

## The Gods 1541

### Chapter 1541 - Ming Xiao

Amidst Fang Zhou's cry of alarm, a young lady descended from the sky and landed in front of the Heavenly Martial Nation's formation. She was adorned in a purple robe and her phoenix eyes radiated power. However, that was no ordinary might. Anyone who made eye contact with her would feel a formless chill spread through their entire body, penetrating straight through to their bone marrow.

No one in the Eastern Frost Nation had seen this lady before. But the complexion of everyone's faces changed when Fang Zhou shouted the words "Fairy Zixuan". This was especially true for the Eastern Frost Monarch and his entire body shook violently as if he had heard the name of a ghost or a god.

Fairy Zixuan, the vice palace chief of the Great Yin Immortal Palace, second only to the Blue Profound Spiritual Master, the second greatest figure in the Great Yin Immortal Palace!

Even the monarch of a nation may not have the qualifications to meet with someone like her, but right now, she had actually appeared in the Eastern Frost Nation's Royal City. And... from the looks of it, she had actually come on behalf of the Heavenly Martial Nation!?

Fairy Zixuan did not come alone, a "familiar person" followed after her.

The Great Protector of the Great Yin Immortal Palace, who was also the Divine King who had helped the Heavenly Martial Nation to invade the royal city previously!

In the face of Fairy Zixuan's sudden appearance, the expression of Fang Zhou, who had just been arrogantly showing off, immediately started fluctuating and he found himself unable to speak for a moment. Meanwhile, the Eastern Frost Nation's monarch hurriedly stepped forward and bowed. "The monarch of the Eastern Frost Nation, Dongfang Zhuo, greets Fairy Zixuan. This humble king is greatly apologetic for not going out to welcome Fairy Zixuan. I hope that the fairy can forgive me."

The complexion of everyone from the Eastern Frost Nation turned pale and their hearts went cold as they looked at where the Fairy Zixuan and the Great Protector were standing... The rumor that they had never believed in before abruptly appeared in their minds.

Could it be that the Great Yin Immortal Palace had really become the guardian sect of the Heavenly Martial Nation? No, that was impossible... How could such a thing happen!? As one of the nine great sects of the East Ruins Realm, why would they be willing to lower themselves to become the guardian sect of a country!

Yet, the grand vice palace chief of the Great Yin Immortal Palace had truly and surely appeared in this place...

Fairy Zixuan's gaze swept past the masses of the Eastern Frost Nation and stopped for a moment when she saw Yun Che. But, it was only for a moment, and after that she coldly said, "Dongfang Zhuo, I don't want to waste my time, neither do I want to hear you speak nonsense. Would you rather that Eastern Frost Nation becomes the Eastern Frost Province, or for the entire country to be exterminated. Make your choice!"

Upon hearing those words, the complexion of the masses changed once again. The Eastern Frost Nation's Monarch's face turned deathly white, but he summoned all of his willpower to maintain the bearing of a monarch and asked, "This humble king does not understand what Fairy Zixuan means..."

"Don't understand?" The Heavenly Martial Monarch laughed loudly and said, "Dongfang Zhuo, do you really not understand or are you just pretending not to? Fairy Zixuan's time is very precious and you are not worthy of delaying her. You still have a last chance but if you remain stubborn... No one will be able to save you if you incur the wrath of Fairy Zixuan!"

"You..." The Eastern Frost Monarch clenched both hands tightly and his entire body trembled.

"Fairy Zixuan." Fang Zhou bowed once again. He deliberated for a while before carefully asking, "The great sects and the Divine Kings are not allowed to participate in the battles of countries, this was the rule set by the great realm king... Isn't this a little inappropriate for the Great Yin Immortal Palace?"

Fairy Zixuan's expression did not change and instead, the Great Protector walked out from behind her and said indifferently, "The great realm king's divine might is as high as the heavens and the Great Yin Immortal Palace will always be gazing up at his might and power, so how could we ever go against his orders? However... since we have received the sincere invitation of the Heavenly Martial Monarch, our Great Yin Immortal Palace is not an independent great sect any longer. Rather, we are willing to join with the Heavenly Martial Nation and become their guardian sect."

"W...What!?"

When the Eastern Frost Nation heard that, they felt as if they had been struck by a bolt from the blue. Their last fantasies were mercilessly eradicated by this thunderbolt.

The Immortal Palace's Great Protector continued on, "As a sect of the Heavenly Martial Nation, so how is it inappropriate for us to assist our nation in battle!?"

"This...this...this..." Fangzhou stuttered the word "this" three times consecutively and was unable to form a complete sentence for a long while.

