal.

However, Zhang Ruochen had once been a member of the Celestial Court and had killed countless Immortal Vampires.

There was a wall between them, and it wasn’t something that could be broken in a short time. It was even harder for them to become comrades willing to fight side-by-side till the end.

When Zhang Ruochen was alive, they respected him and were willing to follow his orders from the bottom of their hearts.

But now that Zhang Ruochen was dead, it was unrealistic to risk their lives to avenge him. Their relationship had not reached that stage yet.

Among the Supreme Saints of the Immortal Vampires, only Lord Xia Yu might do that.

All the Supreme Saints of the Immortal Vampires glared at Lan Ying with blood-red eyes, but they did not step out in the end. Some were afraid of Lan Ying’s strength, and some were concerned about the interests of the Immortal Vampires.

Seeing this, Lan Ying laughed loudly and flew toward Zhang Ruochen’s head with the Sword of Asura in his hand. He opened his mouth, which had turned into mist, and was about to swallow it into his stomach and refine it directly.

Something strange happened. Zhang Ruochen’s floating head suddenly regained its spirit.

“Oh no, Zhang Ruochen is not dead.”

Sensing that something was wrong, Lan Ying retreated quickly.

However, it was too late. Zhang Ruochen had spat out a mouthful of fire. It hit Lan Ying, burning him until wisps of smoke were emitted.

On the other side, Zhang Ruochen’s headless body with a Pleiades Lotus in his hand hit Lan Ying hard.

*Bang!*

Lan Ying was smashed into pieces and turned into a mass of Qi of Slaughter.

The Pleiades Lotus was about to absorb all the Qi of Slaughter, but the Sword of Asura flew over quickly and took all the Qi of Slaughter before absorbing it into the sword body.

Swoosh!

The Sword of Asura flew far away. The light it emitted reflected the surrounding starry sky into a blood-red color. It was brilliant and strange.

From the body of the sword, Lan Ying's cold voice came. "The Sword of Asura decapitated you. The powerful Qi of Slaughter should have instantly devoured all of your life force and destroyed your sea of Qi. How can you possibly still survive?"

Lan Ying had been accumulating energy to execute that sword strike for a long time, and the attack had caught Zhang Ruochen off guard. The Qi of Slaughter it contained was even stronger than the one Lan Ying had used to attack Que.

Back then, Que had been prepared. He had mobilized the power of Oblivion and dissolved a large amount of Qi of Slaughter. That was why he survived despite being split into two halves. 'Could it be Zhang Ruochen was also prepared and dissolved the Qi of Slaughter of the Sword of Asura?' thought Lan Ying. But he remained skeptical.

'The Sword of Asura is a powerful divine weapon. No one can dissolve the Qi of Slaughter.'

Zhang Ruochen's head and body flew together and merged. Divine Flames burned on his body. "How can that little Qi of Slaughter you mobilized destroy me, someone with Five-element Chaotic Neverwither Physique?"

If it had been before meeting Madre Bloody Shadow, Zhang Ruochen could not have withstood such a powerful strike from Lan Ying.

But now, after refining his physique with the Pale Blood Soil, the Sword of Asura could not kill him. At least, with Lan Ying's cultivation, Lan Ying could not kill him.

Zhang Ruochen sensed Yan Wushen and Que's presence. His expression changed slightly. He glanced at Lady Wind and immediately executed dimensional techniques to escape across space.

He appeared 500 miles away the next moment.

Then he opened the dimensional wormhole mirror and stepped into it.

Zhang Ruochen's sneak attack and words had struck Lan Ying. In fact, the Qi of Slaughter within Zhang Ruochen had not been completely dissolved. And thus, his combat power had greatly decreased.

Therefore, he had to escape and avoid a direct confrontation with Que, Yan Wushen, and Lan Ying.

Moreover, Zhang Ruochen could not figure out whether the deal between Lady Wind and Lan Ying had included him.

He wondered whether Lady Wind and Lan Ying were just acting.

Logically speaking, the sword that Lan Ying decapitated Zhang Ruochen, the Sword of Asura, must have shown signs of conserving energy. At that time, it had been in Lady Wind's hand. Hence, she should have noticed the signs.



If Lady Wind hadn't used the power of Destiny to wipe the killing intent on the sword away, Zhang Ruochen wouldn't have been caught off guard.

Moreover, Zhang Ruochen had gotten too much limelight in the Celestial-Hunting battle. In contrast, the other Immortal Vampires did not stand out. As long as Zhang Ruochen was alive, even if Lady Wind became the Scioness of Destiny, she would draw controversy. Other cultivators would say that she got the position all thanks to Zhang Ruochen.

The Immortal Vampires Supreme Saints in the Celestial-Hunting battle would respect Zhang Ruochen more highly than her since they would think she did not earn the Scioness position with her own efforts.

Zhang Ruochen dying and losing his value on the last day was what Lady Wind wanted to see the most.

So when the time came, she could sit back and reap all the fruits of Zhang Ruochen's victory.

### **Chapter 2409: The Final Battle**

?

*Whoosh!*

After crossing the wormhole, Zhang Ruochen instantly arrived 200,000 miles away and entered the deep zone.

He looked back and saw the 10,000-mile-tall Albajade Tree had become the size of a millstone. Its light was still dazzling.

Before Zhang Ruochen could heave a sigh of relief, spatial fluctuations appeared not far away. Another Wormhole Mirror appeared.

"You are fast," said Zhang Ruochen.

Zhang Ruochen could tell who was the person easily without even guessing. After all, on the Celestial-Hunting battlefield, there was no one other than Yan Wushen who could open a wormhole like him.

*RAWWRRRR!*

With a long roar, Yan Wushen, who was 96 feet tall, jumped over the mirror and rushed out. He said, "Zhang Ruochen, stop running. Let's fight!"

Zhang Ruochen ignored him. He pointed with his finger to open a Wormhole Mirror again and stepped into it.

*Whoosh!*

Yan Wushen caught up again. He raised his voice as he said, "Your injuries are serious. If you continue like this, there will be incurable hidden dangers. Why don't you stay and fight me? I'll give you 15 minutes to recover."

"15 minutes is too short. How about a day?" Zhang Ruochen replied.

Yan Wushen snorted.

Zhang Ruochen did not stop. He continued to cross the space.

Now, the initiative was in Zhang Ruochen's hands. Once he promised Yan Wushen to stop fighting, Yan Wushen would have the initiative instead.

After swallowing the Pale Blood Soil, Zhang Ruochen was confident that he could hold on until the end of the Celestial-Hunting battle.

If he chose to keep running, Yan Wushen would not be able to catch up with him, even if Yan Wushen's attainment in the Path of Dimension was not inferior to his.

"If you want to fight, there will be plenty of opportunities in the future. But today, I only want to take first place among the ten clans. So, I won't accompany you."

With these words, Zhang Ruochen stepped into the Wormhole Mirror for the fourth time.

There was not much time left before the Celestial-Hunting battle ended. Most cultivators stopped fighting and waited for the Mystic Eye of Myriad Realms to teleport them back to Mount Destiny.

But Yan Wushen refused to give up. He continued to chase after Zhang Ruochen. "There are rules set by the Fane of Destiny. You are not allowed to take all your clansmen off your home planet. You broke the rules. Even if the Immortal Vampires get the most points, they'll be stripped of their rank," said Yan Wushen.

"The planet of the Immortal Vampires doesn't exist anymore. Why should we follow the rules?" Zhang Ruochen retorted.

...

Zhang Ruochen and Yan Wushen fled for millions of miles in the chase. The colorful fog filled the surroundings, the space quivering.

Que and Lan Ying had practiced the Path of Dimension, but they were not good enough to open a Wormhole Mirror. They could not catch up with Zhang Ruochen and Yan Wushen, the two Masters of Dimension.

Yan Wushen was still slower than Zhang Ruochen. He could not stop Zhang Ruochen.

If this went on, Yanluo Clan would definitely lose.

Yan Wushen had no choice. He could only use his last move. "I'll give you one last chance. Stay and fight with me. We'll determine the ranking of Yanluo Clan and the Immortal Vampires based on our victory.

"Otherwise, Que and Lan Ying will join the forces targetting you.

"The two of them won't let go of this chance to kill you."

After ten years of practicing in the dark star, refining Pale Blood Soil, and cultivating his sixth type of Saintwill, the gap between Zhang Ruochen and Yan Wushen's cultivation and combat strength had widened.

If Zhang Ruochen had not been so severely injured, he would not have minded fighting Yan Wushen to inflict a full defeat on Yan Wushen.

But now was not the time.

Zhang Ruochen did not say a word and continued his escape.

Yan Wushen shook his head and did not hesitate anymore. He waved his hand and sent out two Communication talismans, telling Que and Lan Ying the spatial coordinates of him and Zhang Ruochen.

After that, every time Yan Wushen crossed the Wormhole Mirror, he would send out two Communication talismans.

Yan Wushen believed that the Emperor Grade Saintwill Pill had a fatal attraction to Que and Lan Ying. They would definitely try to catch up.

After receiving the message, Lan Ying and Que did not act immediately. They knew that they could not catch up to Zhang Ruochen and Yan Wushen by flying.

Soon, they received seven Communication talismans in a row.

Que raised his hand. A vast starry realm appeared in his palm. Seven spatial coordinates automatically appeared in his palm, forming an irregular line.

“As expected, Zhang Ruochen will appear in this area next time.”

Que extended his finger and pointed to one of the areas.

As expected, Yan Wushen’s eighth Communication Talisman flew over. The location of the spatial coordinates was very close to the location Que had analyzed.

“But it isn’t enough to analyze the location Zhang Ruochen will cross next time.

“Because the universe is vast. The small area you have figured out is probably thousands of miles wide.

“Even if we reach that area ahead of time, it’s possible that we are still far away from Zhang Ruochen. If so, we won’t be able to stop him from crossing a space again in time,” said Lan Ying.

“Thousands of miles? That’s about it. We just need to stop Zhang Ruochen from opening a Wormhole Mirror again. Even if we can only stop him for a moment, Yan Wushen, who is catching up from behind, will be able to stop him completely.”

Lan Ying and Que did not wait any longer. They entered the dimensional teleportation array and teleported away.

This dimensional teleportation array was the one that Supreme Saint Yanhong had repaired. It had always been guarded by the Bone Clan Supreme Saint.

*Whoosh!*

The boundless void was silent. Suddenly, a Wormhole Mirror appeared.

Zhang Ruochen’s face was pale. He rushed out.

His internal injuries worsened again.

He knew very well that with Que and Lan Ying's talent and wisdom, they could definitely catch up once they got the coordinates. Just like back then, Que could not lose Yan Huangtu and Lan Ying chasing him despite his unrivaled speed.

Those whose cultivation was at their level were not ordinary people.

Yan Wushen was chasing after him too hard. Zhang Ruochen did not have much time to think. He had to keep opening a Wormhole Mirror. The further he ran, the lower the probability of Que and Lan Ying catching up with him.

*Swoosh!*

A beam of blood-red light hit the Wormhole Mirror Zhang Ruochen had just opened. It shook the mirror until it was unstable.

If he forced his way into the mirror, the mirror would collapse instantly. It was very dangerous.

Zhang Ruochen saw the source of the blood-red light. Thousands of miles away, Lan Ying and Que stood together. They both injected their power into the Sword of Asura at the same time, causing the sword light to hit the Wormhole Mirror in an instant.

When they were on the home planet of Yanluo Clan, they were mortal enemies and had a great enmity with each other.

But for the sake of common interests, they chose to join hands at this moment.

It was at that moment that Yan Wushen caught up to him. From behind, he shattered the Wormhole Mirror that Zhang Ruochen had opened with a punch across space. Then, he enveloped Zhang Ruochen in a Profound Spatial Dimension, trying to stop Zhang Ruochen from using Dimensional techniques to escape.

Zhang Ruochen looked at Yan Wushen, who was standing 33 meters away. He did not continue his escape.

Que and Lan Ying flew over from the other two directions. They were very fast. In a moment, they had crossed thousands of miles and reached the edge of Yan Wushen's Spatial Dimension. They sealed off Zhang Ruochen's escape route.

Three powerful auras squeezed Zhang Ruochen in the middle.

Yan Wushen said, "This isn't what I want to see. You bring this to yourself."

Zhang Ruochen glanced at Yan Wushen, Que, and Lan Ying. "I have to admit that each of you is very powerful." His tone was indifferent.

"Zhang Ruochen, you have been through a series of battles today. You are exhausted and wounded. You are not at your best state. If you were at your best state, the three of us would never be able to stop you," said Que

"That's why we cannot allow someone like him to live," said Lan Ying.

Que continued, "Return my Emperor Grade Saintwill Pill. I'll leave immediately."

Compared to last time, Que lowered his conditions again. He only wanted the Emperor Grade Saintwill Pill back.

He did not want to participate in the fight between the Immortal Vampires and Yanluo Clan. Once he did, he would definitely offend these two clans. Why would he make enemies for no reason?

The Emperor Grade Saintwill Pill was his, to begin with. It was only right for him to take it back.

Lan Ying's eyes flashed with a sly smile. "Unfortunately, I also want the Emperor Grade Saintwill Pill. Zhang Ruochen, if you give it to me, I'll leave immediately."

Of course, Lan Ying wanted to devour Zhang Ruochen more. However, he was greedy and did not want to let go of the Emperor Grade Saintwill Pill.

If Zhang Ruochen gave the Emperor Grade Saintwill Pill to Que, it would be difficult for him to snatch it from Que.

If Que got the Emperor Grade Saintwill Pill, he might leave the Celestial-Hunting battlefield immediately. Lan Ying, on the other hand, would never do that.

Devouring Zhang Ruochen and taking away Zhang Ruochen's cultivation was Lan Ying's ultimate goal.

"This is troublesome. I only have one Emperor Grade Saintwill Pill. Who should I give it to?"

As he spoke, Zhang Ruochen took out a square Spatial Box with a length, width, and height of four meters and held it in his hand. The box was transparent. It was a solid shape formed after the space was frozen.

A small brass cauldron was sealed inside the Spatial Box.

The small brass cauldron was wrapped in a layer of black gaseous patterns. It was extremely heavy, causing the surrounding space to distort slightly. Even the light was sucked in.

Que and Lan Ying's eyes focused on the small brass cauldron.

"This cauldron... is very interesting..."

There were so many treasures and weapons in Infernal Court. They did not recognize Hexadirection Cauldron. They just instinctively felt that it was extraordinary. It was not something a Regal Artifact could compare to.

It seemed reasonable to use it to store the Emperor Grade Saintwill Pill.

"The Emperor Grade Saintwill Pill is in this cauldron."

Zhang Ruochen waved his hand. The four-meter-tall Spatial Box flew toward Lan Ying.

Lan Ying saw the Spatial Box fly over. He was surprised. 'The Emperor Grade Saintwill Pill is within my reach?'

Soon, Lan Ying realized that Zhang Ruochen was trying to create a diversion. Zhang Ruochen attempted to make Lan Ying and Que could fight first.

Whether or not the Emperor Grade Saintwill Pill was really in the cauldron, since it was right in front of him, with Lan Ying's character, how could he not take it? Besides, just this cauldron alone made Lan Ying feel that it was something rare and valuable.

Of course, Que understood that there might not be Emperor Grade Saintwill Pill in the cauldron, but there was indeed the Pill Qi of Emperor Grade Sacred Pill flowing on the surface of the cauldron, so he was not willing to give it to Lan Ying directly.

*Clang!*

Kagemaru flew out and slashed at the Spatial Box.

With a bang, the Spatial Box that sealed Hexadirection Cauldron exploded. The small brass cauldron was completely exposed, emitting an even thicker pill fragrance.

If Que and Lan Ying could savor it carefully, they would discover that although the pill fragrance was potent, it was different from Emperor Grade Saintwill Pills. However, there was no time left to think about it carefully since they want to take the small brass cauldron!

*Bang! Bang!*

Que flew over while controlling the sword in the air. His Kagemaru kept slashing out to stop Lan Ying from getting close to the small brass cauldron.

After swallowing the Great Demonic Shadow, Lan Ying's cultivation improved again. In addition, Que was injured, so Que could not kill Lan Ying in a short time.

On the other side, the fight between Zhang Ruochen and Yan Wushen was intense.

In the beginning, Zhang Ruochen shot out a drop of Dark Space-time Matter to detonate it, wanting to take this chance to escape.

But Yan Wushen seemed to be desperate. He forced his way through the forbidden zone formed by the explosion of Dark Space-time Matter. With his golden body and the protection of the Scepter of Heaven's Pass, he withstood the chaotic power of Darkness, Dimension, and Time.

Zhang Ruochen's escape plan failed, but Yan Wushen also paid a heavy price.

The destructive power of Dark Space-time Matter was shocking. In the narrow area, even though Yan Wushen was well-prepared, he still could not completely defend himself. His body was covered in bloody holes.

He had been torn apart by the power of Dimension.

As for the power of Darkness and the power of Time, they had inflicted wounds that could not be seen with the naked eye.

*Boom!*

The Pleiades Lotus and Scepter of Heaven's Pass collided. One bright light and one dark light hit Zhang Ruochen and Yan Wushen like waves.

Yan Wushen's golden body, which was already in imminent danger, broke with a crack.

Zhang Ruochen spat out a mouthful of blood and flew backward like a kite with a broken string. He hit a cosmic rock and broke it into pieces.

"Again!"

"Yama Naraka."

*Boom!*

...

Under Yan Wushen's feet, a magnificent illusory hell appeared. It kept evolving into different scenes. First, it was the beginning of Heaven and earth, then the birth of thousands of spirits, and finally, the death of the galaxy... These scenes kept repeating.

"River of Time."

Zhang Ruochen stood in his Realm-frame of Truth and stretched out his hands.

*Crash!*

A river formed by the Marks of Time rushed into Yama Naraka like a flying dragon and hit Yan Wushen.

At the same time, Zhang Ruochen was hit in the chest by a bone hand emerging from Yama Naraka. His chest burst open immediately. Except for his heart, the rest of his internal organs were shattered and turned into bloody mud.

The two of them were thrown out again.

Yan Wushen was hit by the River of Time. His lifespan was cut down for thousands of years in an instant. His body was extremely weak, and strands of white hair appeared on his head.

He raised his arms and let out a long roar. "I can still fight."

Fighting with Zhang Ruochen always stimulated Yan Wushen's wild nature.

The Supreme Saint's blood in Yan Wushen's body burned up. His weak body gradually recovered its power. The shattered Yama Naraka appeared at his feet.

The power of the Saintwill in Zhang Ruochen's body was in chaos. The murderous Qi kept hitting his body. A million times more Qi of Yang rushed to his brain, destroying his rationality and making him a little crazy.

Zhang Ruochen was lying on the verge of death in the void. His blood began to burn. He slowly stood up. His long hair swayed in the flame.

The blood and minced meat scattered in the void flew back to his chest automatically.

"Everything to Nothing."

“Dimensional Sword Dance.”

*BANG!*

When they collided again, Yan Wushen’s legs were cut off by Zhang Ruochen’s Dimensional Sword.

Zhang Ruochen was hit on the left side of his body by Yan Wushen’s strike. Even though he avoided getting hit on his heart, the vital point, his left arm was cut off from his collarbone, tearing off a large piece of flesh.

The wound on his neck, which had just healed, reappeared, forming a circle of red bloody lines.

The old wound receded as if the head and body were about to be separated again.

The fierce battle moved all the cultivators watching the image projected by Mystic Eye of Myriad Realms.

This was no longer a simple battle. It was a battle of victory and defeat, a battle of honor, and a battle of interest between the two clans. It was also a battle of spiritual will between Zhang Ruochen and Yan Wushen, the two most outstanding elites of this era.

#### **Chapter 2410: Growling Tiger, Roaring Dragon**

After Que and Lan Ying left, the Supreme Saints of the Immortal Vampires, the Deathkin, and Yanluo Clan started a fierce battle in the void near the Albajade Tree.

Under the leadership of Lord Bladehell and Lady Wind, the Supreme Saint Army of the Immortal Vampires launched three attacks and finally broke out of the encirclement.

Unfortunately, the teleportation array was destroyed by the Bone Clan Supreme Saint.

Lord Bladehell stood at the edge of the shattered dimensional teleportation array, his face cold as he said, “Oh no! Zhang Ruochen is under attack from Yan Wushen, Que, and Lan Ying. He might not be able to make it until the end of the Celestial-Hunting battle. Lady Wind, could you repair the teleportation array with your Destiny power?”

Lady Wind shook her head. “Many parts of the dimensional teleportation array have been shattered into dust, and the Dimensional Inscriptions have been destroyed. Its damage is beyond my competence in the Path of Destiny to repair.”

Lord Bladehell took out the diamond-shaped mirror and checked the points on it.

The points of Yanluo Clan were dropping rapidly. It was obvious that the Saint Devourer and Supreme Saint Yi Xuan had arrived on Yanluo Clan’s home planet and were killing Yanluo clansmen.

It was impossible to kill all Yanluo clansmen.

Therefore, the key to the final victory was still Zhang Ruochen.

Lord Bladehell stared at the Supreme Saints of the Immortal Vampires; he used his spiritual power to send a message. “The Celestial-Hunting battle is coming to an end. There’s no point in continuing the



battle. The Supreme Saints of the Immortal Vampires should leave the battlefield immediately. They don't want to lose their points by attacking first."

The Supreme Saints of the Immortal Vampires left the battlefield one after another.

The Supreme Saints of Yanluo Clan, Deathkins, Bone clan, and Stone Clan all stopped fighting because they had killed all the Supreme Saint Celestial Captives. Some left the battlefield directly. Some took out diamond-shaped lenses and stared at the changes in their points.

There were less than two hours left until the Celestial-Hunting battle ended.

As for the Supreme Saints of the Netherkin, they had used the teleportation array to rush back to their home planet before Que and Lan Ying went to kill Zhang Ruochen. They had no choice. Their home planet had been attacked by the Rakshasas, so they had to return immediately.

The battle that broke out on the home planet of the Netherkin would determine the third and fourth places.

...

Que turned around and slashed with his sword. He used the Oblivion Sword technique and hit the spiritual body of Lan Ying.

As the sword light passed through, a large part of the spiritual body of Lan Ying was devoured by the power of Oblivion, and his body was split into two.

"Ah!" A miserable cry came out of Lan Ying's mouth. The two halves of his body could not reunite for a long time.

He was not only a Spirit of Slaughter born from a Divine Fetus but also the spirit of the Sword of Asura. His spiritual body was originally immortal and indestructible. Even if it was shattered ten times, it could still return to its original state.

However, after being attacked by Que's Oblivion Sword technique, he was heavily injured with just one strike.

Kagemaru hovered above Que's head and enveloped him with Sword Qi.

He carefully approached the small brass cauldron. Black gaseous patterns flowed out of the hollow pattern and wrapped around the cauldron.

Que did not believe that Zhang Ruochen would hand over the Emperor Grade Saintwill Pill so easily, so he was on guard and did not advance rashly.

"Such strong Power of Darkness. If I touch the brass cauldron rashly, I'm afraid that even with my cultivation, I'll be at a great disadvantage."

Que observed black gas lines and realized that this brass cauldron was definitely no small matter. After all, the Power of Darkness could not be withstood by just any vessel.

Even a Regal Artifact would be corroded into scrap metal by the Power of Darkness.

Back then, Zhang Ruochen had used the Yin Yang Five-Element Saintwill to crack the black gas lines.