"Ah..." The expression on Dongfang Hanwei's beautiful face changed drastically. Her entire body trembled due to the enormous shock and it was as if her body would turn weak and collapse at anytime. "How could this be... how could this..."

"So it seems that those absurd rumors are true after all." Qin Jian closed his eyes and let out a sigh. "The heavens have decreed that the Eastern Frost Nation is doomed..."

They could not understand why a sect so strong would be willing to condescend and become the guardian sect of the Heavenly Martial Nation. But the arrival of Vice Palace Chief Fairy Zixuan was the best proof. Moreover, it was certain that none would doubt that even if it were the Great Yin Immortal Palace, no one would truly go against the rules set by the great realm king.

The Heavenly Martial Monarch continued to be at all smiles. Only the heavens knew the great price he had to pay to gain the "allegiance" of the Great Yin Immortal Palace. Moreover, the title of guardian sect would only last for a short three years. Thus, within these three years, he would naturally maximize this advantage. "Dongfang Zhuo, this king had my army retreat temporarily earlier on. Did you perhaps think that it was because I am afraid of Fang Zhou? Haha, this king only wants to minimize the casualties and

nothing more. Thus, I had my army retreat temporarily before respectfully awaiting the arrival of Fairy Zixuan. And so, do you have anything else you would like to say? Or perhaps... you could try to struggle. Otherwise, it would be too boring.”

No matter how hard the Eastern Frost Monarch tried to suppress it, his body still started to tremble and he gazed at Fang Zhou with pleading eyes, “Imperial Advisor...”

Fang Zhou’s complexion did not look any better than his. Standing before him was Fairy Zixuan who was a powerful level five Divine King! Not to mention that there was just one of him, even three of him would not be her match. And there was the great Great Yin Immortal Palace backing her up... Even without the Great Yin Immortal Palace, there were exactly three Divine Kings- Fairy Zixuan, Great Protector, and Bai Pengzhou who were on the Heavenly Martial Nation’s side!

With three Divine Kings, they would easily exterminate the royal city without needing a single soldier. It would truly be a pipe dream if he Fang Zhou wanted to obstruct them.

“Fang Zhou, Venerable Fang.” The Heavenly Martial Nation’s Monarch cast him a glance and his expression had clearly turned much milder. “A mere Eastern Frost Nation is not worthy of you pouring in your utmost effort. Join the Heavenly Martial Nation, this king will immediately worship you as the Protector Divine King. Whatever the Eastern Frost Nation is able to give you, so can the Heavenly Martial Nation. And it will only be more, not any less. What the Eastern Frost Nation is not able to give you, my Heavenly Martial Nation will still be able to!”

“Don’t delude others with your lies!” The Eastern Frost’s monarch gritted his teeth tightly, even though he was terrified, he had made a firm decision. “In my Eastern Frost Nation, there are only heroes willing to die on the battlefield, there are no surrendering cowards! If you want my Eastern Frost Nation... you’ll have to step over this king’s dead body first!!”

“Hahahaha!” The Heavenly Martial’s Monarch laughed loudly and clapped. “How imposing, you did not disappoint this king indeed. Venerable Fang, your current master is so stupid and stubborn. Even when faced with such a hopeless situation, he would go so far as to disregard the lives of the royal clan as well as the many million citizens for his so called moral integrity. Do you really intend to continue to serve such a stupid master?”

“...” Fang Zhou did not reply as his expression became even more intense.

Indeed, the Great Yin Immortal Palace had become the guardian sect of the Heavenly Martial Nation and what laid before the Eastern Frost Nation was an absolutely hopeless situation. To forcefully fight against them would be purely seeking one’s death.

However, he was after all, the famous Eastern Frost Nation’s Imperial Advisor. If he had simply joined the Heavenly Martial Nation, he would have undoubtedly committed treason and been branded a traitor. He would be spat on and cursed by countless people.

Seeing that Fang Zhou did not forcefully reject them immediately and instead hesitated as he kept silent, a deep disappointment and desolation flashed in the depths of the Eastern Frost Monarch’s eyes. His voice turned hard as he said, “Imperial Advisor, this king has always treated you well, neither has the Eastern Frost Nation ever let you down... But if you choose to retreat or side with the enemy, this king will never plead with you to stay!”

Fang Zhou still remained silent as his face twitched continuously.

And at this moment, the sky suddenly turned gloomy.

The originally hostile atmosphere followed the darkening of the light rays and became even more oppressive. Fairy Zixuan, the Great Protector, Bai Pengzhou, and Fang Zhou lifted their heads simultaneously at this moment. As they looked towards the north, all of their expressions changed.

Two shadows appeared in the northern sky. In the beginning, they were but two black dots. But in the blink of an eye, they had become enormous. As they drew near, they had almost covered the entire patch of the northern part of the sky.

Everyone continued to stare and shockingly, they were actually two enormous black rocs!

“Those are...Dark Rocs!” the Great Protector said in a deep voice. As he sensed the auras drawing near, his expression started to change as he could hardly believe what he saw. “This aura...could... could it be...”

“It’s Ming Xiao and Ming Ao,” Fairy Zixuan turned around and spoke in a low voice.

“Wh... what?” Almost everyone shook violently after they had heard that name.

Ming Xiao and Ming Ao were clearly... the names of the clan master and great elder of the Dark Roc Clan!

The Dark Roc Clan was one of the nine influential families, with the same standing as the Great Yin Immortal Palace. Moreover, they were the two most important figures with the highest cultivation in the Dark Roc Clan!

This place was but a tiny Eastern Frost Royal City and the arrival of the Great Yin Immortal Palace was already earth shattering enough. The clan master and great elder of the Dark Roc Clan... would actually personally come to this place? Or perhaps they are just passing by?

Everyone’s expression in the Heavenly Martial Nation as well as the Great Yin Immortal Palace turned solemn... The clan master of the Dark Roc Clan, Ming Xiao, was a top figure in this region and everyone could not help but be bewildered by his personal arrival.

The two enormous dark rocs drew near and a dark shadow which brought about the terrifyingly peerless pressure of a Divine King seemed to envelope the entire Eastern Frost Royal City. At this moment, a horrifying, loud angry roar rang out and could be heard in every corner of the royal city. “Dongfang Zhuo, come out now!!”

That roar that was full of anger and cruelty would undoubtedly cause the citizens of the Eastern Frost who had already been standing at the edge of despair to fall into a deep abyss.

On the other hand, the nervousness and seriousness that had just been congealed on the Heavenly Martial Nation’s side had scattered like clouds.

Dongfang Hanwei’s beautiful countenance turned grim as she faintly understood the reason for the arrival of the Dark Roc’s clan master. Looking at Yun Che, she spoke with a trembling voice, “Se... senior...”

Yun Che remained silent and gave no reaction whatsoever.

Boom!!

An explosion rang out from the sky as the two enormous rocs turned into their human forms and landed heavily on the ground. The moment they landed, a storm rolled across and violently swept away those who were weaker, leaving them shrieking as they flew across the sky.

The two of them wore common black robes and the one who stood in the front had a malicious expression on his face. He emitted a cruel aura which would leave one extremely terrified... Astonishingly, this was truly the clan master of the Dark Roc Clan, Ming Xiao!

And the person behind him... was the great elder of the Dark Roc, Ming Ao!

As if it were a dream, the two most important and greatest figures of the Dark Roc Clan had arrived in the Eastern Frost Nation, but this dream may very well turn into a nightmare.

“Clan Master Ming, Great Elder Ao,” Fairy Zixuan spoke up, “it is truly interesting to meet you here. It looks like Clan Master Ming has arrived in a rage, could it be that something big has occurred?”

Ming Xiao had already known about the matter of the Great Yin Immortal Palace entering the Heavenly Martial Nation and so he was not at all surprised by the arrival of Fairy Zixuan. In his extreme anger, he did not even take notice of Fairy Zixuan. Instead, his pair of black roc orbs stared directly at the Eastern Frost Monarch.

The oppression of a seventh level Divine King was not something that the Eastern Frost Monarch could handle and he trembled and cowered uncontrollably. There were a few times where he wanted to speak, but no sound could be heard any time he opened his mouth.

Even after racking his brains, he simply could not understand how the Eastern Frost Nation had offended the Dark Roc Clan. And to the point where its clan master and great elder had personally arrived in such a rage.

“Dongfang Zhuo,” Ming Xiao called his name in a low voice, as each word sent chills down one’s spine. “Tell me... who is the one who killed my son!”

Dongfang Hanwei’s body swayed... Yun Che pointed his finger and a formless energy supported her so she did not collapse from the extreme fright which paralyzed her.

Ming Xiao’s words caused everyone’s hearts to tremble in fear and even Fairy Zixuan shifted her gaze... The son of Ming Xiao had been killed? Who would have the audacity to do such a thing?

For Ming Xiao to be boiling mad and make a trip personally... Could it be that the one who was killed was Young Master Ming Yang!?

There were no words to express the fear in the heart of the Eastern Frost Monarch as he stiffly shook his head and finally found his voice to reply, “Dark Roc Clan Master... this humble king does not understand what you mean... no matter how much guts this humble king has, I would not dare to kill the son of the Dark Roc’s clan master. There must be a great misunderstanding, regarding this matter.”