Que mobilized the power of Oblivion and filled his hands. His arms suddenly disappeared. Only he could sense the existence of his hands.

Both of his hands pressed on the black gas pattern. The power of Oblivion continued to destroy the power of Darkness, forming a two-meter-wide hole. Que walked in.

After a moment of hesitation, Que did not approach. Instead, he struck the lid of the cauldron with his palm.

*Whoosh!*

The lid was blown away.

A dark blue light rushed out from the cauldron.

The light was dazzling. It illuminated Que's pupils to a dark blue color. Following that, blood flowed out of his eyes.

"What a terrifying light. This is not good. This aura is an Emperor Grade Sacred Pill. The fluctuations of energy are not weaker than that of a Supreme Supreme Saint."

Que was extremely shocked and quickly retreated.

It was an Emperor Grade Sacred Pill, not an Emperor Grade Saintwill Pill.

*Swoosh Swoosh—*

Each streak of light was like a peerless divine sword that stabbed toward Que.

There were more than a thousand streaks of light that flew toward Que.

Kagemaru blocked in front of Que and continuously slashed out, forming an impenetrable sword barrier. However, the power of the Emperor Grade Sacred Pill was too terrifying. The barrier lasted for a moment before it was shattered.

*Thud! Thud! Thud!*

Streak after streak of light beam struck Que's body.

Que desperately used the power of Oblivion to make his body become illusory, but his speed was a beat slower.

After being hit by hundreds of light beams, Que was sent flying with blood all over his body.

In front of?Paramount<sup>1</sup>?Supreme Saint, even with Que's cultivation, he was nothing. The Emperor Grade Sacred Pill did not attack personally. It only emitted light beams, yet he could not block them.

"He's not dead?" A voice sounded from within the cauldron.

Yes, Que was not dead.

When he was hit by the light beams, his body entered a semi-illusory state, which reduced more than half of the attack power.

Que supported his heavily injured body and turned into an oblivion state, escaping from this area. After entering the oblivion state, even a Paramount Supreme Saint would not be able to find him at a certain distance.

Lan Ying and Yan Wushen looked at the small brass cauldron in shock.

‘How did another Emperor Grade Sacred Pill appear on the Celestial-Hunting battlefield?’

Moreover, this Emperor Grade Sacred Pill was obviously not sealed. Its combat strength was very terrifying.

Not to mention them, even some deities were bewildered at this moment.

Emperor Grade Sacred Pills were extremely rare and even had some effect on gods.

The projection image of Wargod Bloodximus appeared in The Fane of Destiny and said, “The presence of the Emperor Grade Sacred Pill has already broken the power balance of the Celestial-Hunting battlefield. In order to protect the lives of a few outstanding juniors, please end the Celestial-Hunting battle early.”

“Please end the Celestial-Hunting battle early,”

said the Immortal Vampires’ deities appeared one after another simultaneously.

Ghost Master’s voice in a sarcastic tone rang out. “The Celestial-Hunting battle has been held 100 times. No one has ever broken the rules set by the Fane of Destiny. Even if there were only two hours left, they had to wait. If they couldn’t defeat the opponent, Zhang Ruochen could completely withdraw from the battlefield. With the Mystic Eye of Myriad Realms, how could one Emperor Grade Sacred Pill kill him?”

‘Withdraw from the battlefield?!’

All the Immortal Vampires were with Zhang Ruochen. If he chose to withdraw from the battlefield, they would be considered dead. At that time, the Immortal Vampires’ points would be cut in half.

A Deathkin deity appeared and said, “Bloodximus, don’t worry too much. Since Que can escape with his life, I believe Zhang Ruochen can do it too. Besides, he’s the one who took out the Emperor Grade Sacred Pill.”

“The rules set by the Fane of Destiny must not be broken. Otherwise, the Celestial-Hunting battle will not be held in the future!” said another deity.

...

With Ghost Master leading the way, the other deities of the other clans were happy to watch the show. All of them advised Fukurokuju to stick to the rules set by the Fane of Destiny and not end the Celestial-Hunting battle early.

The Asuran deity, Asurendra Barasingha, and the deity of Yanluo Clan fell silent and did not appear in the Fane of Destiny.

Fukurokuju said, "The Celestial-Hunting battle continues. No deities are allowed to interfere in the battle. Those who violate the rules will be punished by the judicial department of the Fane of Destiny."

The Immortal Vampire deities were furious.

They were not angry at Fukurokuju. After all, Fukurokuju was in that position, so he had to be fair. He could not help the Immortal Vampires.

If it weren't for Ghost Master, Fukurokuju might have ended the battle prematurely because he cherished young talents.

That way, the Immortal Vampires would win.

Now, Lan Ying and Yan Wushen could both leave the battlefield, but only Zhang Ruochen could not. With his cultivation, how could he be a match for a Paramount Supreme Saint?

Returning to a Divine Plane, the eyes of Wargod Bloodximius were grim, "Now, I only hope that Zhang Ruochen won't be so stubborn and will leave the battlefield immediately. Even if the Immortal Vampires can only get second place, I also hope that he can prioritize his life first."

"I think so too," Luo Yan echoed as he sat on the side.

The Ancient God of Knowledge stroked his beard and said with a smile, "This is naturally for the best. Everyone will be happy."

Wargod Bloodximius had not spent much time with Zhang Ruochen, his grandson, but he knew Zhang Ruochen's character very well. He felt that Zhang Ruochen would unlikely withdraw from the battlefield.

He could not help but sigh.

...

Celestial-Hunting battlefield—

Lan Ying left the battlefield immediately.

Only Zhang Ruochen and Yan Wushen, who were severely injured, remained in the void space. They were wrapped in a strand of Pill Qi, like a divine chain. They could not escape.

Zhang Ruochen glanced at the small brass cauldron and then at Yan Wushen. "Aren't you going to leave the battlefield? If you don't, I'm afraid you'll die at the hands of the Emperor Grade Sacred Pill."

"I won't leave until you leave the battlefield." Yan Wushen gritted his teeth and fought against the Pill Qi.

The Pill Qi was like a chain, dragging Zhang Ruochen and Yan Wushen toward the small brass cauldron.

The Emperor Grade Sacred Pill's voice came from the cauldron. "One of you has a demi-buddha physique while the other has a demigod physique. Your bloodlines are very powerful. If I refine you into my body, I might have a chance to become a Divine Pill."

Zhang Ruochen spoke to Yan Wushen telepathically, "Since we don't plan to leave the battlefield early, why don't we cooperate and suppress the Emperor Grade Sacred Pill first? Then we can continue the battle."

"Suppress the Emperor Grade Sacred Pill?"

Yan Wushen widened his eyes. He thought Zhang Ruochen was too crazy.

Zhang Ruochen said, "If I'm not wrong, the small brass cauldron should be able to suppress the Emperor Grade Sacred Pill, so it can't come out of the cauldron. It can only attack us with light beams and Qi remotely.

"As long as the lid is closed, the Emperor Grade Sacred Pill will be suppressed again."

"How confident are you?" Yan Wushen asked.

Zhang Ruochen said, "I'm not confident. But I have to try, right? I won't admit defeat, and I won't leave the battlefield. If you're scared, you can leave the battlefield now."

"If I leave the battlefield now, Yanluo Clan will lose the chance to become number one.

"Okay, let's suppress the Emperor Grade Sacred Pill first.

"I won't lose the Battle of the Celestial-Hunting without fighting until the last moment," said Yan Wushen.

"Okay! I'll hold it back and divert its attention. You cover the lid."

Zhang Ruochen's broken arm was reattached. His internal injuries were very serious, and his combat strength was far from his peak. However, this did not affect his determination to fight against the Emperor Grade Sacred Pill.

No matter what, he had to win first place among the ten clans.

"Saint Aspect: The Immovable Wisdom King!"

A huge golden shadow rushed out of Zhang Ruochen's body and kept expanding the Pill Qi around his body. In the next moment, Zhang Ruochen's body contracted and broke away from the restriction of the Pill Qi.

"You still want to escape?"

The Emperor Grade Sacred Pill's voice rang out. Hundreds of thousands of light beams flew out from the small brass cauldron and shot toward Zhang Ruochen.

There were too many of these light beams. Even Que could not block them. Zhang Ruochen, who was heavily injured, did not dare to block them forcefully. He threw out Violet Gourd and contracted his body to rush in.

More than a dozen light beams followed him into the mouth of the Gourd.

Among them, there was a light beam that contained the spiritual clone of the Emperor Grade Sacred Pill.

After entering the Gourd, the light beam continued to chase after Zhang Ruochen.

The light beam did not fly straight. It was like a flying sword, slashing at him from all directions.

*Thud!*

*Thud! Thud!*

...

Zhang Ruochen was hit by several streaks of light beams. Streams of blood flowed out of his body.

The last streak of light beam stabbed toward his glabella.

At this moment, a door of light flew over and collided with the light beam.

Pan Ruo's slender figure appeared behind the door of light. She pressed her hands forward, and the door of light turned into a spiral shape, absorbing the light beam into her Realm of Trueself.

Pan Ruo then looked at Zhang Ruochen carefully. She frowned, and there was a noticeable gentleness in her eyes. "Why are you hurt so badly?"

"I don't have time to explain. Come with me. Let's suppress the Emperor Grade Sacred Pill first. Yan Wushen won't be able to hold on for long," said Zhang Ruochen.

Pan Ruo was full of questions, but she still agreed decisively. "Okay!"

Yan Wushen could not die. Once he died, it would be useless even if Zhang Ruochen hid in Violet Gourd. He would not be able to escape death.

They could either die together or live together.

When the Emperor Grade Sacred Pill attacked Zhang Ruochen with the light beam, Yan Wushen immediately used his Profound Spatial Dimension to break away from the restriction of the Pill Qi. He circled to the back of the small brass cauldron and picked up the lid.

But before he could do anything, the Emperor Grade Sacred Pill noticed him.

This time, the Emperor Grade Sacred Pill split out dozens of strands of Pill Qi and wrapped around Yan Wushen's body. It wrapped tighter and tighter, crushing his demi-buddha body into pieces. His bones cracked as if they were about to turn into mud.

"Then I'll refine you first. Then I'll deal with the Immortal Vampire who hid in the Gourd," said the Emperor Grade Sacred Pill.

Yan Wushen could not move. He was pulled by the Pill Qi and flew toward the small brass cauldron.

"Zhang Ruochen is too... too sinister... he let me cover the cauldron but hid in the Gourd..."

Seeing the small brass cauldron getting closer and closer, Yan Wushen could not say a word. His mouth could not move. He could not shout out to leave the battlefield. He only felt that he would die being duped by Zhang Ruochen today.

*Whoosh*

Zhang Ruochen and Pan Ruo flew out of the Gourd at the same time.

Pan Ruo's cultivation was too low. She burned the Supreme Saint's blood and lifespan at the same time to increase her power to the peak. Then she used all her strength to open the Door of Trueself. The light of Destiny shone on the small brass cauldron.

The power contained in dozens of Pill Qi instantly decreased.

Taking this opportunity, Zhang Ruochen moved his five fingers. 36 Dimensional Swords condensed. He slashed out and cut off all the Pill Qi surrounding Yan Wushen's body.

At this moment, Yan Wushen was only ten feet away from the small brass cauldron.

After escaping, Yan Wushen's deformed eyes shot out two rays of light. They exploded with unparalleled reaction power. He waved his hand like lightning and pressed the lid down.

*Boom*

The lid closed.

The power from the Emperor Grade Sacred Pill instantly disappeared.

It was finally suppressed again.

The world fell into a long silence.

Zhang Ruochen and Yan Wushen looked at each other with smiles on their faces. At this moment, they had completely forgotten that the other party was their enemy.

In the starry sky, tiger roars and dragon roars came from two different directions.

The starry sky near Zhang Ruochen turned white. The light was blazing, illuminating all the darkness in the world. Vaguely, a tiger shadow could be seen in the white light.

On the other hand, the starry sky near Yan Wushen turned blue. It seemed to be able to cleanse the world. The shadow of a dragon meandered in the starry sky.

### **Chapter 2411: Primeval Divine Genus**

The 100-day Celestial-Hunting battle had finally come to an end.

All the cultivators of the ten clans who participated in the battle were teleported back to Mount Destiny by the Mystic Eye of Myriad Realms. The battle was brutal with casualties among all the clans.

The surviving Celestial Captives were also teleported back. There were 3,456 of them. Most of them were Half-Saints or Saints. They were ones that slipped through the net and had very few points.

Only four of them who had killed the Immortal Vampires could survive and regain their freedom.

The remaining 3,000 Celestial Captives were killed on the spot. Their flesh and souls were devoured by the cultivators of all races. Their fate was worse than dying on the Celestial-Hunting battlefield.

The points on the diamond-shaped mirror had all disappeared. No one knew the result of the battle between Zhang Ruochen and Yan Wushen at the last moment. All the participating cultivators were waiting anxiously.

“The tiger roars and the dragon roars rang out. The projection of the Mystic Eye of Myriad Realms shattered. I wonder what happened.”

“Why are there tiger roars and the dragon roars on the Celestial-Hunting battlefield?”

“Could it be that a deity intervened in the Celestial-Hunting battle?”

“At that time, I sensed an extremely powerful divine power. If the Mystic Eye of Myriad Realms did not teleport me away in time, I would have been shattered by the roar,” said a Ghost Clan’s Supreme Saint who had just entered the Neverwilt Realm. He still had some lingering fear.

At that time, he had stayed behind to guard the home planet of Ghost Clan.

A Supreme Saint of the Fane of Barasingha asked Lan Ying in a low voice, “Senior, the Celestial-Hunting battle has ended. Why aren’t Zhang Ruochen and Yan Wushen back yet?”

The corners of Lan Ying’s lips rose. “There were indeed some accidents on the Celestial-Hunting battlefield. I’m afraid they won’t be able to come back!”

Many cultivators heard this.

They all went forward to ask about the situation, but Lan Ying crossed his arms in front of his chest. He was cold and scornful. He ignored them. Other than the cultivators of the Fane of Barasingha, he only saw Zhang Ruochen, Que, Yan Wushen, and a few others in this era as someone on his par. Other cultivators were not qualified to talk to him.

The Supreme Saints of the Immortal Vampires gathered together. When they heard what Lan Ying had said, they all looked grave. They were more anxious than any other clan.

Only Moyin remained calm. It did not believe that anything bad would happen to Zhang Ruochen. After all, it would have been dead if Zhang Ruochen had not survived on the Celestial-Hunting battlefield.

Of course, it was not something a regular cultivator would know.

Most cultivators did not even know that Moyin was a parasitic plant cultivated by Zhang Ruochen.

Lian Xi, Gaunt, Zhou Zhen, and Shentu Yunkong, who had attended the Celestial-Hunting Banquet with Zhang Ruochen, were still at Destiny’s Creek. When they heard all kinds of news about Zhang Ruochen, they were distraught.

If they were not under Zhang Ruochen’s protection in Infernal Court, they might be reduced to livestock or food immediately.

At this moment, a cultivator of the Rakshasa clan walked past them with a Celestial Captive’s leg in his hand.

They were all nervous. This was the first time they realized how important Zhang Ruochen was to them and how fragile they were.



“Zhang Ruochen, please survive. If you are dead, what will happen to us?” Zhou Zhen said with a bitter face.

Lian Xi habitually raised her head and looked at the sky.

There was nothing in the sky.

However, during the 100 days of the Celestial-Hunting battle, she had seen with her own eyes from the projection in the sky that Zhang Ruochen had created miracles, again and again, taking one step after another to the peak of the Celestial-Hunting battle.

It seemed that there was an endless amount of combat power in that man’s body, and he would never fall.

‘He is likely to survive on the last day,’ Lian Xi thought.

...

It seemed that he had slept for a thousand years. Zhang Ruochen’s hot and painful body was nourished by a cool power. The pain disappeared and was replaced by a pleasant feeling.

Zhang Ruochen opened his eyes and found himself lying on a white beach.

Although the sun in the sky was bright, the light was not so dazzling. When it shone on his body, it felt warm, as if he was bathing in a divine spring. All his limbs and bones relaxed.

In the distance, the seawater was as blue as water. The waves rippled, and the seabirds swooped down to eat the fish. The scenery was beautiful and full of vitality. It was completely different from the Infernal Court’s environment filled with darkness and death.

Beside him, a hundred-meter-tall giant tree grew green leaves. Dense branches hung down like a green umbrella. The leaves emitted sparkling light, like white rain.

Zhang Ruochen sat up. A hint of confusion appeared on his face. He muttered to himself, “Where am I?”

“This is the Divine Plane of Fukurokuju!” A voice rang out.

Zhang Ruochen turned his head and saw a white tiger about five meters long lying next to him. It had a huge head and a very fat butt.

Strangely, it did not have a single hair on its body. Its skin was as white as jade, and there was a golden word “Burial” on its head.

Zhang Ruochen’s eyes narrowed. He immediately stood up and asked cautiously, “Senior, is that you?”

“It’s me. Of course it’s me.”

Intergold Tiger stood up and shook the sand off its body.

When Zhang Ruochen had first seen Intergold Tiger on Ghost Clan’s home planet, it had exuded a terrifying power. Its body was enormous, and one head could fill Zhang Ruochen’s field of vision.

Now, it was only slightly bigger than an ordinary tiger, and its aura was completely restrained.

The only thing special about it was that it was hairless.

Zhang Ruochen thought of something, and his expression changed. "Is This Divine Realm World of Fukurokuju?"

Then, he carefully observed his surroundings.

'The place is somewhat far from what I had imagined?

'It is no different from the real world.'

He released his spiritual power to investigate. He could not sense the edge of the world at all.

The more he investigated, the more shocked he became.

There were not just mountains and seas in this Divine Plane. There were also all kinds of creatures. Some powerful creatures had even reached the Neverwilt Supreme Sainthood.

As for whether there were more powerful creatures further away, it was unknown.

One could not tell whether these creatures had been captured by Fukurokuju or were born naturally. If it was the latter, Zhang Ruochen had to say that Fukurokuju must have cultivated to an unfathomable level.

He was a Macroworld himself,

the creator of this world.

"Oh no. The deities can know everything in Divine Plane. Could Fukurokuju already know some of my memories or read my thoughts directly?" Zhang Ruochen became nervous.

It was difficult for Zhang Ruochen to remain calm in the face of a terrifying superior that he could not fathom.

The voice of Intergold Tiger sounded in Zhang Ruochen's mind. "don't worry. You have merged with my Apex Intergold Qi. With my protection, no deities can read your memories and thoughts, not even a Reverend can't."

Zhang Ruochen stared at it, feeling even worse.

It was game over. With this tiger's existence, he could not keep any secrets anymore.

Intergold Tiger added, "Don't worry. I won't read your thoughts anytime, anywhere."

'It claimed it wouldn't yet it is still doing it now!' Zhang Ruocheng retorted in his mind.

Intergold Tiger continued, "Since you are not speaking, I can only read your thoughts.

"Besides, this is Fukurokuju's Divine Plane, his divine realm. You don't seem to want to reveal any secrets. Since you can't speak, I can only read your thoughts and communicate with you."

Zhang Ruochen was speechless. He really wanted to empty his mind.

The white tiger continued, "Don't be so nervous. You passed my test and are now my guide. Our fates are connected. You don't have to guard against me."

'But you are a deity in Infernal Court,' Zhang Ruochen thought.

The white tiger said, "No, I don't belong to Infernal Court. I come from God's Ancient Nidus."

Although Zhang Ruochen had already vaguely figured out its origin, he was still shocked to hear Intergold Tiger admit it.

God's Ancient Nidus was one of the most mysterious places in the universe. It was known as the relic of a primeval civilization.

Zhang Ruochen relaxed a little. He finally opened his mouth and asked, "You just said that I'm your guide. What do you mean?"

"Since you're awake, let's meet Fukurokuju. He'll tell you what a guide is. Come on my back. I'll take you to see him."

Zhang Ruochen looked hesitant. "This... isn't a good idea! It's better if you lead from the front. I'll fly behind. Just follow."

What a joke. This was a divine beast from God's Ancient Nidus. It was on equal footing with the deities of the Infernal Court.

Even the deities did not dare to treat it as a mount.

How could Zhang Ruochen, a mere Supreme Saint, have the audacity to do so?

"With your cultivation, you won't be able to fly there even if you fly for ten years. Don't dawdle. Come," Intergold Tiger said.

Zhang Ruochen saw that it seemed serious, so he took a deep breath. Without hesitation, he leaped and landed on its back.

It was too surreal. A Supreme Saint could actually fly on a divine beast.

Swoosh —

Intergold Tiger released a peaceful white light and turned into a ray of light. It flew toward a certain direction of the deity world and crashed into the void. Lines of Precepts appeared where the space was hit.

They flickered for a moment, then disappeared again.

"My injuries seem to have healed," Zhang Ruochen said.

Intergold Tiger guessed what Zhang Ruochen was thinking and said, "don't worry. Half of your injuries were healed by me. Fukurokuju did not investigate you. He did not know that you have the Heart of Truth."

Zhang Ruochen facepalmed. He really wanted to jump off Intergold Tiger.

There was no secret between him and Intergold Tiger.

After a long time, Zhang Ruochen calmed down. He thought to himself, 'I must calm down. I've fused with Apex Intergold Qi. That's why it can read my thoughts at any time. Other deities can't do that.'

"You're right. That's true.

"In a sense, our relationship is closer and more equal than that of a human couple. You should absolutely trust me," said Intergold Tiger.

Zhang Ruochen smiled bitterly and said nothing. He thought to himself, 'If our relationship is so close and equal, why can't I read your thoughts and only you read my thoughts?'

"Because your cultivation is not as high as mine, and your spiritual power is not as high as mine. If one day you surpass me, you will be able to reverse everything," Intergold Tiger said.

There was no way to refute it.

Zhang Ruochen stopped thinking about this nonsense and asked, "You said that half of my injuries were healed by you. What about the other half?"

"The other half is, of course, yourself. Your self-healing ability is very powerful. I suspect that if I tear you into pieces, your body can be united again. However, it will take a long time," Intergold Tiger said.

Zhang Ruochen stopped asking and began to think about how to empty himself and not think about anything.

Having his thoughts read by a tiger all the time was no different from stripping naked and running naked on the street.

"If you feel that reading your memory makes you feel conflicted and uncomfortable, then from now on, I won't read it anymore."

After saying this, without waiting for Zhang Ruochen to reply with an "Okay," Intergold Tiger said again, "But I read your thoughts because I want to know more about you. Only in this way can we get along better in the future."

"Let's go to meet Fukurokuju first."

Although he said this, Zhang Ruochen was thinking about how to reject his new identity as a "Guide."

Intergold Tiger seemed to be easy to get along with. It even helped him to heal his injuries and even became his mount. It was not malicious. However, Zhang Ruochen had too many secrets. He did not want others to know about them. He absolutely could not keep it with him.

The best thing was to let Blood Empress draw out the Apex Intergold Qi in his body and completely cut the connection with Intergold Tiger.

...

Intergold Tiger brought Zhang Ruochen to a sea area in the Divine Plane.

Yan Wushen was standing on top of a green dragon. He had been waiting on the surface of the sea for a long time. When he saw Zhang Ruochen coming, he was surprised at first, but then he smiled knowingly.

Intergold Tiger landed on the surface of the sea. It stepped on the water as if it was walking on flat ground.

Zhang Ruochen looked carefully at Swastika Seiryu under Yan Wushen. He finally understood where the ten dragon souls in his body came from.