“Hmph, I wouldn’t expect that you would have the audacity to do so.” Ming Xiao’s voice was as deep as an abyss. “But, someone in the Eastern Frost Nation... dared to do so!”

“My son, Ming Yang, heard that the Heavenly Martial Nation gained the help of the Great Yin Immortal Palace to attack the Eastern Frost Royal City. He was worried that the Eastern Frost Nation’s nineteenth princess that he had always admired would come to harm and so, he left the mountains in a hurry to come to this place. His personal bodyguard’s last sound transmission was from this very place!”

Ming Xiao raised his hand and pointed his finger at Dongfang Hanwei who was standing at the back. “Your daughter is safe and sound, but my son Ming Yang was killed... Dongfang Zhuo, you dare to say you know nothing about this matter!?”

On the other hand, the countenance of every person belonging to the Eastern Frost Nation had turned ghastly pale, as if their faces had been drained of blood. They were originally in a state of devastation and now the Dark Roc Clan had come to condemn them for the death of Young Master Ming Yang... All of their souls had been plunged into unspeakable darkness and fear.

Ming Yang was the young master of the Dark Roc Clan! If he truly did die in the Eastern Frost Nation, it would be an unthinkable enormous crime... For the Dark Rocs to flatten the Royal City would already be considered a light punishment.

The Heavenly Martial Monarch’s expression turned grave and he furiously said, “To think that such a thing has actually happened? The Dark Roc young master is someone who is extremely precious and respected. Eastern Frost Nation... how could you be so audacious! This is preposterous, this king is but a listener and yet it is hard to restrain my anger. If the Eastern Frost Nation is not eradicated today, even the heavens will not just stand by idly and watch!”

Fairy Zixuan glanced at him icily... and the Heaven Might Monarch obediently shut his mouth and did not dare to speak anymore.

“No...no,” The Eastern Frost Monarch bowed and shook his head continuously as he was thoroughly at his wits end. “This humble king has never seen Young Master Ming Yang. No one in my Eastern Frost Nation would dare to disrespect Young Master Ming Yang, there must surely be some misunderstanding.”

Ming Xiao who was extremely angry, gave a sarcastic and cold laugh. “My son Ming Yang died in the Eastern Frost Nation, would this king believe the nonsense of a small humble monarch like you? I’m giving you one last chance, hand over the one who killed my son Ming Yang. Otherwise, I will tear you apart right now before massacring the entire Eastern Frost Royal City to avenge my son!”

Fang Zhou’s gaze froze at this moment... The arrival of Ming Xiao and Ming Ao was the last straw which overwhelmed his soul. But at the same time, it made him see an alternative option. He walked forward suddenly and said, “Clan Master Ming, this Fang has something to say.”

Ming Xiao’s terrifying gaze landed on him and said, “So, the one who killed my son... is you!?”

“No.” Fang Zhou shook his head with a calm expression. “This Fang is no coward, but neither would I create such a grave disaster. But, this Fang knows the person who would be daring enough to kill Young Master Ming Yang.”

“Who is it?” Ming Xiao asked in a low voice as the Eastern Frost Monarch looked at him with a strange expression on his face.

Fang Zhou turned around and violently pointed his finger at someone, “It’s him!”

Following the direction of Fang Zhou’s pointed finger, the gaze of everyone were concentrated uniformly on a single person...

Yun Che!

Chapter 1542 - One Finger to Awe the Heavens

Beside Yun Che, Dongfang Hanwei’s complexion, which was already stark white, grew even paler.

“This...” The Eastern Frost Monarch looked towards Yun Che, and he was left at a complete loss.

Eyes which contained a dark, oppressive might and boundless malice glared at Yun Che. Yet the owner of these eyes discovered that the other party wore an astonishingly cold and calm expression, and he could not detect a single ripple in his eyes. This caused doubt to blossom in his heart as his gaze swivelled back once more. “Fang Zhou, are you sure it’s him?”

Fang Zhou said calmly, “Of course, how could this Fang dare to fool Clan Master Ming? Even though this Fang didn’t personally witness it...”

As he looked at Yun Che, a very light and cold smile crossed his face. “This person’s name is Yun Che and even though his cultivation has just entered the Divine King Realm, no one knows who he is and his background is extremely suspicious. He returned together with the Nineteenth Princess and she said one thing... She said that this person was the one who saved her life. Many people here can testify that they heard these words, including the monarch himself.”

“In the vicious battle that took place beforehand, the monarch was worried about the Nineteenth Princess’ safety, so he ordered the commander of the Eastern Frost Guards, Qin Jian, to flee the royal city together with the Nineteenth Princess. If Young Master Ming Yang had come for the Nineteenth Princess and witnessed her flight, it would only be natural for him to follow.”