So he cupped his fists and said, "Thank you, senior."

"I helped you because I saw that you had merged with the Apex Intergold Qi. It's very likely that you were chosen by Intergold Tiger as a guide. In fact, with your physical quality and willpower, you might not be able to pass the trial," said Swastika Seiryu.

*Whoosh—*

Clouds and fog churned in the sky.

Layers of white clouds pressed down on the surface of the sea, forming a majestic, gaseous face. The aura it exuded made Zhang Ruochen and Yan Wushen, two Supreme Saints, feel their bodies sink. They could not help but want to kneel and worship.

However, they were all extraordinary people. They held their bodies and did not kneel.

"Greetings, Reverend." Yan Wushen took the lead to bow.

Zhang Ruochen cupped his fists and said, "Greetings, Reverend."

Fukurokuju's imposing face made a deafening sound. "Very good. Both of you are very good. You are qualified to represent Infernal Court and become the guides of the Primeval Divine Genus, which is the two Primeval Divine beasts from the God's Ancient Nidus."

Zhang Ruochen immediately said, "Can I not be a guide?"

Yan Wushen was surprised and looked in Zhang Ruochen's direction.

Yan Wushen knew that Zhang Ruochen was very arrogant, but not to the extent of paying no heed to the identity, "the Guide of the Primeval Divine Genus."

'Zhang Ruochen can't be thinking too little of the Primeval Divine Genus, right?

'Did you know that many deities wanted to be the guide of Intergold Tiger, but they did not have the chance?'

Before Fukurokuju could ask, Intergold Tiger spoke to him first, "Fukurokuju, I have a secret to report to you. It concerns the cultivator on my back."

When Zhang Ruochen heard this, his face froze.

'No way. This white tiger is going back on its words. Just because I'm reluctant to be your guide, you are against me now?'

Zhang Ruochen only knew that Intergold Tiger could read his thoughts. As for whether it could read his memories, he had no idea.

If it could read his memories, it would be very troublesome. Many people would be affected.

Most likely, it could read the memory. After all, its spiritual power was much stronger than Zhang Ruochen's. When Zhang Ruochen was asleep, his mental defense was very low. The tiger had probably done everything to him!

'What a b\*stard.

'I thought you were silly and sweet. Little did I expect you to be a scheming b\*stard.'

### **Chapter 2412: The Guide**

"What's the matter?"

Fukurokuju's voice was like a great bell, and the sound waves spread throughout heaven and earth.

Zhang Ruochen was shocked, but he did not lose his mind. His thoughts spun rapidly, and he thought of a strategy.

Intergold Tiger spoke, "I carried this cultivator on my back," he said. "Because of the Apex Intergold Qi, I can read his thoughts and some of his memories.

"I discovered that he came from Celestial Court on the other side of the starry sky. He had a close relationship with a Celestial Captive from the Celestial-Hunting battlefield. However, he killed that Celestial Captive for some reason.

"That Celestial Captive's name is Manjian. He's a Supreme Saint from Guanghan."

Fukurokuju's divine eyes shone brightly as he stared at Zhang Ruochen. "Zhang Ruochen, why did you kill Supreme Saint Manjian?"

"To be honest, when I was forced to leave Celestial Court, Supreme Saint Manjian did take good care of me. He was both my teacher and my friend.

"However, I am now a member of Infernal Court, representing the Immortal Vampires. My grandfather fought against public opinion and placed all his hopes on me. On the Celestial-Hunting battlefield, even if I had no other choice, I had to take action.

"Furthermore, Supreme Saint Manjian knows that he will never leave the Celestial-Hunting battlefield alive. He doesn't want to implicate me, and he doesn't want to be tortured to death by other cultivators of Infernal Court. That's why he wanted to die when we met," Zhang Ruochen said calmly and slowly.

There were many things that could not be hidden from Fukurokuju.

Rather than denying his relationship with Supreme Saint Manjian, it was better to tell Fukurokuju the truth.

At the same time, Zhang Ruochen secretly heaved a sigh of relief. It was clear that Intergold Tiger's move was only a test threat. It did not force him into a dead end.

If Zhang Ruochen continued to refuse to be its guide, what it had said would definitely be more lethal.

Fukurokuju said, "It's a good thing that you can recognize yourself as a member of Infernal Court and understand your own place. However, since Supreme Saint Manjian is close to you and is also your teacher and friend, why didn't you persuade him to join Infernal Court? Wouldn't that save his life?"

"With your talent and strength, coupled with the background of the Xue Jue family, it's not difficult to save the life of a Supreme Saint."

Zhang Ruochen shook his head. "Supreme Saint Manjian is different from me. He has disciples and clansmen in Guanghan. If he joins Infernal Court, countless people will die because of him.

"If I ask him that question, he'll think that I'm humiliating him," said Zhang Ruochen.

Fukurokuju fell silent. After a while, he asked, "You really don't want to be the guide of Intergold Tiger? You probably don't know what a guide is, do you?"

Zhang Ruochen did not dare to reject him immediately. He asked curiously, "I don't. Please explain."

"It starts with the origin of Intergold Tiger and Swastika Seiryu. They were brought out by Great Emperor Fengdu from the God's Ancient Nidus." The God's Ancient Nidus was a primeval civilization relic. The word 'primeval' referred to the era before 50,000 Yuanhui-s

"The gods all agreed that about 50,000 Yuanhui-s ago, there was great destruction in the universe. It destroyed everything at that time. Only the five primeval civilization relics remain. "Perhaps there are other relics of the primeval civilization, but at least Celestial Court and Infernal Court haven't discovered them yet."

"The embryos of Intergold Tiger and Swastika Seiryu were preserved from 50,000 Yuanhui-s ago. After experiencing the great destruction, they were finally hatched in this Yuanhui after 50,000 Yuanhui-s.

"That's why they're called Primeval Divine Genus, Primeval Divine Beasts, to be specific."

Zhang Ruochen and Yan Wushen were greatly shocked. "The two embryos were not destroyed during the great destruction. They were still preserved for 50,000 Yuanhui-s.

"Even after 50,000 Yuanhui-s, they did not turn into dead embryos. They were even hatched.

"This..."

"Lan Ying was a Divine Fetus of Lan Ying nurtured for three Yuanhui-s. Fairy of a Hundred Flowers, on the other hand, has survived since ancient times. Her case was rare, and she could be considered a rare treasure in the universe. However, compared to Intergold Tiger and Swastika Seiryu, she was still far behind.

"They were probably the only two Primeval Divine Genus!"

Fukurokuju continued, "They have experienced the great destruction. They might even have absorbed the special power during the great destruction. They will definitely become the first-class overlord in the world in the future. However, they can't leave God's Ancient Nidus."

Hearing this, Zhang Ruochen and Yan Wushen were puzzled.

'They can't leave God's Ancient Nidus?'

Fukurokuju said, "The laws of Heaven and earth are completely different from those in primeval times. Once they leave God's Ancient Nidus, they will be attacked by the laws of Heaven and earth and attract punishment.

"Great Emperor Fengdu hid them in his own Divine Plane for thirty thousand years before bringing them out of God's Ancient Nidus and sending them to Infernal Court.

"Even so, they could only stay in their own isolated worlds inside the two home planets. They could not leave.

"It took 30,000 years for them to slowly become more compatible with the laws of Heaven and earth of this era. They were no longer attacked by the laws.

"However, once they activated the power in their bodies when their power reached a certain level, it would still be detected by the laws of Heaven and earth. They would receive the wrath of heaven and earth and die a horrible death."

Zhang Ruochen gradually understood that Intergold Tiger and Swastika Seiryu were creatures that could not be tolerated in this era. They should have died before the apocalypse.

To illustrate this using an analogy, one could regard the laws of Heaven and earth in primeval times were meant for creatures living in the water.

In contrast, the laws of Heaven and earth in this era were meant for creatures living on land.

Intergold Tiger and Swastika Seiryu were two powerful fish that lived in water. However, no matter how powerful the fish were, they would still die on land.

It was simply because the Laws of Heaven and earth were different!

Even the gods could not resist the laws.

Fukurokuju said again, "Not only that, they are unable to cultivate under the laws of heaven and earth of this era."

Yan Wushen said, "Since it is so dangerous to come out, why don't they continue to stay in God's Ancient Nidus?"

Fukurokuju said, "Just now, I said that they experienced the great destruction. It is even possible that they absorbed the special power during the great destruction and will definitely become the overlords of the universe in the future.

"But there is a prerequisite. They have to leave God's Ancient Nidus and blend themselves into this era. Otherwise, they will be trapped in the shoals. Their current achievements will become their limit."

Zhang Ruochen asked, "So the guide can help them solve the problem of being rejected by the laws of heaven and earth and not being able to practice, right?"

"Yes." Fukurokuju said, "One of you has integrated the Apex Intergold Qi, and the other has integrated Apex Swastika Qi. You have integrated with their power at the initial stage.



“As long as they follow you, the laws of Heaven and earth will repel them lesser.”

Zhang Ruochen said, “But this doesn’t address the root cause. It can’t fundamentally change their situation.”

Fukurokuju said, “So after you become their guide, you must help them practice until they can fully integrate into this era. “Of course, as a reward, they will protect your lives and teach you some prehistoric cultivation techniques and knowledge.

“At the same time, you can establish a close relationship with God’s Ancient Nidus, which is equivalent to having a powerful backer and background.”

There were other creatures in God’s Ancient Nidus that originated from primeval times. However, they were born in this era and were not repelled by the laws of Heaven and earth. They could roam free in this universe.

The five ruins of primeval civilization still existed. They had not been flattened by Celestial Court and Infernal Court. This showed how powerful they were.

Yan Wushen asked, “They’re divine beasts. We’re only Supreme Saints. How do we help them in practicing cultivation?”

Fukurokuju said, “You will need to communicate with each other.”

Zhang Ruochen thought for a long time. He asked one last question. “I still don’t understand. Since there are so many benefits to being a guide, why did you choose us two Supreme Saints in the Hundred-Shackle Realm as guides?

“Wouldn’t it be better if it were you, deity, or Great Emperor Fengdu?”

“It’s not that simple.”Fukurokuju was very patient. He said slowly, “You should know how difficult it is to fuse the Apex Intergold Qi, right? Countless geniuses from Ghost Clan were born over the past 30,000 years, but none of them succeeded. In the end, it became yours.”

Zhang Ruochen frowned. “So you and Great Emperor Fengdu can’t fuse the Apex Intergold Qi,?”

“We can do it,” said Fukurokuju. “Just that it is not possible to reach the state of perfect fusion. And I’m afraid even if Intergold Tiger’s is drained, it is not achievable. If they can’t fuse completely, they won’t be able to be a guide.”

“Even if other deities can fuse with the Apex Intergold Qi, the amount of Qi they absorb will weaken Intergold Tiger for a long time. This is one of the reasons.

“The second reason is that Intergold Tiger pays no heed to the growth potential of deities. It just doesn’t want them to be its guide.”

“The third reason is the most important. The deities’ bodies and Paths of Cultivation have already been fixed. This will affect Intergold Tiger. Compare to deities, Supreme Saints have more flexibility. Their number is higher too. So Intergold Tiger can find the one that suits them best.”

After listening, Zhang Ruochen and Yan Wushen roughly understood what a guide was.

Fukurokuju asked, "Zhang Ruochen, are you still not willing to be the guide of Intergold Tiger?"

"No, I'm willing to be the guide of Intergold Tiger," Zhang Ruochen said.

'Huh? This tiger threatened to expose my secrets indirectly. Do I look like I have a choice?'

Besides, Zhang Ruochen felt that being the guide of Intergold Tiger was indeed a way out. If he could not stay in Celestial Court and Infernal Court, he could at least take refuge in God's Ancient Nidus when he was facing death.

Intergold Tiger snorted.

It seemed to be dissatisfied with Zhang Ruochen but also proud of making Zhang Ruochen's compromise.

Fukurokuju said, "Since you've recovered, it's time to go out! The Celestial-Hunting battle has ended since two hours ago."

Suddenly, a white light enveloped Zhang Ruochen and Intergold Tiger. As the world turned upside down, Zhang Ruochen found that the scene around him had changed and appeared at Tungsten Square at the foot of Mount Destiny.

Intergold Tiger's aura was restrained, and it stood majestically at the side.

In front of the square was the Gate of Destiny, which was made of tens of thousands of stellar cores. It was majestic and intimidating, as if it could pass through the ancient and modern times and the sea of stars.

"Look, Zhang Ruochen is back!"

"It's really Zhang Ruochen. He's not dead. The aura he emitting is really powerful."

...

Countless pairs of eyes looked at Zhang Ruochen. Some were happy and excited, while others frowned in disappointment.

At this moment, Zhang Ruochen was revealing his muscular upper body. His long hair was disheveled, and there was a layer of blood-red light in his eyes. He was devilish, masculine, and handsome. His charm was fatal to female cultivators.

In the other direction, Yan Wushen and Swastika Seiryu returned to the Yanluo Clan's camp. They caused a huge commotion and were surrounded by many cultivators.

On the other hand, Intergold Tiger and Swastika Seiryu were ignored by them. It was as if they could not sense the terrifying power in their bodies. They only thought that they were ordinary Saint Beasts.

Zhang Ruochen communicated with Intergold Tiger in his heart and asked, "You really only read a certain portion of my memory?"

"Yes. Your sea of consciousness is sealed by many powerful forces. Even I can't crack it. If I really want to read it by force, I'm afraid your sea of consciousness will shatter, and you will die," said Intergold Tiger.

Zhang Ruochen had a wonderful connection with Intergold Tiger. He could vaguely tell that it was telling the truth and was not deliberately deceiving him.

“Many powerful forces? Other than my mother, tWargod Bloodximus, Moon Goddess, are there other gods that have put a seal on my sea of consciousness?” Zhang Ruochen frowned.

Intergold Tiger said, “There is a very powerful seal. I feel that the caster’s spiritual power is more powerful than mine. That seal has isolated your consciousness.”

“What do you mean?” Zhang Ruochen’s eyes became piercing.

Intergold Tiger said, “It means that you have a memory that even you yourself are unaware of.”

“How is that possible?!” Zhang Ruochen said.

Even if the sealer was a god, Zhang Ruochen would at least recall some pieces of memory about it. How could he not know about it?

Moyin was the first to come to Zhang Ruochen’s side. She stared at Zhang Ruochen’s body with infatuation and said with a smile, “Congratulations, Master. Your cultivation has improved again.”

Zhang Ruochen’s face was solemn. He just nodded.

Moyin did not say anything more. She turned into a ray of light and rushed into Zhang Ruochen’s back.

Then, Lady Wind, Lord Bladehell, Supreme Saint Yi Xuan, and Gu Chenzi all rushed forward. They all asked Zhang Ruochen about the result of the Celestial-Hunting battle. More Supreme Saints of the Immortal Vampires rushed forward to pay their respects.

Zhang Ruochen gradually showed the demeanor of an Immortal Vampire leader of this generation.

The likes of Lady Wind and Lord Bladehell had been completely stolen by him. They were reduced to a foil.

Before Zhang Ruochen could speak, Fukurokuju, Black Robe High Priest, who was thousands of feet tall, walked out from the peak of Mount Destiny. He held a scroll in his hand and slowly opened it. “Now, I hereby announce the rankings of the ten clans in the Celestial-Hunting battle.”

The cultivators of the ten clans all looked at Black Robe High Priest with solemn expressions. No one dared to make a ruckus.

In fact, only the top four rankings were in doubt.

The battle between Yanluo Clan and the Immortal Vampires continued until the last moment.

On the home planet of the Netherkin, the Netherkin and the Rakshasa clan fought fiercely for third place. Their points were very close.

Zhang Ruochen knew the final result, so he was very calm.

However, the cultivators of the entire Infernal Court were extremely nervous. Many cultivators gathered near Mount Destiny held their breaths.

Although it was just a ranking, it was related to a clan's glory and interest.

### **Chapter 2413: Ranked Top among Ten Clans**

"10th place, Ghost Clan."

"9th place, Stone Clan."

"8th place, Corpusians."

"7th place, Asuras."

"6th place, Bone Clan."

"5th place, Deathkin."

Every single voice of Black Robe High Priest sounded far away as if it could travel everywhere.

In the Divine Domain of Destiny, although the cultivators of various clans had long expected this, when they heard that their clan's ranking was actually so low, they were still furious.

An Asuran youth dressed in plain clothes held a black spear in his hand. He let out a long cry, "If it wasn't for Yan Wushen, our clan's ranking would not be so low.

"Today, I swear that one day, I will kill Yan Wushen and avenge today's humiliation.

"On the name of Asundera, once this oath is completed, Heaven and earth will bear witness, and I will die without regret."

When the oath was completed, a blood-colored divine fog gathered above his head.

An elderly Ghost cultivator sat on a tower in a city in the Divine Domain of Destiny. He muttered, "Ghost Clan lost because they had underestimated Zhang Ruochen in the battle on our home planet. It's not shameful to be defeated by someone who is at the Yuanhui level. However, we will definitely send talented people to recover our dignity."

...

Similar scenes happened all over the Divine Domain of Destiny.

Some were reflecting; some were filled with hatred, and some were regretful and silent.

In the universe, every incident or outcome would entail a plethora of facets.

"The fourth is the Netherkin." Black Robe High Priest's voice rang out again.

The Netherkin cultivators were silent.

The cultivators of the Rakshasa clan cheered and laughed. Some were happy, while others were sad.

"The third is the Rakshasa clan."

One of the Netherkin Supreme Saints, who had not entered the Celestial-Hunting battlefield, said, "Wu Jiang put all his energy into encircling the Immortal Vampires. He did not expect that our planet would be attacked."

“Wu Jiang didn’t do anything wrong. If he had not lost to Zhang Ruochen, even if Luo Shengtian attacked our planet, Luo Shengtian would not have been able to do much,” another Netherkin Supreme Saint said.

“If Wu Jiang didn’t make an enemy of Zhang Ruochen in the beginning, if he put all his energy into hunting the Celestial Captives, wouldn’t the ranking be better?”

“What happened, happened. The Netherkin... No, the three upper clans have all fallen. Zhang Ruochen alone can suppress the three upper clans. After today, he’ll become the leader of the younger generation of the Immortal Vampires.”

“Now, let’s see if Yanluo Clan can retain their former ranking.”

What followed was the result everyone anticipated.

It had been 100 years since the Celestial-Hunting battle had been held. Yanluo Clan had never lost. They had been undefeatable.

In this Celestial Hunting battle, Yanluo Clan deployed a young generation who was even more outstanding. They were all top elites: Yan Wushen, Yan Huangtu, Xi, Yan Zhexian... Each of them could take charge. Their overall strength far surpassed the past generations of previous hunting battles.

However, they fought with great difficulty this time. They were suppressed by the Immortal Vampires led by Zhang Ruochen until the last moment.

Empress of Thousand Bones stood on a small island in a lake in the Divine Domain of Destiny. The island was covered with purple-scarves trees. Their trunks were as tall as dragons. When the wind blew, purple petals danced in the air like butterflies.

She looked in the direction of Mount Destiny. It was quiet and deep.

Sword Saint Xuanji stood to the side and said, “Don’t worry, Empress. Zhang Ruochen will win first place among the ten clans.”

Empress of Thousand Bones seemed to be standing in a virtual time-space. Sometimes her figure was there, sometimes dissipating. She said, “Zhang Ruochen will do everything he can to hold on until the last moment. He will fight against all the powerful enemies alone. He has gone through life and death several times.

“I know that there is a big reason. It is because of the promise he gave me. He will definitely succeed in the future.

“Xuanji, you have a good disciple.”

Sword Saint Xuanji could not hold back the smile on his face. “I didn’t teach him anything. He has achieved what he has today because of himself.”

Empress of Thousand Bones shook her head, “It is already amazing that a mortal can become a saint by himself.

“Zhang Ruochen has made many outstanding achievements because there are so many people behind him who have been helping him. You must be one of them.”

Then, she added, “Many people will die if we save the Grand Supreme Master. Xuanji, it’s time for you to go back to Kunlun!”

Sword Saint Xuanji quickly bowed with a firm attitude, “Saving the Grand Supreme Master and hundreds of millions of people in Kunlun has been my ambition since I entered Infernal Court. Now, hope is right in front of me. How can I run away in fear of death? Please allow me to stay and help.”

Empress of Thousand Bones reappeared. Her figure was extremely beautiful. Her gaze remained on Mount Destiny. “The result is out!”

Black Robe High Priest’s mighty voice spread through Heaven and earth. “2nd place, Yanluo Clan.”

“The first place, Immortal Vampires.”

All the Immortal Vampires’ cultivators on Tungsten Square, including Lord Sinluo, who was standing in their camp, burst in excitement.

“We won, we won, we finally won!” Lord Sinluo raised his fist, his face flushed red as he shouted along with the cultivators around him.

Even the Supreme Saints of Immortal Vampires let out a long, wild laugh to vent the joy in their hearts.

In the major cities of the Divine Domain of Destiny, the Immortal Vampires all came to the streets and shouted, “Immortal Vampire, Number One!”

“Immortal Vampire, Number One!”

...

Light Communication Talismans streaked across the starry sky like a meteor shower. They flew to all the territories of the Immortal Vampires to spread the news.

Among the vampires, one shouted “Zhang Ruochen,” and it immediately caused a chain reaction.

“Zhang Ruochen!”

“Zhang Ruochen!”

..

From today on, Zhang Ruochen’s name was completely bound to the Immortal Vampires, and he became the leader of this generation of the Immortal Vampires.

This generation of Immortal Vampires accounted for 99 percent of the total number of Immortal Vampires.

After all, there were less than one in a hundred or even less than one in ten thousand Immortal Vampires who could live for more than 1,000 years.

The influence of the Celestial-Hunting battle was huge. The publicity effect was enough to make Zhang Ruo Chen more famous than some deities.

The cultivators of other clans looked on coldly; Some mocked them; Some went up to congratulate the vampires because they were happy to see Yanluo Clan being suppressed.

Today was destined to be recorded in history. The names of "Zhang Ruo Chen," "Lord Bladehell," "Lady Wind," and "Lord Xia Yu" would definitely be written down by the Immortal Vampires. It would be known for at least hundreds of years.

The cultivators from Yanluo Clan were extremely depressed. Countless people were gnashing their teeth to get second place, but Yanluo Clan cultivators felt even worse than the Ghost cultivators who got last place.

Other than the first place, any other ranking was a humiliation to Yanluo Clan.

Sitting in the Divine Plane, Wargod Bloodximus had already received dozens of congratulatory messages from his good friends.

Wargod Bloodximus did not hide his emotions. He laughed loudly. His laughter spread to the Divine Planes of Ghost Master, Asurendra Samay, and the other deities of Infernal Court. It drew many displeased grunts.

Immediately, Wargod Bloodximus announced, "Today, the Bloodsky clan will celebrate and release all the prisoners except for the cultivators of Celestial Court."

The Immortal Vampires had defeated Yanluo Clan. The vampires were the only race that had brought the supreme clan down from their glory.

Moreover, it was Wargod Bloodximus's own grandson who led the Immortal Vampires to accomplish all of this. Zhang Ruo Chen was the descendant of the Xue Jue Family, and he made him proud.

The Xue Jue Family had heroes for generations. This was a sign of prosperity, or it could restore the glory of the ancestors.

Wargod Bloodximus was happy from the bottom of his heart. He was even happier than when he had obtained glorious achievements.

The other Immortal Vampires were also very excited. They felt proud.

The son of the chief of the Yellowsky Clan wrote a poem on the spot.

"The so-called Supreme race, topped the past Celestial Hunts."

"The so-called Supreme race, beaten like a dog by vampires. What bad luck!"

Once this poem was written, the faces of the Yanluo Clan's deities all turned ashen.

A deity covered in lightning angrily smashed the table and held a lightning ax as he prepared to charge at him.

However, he was stopped by the Ancient God of Knowledge.

“Why bother to lower yourself to the level of an idiot?” The Ancient God of Knowledge was very reserved. He did not get angry.

The son of the Yellowsky Clan’s chief seemed to be in high spirits. He immediately wrote another poem:

“Pretty lassie from Yanluo, raised in a secluded place, hidden from public eye.”

“Met Zhang Ruochen in debut, came home with a little one. What bad luck!”

Once the poem was finished, the Ancient God of Knowledge was enraged. He formed a palm print and directly smashed into the Divine Plane of the son of the Yellowsky Clan’s chief. This palm print was caught by the chief and dissolved into nothingness in the air.

The chief of the Yellowsky clan hurried over to appease the emotions of the Ancient God of Knowledge. He repeatedly apologized and promised that he would strictly discipline his son in the future.

The rage in the Ancient God of Knowledge remained for a long time. The chief of the Yellowsky clan tried his best to persuade the ancient god, and he even gave away a sacred tree of the Yuanhui level to apologize. Only then did this matter come to an end.

The powerful deities were more composed.

However, a great deal of shame was felt by Yanluo clan’s Supreme Saints who had participated in the battle. They were extremely resentful of the situation.

To them, losing to the Immortal Vampires was worse than getting killed.

Yan Wushen was also slightly resentful. In the final battle, Swastika Seiryu and Intergold Tiger roared. The roars knocked him and Zhang Ruochen unconscious at the same time. That was why the Yanluo Clan lost.

If he continued to fight, he might have a chance to turn defeat into victory.

Of course, he also understood why Swastika Seiryu and Intergold Tiger had done so. The injuries on his and Zhang Ruochen’s bodies were already very serious, especially since Yan Wushen had lost thousands of years of his lifespan. If they were to continue fighting, it was very likely that both sides would die.

Even if they did not die, the foundations of their cultivation would be damaged.

Yan Zhexian used an illusion to cover her bulging tummy and walked toward the Gate of Destiny. She had a strong personality. Unwilling to admit defeat, she bowed and said, “The Fane of Destiny has a rule that all clansmen can not leave their home planet. If the Immortal Vampires break the rule, they should be stripped of their ranking.”

The Supreme Saint of the Immortal Vampires was furious.

Lord Bladehell rushed forward and roared, “Our planet has been destroyed. Why can’t we move our people away?”

Yan Zhexian said, “Your planet has been destroyed. Doesn’t that prove the failure of the Immortal Vampires?”



Lady Wind said, "The Fane of Destiny only requires us to protect our people. There is no rule that we must protect our planet."

Another member of Yanluo Clan walked out. It was Xi. "Albajade Tree is the home planet of the Immortal Vampires. The Immortal Vampires can't all leave Albajade Tree, right?"

The cultivators of Yanluo Clan stepped out one after another.

Voices that traveled for tens of thousands of miles rang out in the world. "The Immortal Vampires have violated the rules of the Fane of Destiny. I request Fukurokuju to strip them of their rank and return the Celestial-Hunting battle to a fair and just one."

There were many Yanluo cultivators in the Fane of Destiny, and they were all shouting and petitioning. There were even cultivators who charged straight into Mount Destiny.

"If the Fane of Destiny can not be fair and just, I will die on Mount Destiny today."

A Yanluo youth pulled out a sword and slashed his neck. Immediately, blood splattered all over the ground.

*Pop!*

Another cultivator smashed his own head with a palm and fell into a pool of blood.

They wanted to use their own lives to prove the will of Yanluo Clan and force the Fane of Destiny to give in. They wanted to use their blood to exchange for the glory and dignity that belonged to the supreme clan.

More and more Yanluo Clan cultivators died. Each and every one of them did not hesitate, and their blood splattered all over the street.

Such a heroic and tragic scene touched even the deities.

The deities of the Yanluo Clan did not stop them. It seemed like they wanted to see if the Fane of Destiny would strip the Immortal Vampires of their ranking.

Although Black Robe High Priest shouted a few times, more Yanluo cultivators committed suicide at the foot of Mount Destiny. The priest did not know what to do.

*Whoosh —*

Finally, Fukurokuju appeared above the Fane of Destiny at the top of the mountain.

"It's the Reverend."

"Everyone, let's petition the Reverend."

Countless Yanluo cultivators knelt on the ground.

The Supreme Saints of Yanluo Clan did not kneel, but each and every one of them had looks of anticipation on their faces. They could force a Reverend to send his projection here. In other words, there might be a turning point in this matter.

Fukurokuju's voice rang out, "The Immortal Vampires did not violate the rules."

Just this sentence had stirred up the dissatisfaction in the hearts of countless Yanluo cultivators. However, they were afraid of the divine might of Fukurokuju, so no cultivators acted up. However, many cultivators had already pulled out their sharp blades and were prepared to continue declaring their will with death.

Fukurokuju stretched out a gaseous palm and grabbed the Albajade Tree from the Celestial-Hunting battlefield hundreds of millions of miles away and held it in his palm.

The divine tree, which was more than 10,000 miles tall, was as small as grass in his palm.

Fukurokuju took out Lord Hornless' corpse from the divine tree. A green pen flew out of the corpse.

Yan Zhexian's beautiful eyes shrank in Tungsten Square. She immediately recognized that it was her talisman pen.

Fukurokuju plucked a hair from the pen and released the Immortal Vampire that Zhang Ruochen had placed in the space within the hair. The Immortal Vampire was frightened by the invisible divine power and fell to the ground. He trembled and could not speak.

Seeing this, the cultivators of Yanluo Clan were speechless.

Yan Zhexian's pretty face was even colder. She glared at Zhang Ruochen and cursed in a low voice.

Zhang Ruochen wanted to be number one among the ten clans. How could he let Yanluo Clan get hold of him so easily? He had prepared a backup plan.

The Immortal Vampires were even more impressed by Zhang Ruochen.

Fukurokuju said, "The Celestial-Hunting battle is over. The ranking of the ten clans only represents the strength of this new millennium cultivators. If you want to regain your dignity and glory, you will have a chance to fight again in a thousand years.

"Next, I have a few announcements to make."

#### **Chapter 2414: Two Marriages**

"In this Celestial-Hunting battle, the Immortal Vampires are ranked first. All participating cultivators will be rewarded with the opportunity to enter the Ancient Ruins to choose a Destiny Treasure, an item with the power of Destiny. In addition, each cultivator will be allowed to enter the Fane of Destiny to cultivate for 100 days."

The Immortal Vampires were all extremely excited.

To think they could enter the Ancient Ruins and obtain a Destiny Treasure, even Supreme Saints were ecstatic.

Even if they did not use a Destiny Treasure, it would fetch a hefty price if they sold it. They could exchange it for a large amount of Godstones. With Godstones, they could buy the items they wanted.

As for the opportunity to enter the Fane of Destiny to cultivate, it was something that all the cultivators in Infernal Court dreamed of.

A strange light flashed in the eyes of Lady Wind as she thought, "My Destiny Feather is a Destiny Treasure from the Ancient Ruins. Now that my cultivation level is higher, if I go there, I might be able to find an even more precious treasure."

"It's said that the core disciples of the Fane of Destiny need to make great contributions before they are qualified to enter the Fane of Destiny to cultivate for a day. However, we can cultivate for a hundred days in one go. Our attainments in the Path of Destiny will definitely improve greatly."

"With this opportunity, I might be able to condense the Gate of Destiny in one go."

"My Gate of Destiny can become even stronger!"

"Don't get excited. This is just the reward given by the Fane of Destiny. When we go back, the rewards given by the Fane of Immortality, our respective clans, and our families will be even more generous. Haha!"

The Immortal Vampires were in a frenzy. They felt that everything they had done in the Celestial-Hunting battle was worth it, and they finally got what they deserved.

The other races were all envious.

Fukurokuju's voice sounded again, "Yanluo Clan is ranked second. All the cultivators will each receive a King Grade Luck Pill and the chance to enter the Fane of Destiny to cultivate for a hundred days."

It was said that the so-called "Luck Pill" could increase a cultivator's luck after consuming it.

This kind of thing was extremely mysterious. However, since the Fane of Destiny had openly given it to them, it should have some effect. Whether or not it could improve one's luck, it would be good to treat it as a blessing gift. Perhaps the success rate would be higher when one broke through.

After all, after the Celestial Hunting battle, those cultivators who had been stuck at the Great Perfection stage of the Hundred-Shackle Realm would definitely try to break through to the Thousand-Koan Realm.

Breaking through was not that simple.

"The Rakshasas is ranked third. All cultivators will be given the opportunity to enter the Fane of Destiny to cultivate for a hundred days."

Only the top three cultivators could receive rewards.

The Netherkin, Deathkin, Asura clan... the rest of the cultivators were indignant and envious. They only hated their defeat in Celestial-Hunting. Otherwise, all the benefits should have belonged to them.

Wu Jiang's tone was deep as he said, "I'm afraid that Yan Huangtu and Luo Shengtian will receive countless rewards. With these resources, their practice speed will improve by leaps and bounds. I have to work harder to ensure I don't fall behind them."

In Wu Jiang's eyes, Yan Huangtu and Luo Shengtian were his competitors.

Although Zhang Ruochen and Yan Wushen's performance was amazing, they were destined to practice in the Hundred-Shackle Realm for a long time. Not only did they have to break the shackles, but they also had to polish their Saintwills.

Yan Huangtu, Luo Shengtian, and Wu Jiang had accumulated enough experience. They would break through to the Thousand-Koan Realm in an instant and continue to advance.

It was still unknown whether Zhang Ruochen and Yan Wushen could catch up with them in cultivation realms.

If they were one realm lower, no matter how amazing they were, Wu Jiang was confident that he could crush them.

"Fuurei."

When Fukurokuju called out this name, Lady Wind, who had been waiting for a long time, suddenly became spirited. She immediately took a few steps forward, knelt on one knee, and said, "Greetings, Reverend."

Fuurei was only the first name of Lady Wind.

Her surname was called "Kagesawa," and it was a family of the Yellowsky tribe. They ruled over a vast and extremely mysterious region in the territory of Yellowsky Clan.

Fukurokuju said, "I declare that you are officially the Scioness of the Fane of Destiny and will be in charge of everything for the Fane in the next thousand years. Are you willing to accept the appointment?"

Lady Wind suppressed her excitement and said, "Yes, I am."

She exclaimed silently with joy, 'I have succeeded. I have finally succeeded!'

From now on, she would ascend to the pinnacle of power in Infernal Court. She could be called the number one person below the deities. Even those Paramount Supreme Saints and demigods would have to fear her status when they saw her. She could even sit on the same level as some pseudo gods.

The gods would not care too much about the secular world. In other words, she was the secular master of Infernal Court.

'So what if Zhang Ruochen and Yan Wushen are talented? What is the point for Pan Ruo to practice the Door of Trueself? If they can't attain godhood, they will stay below me in the end. ' thought Lady Wind.

With her status as a Scioness, she could get a lot of practice resources. It wasn't necessarily impossible for her to practice the Door of Trueself. Moreover, her cultivation realm could advance by leaps and bounds, leaving Pan Ruo far behind.

If she wanted to, she could even kill Pan Ruo with the help of others without anyone knowing, completely eliminating this threat.

"It's only a matter of time before I catch up with Wu Jiang, Luo Shengtian, Yan Huangtu, and Lan Ying. By then, I'll be able to stand proudly at the peak of this era, and I might even ascend before them."

Lady Wind knew very well how many resources the Scions and Scionesses of Destiny could mobilize. She was full of anticipation for her progress in cultivation.

“Zhang Ruochen!” said Fukurokuju.

Zhang Ruochen was very calm. He walked to Lady Wind’s side, bowed, and said, “Greetings, Reverend.”

Lady Wind was a little displeased. She also paid her respects to Fukurokuju. Zhang Ruochen only bowed, but she knelt on one knee. ‘Is Zhang Ruochen trying to put me, the Scioness, in an awkward situation?’

‘What will the other cultivators think when they see this?’

‘Does Zhang Ruochen think that he is more honorable than a Scioness?’

Lady Wind wanted to stand up, but she realized that as soon as she moved, there was a force as heavy as the stars pressing down on her.

It was divine power.

It was easy to kneel but difficult to get up.

Especially when Fukurokuju had not spoken, how could the person who knelt down get up?

Of course, Fukurokuju did not mean to press her there. Before he finished speaking, there was already an invisible divine will pressing down on Lady Wind until she could not move.

Fukurokuju said, “Zhang Ruochen, you’ve performed well on the Celestial-Hunting battlefield. You’ve led the Immortal Vampires to win first place. You’ve even killed a Banshi Isshou Celestial Captive. You can get the final reward, 30 percent of the Canon of Destiny and a Destiny Token.”

*Whoosh*

*Whoosh*

The two Destiny Tokens turned into two streaks of white light and flew toward Zhang Ruochen and Lady Wind, respectively.

Zhang Ruochen reached out and grabbed. Just as he touched the token, it suddenly disappeared.

The token rushed into his palm.

*Bzzztttt*

The dense white lightning wrapped around Zhang Ruochen’s right hand and gradually withdrew.

The word “Token” appeared in his palm.

The Destiny Token was formed from the divine power of the twelve Reverends of the Fane of Destiny. It contained the cultivation paths of the twelve Reverends. No cultivator could imitate it.

With the Destiny Token, Zhang Ruochen could have the same transcendent status as the Scioness of Destiny. He could enter the various secret realms of the Fane of Destiny to practice at will.

Of course, Zhang Ruochen’s Destiny Token was different from Lady Wind’s one.

Zhang Ruochen's Destiny Token could only be considered a status symbol.

However, Lady Wind's Destiny Token represented supreme power, as if it was given by the emperor.

Fukurokuju did not mention anything further about the Canon of Destiny. Instead, he said, "You can leave now!"

Lady Wind suddenly felt the pressure on her body gone. She stood up slowly and resumed her noble and elegant posture. She looked at Zhang Ruochen and secretly expressed her dissatisfaction. She said, "The Reverend is the most powerful existence in the world. We should respect him."

"Okay."

Zhang Ruochen responded and retreated to the camp of the Immortal Vampires.

'So what if he is a deity? I will not kneel if I don't feel so.'

His pride was unbreakable.

Fukurokuju said, "There are many outstanding talents in this generation of the Infernal Court: Divine Fetus, demi-buddhas, demigods, Imperial Path Divine Bone, Myriad Hands and Eyes, and a Master of Oblivion... This is the world of the great war. I want to bestow two marriages."

After the vast divine voice sounded out, it immediately caused a clamor that was as loud as a tsunami. It was even more shocking than when Lady Wind became a goddess.

A Reverend personally bestowed a marriage on such an occasion. The honor was immense.

Without a doubt, the status of the person who was bestowed a marriage would rise steadily in the Infernal Court in the future.

Luo Shengtian grinned and whispered to Luo Sha, who was standing by his side, "There will be one or two times a Reverend personally bestows a blessing every thousand years, but personally bestowing a marriage has never happened before, right?"

Luo Sha's pretty face was as flawless as jade, and her eyebrows were slightly furrowed. She said, "It is indeed a little strange. Gods cannot interfere with the affairs of the secular world. So bestowing a marriage to a Supreme Saint is equivalent to interfering with the power wrestling among various major forces.

"Fukurokuju has always been indifferent to secular affairs and has always been neutral. There must be some deeper meaning behind his actions."

Luo Shengtian said, "I wonder who will be the one to be bestowed a marriage?"

Luo Sha thought carefully, and then her eyes shone sharply. She said, "Actually, it's not hard to guess. There are only a few people who can enter Fukurokuju's eye and personally give the marriage. Que, Lan Ying, Yan Huangtu, Wu Jiang, you, my brother, and Zhang Ruochen and Yan Wushen.

"Could it be..."

Luo Sha's pair of slightly charming eyes glanced at Zhang Ruochen in the distance. She guessed in her mind, 'Could it be that Wargod Bloodximus personally asked Fukurokuju to give the marriage to Zhang Ruochen? The possibility was very high!'

After all, Zhang Ruochen had too many enemies in Infernal Court. Without the protection of a Reverend, it would be difficult for him to grow up.

Luo Shengtian followed Luo Sha's gaze and asked in surprise, "Zhang Ruochen?"

"It's most likely that guy. and the one who's getting married is most likely Yan Zhexian."

Luo Sha felt inexplicably annoyed, irritated, and jealous. 'Zhang Ruochen is clearly my destiny. Why did this Yan Zhexian steal my man? It's so unfair!

'If the Reverend personally bestows the marriage between Yan Zhexian and Zhang Ruochen, her status as his wife will be irreplaceable.'

'And when the time comes, Yan Zhexian will target and oppress me whenever I want to meet Zhang Ruochen. Moreover, my name will be tainted.

Luo Sha did not think that she would be the one who would receive the blessing because of her special status; her father was Emperor Luo Yan. He would never allow her to marry Zhang Ruochen. No matter how powerful Fukurokuju was, he could not suppress her father's will. As a ruler of a Divine Kingdom, he could not compromise and yield to anyone.

Luo Shengtian said, "Zhang Ruochen is really a b\*stard. He even got Yan Zhexian pregnant on the Celestial-Hunting battlefield. Only by bestowing them a marriage, Fukurokuju can appease the anger of the Yanluo Clan.

"Anyone who marries a man like Zhang Ruochen must have eight lifetimes of bad luck. What a pity for Yan Zhexian, the favorite daughter of Yanluo Clan."

Fukurokuju said, "Zhang Ruochen, Luo Sha."

Zhang Ruochen was not surprised to hear his name. He had already guessed it, but he did not expect Luo Sha to be his bride-to-be. After all, many cultivators knew he had more enmity with Luo Sha.

Not only had he captured Luo Sha, but he had also beaten her until she vomited blood on the Battlefield of Merits and killed countless Rakshasa Saints.

If Zhang Ruochen had not cooperated with Luo Sha on the Battlefield of Merits, many cultivators would have thought that their enmity was immense.

'How could Luo Yan, the emperor, agree to this marriage?' Zhang Ruochen did not dare to go against the will of a Reverend. He walked out.

Luo Sha was stunned when she heard her name. It was completely out of her expectations. Then, her snow-white and crystal face could not hold it anymore. She smiled and walked out happily.

Soon, she caught up with Zhang Ruochen. They walked side by side.

Luo Shengtian was even more stunned. He was petrified. 'Fukurokuju is out of his mind. How could he let my little sister marry that b\*stard? She will suffer a lot after marriage.

'Zhang Ruochen has bullied her many times... No, absolutely no. This is unacceptable!'

Luo Shengtian took a step forward. Suddenly, he could not move his body. It was as if there were countless divine chains wrapped around his body. His mother's voice rang in his mind. "Noone has the audacity to disobey a marriage bestowed by a Reverend."

"But, Mother, we can't just watch my little sister walk into a lion's den. Can't Father stop the Reverend?" Luo Shengtian said.

Amane's voice rang out again. "Your father and I have already agreed to this marriage."

Luo Shengtian's rage was instantly extinguished, and he was in confusion.

Fukurokuju said, "I intend to marry the two of you. Zhang Ruochen, are you willing to marry the princess of Devala, Luo Sha?"

"Yes," replied Zhang Ruochen.

Just as Amane had said, "Noone has the audacity to disobey a marriage bestowed by a Reverend."

Fukurokuju had granted the marriage in front of all the cultivators in Infernal Court. Whoever disobeyed his will and refused his good intentions would have severe consequences. It was a thousand or ten thousand times more serious than rejecting a marriage granted by an emperor in the secular world.

"Luo Sha, are you willing to marry Zhang Ruochen of the Xue Jue Family?"

Luo Sha pursed her red lips and said shyly, "Yes."

Luo Sha was the dream girl among countless young elites of the Rakshasa clan. They all wanted to marry her. Seeing that she had become Zhang Ruochen's bride-to-be under the blessings of Fukurokuju, their eyes turned red with jealousy.

However, none of them dared to stand out and oppose.

Pan Ruo stood in the crowd and looked at Zhang Ruochen and Luo Sha standing side by side from afar. One was handsome, and the other was as beautiful as a fairy. They were like a perfect couple.

A hint of sadness appeared in Pan Ruo's eyes. Her ten fingers pierced into her palm. Her heart ached, but she immediately lowered her head. She did not want anyone to see her emotions.

At this moment, Fukurokuju's voice sounded again. "Yan Wushen, Pan Ruo."

### **Chapter 2415: Total Despair**

"How could it be me?"

Yan Wushen muttered in a low voice. Then he seemed indifferent and walked out.



The Path of Cultivation he practiced was destined to have no desires and no emotions in his life. Whether to have a spouse or not, was never important to him. However, since it was a marriage bestowed by a Reverend, there must be a deeper meaning. Hence, he had to agree.

Moreover, he had a good impression of Pan Ruo.

The ones who were most shocked were Pan Ruo and Zhang Ruochen.

Zhang Ruochen's expression did not change, but his pupils contracted quickly, and his breathing stopped for a moment. But soon, everything returned to normal.

Pan Ruo's performance was much more obvious than Zhang Ruochen's. She suddenly raised her head and looked at the Shadow of Fukurokuju in disbelief.

There were too many cultivators who were shocked. Even some gods were surprised. No one noticed her obvious expression.

In the distance, Sword Saint Xuanji's heart skipped a beat. His expression changed. "Oh no, why did Fukurokuju do this?"

Empress of Thousand Bones said, "What are you worried about?"

Pan Ruo and Zhang Ruochen were both sword Saint Xuanji's disciples. He knew their personalities.

He said, "The hardest trial in the world is love. Your highness should know that Zhang Ruochen is a man of his word. No matter how hard it is, he will do everything he can to fulfill his promise."

"That's true," Empress of Thousand Bones said.

Sword Saint Xuanji said, "In the past, when Zhang Ruochen proposed marriage to Huang Yanchen, he said his feelings for Huang Yanchen would not change in three lifetimes.

"Due to past events, the two of them are estranged. Their ties have broken, but the feelings within Zhang Ruochen remain."

Empress of Thousand Bones said, "Are you worried that Zhang Ruochen will not be able to control himself and stop Fukurokuju from marrying him?"

"I don't know what he will do, but he will definitely do something."

Sword Saint Xuanji said, "I'm more worried about Pan Ruo. She's more stubborn than Zhang Ruochen, and she's more affectionate than Zhang Ruochen."

Empress of Thousand Bones said, "In a sense, Fukurokuju wants to marry Zhang Ruochen. He wants to use the relationship of in-laws to keep Zhang Ruochen in Infernal Court and make his relationship with Infernal Court closer. Therefore, Zhang Ruochen must not refuse. Once he does, he will be criticized and criticized."

"Pan Ruo has practiced the Door of Trueself, but she hasn't become the Scioness of the Fane of Destiny. It is already very dangerous. In a sense, Fukurokuju wants to protect her. If she refuses, she will be ignorant of the situation and will only accelerate her death."

“But she is not afraid of death at all,” Sword Saint Xuanji said.