“In order to be a personal bodyguard of Young Master Ming Yang, one’s cultivation had to be uncommon to say the least, so there is no way that his party would not be able to catch up to Qin Jian and the Nineteenth Princess. Which also means that Young Master Ming Yang definitely saw the Nineteenth Princess. However, Young Master Ming Yang just so happened to be killed by someone else at this time. After the Nineteenth Princess returned, she did not mention a single word about Young Master Ming Yang. Instead, she said that Yun Che was her savior. If that is the case, then who exactly did he save the Nineteenth Princess from?”

Ming Xiao’s eye’s swiveled toward Yun Che and no matter whether it was his expression or his voice, they grew several times darker and more severe. “Are you... the one who killed my son!?”

Ming Yang’s four personal bodyguards were at Divine Spirit Realm, but Yun Che’s aura was at the first level of the Divine King Realm! He did indeed have the ability to kill Ming Yang.

Before Yun Che could even respond, Fang Zhou spoke up yet again. "There's no way he will admit to doing it in front of Clan Master Ming. However, if you asked somebody else about this matter, it will be easy to get your desired answer."

He slowly started walking towards Dongfang Hanwei, a calm and kind smile on his face. "Nineteenth Princess, the moment you left the city just also happened to be the time that Young Master Ming Yang came for you, so I believe that you definitely met him. Then, tell us, was Yun Che the person who killed Young Master Ming Yang?"

All eyes focused on Princess Hanwei's body. Her body swayed slightly as she shook her head instinctively, "No... No..."

"Nineteenth Princess." Fang Zhou's voice rang out once more, but it was far gentler this time. "You must carefully consider your next answer. This Yun Che's origins are unknown and his intentions are hard to fathom. At the very least, he is definitely not someone from the Eastern Frost Nation. So if he killed Young Master Yang Ming, it has nothing to do with the Eastern Frost Nation! Even if it really happened because of you, as long as you answer honestly and give us a detailed explanation, I trust that Clan Master Ming's heart is as broad as the heavens, and he certainly won't force the issue any further. He will only levy a heavy punishment on the wicked person who did the deed."

"However, if you deliberately try to cover up for him... Then no one will be able to protect you if you enrage and offend a bigshot like the Dark Roc Clan Master. You will even implicate the entire imperial household and the Eastern Frost Nation itself! I trust that the Nineteenth Princess will be able to follow such a simple train of thought!"

"Hanwei..." the Eastern Frost Monarch muttered softly. Dongfang Hanwei had previously gotten Yun Che out of a pinch by announcing to everyone that Yun Che had saved her life. At that time, he had expressed his gratitude deeply, but during the grand feast, he had not asked who exactly Yun Che had saved her from.

But when he heard Fang Zhou's words now, he came to the abrupt realization that it was extremely likely that... Yun Che had indeed killed Ming Yang!

Dongfang Hanwei was still far too inexperienced and naive, and her heart was far too kind. She definitely must have thought that if no one witnessed it, the matter would not be exposed... and she had actually dared to bring Yun Che back to the royal city!

But this was the Dark Roc Clan's young master!

Dongfang Hanwei had just turned twenty. The fact that she had been able to cultivate to the Divine Soul Realm at her age meant that she was a genius among child geniuses in this middle star realm. However, what confronted her right now was the threat of her nation's destruction, an increasingly desperate situation, and the coercion and oppressive might of several Divine Kings...

How could this be something that she could endure!?

Her body shook like a floating leaf in a storm, her face was as pale as fine snow. She shook her head, she shook it in an incredibly chaotic and vigorous manner... But with the experience that these Divine Kings had, this reaction of hers had already given them the most clear and concrete answer.



But even though fear and despair were driving her to the brink of collapse, she still continued to deny it in a soft and quavery voice. "It... it wasn't Senior Yun... It wasn't... it wasn't..."

Yun Che briefly glanced to the side to look at her.

This was also the first time that Yun Che had truly looked at her and paid her any attention.

What was most important to everyone would change at different stages of their lives.

To the current Yun Che, the thing he minded the most was betrayal.

Because, even though he had been the savior of the universe, he had been betrayed by a countless number of the people he had saved and was left in a pool of his own blood...

Even though he had also saved their lives, there were people who wanted to bury him once peace had arrived. However, there were also people who had chosen to stand by him, even in the face of adversity... even when his situation had gotten desperate.

At this moment, Dongfang Hanwei was definitely unaware that her refusal to sell out Yun Che, even if it was so short and powerless, despite the extreme pressure and fear she was experiencing had completely and utterly changed her fate, and the fate of the entire Eastern Frost Nation.