Ordinary cultivators did not dare to talk about a marriage bestowed by a Reverend. A deity snorted, “The Fane of Destiny wants to form ties with the two geniuses of the Yuanhui level in advance!”

This deity came from the Fane of Darkness, but he only dared to say this in his own Divine Plane.

Pan Ruo represented the Fane of Destiny, and Luo Sha’s mother was the former Scioness of Destiny. The two girls were deeply involved with the Fane of Destiny, and by marrying them to Yan Wushen and Zhang Ruochen, the Fane of Destiny was indeed trying to win them over.

...

After a moment of hesitation, Pan Ruo’s expression returned to normal. She walked to Yan Wushen’s side.

Fukurokuju said, “I intend to bestow a marriage for the two of you. What say you?”

“I’ll accept it with all my heart.”

After Yan Wushen said that, he could not help but look at Pan Ruo. He was surprised to find that her expression was strange. Her exquisite face was as cold as an iceberg. She did not look happy at all. Instead, she was filled with resistance.

“Why does she show this kind of expression? Could it be that she wants to reject the marriage?”

When this thought appeared in his mind, Yan Wushen’s expression became grave and unsightly.

In his opinion, Pan Ruo was a very intelligent woman. She should not have made such a stupid decision. Moreover, what was so bad about him. Countless women from the infernal realm wanted to marry him, but they did not have the chance.

If Pan Ruo really refused, Yan Wushen and Fukurokuju would soon become the jokes of countless cultivators.

Perhaps the Infernal Court cultivators did not dare to laugh at the Reverend. But what about the cultivators from Celestial Court?

Pan Ruo’s action might not bother Yan Wushen. That did not mean it wouldn’t offend the entire Yanluo Clan.

Seeing that Pan Ruo did not answer for a long time, the atmosphere gradually became tense. Not only the cultivators in Tungsten Square were shocked, but the deities in the Fane of Destiny also showed stern faces.

Black Robe High Priest, whose cultivation realm was high, was so scared that his face turned pale. He spoke to Pan Ruo telepathically, “It’s an honor to have a Reverend bestow you a marriage. Why don’t you bow and thank him immediately?”

Pan Ruo was not moved.

The surrounding atmosphere became tenser. All the voices disappeared as everyone fell silent.

Fukurokuju seemed to be very patient. He did not urge her but just waited quietly.

Lady Wind smiled and waited quietly for Pan Ruo's suicidal act.

Luo Sha could not help but look at Pan Ruo. She could not understand why Pan Ruo was so resistant to the marriage arranged by the Reverend.

'Was she unhappy because she failed to become the Scioness of Destiny?

'It shouldn't be!

'Pan Ruo shouldn't be such a short-sighted woman.'

Zhang Ruochen did not look at Pan Ruo, but he had an inexplicable feeling. It was as if Pan Ruo was waiting for him to express his stance or for him to protect her.

Suddenly, Zhang Ruochen let out a long breath.

The surrounding was too quiet that even the sound of exhaling was particularly clear, so he attracted the attention of many cultivators.

"It is a great honor to have a Reverend bestowed a marriage. I will protect Luo Sha for the rest of my life. I will never let her down."

Zhang Ruochen raised his voice and said this. Then, under the gaze of many pairs of eyes, he spread his arms and hugged Luo Sha.

Zhang Ruochen kissed her fair forehead.

Luo Shengtian's eyes were as wide as copper bells. He gnashed his teeth. He felt that Zhang Ruochen was out of line. 'How dare this b\*stard take advantage of my sis in front of so many cultivators.'

Luo Sha was at a loss at first. Soon, the corners of her lips curled into a smile. She lowered her head. Apparently, she was elated.

Anyone who was smart could see that Zhang Ruochen was breaking the oppressive atmosphere. He was also reminding Pan Ruo not to go against Fukurokuju's decision.

After all, her response concerned the face of Fukurokuju, the Fane of Destiny, Yanluo Clan, and even Infernal Court.

Pan Ruo understood Zhang Ruochen's intentions. She felt disheartened. The coldness in her eyes finally melted. "Thank you for bestowing the marriage. I'm grateful eternally."

She knelt, pressing her nose against the ground. No one could see her expression at this moment.

The projection of Fukurokuju finally disappeared.

Black Robe High Priest threw a grateful look at Zhang Ruochen. Then, he made a few announcements about the Celestial-Hunting battle before wrapping things up.

When everything was over, the cultivators who participated in the Celestial-Hunting Banquet left Mount Destiny one after another.

Zhang Ruochen led Intergold Tiger, Xue Ningxiao, Xue Tu, Xue Chen, and other cultivators of the Bloodysky Clan, as well as Lian Xi, Gaunt, Zhou Zhen, and Shentu Yunkong, out of Tungsten Square and into Sevenstar Imperial Palace.

He turned around and saw that Pan Ruo was still kneeling at the square.

Beside her stood Yan Wushen.

Xue Tu said resentfully, "What's wrong with this Pan Ruo? She had the audacity to show reluctance when accepting a marriage a deity bestowed.

"If a deity bestows me a marriage, I can do whatever I want at Infernal Court!" Supreme Saint Yi Xuan said enviously.

Gu Chenzi's expression was solemn. "Luckily, she agreed. Otherwise, it would have caused a huge uproar."

Xue Tu chuckled. "She should thank my senior. If he had not been kind enough to hit her at the critical moment, she would have lost her life because of her stubbornness."

"Shut up," Zhang Ruochen said coldly.

Xue Tu immediately felt a chill. He could not help but shiver. He did not dare to say anything else.

The eighteen Six-Tribulation Ghost Lords carried the Sevenstar Imperial Palace and headed straight to the Immortal Vampires' territory.

In the Bingsi District of Winterpage City, tens of thousands of cultivators from the Bloodysky Clan had gathered. When they saw the Sevenstar Imperial Palace, Supreme Saint Yi Xuan, and the rest, they immediately let out deafening shouts and greeted them with joy.

In one of the manors in the city district, a banquet had already been prepared.

The important figures of the Bloodysky Clan walked out of the banquet venue one after another. They came to the main entrance and personally welcomed the triumphant return of Supreme Saint Yi Xuan, Gu Chenzi, and the others.

Top elites of powerful forces of Bloodysky Clan, including the three major progenitor families, the forces of the six seas, and the forces of twelve cities from the seven mountains, were present. Each force's representative brought along the most beautiful woman in their respective faction. It was obvious that they were trying to rope in and befriend Zhang Ruochen.

The strength of each force was at least comparable to the top 4,000 Macroworlds of Celestial Court.

For example, "Southern Ridge" was one of the seven mountains. The Xia clan where Lord Xia Yu lived had 340 billion clansmen, and they used to have a deity overseeing them. However, the status of the Xia clan was only equal to one of the forces under the "Southern Ridge."

The envoy of the Fane of Immortality, Lord Huoyuan, repeatedly looked in the crowd and asked, "Where is Zhang Ruochen?"

Zhang Ruochen was the main character of tonight's banquet. All the major forces wanted to make friends with him, and they all wanted to marry their most beautiful descendant, whose cultivation was at Saint Realm, to Zhang Ruochen.

After all, the news that Wargod Bloodximius was interested to form marriage alliances with many powerful forces was spread.

Lord Xue Chen went up and bowed to Lord Huoyuan. He said, "Ruochen is injured and can't attend the banquet. He has returned to Vastsea Manor to rest."

Hearing this, Lord Huoyuan and cultivators from all the forces were stunned.

...

Vastsea Manor had been modified by Zhou Zhen, who was a High-Saint Array Master. The scenery was beautiful; the birds sang; the flowers were fragrant, and the lake was green. It was no different from the places for cultivation in Kunlun.

At this moment, Zhang Ruochen was sitting by the lake, staring at the reflection in the lake.

Outside the manor, it was noisy. The lights were so bright, but he was not moved at all. He was completely immersed in his own inner world.

Intergold Tiger could sense what Zhang Ruochen was thinking, "Like you," he said. "Your inner demon will become stronger. One day, it'll devour you. Do whatever you want. The more you go against your heart, the more trouble you'll face in the future. The path to godhood will be extremely difficult."

Zhang Ruochen did not say anything.

Just like that, he sat by the lake all night. No one dared to disturb him.

The next day, Supreme Saint Yi Xuan, Lord Xue Chen, Xue Tu... all the cultivators who had participated in the Celestial-Hunting battle came to visit, but they were all blocked by Zhou Zhen.

On the third day, the leaders of the six seas, seven mountains, and twelve cities had come to visit with their beautiful successors, but they could only go back with disappointment.

On the fourth day, Lord Bladehell and Lady Wind came to invite Zhang Ruochen to attend the celebration feast hosted by the Fane of Immortality. Zhang Ruochen refused to attend.

...

Ten days passed, and countless forces were turned away. None of them saw Zhang Ruochen.

The reason he gave was still to seclude himself to heal his injuries.

During this time, Blood Empress came and asked Zhang Ruochen why he turned down all invitations. Zhang Ruochen gave an excuse that he did not like such a lively scene.

Blood Empress told Zhang Ruochen that since the deity had granted him a marriage, he had to go and propose marriage as soon as possible. At the very least, he had to completely settle the marriage in the Divine Domain of Destiny to show that he attached importance to this matter.

He did not need to personally prepare for the marriage proposal and engagement. The cultivators of the Xue Jue Family and Devala would discuss and take care of it.

However, Zhang Ruochen had to participate on the day of the engagement.

The date of the engagement had already been announced to the public. It was set to be held in five days, and it would be held in Fortune Palace. Yan Wushen and Pan Ruo were also engaged on this day.

...

Jianyin District, in a magnificent palace.

Yan Wushen stood alone in the center of the palace. His figure was outstanding, and he was imposing and calm. Streams of Yama Qi that intersected with light and darkness emanated from his body.

*Crack!*

Suddenly, the space above his head cracked, and a three-meter-wide hole appeared. It was as if the space-time door had been opened.

An ancient and shocking divine might was emitted from the hole.

Respect appeared in Yan Wushen's arrogant eyes. He bowed and said, "Master, I've lost the Celestial-Hunting battle!"

"It's not your fault. Didn't Yan Huangtu lose as well?"

"Your opponent is this Yuanhui's most outstanding prodigy. The Saintwill he cultivates is even stronger than that of Wargod Bloodximius and Huang Tian.

"It's reasonable for you to lose to him." The black hole spun. It was like a whirlpool.

Yan Wushen said, "But I refuse to admit defeat like this."

"So, is this why you want to see me?" A majestic voice sounded.

Yan Wushen said, "Even if Zhang Ruochen walks the path of first-class Saintwill, I'm confident that I'll fight him to the end.

"However, he's the Master of Time and Space. His practice speed is fast. My cultivation progress is far behind him now.

"I have to catch up with him or even surpass him."

The existence in the black hole was silent for a long time. He said, "To narrow the gap of strength, your answer lies in the third dark star.

"Why don't you visit there? Not only does it have a shocking time difference, but it also has a great opportunity.

"If you can walk out of it alive, your cultivation will definitely surpass Zhang Ruochen's."

"I'll go to the third dark star now."

Although Yan Wushen had lost a lot of his life and knew that the interior of the dark star was extremely dangerous, he did not show any fear.

In this era, he did not want to be inferior to anyone.

Zhang Ruochen's existence might be his motivation to force himself to become stronger. He could be an enemy for life.

The voice from the black hole rang out, "I can send you to the third dark star, and I believe you can come back alive.

"But have you really made a decision on the practice of the Saintwill?

"You must know that since ancient times, no cultivator has ever been able to practice a first-class Saintwill.

"At least not in the records of all the classics."

There was no hesitation in Yan Wushen's eyes. He said, "Zhang Ruochen practiced the Yin Yang Five-Element Saintwill, and he is walking the path of cultivating a first-class Saintwill. My Six Paths of Reincarnation Saintwill is also on the path to become a first-class Saintwill. If he dares to take the path, why shouldn't I?"

A voice came from the black hole. "Do you really know what 'The Six Paths of Reincarnation' means? If you haven't experienced it, you'll never be able to understand it. If you can't, you'll never be able to practice it successfully."

### **Chapter 2416: To Kill Someone**

Zhang Ruochen's true body sat by the lake, meditating like an old monk. However, his consciousness entered the Qiankun Realm.

Standing under the Divine Sky-connecting Tree, Zhang Ruochen stared at the sword-shaped Canon mark on the tree trunk. He said loudly, "Empress, I've won first place in the Battle of Celestial-Hunting. Can I see you?"

The sword-shaped Canon mark was left by Empress of Thousand Bones. It contained her spiritual will.

When Zhang Ruochen called out the Empress of Thousand Bones' name, she sensed it on the Purple Turban Island. In the next moment, her divine spirit crossed time and space and descended into Zhang Ruochen's Qiankun Realm.

Empress of Thousand Bones was unparalleled. Although it was a divine spirit, the aura she gave off was like the sun in the sky.

Zhang Ruochen was expressionless, neither happy nor sad, he said, "I've got the Destiny Token. I can give it to you now. As for the Canon of Destiny, it hasn't been given to me yet. It's probably because my attainments in the Path of Destiny are too low to bear the power of the Canon."

“Without the Canon of Destiny, what’s the use of getting the Destiny Token? Zhang Ruochen, you must have another purpose for meeting me, right? Tell me quickly. I can’t stay here for too long,” Empress of Thousand Bones said.

“When I agreed to participate in the Battle of Celestial-Hunting and borrow the Destiny Token and the Canon of Destiny for you to comprehend, you promised to give me an Avci token,” Zhang Ruochen explained.

“That’s right. Every Avīci token I give out is because I owe a huge favor. That’s why, as long as a cultivator comes to see me with the Avīci token, I will do something for him,” Empress of Thousand Bones said.

Zhang Ruochen asked, “Anything?”

“No matter how difficult or dangerous it is, I’ll do it.” Empress of Thousand Bones’ voice was firm and powerful.

Zhang Ruochen said, “I want the Avīci token now.”

Empress of Thousand Bones was smart enough to guess Zhang Ruochen’s intentions when he opened his mouth.

“I don’t need to give you the Avīci token. Just tell me what you want me to do for you.” Empress of Thousand Bones’ tone became serious. She paused and said again, “But you’d better think it through. Do you really want to use this opportunity now?”

Zhang Ruochen cupped his hands and bowed slightly. “I’ve thought it through. I want you to kill someone for me. You must kill her within five days.”

“Who is it?” Empress of Thousand Bones asked.

Zhang Ruochen’s lips moved. He said a name through voice transmission.

After listening, Empress of Thousand Bones stared at Zhang Ruochen. “You’re making things difficult for me.”

Zhang Ruochen said, “That’s all I ask.”

“Killing someone in the Divine Domain of Destiny is easy to alert the gods of the Fane of Destiny. Besides, the person you want to kill has the protection of the Twelve Reverends. Once you attack her, the Twelve Reverends will know, which will cause a world-shaking ripple. I’m afraid that no cultivator in the Infernal Court would dare to do this.”

Zhang Ruochen said, “But, it doesn’t include you, right?”

Empress of Thousand Bones was silent for a long time, she said, “It’s not difficult to kill her. However, at the critical moment of saving the Grand Master, I’m not willing to do such a thing. I don’t want to let the Reverends of the Fane of Destiny know that I’m here in the Divine Domain of Destiny.”

Zhang Ruochen said, “You once said that you will do it no matter the difficulty.”



Empress of Thousand Bones shook her head gently with a stern look in her eyes, "I know what you want to do," she said. "But this is very dangerous. It's equivalent to going against the will of a Reverend or even challenging destiny. Are you prepared to die if you fail?"

"I know what I'm doing," Zhang Ruochen said.

"Well, those from Avīci Pavilion will kill her in five days."

Empress of Thousand Bones' divine spirit disappeared, leaving Zhang Ruochen alone under the Divine Sky-connecting Tree. His figure was bleak, but his eyes were sharp and determined.

In the next five days, Zhang Ruochen activated the Sundial in the Vastsea Manor. He used the Divine Purification Flame to refine one weapon after another, including the Myriad Curse Bead that he had taken from the Wujiang.

He took out the Regal Artifact that he had taken from the Battlefield of Celestial-Hunting and gave it to the Ancient Abyssal Sword to refine and absorb.

The Regal Inscriptions inside the Ancient Abyssal Sword grew rapidly. There were more than 300,000 of them, reaching the critical point of breaking into a Class Three Regal Artifact.

Five days later.

Xueqi, Xue Chen, and Xue Ningxiao, the three most outstanding young Supreme Saints of the current generation of the Xue Jue family, came to the Vastsea Manor. They looked at Zhang Ruochen, who was wrapped in the divine fire domain, from a distance.

Xue Ningxiao's pretty eyes sparkled, she said, "Cousin Ruochen has worked too hard. He just won the Battle of Celestial-Hunting. Everyone is immersed in revelry, but he's not affected. He still chooses to cultivate and improve himself. It's really worth learning from him."

Xueqi said, "The stronger a person is, the more sense of danger they have."

Xue Chen said, "Today is the day he and Princess Luo Sha are engaged. Cultivators from all the major forces have rushed to the Fortune Palace. He's the main character tonight. We can't be late."

"I'll go!"

Xueqi came to the edge of the divine fire domain. Feeling the heatwave, she bowed and said, "Supreme Saint Ruochen, it's late. We should go!"

In the center of the fire domain, Zhang Ruochen put away his weapons one by one. The flames turned into horned dragons and entered his body.

At this moment, everyone could see clearly that he was wearing the red Armor of the Fire God. He had the Divine Dragonbone Whip, which was a Quasi-Supreme Artifact, around his waist. He wore the Myriad Curse Bead around his neck. He held the Pleiades Lotus in his palm. The Zangshan Demonic Mirror floated above his heart, a Violet Gourd hung on one side of his waist, and the Ancient Abyssal Sword hung on the other.

Everyone who was a Supreme Saint didn't dare to look at him directly.

Xueqi looked at Zhang Ruochen's treasures. He swallowed silently. He was only going to get engaged. Was there a need to reveal so many Supreme Artifacts?

It was too exaggerated!

Though it was exaggerated, it really made people jealous.

Xue Chen and Xueqi had completely different thoughts. They frowned. He could feel the killing intent from Zhang Ruochen. He didn't look like he was going to get married. Instead, he looked like he was going to kill someone.

He brought all the weapons with him. He didn't want to show them off, but he valued the person he was going to kill.

Xue Chen said carefully, "The engagement gifts have been prepared. We can go to the Fortune Palace now."

"Okay!"

Zhang Ruochen answered and walked out first.

Outside the Vastsea Manor, there was a long convoy pulled by a Saint King-level white bone beast. The carriages were filled with all kinds of treasures.

Zhang Ruochen didn't check the engagement gifts. He took his maid, Lian Xi, and went to the Sevenstar Imperial Palace.

Xue Chen and Xueqi sat on the backs of a Supreme Saint-level fire beast and led the way. The 18 Six-Tribulation Ghost Lords carried the Sevenstar Imperial Palace and followed closely behind.

The news of the Reverend's blessed marriage had long spread throughout the Infernal Court.

Seeing the marriage parade of the Xue Jue family, countless cultivators in the Infernal Court watched and discussed it wherever they went. Many people had envious looks in their eyes.

"Princess Luo Sha is extremely beautiful. She's the beauty that all the men of the Rakshasa dream of marrying. They didn't expect her to marry Zhang Ruochen in the end."

"Zhang Ruochen is so talented. He's a peerless figure among the Immortal Vampires. He's worthy of Princess Luo Sha."

An Immortal Vampire cultivator said in a low voice, "I don't think Zhang Ruochen wants to marry Princess Luo Sha. He's just forced by the Reverend to agree."

"How can that be? Princess Luo Sha is so beautiful. How can Zhang Ruochen not want to marry her?"

The Immortal Vampire cultivator shook his head and said, "Princess Luo Sha is beautiful, but does Zhang Ruochen lack beauty by his side? Fairy Lian Xi and Lord Xia Yu were both top-notch beauties. It was said that Princess Luo Sha was very powerful. Once Zhang Ruochen married her, he wouldn't be able to have such a good time anymore."

Zhang Ruochen's spiritual power was strong. Of course, he could hear the discussions.

However, he didn't care at all. He just held the Ancient Abyssal Sword and used the white scarf that Lian Xi handed him to repeatedly wipe the sword.

Then he took out a Godstone the size of a human head and sharpened the sword on it.

*Crack*

Sparks flew when the sword tip rubbed against the Godstone.

The Zangshan Demonic Mirror and Violet Gourd were Supreme Artifacts with great power. However, Zhang Ruochen preferred to use the Ancient Abyssal Sword whenever he had a major decision to make.

Holding the hilt, he felt like they were connected by blood. No matter how impetuous he was, he could calm down in an instant.

The Intergold Tiger could feel that Zhang Ruochen's killing intent was getting more and more intense as he sharpened the sword. His aura kept accumulating, and the aura he emitted became fierce.

The Intergold Tiger said, "It's a great day for the engagement. Why do you decide to kill someone?"

*Crack*

The sparks from the sword became brighter.

The Intergold Tiger said again, "Your motive for killing today is too obvious. It will arouse suspicion."

"Under normal circumstances, of course, people will be suspicious," Zhang Ruochen said.

The Intergold Tiger said, "Then when is it an abnormal situation?"

"When the inner demon invaded my body, it caused me to lose my mind and turned me into a demon," Zhang Ruochen said.

Standing aside, Lian Xi could feel the killing intent coming from Zhang Ruochen's body. She felt that he was like a peerless killing god and couldn't help but feel frightened.

Zhang Ruochen in this state was simply too terrifying.

Zhang Ruochen no longer suppressed the inner demon and let it erupt wantonly. Then his eyes gradually turned red, as red as blood drops.

*Boom*

The ten wings on his back spread out. Zhang Ruochen carried the Ancient Abyssal Blade and flew out of the Sevenstar Imperial Palace, breaking through the air.

In front of the Sevenstar Imperial Palace, Xueqi and Xue Chen, who was sitting on the back of the fire beast, were sent flying by the blood qi surging out of his body. The two landed on the ground and looked in the direction Zhang Ruochen flew away in shock.

"What a strong killing Qi. What does he want to do?" Xueqi's expression was grave.

Today was the day of the engagement. Countless important figures were waiting in the Fortune Palace, including some gods. Would Zhang Ruochen dare to run away from the engagement?

If he ran away, not only would he offend the royal family of Devala, but he would also offend Fukurokuju.

Xue Chen said, "The parade can't stop. Keep moving."

Then, Xue Chen immediately drew two Communication talismans and sent them out.

The Fortune Palace was one of the twelve divine palaces of the Fane of Destiny. It was located on Fortune Floating Island, which was about 90,000 miles away from Mount Destiny. Normally, the Fortune Floating Island was completely hidden in space. Other than the gods, no cultivator could see it.

Today, the Fortune Palace was revealed. It floated in the sky and emitted a dazzling light.

Below the divine palace, there was a group of palaces built on a lake. The walls were red and the tiles were green. The divine fog lingered for thousands of miles. This was the outer hall of the Fortune Palace. It was where all the saint realm disciples practiced.

The place where Zhang Ruochen and Luo Sha were engaged was in this outer hall.

It was getting dark, but the place was brightly lit. It was extremely lively.

The engagement banquet drew cultivators from all ten clans. The Immortal Vampires were vicious, the Ghosts were sinister, the Stone clan was strange, and the Nether Clan was mysterious. The banquet in Infernal Court was always filled with the stench of blood and terror. Human heads, soul food, infants, and fresh blood were frequently seen at the banquet.

Luo Sha was dressed in red, with feathers from a phoenix embroidered into a hundred phoenixes. There was a jade hairpin on her head.

She was not wearing any makeup, but today, she had drawn her eyebrows and wiped her lips. She walked among the ferocious and terrifying Rakshasas, Ghost Lord, Bone Clan, and Corpusian cultivators, looking especially charming.

When she saw the flesh and blood of human cultivators visiting the banquet table, she frowned, she said in a deep voice, "Didn't I tell you earlier? Supreme Saint Ruochen has half of the human bloodline. Tonight's engagement banquet, no food related to human bodies is allowed."

The two Rakshasis immediately knelt down in fear.

One of the Rakshasis said in a trembling voice, "Your Highness, forgive me. This... This is an order from the Divine Prince. We have already told him, but... but the Divine Prince said that he just couldn't stand Supreme Saint Ruochen and wanted to do this on purpose."

Luo Sha said, "You don't have to listen to him. Quickly remove it. Remember, this is taboo for Supreme Saint Ruochen. Don't make such a mistake again in the future. Otherwise, I will not let you off easily. I will personally go and talk to my brother."

The two Rakshasis agreed and quickly left.

Luo Sha raised her snow-white head and looked at the night sky that had completely darkened. In her mind, she couldn't help but recall what Zhang Ruochen had said at the foot of Mount Destiny. She couldn't help but smile blissfully.

Suddenly, she felt something. It was as if a pair of eyes were staring at her. She turned her face to the right.

300 meters away, Pan Ruo was also dressed in red.

The two women looked at each other.

Luo Sha was an intelligent woman. Just by looking at each other, she could sense the unusual emotions in Pan Ruo's eyes.

"Her Highness Pan Ruo looks calm, but why do I feel a hint of hostility? No, it's envy. No, it's sadness. It doesn't seem right either. Why do her eyes look so complicated? What's on her mind?"

When Luo Sha looked at Pan Ruo again, there was no one there.

...

Zhang Ruochen flew for a long time. He slowed down and landed by a big blood-red river.

This river was linked to the lake in the Fortune Palace's outer hall. It was 300 meters long and 300 meters wide. The current was swift and brimming with Blood Qi. Zhang Ruochen closed his eyes and focused his attention on the current and the waves.

After waiting for about 15 minutes, a huge ship appeared on the blood river.

There was a black flag at the bow of the ship. The words "Yanluo" were printed on it.

Zhang Ruochen opened his eyes. Blood light flew out of his eyes, causing the river to create waves more than 30 meters high. A deep voice rang out, "Yan Wushen, haven't you always wanted to fight with me? Today, let's have a showdown and completely determine who's the strongest in this era.

"This battle will determine victory and defeat, as well as life and death."

*Rumble*

The waves crashed over and stopped the fast-moving giant ship.

## **Chapter 2416: To Kill Someone**

**Translator: EndlessFantasy Translation Editor: EndlessFantasy Translation**

Zhang Ruochen's true body sat by the lake, meditating like an old monk. However, his consciousness entered the Qiankun Realm.

Standing under the Divine Sky-connecting Tree, Zhang Ruochen stared at the sword-shaped Canon mark on the tree trunk. He said loudly, "Empress, I've won first place in the Battle of Celestial-Hunting. Can I see you?"

The sword-shaped Canon mark was left by Empress of Thousand Bones. It contained her spiritual will.

When Zhang Ruochen called out the Empress of Thousand Bones' name, she sensed it on the Purple Turban Island. In the next moment, her divine spirit crossed time and space and descended into Zhang Ruochen's Qiankun Realm.

Empress of Thousand Bones was unparalleled. Although it was a divine spirit, the aura she gave off was like the sun in the sky.

Zhang Ruochen was expressionless, neither happy nor sad, he said, "I've got the Destiny Token. I can give it to you now. As for the Canon of Destiny, it hasn't been given to me yet. It's probably because my attainments in the Path of Destiny are too low to bear the power of the Canon."

"Without the Canon of Destiny, what's the use of getting the Destiny Token? Zhang Ruochen, you must have another purpose for meeting me, right? Tell me quickly. I can't stay here for too long," Empress of Thousand Bones said.

"When I agreed to participate in the Battle of Celestial-Hunting and borrow the Destiny Token and the Canon of Destiny for you to comprehend, you promised to give me an Avci token," Zhang Ruochen explained.

"That's right. Every Avīci token I give out is because I owe a huge favor. That's why, as long as a cultivator comes to see me with the Avīci token, I will do something for him," Empress of Thousand Bones said.

Zhang Ruochen asked, "Anything?"

"No matter how difficult or dangerous it is, I'll do it." Empress of Thousand Bones' voice was firm and powerful.

Zhang Ruochen said, "I want the Avīci token now."

Empress of Thousand Bones was smart enough to guess Zhang Ruochen's intentions when he opened his mouth.

"I don't need to give you the Avīci token. Just tell me what you want me to do for you." Empress of Thousand Bones' tone became serious. She paused and said again, "But you'd better think it through. Do you really want to use this opportunity now?"

Zhang Ruochen cupped his hands and bowed slightly. "I've thought it through. I want you to kill someone for me. You must kill her within five days."

"Who is it?" Empress of Thousand Bones asked.

Zhang Ruochen's lips moved. He said a name through voice transmission.

After listening, Empress of Thousand Bones stared at Zhang Ruochen. "You're making things difficult for me."

Zhang Ruochen said, "That's all I ask."

"Killing someone in the Divine Domain of Destiny is easy to alert the gods of the Fane of Destiny. Besides, the person you want to kill has the protection of the Twelve Reverends. Once you attack her,

the Twelve Reverends will know, which will cause a world-shaking ripple. I'm afraid that no cultivator in the Infernal Court would dare to do this."

Zhang Ruochen said, "But, it doesn't include you, right?"

Empress of Thousand Bones was silent for a long time, she said, "It's not difficult to kill her. However, at the critical moment of saving the Grand Master, I'm not willing to do such a thing. I don't want to let the Reverends of the Fane of Destiny know that I'm here in the Divine Domain of Destiny."

Zhang Ruochen said, "You once said that you will do it no matter the difficulty."

Empress of Thousand Bones shook her head gently with a stern look in her eyes, "I know what you want to do," she said. "But this is very dangerous. It's equivalent to going against the will of a Reverend or even challenging destiny. Are you prepared to die if you fail?"

"I know what I'm doing," Zhang Ruochen said.

"Well, those from Avīci Pavilion will kill her in five days."

Empress of Thousand Bones' divine spirit disappeared, leaving Zhang Ruochen alone under the Divine Sky-connecting Tree. His figure was bleak, but his eyes were sharp and determined.

In the next five days, Zhang Ruochen activated the Sundial in the Vastsea Manor. He used the Divine Purification Flame to refine one weapon after another, including the Myriad Curse Bead that he had taken from the Wujiang.

He took out the Regal Artifact that he had taken from the Battlefield of Celestial-Hunting and gave it to the Ancient Abyssal Sword to refine and absorb.

The Regal Inscriptions inside the Ancient Abyssal Sword grew rapidly. There were more than 300,000 of them, reaching the critical point of breaking into a Class Three Regal Artifact.

Five days later.

Xueqi, Xue Chen, and Xue Ningxiao, the three most outstanding young Supreme Saints of the current generation of the Xue Jue family, came to the Vastsea Manor. They looked at Zhang Ruochen, who was wrapped in the divine fire domain, from a distance.

Xue Ningxiao's pretty eyes sparkled, she said, "Cousin Ruochen has worked too hard. He just won the Battle of Celestial-Hunting. Everyone is immersed in revelry, but he's not affected. He still chooses to cultivate and improve himself. It's really worth learning from him."

Xueqi said, "The stronger a person is, the more sense of danger they have."

Xue Chen said, "Today is the day he and Princess Luo Sha are engaged. Cultivators from all the major forces have rushed to the Fortune Palace. He's the main character tonight. We can't be late."

"I'll go!"

Xueqi came to the edge of the divine fire domain. Feeling the heatwave, she bowed and said, "Supreme Saint Ruochen, it's late. We should go!"

In the center of the fire domain, Zhang Ruochen put away his weapons one by one. The flames turned into horned dragons and entered his body.

At this moment, everyone could see clearly that he was wearing the red Armor of the Fire God. He had the Divine Dragonbone Whip, which was a Quasi-Supreme Artifact, around his waist. He wore the Myriad Curse Bead around his neck. He held the Pleiades Lotus in his palm. The Zangshan Demonic Mirror floated above his heart, a Violet Gourd hung on one side of his waist, and the Ancient Abyssal Sword hung on the other.

Everyone who was a Supreme Saint didn't dare to look at him directly.

Xueqi looked at Zhang Ruochen's treasures. He swallowed silently. He was only going to get engaged. Was there a need to reveal so many Supreme Artifacts?

It was too exaggerated!

Though it was exaggerated, it really made people jealous.

Xue Chen and Xueqi had completely different thoughts. They frowned. He could feel the killing intent from Zhang Ruochen. He didn't look like he was going to get married. Instead, he looked like he was going to kill someone.

He brought all the weapons with him. He didn't want to show them off, but he valued the person he was going to kill.

Xue Chen said carefully, "The engagement gifts have been prepared. We can go to the Fortune Palace now."

"Okay!"

Zhang Ruochen answered and walked out first.

Outside the Vastsea Manor, there was a long convoy pulled by a Saint King-level white bone beast. The carriages were filled with all kinds of treasures.

Zhang Ruochen didn't check the engagement gifts. He took his maid, Lian Xi, and went to the Sevenstar Imperial Palace.

Xue Chen and Xueqi sat on the backs of a Supreme Saint-level fire beast and led the way. The 18 Six-Tribulation Ghost Lords carried the Sevenstar Imperial Palace and followed closely behind.

The news of the Reverend's blessed marriage had long spread throughout the Infernal Court.

Seeing the marriage parade of the Xue Jue family, countless cultivators in the Infernal Court watched and discussed it wherever they went. Many people had envious looks in their eyes.

"Princess Luo Sha is extremely beautiful. She's the beauty that all the men of the Rakshasa dream of marrying. They didn't expect her to marry Zhang Ruochen in the end."

"Zhang Ruochen is so talented. He's a peerless figure among the Immortal Vampires. He's worthy of Princess Luo Sha."



An Immortal Vampire cultivator said in a low voice, "I don't think Zhang Ruochen wants to marry Princess Luo Sha. He's just forced by the Reverend to agree."

"How can that be? Princess Luo Sha is so beautiful. How can Zhang Ruochen not want to marry her?"

The Immortal Vampire cultivator shook his head and said, "Princess Luo Sha is beautiful, but does Zhang Ruochen lack beauty by his side? Fairy Lian Xi and Lord Xia Yu were both top-notch beauties. It was said that Princess Luo Sha was very powerful. Once Zhang Ruochen married her, he wouldn't be able to have such a good time anymore."

Zhang Ruochen's spiritual power was strong. Of course, he could hear the discussions.

However, he didn't care at all. He just held the Ancient Abyssal Sword and used the white scarf that Lian Xi handed him to repeatedly wipe the sword.

Then he took out a Godstone the size of a human head and sharpened the sword on it.

*Crack*

Sparks flew when the sword tip rubbed against the Godstone.

The Zangshan Demonic Mirror and Violet Gourd were Supreme Artifacts with great power. However, Zhang Ruochen preferred to use the Ancient Abyssal Sword whenever he had a major decision to make.

Holding the hilt, he felt like they were connected by blood. No matter how impetuous he was, he could calm down in an instant.

The Intergold Tiger could feel that Zhang Ruochen's killing intent was getting more and more intense as he sharpened the sword. His aura kept accumulating, and the aura he emitted became fierce.

The Intergold Tiger said, "It's a great day for the engagement. Why do you decide to kill someone?"

?

*Crack*

The sparks from the sword became brighter.

The Intergold Tiger said again, "Your motive for killing today is too obvious. It will arouse suspicion."

"Under normal circumstances, of course, people will be suspicious," Zhang Ruochen said.

The Intergold Tiger said, "Then when is it an abnormal situation?"

"When the inner demon invaded my body, it caused me to lose my mind and turned me into a demon," Zhang Ruochen said.

Standing aside, Lian Xi could feel the killing intent coming from Zhang Ruochen's body. She felt that he was like a peerless killing god and couldn't help but feel frightened.

Zhang Ruochen in this state was simply too terrifying.

Zhang Ruochen no longer suppressed the inner demon and let it erupt wantonly. Then his eyes gradually turned red, as red as blood drops.

## *Boom*

The ten wings on his back spread out. Zhang Ruochen carried the Ancient Abyssal Blade and flew out of the Sevenstar Imperial Palace, breaking through the air.

In front of the Sevenstar Imperial Palace, Xueqi and Xue Chen, who was sitting on the back of the fire beast, were sent flying by the blood qi surging out of his body. The two landed on the ground and looked in the direction Zhang Ruochen flew away in shock.

“What a strong killing Qi. What does he want to do?” Xueqi’s expression was grave.

Today was the day of the engagement. Countless important figures were waiting in the Fortune Palace, including some gods. Would Zhang Ruochen dare to run away from the engagement?

If he ran away, not only would he offend the royal family of Devala, but he would also offend Fukurokuju.

Xue Chen said, “The parade can’t stop. Keep moving.”

Then, Xue Chen immediately drew two Communication talismans and sent them out.

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After waiting for about 15 minutes, a huge ship appeared on the blood river.

There was a black flag at the bow of the ship. The words “Yanluo” were printed on it.

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“This battle will determine victory and defeat, as well as life and death.”

*Rumble*

The waves crashed over and stopped the fast-moving giant ship.

**Chapter 2417: The Yan Family**

Among the Yanluo Clan, “Yan” was the number one surname. It represented the noblest bloodline and had the strongest inheritance.

However, those with the Yan surname were divided into two lines of descent and thirteen gods.

The so-called two lineages were known as the Yan Family of Yama and the Yan Family of Trayastrimsa.

The thirteen gods referred to the other thirteen Yan Families that had given birth to gods. Because they lived in different places to cultivate and their ancestors had different inheritances, they became thirteen relatively independent forces.

Although their strength was far from that of the two-line of descent, they had many clansmen and became an important part of the Yan Family.

The Yan Family of Yama was the strongest. From a certain point of view, they were the representatives of the entire Yan Family. The vast majority of the elites with the Yan surname who were active in the Infernal Court came from this family.

Yan Wushen, Yan Huangtu, Yan Zhexian, Ancient God of Knowledge, as well as the past clan leaders of the Yanluo Clan were all from the Yan Family of Yama.

However, since the recent Yuanhui period, the Yan Family had come up with the third line of descent.

The reason for this was that after the Yanluo Clan’s last clan leader, Yan Huanyu, went missing a hundred thousand years ago, the majority of his clansmen were stationed in the Abyss of Darkness, attempting to rescue Huanyu, who might have been trapped in the Abyss of Darkness.

At that point, the Yan Family of Yama was split into two.

After 100,000 years, this part of the Yan Family members had been vaguely separated and was called the Yan Family of Abyss.

Of course, the Yan Family of Abyss and the Yan Family of Yama were of the same bloodline. Their relationship was extremely deep. At least in the eyes of all the cultivators in the entire Infernal Court, they were still of the same bloodline.

Yan Wushen was born from the Yan Family of Abyss.

Yan Chu was an old man who looked to be in his sixties or seventies. His appearance was ordinary. He wore a white scarf on his head and held a foot-long tobacco pipe in his hand. He stood on a giant ship that was 90 meters tall and breathed out clouds and smoke.

He had lived for 25,000 years and was one of the strongest elites under the god of the Yan Family of Abyss.

Yan Chu could completely run amok in the world and settle all matters if the god could not interfere with the secular world. It was precisely for this reason that Wu Qingzong dispatched him. They needed to ensure Yan Wushen’s safety.

Even Fukurokuju could see that Yan Wushen was in danger. He bestowed the marriage between Yan Wushen and Pan Ruo and used the influence of the Fane of Destiny to intimidate the Yan Family of

Yama. He did not wish for this Yuanhui-level genius to become the strongest in Infernal Court in the future, and die in the aftermath of the conflict between the previous generation of the Yan Family.

How could Wu Qingzong not see this?

After the Celestial-Hunting Festival ended, Yan Wushen had lost his final value. It was time for him to die. In the current generation of the Yanluo Clan, it was enough to have Yan Huangtu alone.

*Puff*

Yan Chu looked at the rolling river and exhaled a smoke ring.

He was waiting for the Yan Family of Yama to make a move.

The Yan Family of Yama would not be willing to see Yan Wushen marry Pan Ruo. If that happened, Yan Wushen would have two backers, Fukurokuju and Skywrath.

The one who killed Yan Wushen would definitely not be a god.

If a god made a move, it would be the same as breaking the rules that everyone had silently set. At that time, the Infernal Court would not be as calm as it was now.

Every move of a god would set off huge waves.

The conflict between cultivators beneath the divinity was like a raging undercurrent. Even though there were fierce clashes, it was still calm and peaceful on the surface.

Whether it was the Fane of Destiny, the Fane of Darkness, or the leaders of the ten clans, they were all trying their best to maintain this calm. At the very least, before they destroyed all the worlds in the Celestial Court, the Infernal Court couldn't be turned upside down.

What should come will come eventually. Who will make a move? The demigod Yan Yu? The dark walker Yan Xuelai? Or maybe it's Lady Fu Xiang?' Yan Chu's thoughts were in a daze, and many figures appeared in his mind.

Each figure had a mysterious charm. They represented a peerless elite.

At this moment, Yan Chu felt powerful killing intent. Waves more than 30 meters high rose from the blood-red river and swept toward the giant ship.

"Yan Wushen, didn't you want to fight with me?"

...

"This battle will determine victory and defeat, as well as life and death."

Zhang Ruochen's voice turned into waves of sound waves and surged over.

Yan Chu's old eyes shrank in shock and showed an incredulous expression. He said, "I see, I see. They actually want to use Zhang Ruochen's hand to openly kill. I should have thought of it earlier."

*Creak*

One of the cabin doors of the giant ship opened. Yan Wushen's imposing figure stepped out and looked at the blood mist surging with murderous intent in the night sky.

Yan Wushen said, "Zhang Ruochen has never been a real lecher. But in the Battlefield of Celestial-Hunting, Yan Zhexian is pregnant with his child."

"A beauty trap?" Yan Chu asked.

Yan Wushen shook his head, he said, "If a beauty trap can take down Zhang Ruochen, then I don't need to see him as my lifelong enemy. I believe that the Yan Family of Yama has made some kind of agreement with Zhang Ruochen and promised him something. Zhang Ruochen needed their support if he wanted to gain a foothold in the Infernal Court world. Zhang Ruochen's situation in the Infernal Court world is more difficult than mine."

Yan Chu said, "Since Zhang Ruochen is the blade of the Yan Family of Yama, we don't need to care about him. Let's go to the Fortune Palace first. As long as you marry Pan Ruo, you have two powerful figures behind you, Fukurokuju and Skywrath."

Yan Wushen shook his head, "Fighting with Zhang Ruochen has always been my obsession," he said. "If I retreat without a fight today, my obsession will be even deeper. I'm afraid it will affect my cultivation of the Thousand-Koan Realm and the Banshi Isshou Realm, not to mention not being able to cultivate the Six Paths of Reincarnation."

"Fight! Whether it's Zhang Ruochen or the Yan Family of Yama, I'll kill any enemy that stands in my way."

"Fight! I've been trapped in the Saint King realm for hundreds of years. I've accumulated a lot. Why should I be afraid of Zhang Ruochen?"

"Fight! Zhang Ruochen came with a purpose. His intent isn't pure and fell to mediocrity."

"Fight! I'll kill him today. Only when my Path is perfect can I combine the six paths into one."

The four words "Fight" raised Yan Wushen's momentum to the peak. The space seemed to freeze and the world was extremely quiet.

Yan Wushen had a fantastic figure. In the wind, his long hair fluttered. He laughed and exclaimed, "Good! This battle should have happened a long time ago! I will raise your son, Kunlun, as my own after you die."

After returning from the third Dark Star, Yan Wushen's cultivation had improved greatly.

However, Yan Wushen didn't have any confidence that he could defeat Zhang Ruochen.

In the face of a life-and-death battle, Zhang Ruochen took it very seriously. He came with all his treasures. How could Yan Wushen not take it seriously?

He said those words to mess up Zhang Ruochen's heart.

"After you die, I will raise your son, Kunlun, as my own." In other words, if Yan Wushen dies, so does Kunlun.

Zhang Ruochen was not affected by Yan Wushen's words at all. He was not worried about Chi Kunlun's safety at all.

The battle between him and Yan Wushen was not a personal grudge. It was a fair and square battle.

If the Yanluo clan killed Yan Wushen's disciple Chi Kunlun as a result of this, they would be mocked by all cultivators around the world, and they would also face the Xue Jue Family's vengeance.

The reputation of the supreme clan was more important than their lives.

How could they do such a shameless thing?

"Stop talking nonsense. Let's fight," said Zhang Ruochen.

The Blood Qi under Zhang Ruochen's feet condensed into strange patterns, like tadpoles and earthworms, which triggered the precepts of heaven and earth. The power of heaven and earth turned into lightning and struck the giant ship in all directions.

Yan Wushen punched out a black fist shadow that was bigger than the giant ship. It shattered all the surging lightning and laid it on the Blood River.

Lightning flashed on the surface of the river.

*ROAR!*

Buddhist light burst out from the giant ship.

Yan Wushen activated his Golden Giant Mode and let out a furious lion roar. The roar contained the true meaning of the Six Syllables Mantra.

Om mani padme hum.

The six syllables are combined into one.

The phantom of a golden lion that was dozens of centimeters long appeared on the surface of Yan Wushen's body. The sound waves of the lion's roar were all golden in color. Space was thrown into chaos, and the river was vaporized by the roar.

In the Six Syllables Mantra, each word was comparable to a high-level Hundred-Shackle level saint technique. It could clear away evil creatures, cut off life and death, destroy wisdom, and cut off lifespan.

The six syllables combined into a lion's roar. Its power was even stronger than the high-level Thousand-Koan saint technique.

"Slash! Slash! Slash..."

Zhang Ruochen didn't retreat. Instead, he turned into a streak of light and rushed toward the incoming golden sound wave. He swung the Ancient Abyssal Sword and broke through the layers of waves.

The sound wave that didn't break through rushed within 30 meters of Zhang Ruochen. It was blocked by the Profound Spatial Dimension.

The sound wave rotated in the dimension and surged out in the opposite direction.

“I heard that you went to the third Dark Star. Your cultivation has indeed improved greatly.”

Zhang Ruochen took to the skies above the massive ship. On his body, the Armor of the Fire God burned fiercely. For thousands of miles, the light it emitted illuminated the night sky. The plants on both sides of the river were reduced to ashes, much like paper.

He stomped down, and more than 20 million Divine Marks of Flame appeared on his legs. They condensed into a thick divine cloud.

Yan Chu raised his head and looked at the sky. He revealed a look of surprise and said, “What a powerful divine might.”

For a Supreme Saint to be able to possess and control divine power was already very impressive.

To be able to control such a powerful divine power was naturally even more shocking. Yan Chu finally understood why Yan Wushen would treat this person as his lifelong enemy.

Yan Wushen felt a huge pressure. His eyes were solemn as he leaped up from the huge ship. He took out the Scepter of Heaven’s Pass and slashed it down with Supreme Power.