"Heh," Ming Xiao barked out an incomparably dark and cold laugh. "Dongfang Zhuo, you have truly raised a good daughter! Good... Very good! After I have killed the person who killed my son Ming Yang, I will definitely slaughter your shitty royal city!"

"Clan Master Ming!" the Eastern Frost Monarch exclaimed in a trembling voice, his heart greatly alarmed. "My humble daughter is young and ignorant and the Eastern Frost Nation definitely does not have any intention of offending the Dark Roc Clan. We beg that Clan Master Ming show us his generosity and magnanimity... As for what happened to Young Master Ming Yang, this humble king will definitely do his best to investigate everything and account for it to Clan Master Ming."

"Account for it? What better way to account for it than by dying with him!?" Ming Xiao's voice dripped with bloodlust, and it sounded like the voice of a malicious spirit.

"Heh, you truly brought your downfall upon yourselves, there's no hope for you now," Fairy Zixuan said with a disdainful laugh. "It looks like our Great Yin Immortal Palace won't need to take any action today."

Amidst the shock and fear of everyone from the Eastern Frost Nation, Ming Xiao took a single step forward. Immediately, it felt as if an immense mountain had collapsed on them and that single step alone caused all of the Eastern Frost profound practitioners to retreat in panic, and some of them even fell on their butts as their bodies shuddered violently.

However, Ming Xiao only took that single step forward before he briefly glanced to the side.

This was because Yun Che, who had remained silent throughout the entire proceedings, had finally started moving. He raised his head and looked towards Ming Xiao.

It was this simple action, an action that could not be any simpler, that caused a subtle and indescribable change in the atmosphere of this entire location. For some odd reason, nearly everyone noticed or, perhaps it would be better to say, sensed Yun Che's action... But no one felt it was strange.

"That person called Ming Yang. I was the one who killed him."

Yun Che finally opened his mouth and the voice that rang in everyone's ears was actually even colder and deeper than Ming Xiao's, and it even carried faint undertones of disdain and contempt.

Everyone's eyes were fully focused on Yun Che now.

"Senior... Senior Yun..." Dongfang Hanwei muttered in a dispirited voice as she bit down hard on her bottom lip. She knew that she had implicated Yun Che in this mess... If she had not insisted on inviting him here, he would not have been plunged into this deadly predicament.

"Just as expected." Fang Zhou's eyes burned bright as he stared at Yun and said in a cold voice, "From the very first moment this Fang laid my eyes upon him, I knew that he definitely wasn't a good person. But to think that he was actually such a wicked and foolhardy individual! Nineteenth Princess, you actually brought such a person into the royal city and you even tried to cover up his heinous crimes. As the Eastern Frost's Imperial Advisor, I am well and truly disappointed with you!"

The Eastern Frost Monarch opened his mouth, but at this moment, he was already left speechless and his heart was filled with sorrow and despair like he had never felt before.

"Just... who exactly are you!?" Even though his heart was filled with extreme fury and he could barely wait to rip Yun Che to shreds, Yun Che was simply far too calm. He was so calm that Ming Xiao could not help but feel suspicion and apprehension bubble up in his heart. "Why did you kill my son Ming Yang?"

Even though he was confronted by Ming Xiao's aura and overbearing rage, Yun Che's face still remained cold and stiff. "Do I need a reason for killing him?"

When he said those words, he did not only stunned Ming Xiao and Ming Ao. He had stunned everyone from the Great Yin Immortal Palace, Heavenly Martial Nation and the Eastern Frost Nation as well.

In the eastern region of the Eastern Ruins Realm, the Nine Great Sects were like the heavens themselves. Who would dare to behave in front of the sect master of one of the Nine Great Sects in such a reckless and arrogant manner?

Ming Ao was so furious that he actually laughed. "Very well! Yun Che... No matter what your background is, today, I will definitely personally... bury you with my son!"

"Clan Master," Ming Ao said as he raised his hand, "a mere first level Divine King is not worthy of your personal attention."

He took a step forward and stretched out his arm. "Yun Che, you killed our young master, you offended our Dark Roc Clan, so even death cannot atone for your crimes! Even if you were to kneel down and beg for your life now, it would be far too late!"

BOOOM——

He soared into the sky, his profound energy erupting outward as an astonishing wave of energy swept across the area, shocking all the profound practitioners so greatly that their faces turned ashen. As a beam of black light flashed by, Ming Ao had already plunged downward. His spread fingers were pointed directly at Yun Che's throat as they flickered with a cold light that was even more dreadful than the talons of a devil eagle.

The main powers of the Dark Roc Clan were darkness and wind, and their speed was extremely fast. Ming Ao was a fifth level Divine King. If he faced off against a first level Divine King, once he locked onto his opponent, the other party would have no chance of escaping.