The Scepter of Heaven’s Pass originally belonged to Yan Huangtu, but now that it had fallen into his hands, there was no need to return it.

*Whoosh*

The Scepter of Heaven’s Pass became more than 30 meters long, and it collided with the divine cloud formed by Yanshen’s leg.

After an earth-shattering boom, Supreme Powers and divine flames shot out in all directions. Every ball of divine flame landed, creating a crater several meters wide on the ground.

In the pit, the divine flames burned for a long time.

Yan Wushen fell into the dried blood river and hit a crater-like pit on the riverbed. Some divine flames touched his hair and burned it into ashes.

With the current power of Yanshen’s leg, Yan Wushen could not completely block it with the Supreme Artifact.

Although Zhang Ruochen’s Yanshen’s leg had broken the fourth seal on the Battlefield of Celestial-Hunting, he could only control more than 10 million Divine Marks of Flame.

In the five days after activating the Sundial, Zhang Ruochen spent five years refining another 10 million Divine Marks of Flame.

The power of Yanshen’s leg was naturally far greater than before.

It could be said that this battle had just begun. Zhang Ruochen and Yan Wushen were already using their most powerful moves. There was no probing attack at all.

“Thousand Yama Shadows.”



Yan Wushen split into a thousand and stood on the ground. The Primordial Infernal Yama Qi, which was formed from the combination of extreme brightness and extreme darkness, covered the ground for hundreds of miles and turned it into a sea of Qi.

In the sea of Qi, the figure of the Progenitor Yama appeared. He stepped on the Nether and held the Nether Tome in his hand.

The Progenitor Yama waved his big hand and slapped Zhang Ruochen.

Zhang Ruochen pulled out the Divine Dragonbone Whip that was wrapped around his waist and swung it. The body of the whip made crackling sounds. A huge divine dragon rushed out from the inside and released a terrifying divine might.

This bone whip was made from the backbone of a divine dragon. The dragon's soul inside was indestructible and preserved by divine power.

At the same time, a shadow rushed out of Zhang Ruochen's body.

It wasn't the Immovable Wisdom King.

The shadow had 24 pairs of golden wings. It was the form of the Progenitor Bloodximus.

If one looked from a hundred miles away, one would see the Progenitor Bloodximus holding a divine dragon and using the dragon as a whip to attack Progenitor Yama. The scene was extremely shocking.

### *Rumble*

The sound of the heavens collapsing and the earth-shattering spread out.

Ten thousand kilometers away, a man and a woman were standing under a large black umbrella.

They were the demigod gods, Yan Yu, and Lady Fu Xiang. Both of them were first-class elites below the divinity in Infernal Court. They were ranked at the top of the *Tome of the Divines* and the *Eminence Ranking*.

The *Tome of the Divines* came from the Fane of Destiny.

The *Eminence Ranking* was written by the Celestial Palace.

Lady Fu Xiang was dressed in a blue crystal veil. Her jade-like arms were long and slender. She took a crystal bow from her bag. Heaven and earth's precepts twisted together and condensed into a translucent arrow on the bowstring.

The direction the tip of the arrow pointed to was precisely the direction of Yan Wushen, who was tens of thousands of kilometers away.

In terms of Archery, Lady Fu Xiang could be said to be the number one elite below the divinity in the entire galaxy. Compared to her, Lord Sinluo was no different from a child who had just learned how to hold a bow.

Yan Yu's voice was gentle. "Put it away first!"

Lady Fu Xiang did not put away her arrow. Her voice was clear and cold. She said, "Do you think Zhang Ruochen can kill Yan Wushen?" She asked. "I heard that after Yan Wushen returned from the third Dark Star, not only did his cultivation improve greatly, but his lifespan also increased in a heaven-defying way. Without a doubt, he must have gotten some kind of opportunity there."

Yan Yu said, "We'd better not be the ones who killed Yan Wushen. There's no internal strife in the Yanluo clan. The Yan Family of Yama and the Yan Family of Abyss are the closest. No, to be exact, there's no such thing as the Yan Family of Abyss."

"The Dark Parasol of Obfuscatory can indeed hide all the secrets of the heavens, even from the gods. But it can't hide from the hearts of people. As long as Yan Wushen is killed by an arrow, then everyone will know that you're the one who shot him."

"I don't know why Zhang Ruochen wants to kill Yan Wushen, but I can feel the killing intent from him. He also seems to want others to think that he's representing us."

Lady Fu Xiang said, "The opportunity is fleeting. If we don't kill him now, we won't have another chance until the divine spirit of Fukurokuju arrives."

Yan Yu crossed his hands behind his back. His sleeve flapped. "Give Zhang Ruochen a chance," he said casually. "I can tell he's hell-bent on killing."

Lady Fu Xiang let go of her fingers, and the arrow on the bowstring disappeared. She carried the crystal bow on her back, which was longer than her slender body.

#### **Chapter 2418: Lady Wind's Death**

Although the Divine Domain of Destiny was built on the leaves of the world tree, it was quite vast. At the moment, the city where Zhang Ruochen and Yan Wushen were fighting was relatively barren. Only a few cultivators lived there.

They had long been alarmed by the aftermath of the battle and fled into the distance.

"It's terrifying. What a powerful force. The precepts of heaven and earth of the entire city have been stirred."

"Who are they? How dare they fight in the divine domain? Aren't they afraid of being taken away by the enforcers of the Fane of Destiny?"

"They're definitely Supreme Saints. We'd better step back to avoid being killed in the aftermath of the battle."

...

The Fane of Destiny forbade cultivators from fighting in private. Even if there were personal grudges, they had to go to the Battle District.

Zhang Ruochen and Yan Wushen's battle quickly alerted a team of enforcers passing by. They wore armor, rode on white bone beasts, and held saint swords. Their bodies emitted a death glow.

The leader of the enforcers was called Yan Xiao. Although he had a human body, his skin was covered in stone. His cultivation had reached the Great Perfection stage of the Hundred-Shackle realm.

The enforcers behind him were all at the Saint King Realm.

An enforcer covered in ghostly qi said in shock, "What a powerful battle might. There seems to be a ripple of Supreme Power."

They were far from the center of the battle, so they couldn't see who was fighting. They could only see blood-red and golden lights, which sometimes shot out for thousands of miles, and sometimes were pitch-black.

The air force formed by the aftershocks of the battle swept across the world like a storm.

Yan Xiao's figure was as straight as a spear. He snorted and said, "The two people who are fighting are called Yuanhui level geniuses. They have the battle strength to kill Banshi Isshou Realm Celestial Captives with the cultivation of the Hundred-Shackle Realm. How can they not be strong?"

"What? Is it them?"

All the enforcers were in an uproar.

In this era, who else could be called a Yuanhui-level genius besides Zhang Ruochen and Yan Wushen?

*SWOOSH!*

*SWOOSH!*

...

The sound of the wind breaking could be heard continuously. Groups of enforcers came one after another. The leaders were all Hundred-Shackle Realm Supreme Saints.

In a moment, there were seven hundred Hundred-Shackle Realm Supreme Saints enforcers here. There were seven to eight hundred enforcers in total.

When the enforcers arrived, they would ask Yan Xiao why he did not capture the cultivators who were fighting in private. However, when they found out that the two people fighting were Zhang Ruochen and Yan Wushen, they became silent and shocked.

An Immortal Vampire enforcer said in surprise, "If I remember correctly, today should be the day Zhang Ruochen and Princess Luo Sha are engaged. Many important figures have gone to the Fortune Palace. Why is he fighting with Yan Wushen?"

"Yan Wushen and His Highness Pan Ruo are also engaged today."

"These two are really battle maniacs. How dare they ignore the rules of the Divine Hall? How can the Divine Domain of Destiny be a place where they can fight at will?"

An enforcer leader standing on top of the black python said in a deep voice. She wore a black robe and had a thin face. She added, "Arrest them. Those who break the rules, regardless of their identity, must be severely punished."

Yan Xiao sneered. "Arrest Zhang Ruochen and Yan Wushen? With just us? Any one of them can kill all of us."

That Immortal Vampire leader of the enforcers looked at the sky and said, "Lord Zhen is here, and so is Lord Qi Xin."

Two whirling black qi tornadoes flew out of the clouds and landed on the ground. They condensed into two terrifying figures.

Lord Zhen was wearing bone armor and his body was a mass of black ghost fog. There was a firefly-like glow dancing in the ghost fog.

Lord Qi Xin was 21 meters tall and his head was like an ox. He held a long spear in his hand.

They were both Marshals of the Adjudication Division. They were subject to the Judge of the Divine Domain's jurisdiction. Their cultivation had advanced to the pinnacle of the Thousand-Koan Realm, and they were ranked among the Marshals' top ten.

A skinny female leader of the enforcers in a black robe jumped down from the black python's head and bowed to the two Marshals. She said, "The illegal fighters are Zhang Ruochen and Yan Wushen. Do you want to take them down?"

Lord Zhen waved his hand, "Qi Xin and I have received orders from the Judge. This is the edge of the exclusive territory of the Fortune Palace. It's not convenient for the Adjudication Division to interfere. We just need to make sure that their fight doesn't affect the city."

"What?"

The black robe female leader of the enforcers looked surprised and said, "The Adjudication Division oversees the order of the entire Divine Domain of Destiny, including the Fortune Palace."

The three divisions and the twelve palaces were independent forces in the Fane of Destiny.

The Adjudication Division had a high status. Even if the disciples of the twelve palaces broke the rules of the fane, they had to be punished unconditionally.

"Are you questioning the Judge?"

The lantern-sized eyes of Lord Qi Xin glared at her. The saint might that erupt made her tremble.

"Forgive me, my lord," the black-robed female leader of the enforcers said quickly.

Under the leadership of Lord Qi Xin and Lord Zhen, nearly 1,000 enforcers formed a great barrier that covered thousands of miles. It prevented the aftermath of the battle between Zhang Ruochen and Yan Wushen from spreading outward.

The news of the decisive battle between Zhang Ruochen and Yan Wushen quickly spread throughout the Divine Domain of Destiny, causing a huge uproar.

"What? Weren't they engaged in the Fortune Palace today? Why did they start the decisive battle?"

"It's said that this battle not only has to determine the victor, but also life and death. It determines the identity of the strongest person in this era."

"This battle is too interesting. I want to watch the battle. Perhaps I can witness the death of a Yuanhui-level genius. Just thinking about it makes me excited!"

Many young cultivators from the ten clans had gathered in the Divine Domain of Destiny as a result of the Battle of Celestial-Hunting. They ran to inform one another and then rushed to the location where the battle erupted in groups.

In the marriage proposal parade of the Xue Jue family, Xueqi and Xue Chen were so scared that their faces turned pale after they heard the news.

They felt that after Zhang Ruochen had left, he had gone to fight Yan Wushen.

Why?

Even if he wanted to fight, why did he choose today?

Xue Chen said, "I have sent a message to my 14th aunt and father. I believe they have rushed over. What is Zhang Ruochen thinking? Does he think that a life-and-death battle is more important than marrying Princess Luo?"

"I hope that they are not really fighting a life-and-death battle. On a day like today, whoever dies will cause a huge uproar," Xueqi sighed.

The news reached the Fortune Palace.

Luo Shengtian, who was already depressed, smashed a wine jar onto the ground. Monstrous evil Qi surged out of his body and condensed into battle armor, he roared, "Zhang Ruochen, how dare you go to a life-and-death battle with Yan Wushen on the day of the engagement. What do you mean? Are you leaving my sister here? Is the Princess of Devala so unimportant?"

"Where is the Saint Army of Devala? Come with me to capture Zhang Ruochen."

A Saint Army made up of Saint Kings and Supreme Saints gathered around Luo Shengtian. Each of them had a very strong aura, and their fighting spirit was shocking. They were the most powerful guards of Devala, and they usually guarded the royal palace.

Luo Sha, dressed in crimson clothes, chased after them. She looked worried and said, "I'll go with you."

Luo Shengtian shook his head and said, "Don't worry, sister. Leave this to me. Today is your wedding day. Don't go anywhere. Just wait for me to capture Zhang Ruochen and bring him to you."

Luo Sha's eyes were filled with anxiety. "No, you can't stop Zhang Ruochen. I have to go."

*Whoosh*

Amane's divine shadow appeared and blocked Luo Sha. She said, "Sha'er, where's your usual intelligence and calmness? You'd better not go anywhere on the wedding day."

Luo Sha said, "Mother, the battle between Zhang Ruochen and Yan Wushen will determine life and death. How can I not go?"

Amane said, "The battle between Zhang Ruochen and Yan Wushen will break out sooner or later. Zhang Ruochen chose today's decisive battle because of you."

"Because of Luo Sha?" Luo Shengtian was puzzled.

Amane said, "Zhang Ruochen obviously doesn't have absolute confidence in this battle. If he marries your sister and then dies at the hands of Yan Wushen, won't it destroy your sister's life?"

"Can't we stop them?" Luo Shengtian asked.

Amane said, "The battle has already erupted. No one can stop it anymore. Even if we stop it, they will still fight. Xue Jue and Huang Tian lacked their determination to fight to the death back then. That's why they left behind regrets that they couldn't make up for their entire lives."

Xue Jue wanted to revive the Xue Jue family. He was destined not to throw his life away.

Huang Tian also had its own restrictions, so he could not completely ignore life and death.

Amane said, "No matter whether it was Wargod Bloodximus or Wu Qingzong, they should be supportive. Only when you reach their level will you understand the meaning of this battle."

Not far away, in another courtyard of the Fortune Palace.

Pan Ruo was stunned when she heard the news of the battle between Zhang Ruochen and Yan Wushen. Her emotions were mixed, and she could not calm down for a long time. She stood under the wall and stared at the indistinct waves of Qi in the sky. Her beautiful eyes became sparkling.

Lady Wind was riding in a golden sacred carriage drawn by three saint beasts. The carriage was pursued by two teams of death-defying saint guards. They rushed to the Fortune Palace for tonight's engagement party.

*Whoosh*

A Communication talisman flew over and rushed into the golden sacred carriage.

Lady Wind grabbed the talisman and looked at it. She was shocked. "This... This is very interesting! Hehe."

A shadow appeared in the corner of the sacred carriage. His voice was hoarse. "Lady Scioness, what happened? Why such a delightful face?"

Lady Wind laughed. "The battle between Zhang Ruochen and Yan Wushen has been brought forward. Someone must die tonight. No matter who dies, it's something to celebrate."

The shadow said, "This is indeed wonderful news! If Yan Wushen died, Pan Ruo would lose the support of the Yanluo clan. If you wanted to get rid of her, there would be fewer obstacles. If Zhang Ruochen died, your position among the Immortal Vampires would definitely rise."

“How can we miss such a wonderful battle?” said Lady Wind as her red lips curled up. Her smile was like a flower.

*ROAR!*

Suddenly, the golden sacred carriage shook violently.

The three sacred beasts pulling the carriage let out terrifying roars.

Lady Wind revealed an unhappy expression and scolded, “You three, what are you so agitated about?”

The outside became silent.

Lady Wind cultivated the Path of Destiny and was very sensitive to danger. She sensed that something was wrong and her pretty face changed. She said in a low voice, “Uncle.”

The dark shadow in the corner was like a black piece of paper. It suddenly propped itself up and turned into a tall and straight white-bearded elder. His eyes were bright, and he did not look old at all.

Kagesawa En was a Paramount Realm Supreme Saint of the Yellowsky Clan.

Although Lady Wind had not been officially crowned, she was already a Scioness. Naturally, she needed the protection of a top-notch elite below divinity.

*Boom*

The murderous aura that surged out of Kagesawa En’s body was like a sword blade. It shattered the golden sacred carriage into pieces.

Outside the carriage was a strange world. There were long and thin rivers flowing into the horizon. The three sacred beasts pulling the carriage had already rotted and their flesh and blood had turned into thick water.

“Divine Plane.”

Kagesawa En’s expression changed and he shouted, “Lady Scioness, run!”

Kagesawa En immediately activated a forbidden technique. The Supreme Saint’s blood in his body burned and his body exploded with a gaze that was even brighter than a star. He activated a Regal Artifact saber and slashed at a corner of the divinity world.

The power of this attack was no less than that of a demigod.

Unfortunately, it did not break through the Divine Plane. Instead, it was struck by a large golden hand. The Neverwithir physique exploded and turned into a cloud of blood mist.

In front of a god, even a Paramount Realm Supreme Saint was like an ant. He had no power to resist.

Lady Wind’s face was as pale as a sheet of paper. She knew that she could not escape. She stared at the large golden hand and raised her voice, “Who dares to kill me? If a god makes a move and breaks the unspoken rules of the Infernal Court, you will definitely bring yourself a disaster.”

“The Avīci Pavilion has never placed the rules of the Infernal Court world in their eyes.” A deep voice sounded.

The golden hand descended. It was as if the entire world was pressing down on Lady Wind’s head. The unparalleled power crushed the Saint Soul of the Supreme Saint into pieces.

At this moment, the word “life” in Lady Wind’s palm suddenly exploded with a brilliant divine light. Twelve streaks of divine light shot out and formed twelve majestic divine shadows.

The attack from the golden hand was blocked by the divine shadows of the Twelve Reverends.

At this moment, the true bodies of the Twelve Reverends sensed it.

Fukurokuju, who was in charge of the Fane of Destiny, let out a divine roar from an unknown distance of tens of thousands of miles. The divine roar transcended space-time and charged towards the Divine Plane that trapped Lady Wind.

The entire Divine Domain of Destiny was filled with earth-shattering thunder, causing countless cultivators below the Supreme Saint Realm to kneel and tremble.

Empress of Thousand Bones stood in the pitch-black void space, a long river formed from Marks of Time flowing under her feet. She pushed her palm out into the air, forming a space-time wall that collided with the divine roar.

*BOOM!*

The space-time wall kept shattering, and the divine roar gradually faded away. In the end, it was completely dissolved.

Empress of Thousand Bones looked in the direction of the Divine Plane and said, “Fukurokuju’s true body has moved. In a breath’s time, you must kill Fuurei and seize the Destiny Token.”

In the Divine Plane that trapped Lady Wind, a vaguely human figure appeared. He hovered in the air and looked down. “It’s just divine shadows of the Twelve Reverends. It can’t save your life.”

Lady Wind glanced at the figure and found that it was a middle-aged man with a remarkable figure. He looked somewhat like Zhang Ruochen. However, the temperament of the middle-aged man was like the abyss of the sea. One couldn’t see the bottom, and he was like a high mountain. One could only look up to him.

This was the last time Lady Wind saw him.

In the next moment, the divine shadow of the Twelve Reverends was put into a divine bottle by the middle-aged man.

Lady Wind’s body shattered into tiny fragments. All of her bones, Saint Soul, and Sainthood Source were destroyed. She had no chance of resurrecting herself.

Even though she was beautiful and talented, under the god’s palm, she disappeared in an instant, as if she had never been to this world.

**Chapter 2419: The Peerless Sword**



The three world trees in the Forest of No Return were located at the core of the starry skies of the Infernal Court. Yama Boundless Realm, Divine Domain of Destiny, and Fengdu Ghost City were all located on top of the world trees.

Although there were gods in the Divine Domain of Destiny, it had been many years since a divine war broke out.

The divine roar of Fukurokuju contained boundless anger. It tore apart the many years of peace in the Divine Domain of Destiny, causing countless cultivators of the Infernal Court to tremble in fear. Even a Supreme Saint could not help but tremble in fear.

In the sky, divine clouds piled up and lightning flashed.

Countless powerful figures with high cultivation looked in the direction of Mount Destiny in shock.

“What happened to make the Lord Reverend so angry?”

“Did a god from the Celestial Court break into the Divine Domain of Destiny?”

“A god from the Celestial Court dares to break into the Divine Domain of Destiny? Even if the number one Wargod Bian Zhuang in the Heaven Palace comes, he will die.”

Compared to the divine voice of Lord Reverend, the decisive battle between Zhang Ruochen and Yan Wushen was as insignificant as two children fighting.

Although there were twelve Reverends in the Fane of Destiny, only one or two of them were usually in charge. Others had to oversee the Battlefield of Merits, some had to seclude themselves for cultivation, some traveled around the starry sea, and some explored the secret realm of the universe.

During the Celestial-Hunting Festival, only Fukurokuju was guarding Mount Destiny.

When Fukurokuju’s true body moved, it immediately triggered the precepts of heaven and earth that spanned millions of miles, causing the gods that were still in the Divine Domain of Destiny to sense it. They were extremely shocked.

“The Reverend’s furious roar was actually unable to kill the enemy. He needed to use his true body?”

“Could it be that the Celestial Palace’s wargod level powerhouse has really barged into the Divine Domain?”

“No matter who comes, since the Reverend’s true body has been activated, they will definitely die without a burial ground. Even if Bian Zhuang comes, it will be useless. The precepts of heaven and earth in the Divine Domain of Destiny are not something that he can easily control.”

The gods originally planned to follow in Fukurokuju’s footsteps and kill the invading enemy together.

At this moment, a river hundreds of millions of miles long appeared in the sky of the Divine Domain of Destiny. It fell down like the rivers in the nine heavens. The night sky was illuminated as if it was daytime by the light emitted by the river.

“It’s a river formed by the Mark of Time,” a god said in a trembling voice.

“How many Marks of Time must be mobilized to form such a river? Once it falls into the Divine Domain of Destiny, how many cultivators of the Infernal Court world will die because of it?”

“Time has become chaotic. The precepts of heaven and earth are being reshaped by time.”

In the Divine Domain of Destiny, groups of cultivators from the Infernal Court rapidly lost their lifespans. They turned from youth to middle-aged and eventually became white-haired.

Hundreds of millions of cultivators were about to die of old age and turn into dry bones.

Fukurokuju sighed and stopped chasing. He raised his right hand above his head and established communication with the Fane of Destiny. He shouted softly, “Reverse.”

*Whoosh*

The Fane of Destiny emitted a sparkling white light that illuminated the entire Divine Domain.

Standing in the starry sky, the leaf on the top of the world tree was covered in white light and emitted a light that was even more dazzling than the stars.

The hair of Infernal Court realm cultivators who had lost a lot of their lifespan turned from white to black. The wrinkles on their faces disappeared and they returned to their youthful appearance.

The chaotic time was calmed down by the Fane of Destiny.

In the void, Empress of Thousand Bones held a divine sword in her hand. She looked in the direction of the Divine Domain of Destiny and let out a soft sigh.

The long River of Time just now had been slashed out by her sword with all her strength.

She didn't expect that it didn't cause any substantial damage to the Divine Domain of Destiny. Not a single cultivator died. Without a doubt, her current cultivation was far from enough to shake the Divine Domain of Destiny.

Of course, her goal had been achieved, and she had successfully held back Fukurokuju for a breath of time.

Not daring to stay any longer, Empress of Thousand Bones took a step back and crossed the endless void, disappearing without a trace.

Fukurokuju and Luo Yan rushed into the void almost at the same time, arriving at the spot where Empress of Thousand Bones had been standing.

Luo Yan's body was so big that it was like a cloud covering the sky. The Power of Oblivion couldn't even corrode him. He said, “There's a remnant of the Canon of Time. It's that little girl from the Avīci Pavilion. I didn't expect that in just 100,000 years, she had grown to the point where she could escape from us.”

Fukurokuju said, “She has a large amount of Canon of Time and is hidden in the void. Naturally, she comes and goes without a trace.”

If Empress of Thousand Bones dared to appear in the Divine Domain of Destiny, even if she had mastered a large amount of Canon of Time, it would be difficult for her to escape. The Divine Domain of

Destiny contained more than half of the Canon of Destiny in the world. It was not something the Empress of Thousand Bones could resist.

If she was exposed, she would die without a doubt.

Luo Yan said, "The one who killed Fuurei must be a god of the Avīci Pavilion. We must find him and kill him."

The god who killed Fuurei had already left and was hiding silently.

Luo Yan and Fukurokuju both believed that he was hiding in the Divine Domain of Destiny and was one of the gods from the ten clans. Therefore, the two of them split up.

Fukurokuju rushed back to the divine hall and gathered all the gods who were still in the Divine Domain of Destiny. He wanted to gather them together and investigate them one by one.

Meanwhile, Luo Yan rushed to the place where Fuurei had fallen, looking for clues and traces left behind. When he arrived, he found a woman dressed in palace clothes. She had already come here to investigate.

Luo Yan recognized her and asked in surprise, "The fourteen gal of the Xue Jue Family?"

Blood Empress stood on the empty street. Her eyes were as clear as water, and she was deep in thought. She only woke up when Luo Yan approached her. She did not show the respect and humility of a junior. She said calmly, "It's you."

Luo Yan gritted his teeth. He was furious.

An emperor of a generation had higher seniority than Wargod Bloodximius, but now, he is on the same level as the daughter of Wargod Bloodximius. He was very upset.

Luo Yan was someone who could hold back his anger. He said calmly, "Do you have any clues? Who killed the new Scioness?"

Blood Empress shook her head and said, "The person who did it was very cunning. He escaped at the first moment. Also, I suspect... that he is a god in the Fane of Destiny."

"What?"

Luo Yan was shocked. His face was solemn as he said, "Why do you say that? Do you have any proof?"

Blood Empress said, "I don't have any. However, this person was able to escape quickly and disappear. He's very compatible with the precepts of heaven and earth in the Divine Domain of Destiny. Other than the gods of the Fane of Destiny, there shouldn't be many in the Infernal Court realm who can do this, right?"

Luo Yan nodded and said, "This is going to be a big problem! Let's keep it to ourselves for now."

Blood Empress naturally understood how bad the consequences would be if news of this got out. It would be a serious blow to the Fane of Destiny's reputation. No one dared to publicize it without absolute evidence.

...

The battle between Zhang Ruochen and Yan Wushen was not affected by the chaos because the gods were nearby.

The battle between the two had been going on for almost two hours. There were tens of thousands of attacks, with all kinds of saint techniques, and all kinds of weapons.

Although Zhang Ruochen had many Supreme Artifacts, he did not have an absolute advantage. With his cultivation of the Hundred-Shackle Realm, he could only activate two or three Supreme Artifacts at a time.

Moreover, if he activated two or three Supreme Artifacts at the same time, the power of the Supreme Artifact would be weakened. Fortunately, Zhang Ruochen's spiritual power was strong. If it were any other Supreme Saint of the Hundred-Shackle Realm, they wouldn't be as powerful as activating one Supreme Artifact.

Yan Wushen used *The Book of Death* to protect himself. He held the Scepter of Heaven's Pass in his right hand and a Supreme Artifact glove in his left. He was like a god killer from Infernal Court. Wherever he passed, mountains and rivers would collapse, the earth would crack, and space would tremble, even the formation and enchantment formed by nearly a thousand enforcers could not withstand it. They were shattered by the power of the Supreme Artifact.

All enforcers below the Supreme Saint Realm were injured.

In the end, it was Yan Chu and the Supreme Saint Qingsheng who used the techniques of the Paramount Realm Supreme Saint technique to control the battle between Zhang Ruochen and Yan Wushen within a certain range.

"Both of them are full of treasures. Any weapon they take out is a Supreme Artifact. Even the gods will be envious."

"Is this the luck of a Yuanhui-level genius? Under the call of destiny, the Supreme Artifact will naturally gather around them and become their weapon."

"If I have the Supreme Artifact to protect myself and the Supreme Artifact to attack, I can also fight across realms. I can challenge the Thousand-Koan Realm with my Hundred-Shackle Realm."

...

Yan Wushen had made great progress in the third Dark Star. He had broken 70 shackles and had close to 10 billion precepts in him.

"Zhang Ruochen, I have cultivated in the third Dark Star for 150 years. I didn't expect that I could only draw with you after I came out," Yan Wushen said in a long voice.

150 years of cultivation in the Dark Star was only two hours in the outside world.

"150 years? How is that possible?" Zhang Ruochen was shocked and showed a look of disbelief.

It was known that the time in the third Dark Star was very strange. The proportion of time was shocking, but it was not a precious place to cultivate, but a place of death.

That was because staying inside for a year would lose 1,000 years of lifespan.

Cultivated for 150 years, Yan Wushen would lose 150,000 years of lifespan. Even though he was a god, he had already died inside. After all, the lifespan of a god was only 129,600 years of the Yuanhui period.

More than half of Yan Wushen's lifespan had already been cut off by Zhang Ruochen. How could he cultivate for 150 years inside the third Dark Star, and his lifespan would not decrease but increase instead?

Yan Wushen said this deliberately to disturb Zhang Ruochen's state of mind and make him think.

Suddenly, Yan Wushen, who had been at a disadvantage, seized the opportunity to strike back fiercely.

### *Rumble*

The Scepter of Heaven's Pass turned into a 300-meter-long cloud and shattered Zhang Ruochen's Profound Spatial Dimension. It collided with the Pleiades Lotus above his head.

The powerful shock wave of Supreme Power passed through the Ghost Qi formed by the Pleiades Lotus and landed on Zhang Ruochen.

However, the multi-dimensional space formed by the *Secret Tome of Time and Space* dissolved all the remaining waves of the Supreme Power and could not hurt Zhang Ruochen at all.

Zhang Ruochen cleared his mind and stopped thinking about what had happened to Yan Wushen in the third Dark Star. As long as he was killed, nothing would matter anymore.

"Yan Wushen, there is no point in fighting like this. Even if we fight for ten days and ten nights, we can not kill the other party. As long as we can't kill each other, we'll never truly win. Since we've decided to fight to determine victory and death, why don't we enter the void and fight?" Zhang Ruochen said.

Yan Wushen said, "Yes, it's too difficult for us to kill each other. We'll probably have to fight for a month or even a few months to exhaust each other's strength before we can stop. Entering the void to fight is a good suggestion. I want to take this opportunity to feel the void more thoroughly."

Zhang Ruochen and Yan Wushen were not absolutely invincible in this era. After all, there was still Que, the Master of Oblivion.

They wanted to learn more about the Path of Oblivion because they both saw Que as a threat.

The cultivators watching the battle nearby were all shocked by the conversation between Zhang Ruochen and Yan Wushen.

### Fight in the void?

The Power of Oblivion would erode everything that entered it. Whether it was the Celestial Court or Infernal Court, living beings or dead souls, they could not avoid it. Once they fell into the void, it was equivalent to being dead.

“Do they think they are gods? They are only in the Hundred-Shackle Realm, and they dare to fight in the void.”

“They are insane. Even gods don’t dare to stay in the void for long.”

“Even if a Hundred-Shackle Realm Supreme Saint does nothing and tries his best to defend in the void, he won’t last more than two hours. He’ll become a part of the void. If Zhang Ruochen and Yan Wushen dare to fight in the void, the survivor will be decided in less than an hour. Both of them might even die.”

The Supreme Saint entering the void to fight was like two mortals fighting underwater. The victor and the dead would soon be decided.

If their cultivations were the same, there was a high chance that they would die together.

Yan Chu and the Supreme Saint Qingsheng were both scared. These two little guys were really audacious. Even with their cultivation of the Paramount Realm, they were still in awe of the void. The two Hundred-Shackle Realm cultivators treated the void as a battlefield.

Luo Shengtian gulped. When his father took the Quasi-Emperor Grade Saintwill Pill from him, he finally understood what his father had said, “You’re not bold enough to condense a Grade Two Saintwill. It’s a waste to take the Quasi-Emperor Grade Saintwill Pill. Leave it to your sister.”

Compared to Zhang Ruochen and Yan Wushen’s bold personalities, he did seem to be a little lacking.

Of course, it wasn’t that Luo Shengtian was timid. It was just that he was too cautious and conservative, which was why he wasn’t bold enough. How could a timid person reach his level?

Luo Shengtian wouldn’t be careless when he encountered real trouble.

Xue Tu stood in the crowd and was extremely happy. He shouted loudly, “Enter the void and determine the winner and loser. Senior brother, I support you. Fight and die with no regrets.”

A Supreme Saint beside him looked at him with a puzzled expression and said, “Aren’t you afraid that the one who will die will be your senior brother, Zhang Ruochen? Or will Zhang Ruochen and Yan Wushen perish together?”

“Is that so? The probability is high, right? That’s great!”

Xue Tu was even happier. He shouted again, “We must enter the void and fight. We must determine the victor. Let us witness the battle between two exceptional geniuses of the Yuanhui level. The living is the king, and the dead is the bandit. Senior brother, Fight.”

### **Chapter 2420: Strike Down Yan Wushen With a Slash Translation**

Wujiang hadn’t fully recovered from his injuries on the Battlefield of Celestial-Hunting. When he heard the news of the life-and-death battle between Zhang Ruochen and Yan Wushen, he decisively stopped recuperating and rushed over to watch the battle.

It was the same for Yan Huangtu.

Beside them stood a large group of cultivators from the Fane of Darkness and the Yanluo clan.

Wujiang said with certainty, "The Divine Domain of Destiny is at the top of the world tree. The spatial structure is stable. With Zhang Ruochen and Yan Wushen's cultivation, they can't break the world's membrane and enter the void."

"Only gods can break a corner of the divine domain. Demigods and Supreme Saints may be able to break the space, but the cracks are definitely not big enough for a cultivator to enter the void," Yan Huangtu concluded.

Even a crack in the space was fatal to a cultivator.

Entering the void was as dangerous as a mortal jumping into a sea of fire. It was courting death.

"That's right. How can the space of the Divine Domain of Destiny be easily broken by the two of them?"

Yan Chu and Supreme Saint Qingsheng finally reacted and heaved a sigh of relief. They began to think about whether they could separate the two of them from each other.

If they did not have a life-and-death grudge, why did they have to have a life-and-death battle?

Wouldn't it be great if they were like Wargod Bloodximius and Huang Tian, the two pride of their generation? Why did they have to decide who would win and who would die?

*Rumble*

Zhang Ruochen and Yan Wushen each mobilized the tens of millions of Precepts of Dimension in their bodies and performed the dimensional saint technique. In an instant, the space shook violently like boiling water.

The cultivators who were close to them couldn't stand steadily. Their bodies were pulled and deformed by the space fluctuations.

A three-meter-wide space hole appeared in the center of the most intense space fluctuations. Zhang Ruochen and Yan Wushen were like two fish who had gotten lost in it.

"This is..."

Yan Huangtu and Wujiang were stunned. They realized that Zhang Ruochen and Yan Wushen were not ordinary Supreme Saints. They were Masters of Space.

With the power of a Master of Space, it was easier to tear open space than a Paramount Realm Supreme Saint.

Yan Chu and Supreme Saint Qingsheng were shocked. They immediately flew toward the area where the space was broken. However, when they arrived, the space hole had already calmed down.

The two attacked with their power, wanting to tear the space apart again. However, no matter how hard they tried, they could only tear a half-meter-long space crack.

"What should we do? There are dangers in the void that even gods fear. They really don't have a fear of taboos. How dare they enter the void for a decisive battle?" Supreme Saint Qingsheng stomped his feet anxiously.

If Zhang Ruochen died in the void, it would be a great loss to the Xue Jue family. Supreme Saint Qingsheng was even more afraid that Blood Empress would be unreasonable and find trouble with him.

Yan Chu was relatively calm, but he still recorded a Communication talisman and prepared to inform the god of the Yanluo clan.

*SWOOSH!*

The shadow of Wargod Bloodximus and a god of the Yanluo clan appeared on the chaotic battlefield.

Supreme Saint Qingsheng breathed a sigh of relief. He bowed and said, "The battle between Zhang Ruochen and Yan Wushen is out of my control. Please stop them."

Wargod Bloodximus waved his hand and said, "They want to fight in the void. Then so be it."

Supreme Saint Qingsheng was shocked. He hadn't expected Wargod Bloodximus to have such a response. He knew better than anyone else how much Wargod Bloodximus valued Zhang Ruochen. He favored Zhang Ruochen more than his son.

Did Lord Wargod not care about Zhang Ruochen's life? Supreme Saint Qingsheng thought.

Seeing Supreme Saint Qingsheng's confused eyes, Wargod Bloodximus shook his head. He was slightly disappointed, "Zhang Ruochen and Yan Wushen are both walking on the path to condense a Grade One Saintwill," he said. "They've reached the final stage. They're just one step away from making history. No one will be able to do it again."

"But that step is too difficult."

"If there was only one Zhang Ruochen or Yan Wushen in this era, they wouldn't have been able to cross that step."

"But they were born in this era at the same time. They've cultivated the Path that's closest to Grade One Saintwill. That makes it possible."

"They need to find the true meaning of the Grade One Saintwill in the life-and-death battle. They also need a state of mind and a spirit of supremacy. If this battle doesn't break out now, it will in a few years. No one can stop it."

Supreme Saint Qingsheng said, "But what if..."

"How can there be so many "what if" in the path of becoming a true powerhouse? If there is a chance to reach an unprecedented height, then even death is worth it."

"If Zhang Ruochen can kill Yan Wushen in one battle and cultivate the Grade One Saintwill, then even if I go to find the unmarried Scionesses of Destiny who have cultivated divinity to marry, they should seriously consider it," Wargod Bloodximus said in high spirits.

Why did they talk about marriage again?

Supreme Saint Qingsheng was a little speechless. He felt that Wargod Bloodximus was too ambitious. He actually wanted Zhang Ruochen to marry the Scionesses of Destiny who had cultivated divinity. They



were such proud women. They were already peerless masters. How could they be willing to marry a junior Supreme Saint?

Even if Wargod Bloodximius wanted to marry them, they probably wouldn't be willing.

Wu Qingzong was the god of the Yanluo clan. He was a prominent member of the Yan Family of Abyss and the fifth son of the previous Yanluo clan leader. He had survived five Yuanhui Tribulations.

Wu Qingzong had no intention of stopping Yan Wushen and Zhang Ruochen. He shared the same thought as Wargod Bloodximius.

...

...

Zhang Ruochen and Yan Wushen felt their bodies lighten as they entered the void. They appeared to have fallen off a cliff. Then, from all directions, invisible pressure surged, eroding the Yanluo Qi and the blood-red aura they had released.

Even their Profound Spatial Dimension was eroding and becoming smaller and smaller.

The Path of Origin that Yan Wushen cultivated had a strong restraining effect on the Power of Oblivion. He quickly adapted and activated the Supreme Artifact gauntlet. He used a high-level Thousand-Koan saint technique and shattered Zhang Ruochen's Profound Spatial Dimension layer by layer.

The Power of Oblivion eroded through the cracks of the broken Profound Spatial Dimension toward Zhang Ruochen.

"Dragon-Elephant Destruction."

The roar of a tiger and the roar of a dragon rang out in Zhang Ruochen's body. Ten dragon souls and ten tiger souls surged out of his arms with the power of his palm, bursting with monstrous battle might.

With the help of the ten tiger souls that he had obtained from the Intergold Tiger, Zhang Ruochen cultivated the Dragon-Elephant Prajna Palm Strike to the grand completion of the Thousand-Koan Realm's advanced stage saint technique.

Of course, it could not be called the Dragon-Elephant Prajna Palm Strike now. It should be called the Dragon-Tiger Prajna Strike.

*Boom*

The fists and palms met.

A huge cloud of power appeared in the void. Both of them were thrown back.

Zhang Ruochen activated the Profound Spatial Dimension again. He used the *Secret Tome of Time and Space* to shield his body and deployed the Zangshan Demonic Mirror. The demonic mirror revealed an endless mountain range. It enveloped Yan Wushen and suppressed him under the mountains.

Seizing this opportunity, Zhang Ruochen released the Realm-frame of Truth.

"Break it."

Yan Wushen's long hair danced in the wind. He waved the Scepter of Heaven's Pass and broke the demonic mountains one by one. Then he rushed out.

Above Zhang Ruochen's head, a shadow of the Blood Grind had already condensed. A large number of flames danced in the Blood Grind. The deafening sound of the Blood Grind shook Zhang Ruochen's eardrums so much that they hurt.

Yan Wushen felt a strong sense of danger and his face changed.

"Not good. Zhang Ruochen has integrated the Path of Truth into the Blood Grind Ember, a Thousand-Koan high-level saint technique. It will explode with ten times the attack power."

As soon as Yan Wushen had this thought, the Blood Grind had already flown over and crushed his Profound Spatial Dimension. It broke through the Light of Origin and collided with the *Book of Death*, which was guarding him.

*Crash*

The *Book of Death* flipped quickly, forming page after page of shadows of a book.

Zhang Ruochen had finally seized the opportunity and unleashed the ten-fold terrifying attack power. The *Book of Death* couldn't defend against it either. All the books' shadows were shattered and turned into specks of light.

Yan Wushen was fearless. He let out a long cry and punched at the burning Blood Grind with his Supreme Artifact gauntlet.

**BOOM!**

The Blood Grind sent him flying.

Yan Wushen spat out blood. He was finally injured. His arm, which was wearing the Supreme Artifact gauntlet, was covered in blood. His bones could be seen.

"It's a pity that the Power of Oblivion has eroded the embers of the Blood Grind. The power has been reduced. Otherwise, even if this attack can't kill Yan Wushen, it should be able to severely injure him and lock in the victory."

Zhang Ruochen sighed. He took advantage of the victory and continued to attack. He took turns attacking with the Zangshan Demonic Mirror and the Pleiades Lotus, knocking Yan Wushen back.

The blood Qi in Yan Wushen's body surged. Every strike of the Supreme Artifact was like a hammer striking the heart. His body seemed to be torn apart.

Several divine shadows charged into the void and watched the battle from afar.

Zhang Ruochen's battle became fiercer and fiercer. He was like a god of war with endless power. He didn't care about the Power of Oblivion eroding his body. He just wanted to kill Yan Wushen as quickly as possible.

Yan Wushen was always in danger, but he could always turn the situation around and block Zhang Ruochen's sure-kill attack.

“The Bridge of Vaitarna.”

Yan Wushen took a moment to clench his teeth. He quickly formed a seal with his hands, and a strange mark appeared between his eyebrows.

*Boom*

A stone bridge rushed out from between his eyebrows.

Only half of the bridge flew out. It was ancient and grand. The arcane runes on the bridge were revived, dissipating all of Zhang Ruochen’s attack power.

Zhang Ruochen’s Saint Soul was affected by the power of The Bridge of Vaitarna. It showed signs of the Saint Soul leaving his body.

“It has the power to capture Saint Souls. This stone bridge is no small matter.”

Zhang Ruochen pulled back the Saint Soul that had flown out of his body. Then he quickly retreated and hid the Saint Soul in the Sainthood Source.

Yan Wushen had finally turned the situation around. How could he let go of this perfect opportunity?

On The Bridge of Vaitarna, the arcane runes shone brightly. They broke through the boundary of the void and appeared in front of Zhang Ruochen. They broke through all his defenses.

*Boom*

The Pleiades Lotus, the *Secret Tome of Time and Space*, and the Zangshan Demonic Mirror flew out and fell into the darkness.

Zhang Ruochen’s fighting spirit was boiling. The Armor of the Fire God on his body burned. He threw his arms out at the same time. Drawing the power of ten dragons and ten tigers, he clashed with the stone bridge.

The shadow of the dragon and tiger instantly shattered.

The divine fire scattered and turned into a brilliant fire cloud.

Zhang Ruochen’s arms were bleeding. His body was sent flying by The Bridge of Vaitarna.

Yan Wushen let out a long cry and chased after him. He wanted to kill Zhang Ruochen under the stone bridge with one strike. He spat out blood and pounced on the stone bridge, causing the light on the stone bridge to bloom even more.

At the same time, more bridges rushed out from between his eyebrows.

Yan Wushen and The Bridge of Vaitarna were connected as one. The power that erupted grew to its peak.

Even though Zhang Ruochen had hidden his Saint Soul in the Sainthood Source, they were pulled out by the ancient power of the stone bridge. His Saint Soul flew out of his body uncontrollably. At the same time, the stone bridge was like a stone sword. It swung down from above and hacked at Zhang Ruochen’s body.

Even Wargod Bloodximus could not calm down at this moment. His eyes suddenly shone with light. If Zhang Ruochen was hit by this attack, his body and Saint Soul might not be able to survive.

*BOOM!*

The Bridge of Vaitarna struck Zhang Ruochen's head. To everyone's surprise, he was not defeated. Instead, he blocked the attack. His body only sank a few hundred feet.

Above Zhang Ruochen's head, a circular stone plate floated.

It was the Sundial.

The moment the Sundial collided with The Bridge of Vaitarna, it released a cyan light and flew out densely-packed light spots of the Marks of Time.

There was no time and space in the void. However, under the influence of the Sundial, the Sea of Time appeared in this area and attacked Yan Wushen.

Time was chaotic.

The time flow in the area where Yan Wushen was was unpredictable.

Yan Wushen was also an extraordinary person. He was very clear that the reason why the light spots of the Marks of Time could stay for so long was that his Spatial Domain had blocked the Power of Oblivion.

If he wanted to dissolve the influence of time, he only needed to withdraw his Spatial Domain.

"Withdraw!"

After Yan Wushen withdrew his Spatial Domain, his body was completely exposed to the Power of Oblivion, and his skin instantly became illusory. Blood flowed out of his body, turning into blood-colored light spots and disappearing.

"It's time to end this!"

Holding the Sundial in his hand, Zhang Ruochen stepped on the River of Time. He brandished the Ancient Abyssal Sword and cut Yan Wushen's body in half.

As a Master of Time and Space, Zhang Ruochen's speed was so fast that Yan wushen could not compare to him. Even if he saw him attack, he would not have the chance to defend.

After Yan Wushen's two halves flew out, they were quickly swallowed by the Power of Oblivion.

Even The Bridge of Vaitarna and the Supreme Artifact gauntlet could not resist the erosion of oblivion. Yan Wushen's body was like sand, turning into fine particles and flowing into the darkness.

"It's over just like that?"

Zhang Ruochen stood in the world's endless darkness. Nothing existed around him. His heart was devoid of joy. Instead, there was nothing but loneliness and boredom.

Ever since he started practicing, Zhang Ruochen had met countless prominent figures. However, no one had given him as much pressure as Yan Wushen. This pressure turned into motivation.

Zhang Ruochen might not have chosen the path of condensing a Grade One Saintwill if Yan Wushen hadn't pursued him relentlessly.

"I didn't expect Yan Wushen to lose so quickly. In the end, the Master of Time and Space is stronger."

"Time and space are the most perfect combination of the nine Great Paths of the Ancients. Zhang Ruochen might become the next Xumi in the future."

The figures watching the battle whispered to each other.

Wargod Bloodximus didn't show joy because of Zhang Ruochen's victory. Instead, his face became serious. He looked at the figures of Wu Qingzong as if he wanted to confirm his guess.

Wu Qingzong was very calm. They looked calm and composed.

This made Wargod Bloodximus's heart sink slightly.