The moment Ming Ao's body soared into the air, anyone within a few kilometers of him, including all of the guards, profound practitioners, the Eastern Frost Monarch, Dongfang Hanwei, Qin Jian, and even Fang Zhou, were all fiercely swept aside. The location, where a large army had once stood, had been cleared in an instant.

Only Yun Che was left standing in this empty space.

His movements had clearly been suppressed by Ming Ao's aura and he was not even able to try to escape.

The distance between the two was pulled close in a single instant, but Yun Che remained motionless. In everyone's eyes, the next scene would be one where Yun Che's head was shorn from his body by those dreadful roc talons.

But when Ming Ao was finally not more than three meters away from him, Yun Che finally sprang into action. He raised an arm and as he faced the swooping Ming Ao, he lazily and slowly extended a single finger to greet the roc talons which were aimed at him.

There was no explosion of profound energy, no fresh blood splattering the air and there were not even any cries of misery. The scene, which was originally supposed to be shocking and appalling, had suddenly gone quiet in an incomparably bizarre manner.

Ming Ao was right in front of Yun Che, his right hand still shaped into a terrifyingly sharp claw, but one finger pressed against the palm of that hand... It was also in that moment that the cold light glinting off his talons, the storm surrounding him, and the profound energy circulating through his whole body shockingly vanished in a single instant.

The scene was incomparably quiet and eerie, and besides Ming Ao, no one else knew what had happened... No, in actual fact, even Ming Ao himself did not understand what had just happened.

In his suddenly ashen eyes, Yun Che raised his hand briefly and muttered indifferently, "Is that all you've got?"

As his words fell, he gently flicked his finger.

RIIP!!

An extremely piercing ripping sound resounded in the depths of everyone's souls. In that instant, Ming Ao's entire right arm was abruptly torn from his body, causing a fountain of blood to erupt in the air. After that, his arm exploded into countless fragments amidst the wildly gushing blood.

Ming Ao, who had lost his right arm in a single instant, let out a heart-wrenching shriek as he was blasted through the air. He landed directly in front of Ming Xiao, rolling on the ground in agony.

#### Chapter 1543 - Slaughtering Kings Like Dogs

This scene was far too bizarre and shocking and it felt as if the entire world had completely frozen... with the exception of Ming Ao's terrible cries of misery, which sounded like the shrieks made by evil spirits from purgatory.

The shock that Ming Xiao felt in that instant caused his extremely gloomy eyes to widen until they looked like they were about to explode. He went still for half a breath before he came back to his senses. It took a good half a breath before he recovered. After that, his body flashed and he swiftly went to check on Ming Ao's injuries.

It was just when he was bending over to check on Ming Ao that an incomparably dark and cold aura suddenly pressed down.

**BOOOM!**

As a huge explosion shook the air, fresh blood and black energy simultaneously soared hundreds of meters into the air.

Yun Che had appeared like a ghost as he landed heavily on the ground, his right foot stomping down on Ming Ao's body. Within the black light, Ming Ao's miserable shrieks stilled as his body and the ground beneath him were instantly split into many pieces. Those pieces were still within that black light as they were transformed into fine powder that filled the sky.

"You..." Ming Xiao retreated in panic... Ming Ao, the Dark Roc Clan's great elder, a fifth level Divine King whose might could shake the eastern region, the person who was second only to him in the clan, had actually... died!

And he had died so suddenly and so easily.

Yun Che was right in front of him, his expression was still as stiff and cold as a corpse. Even though he had instantly eradicated a fifth level Divine King, no emotion crossed his face. He looked so cold and indifferent that it seemed like he had merely stomped a nearby ant to death.

His aura... was clearly that of a first level Divine King and it could not be any clearer!

Everyone present was so shocked that they forgot to breathe. Even if they were to shatter all the experience and knowledge they had accumulated in their lives, they still would not be able to believe what they had just witnessed.

**Clang!**

A profound sword that was wreathed in purple light had already appeared in Fairy Zixuan's hand as an indescribable coldness and a sense of peril assaulted her entire body.

"The Dark Roc Clan..." Yun Che muttered in a low voice as he faced Ming Xiao. "I was wondering just how capable you were, but it turns out you're all just a bunch of trash."

“Who... exactly... are you!?” One could already hear a faint tremble in Ming Xiao’s voice. He repeatedly scanned Yun Che again and again to confirm the aura of his profound strength and the only thing he sensed was that he was at the first level of the Divine King Realm... But he had blasted Ming Ao apart in two exchanges!

How could this possibly happen!?

He had expressed his astonishment in words, but... the Dark Roc Clan Master was still the Dark Roc Clan Master. As his final word fell, profound energy abruptly erupted from his originally aura-less body. His right hand morphed into a claw as it shot towards Yun Che’s chest while covered in a greenish-black profound light.

The two people were not more than five steps apart. Ming Xiao was a seventh level Divine King and his power far exceeded Ming Ao’s, so one could imagine just how powerful his blow would be when he launched this abrupt attack from such a short distance.

If not for the fact that Yun Che caused him to feel an extremely heavy sense of danger, he would definitely never stoop to such an action.

Space had already started to faintly warp beneath his roc talons and the dreadful gale he had created was rending the space around it like millions of sharp knives.

Ming Xiao’s eyes were dark and sinister. He imagined that even if Yun Che did not die to this sneak attack, he would still be heavily wounded. However, a palm that was thrust out of nowhere appeared before his abruptly widening eyes, and it was growing closer and closer, bigger and bigger. For every inch it drew closer, the storm Ming Xiao had generated subsided a bit. When the palm finally neared him, the dark tempest he had unleashed with his power as a seventh level Divine King had actually completely vanished.

After that, the palm that seemed to have appeared out of thin air, a palm that seemed to have extended out from some deep abyss, gently and lightly swept across the arm that Ming Xiao had thrust out.

Crack!

Ming Xiao felt as if a huge hammer that weighed millions of tons had smashed into his arm. His right arm... the arm of a seventh level Divine King, had shattered into dozens of pieces in an instant, and his entire body was flung into the air like a spinning top.

Yun Che did not even move his body but a cluster of black fiery light formed in his hand and started blasting toward Ming Xiao.

However, it was at this moment that a beam of purple light abruptly shot towards the center of his back.

“Senior, watch out!!”

Dongfang Hanwei gave a cry of alarm, but how could her voice match the speed of a Divine King? Before the first word had even finished leaving her mouth, Fairy Zixuan’s sword had already shot forward like a bolt of lightning, striking Yun Che in the center of his back.

Dang!

She felt as if she had thrust her sword against an indestructible boulder, and the dark look in Fairy Zixuan's eyes instantly morphed into a look of extreme shock. The huge backlash of her attack caused her entire arm to go numb and several streaks of blood sprayed out.

The tip of the purple sword crumbled in the exact same instant.

As for Yun Che... Not even a trickle of blood spurted out from his body, much less receiving any puncture wounds.

In fact, his body had not even been pushed forward by the sword might contained in her blow, it had not even moved a single inch.

Yun Che did not turn around and it was as if he had not seen or sensed her presence. Instead, his body blurred as he rushed straight toward Ming Xiao, his Golden Crow flames that were tinged with dark profound light mercilessly smashing into Ming Xiao's body.

"UWAAAAAH!"

A miserable shriek of pain resounded in the air as Ming Xiao was turned into a human torch. The scorching heat of the Golden Crow flames inflicted an immense amount of pain on Ming Xiao and he crazily released wild gales and darkness profound energy as he rolled on the ground and howled in agony, destroying the land around him. Yet he was unable to smother any of the golden fire that seared his body.

"Ah... Ah..." Fairy Zixuan's legs were shivering as she stumbled backwards. As indescribable shock and fear seized her, she sensed that her body was becoming weak and limp of its own accord, and she hastened her flustered retreat.

"Vice Palace Chief, this... this person..." The Great Protector arrived at her side.

"Leave... We need to leave quickly!" Fairy Zixuan spoke in a soft and trembling voice as she was jerked back to her senses... Now that it had come to this, how could she be bothered with the Heavenly Martial Nation anymore?

However, in the instant that Fairy Zixuan turned around, her body suddenly stiffened in place as the fear and shock in her eyes instantly grew much greater.

Because Yun Che had appeared in front of her like a ghost, and he was no more than... three steps away from her!

"Ah..." Fairy Zixuan opened her mouth as the hand which gripped the broken purple sword swiftly turned white and trembled. Amidst her extreme fear, she managed to force out a smile that could still be considered pretty as she said, "Se... Senior, just now... I was only..."

What replied to her was the palm that Yun Che had thrust out indifferently.

Fairy Zixuan's pupils contracted as she thrust both her arms out in front of her chest to block Yun Che's blow with all of her strength... However, just like a rotten log caught in a storm, a crisp "crack" clearly resounded in everyone's ears. Both of Fairy Zixuan's arms had been snapped and a long arrow of blood shot out from her body as she plummeted downwards.

Ming Ao, Ming Xiao, Fairy Zixuan... All of them had either been killed or grievously wounded in a single exchange of blows!

Yun Che extended a claw-like hand and that purple sword which had been blasted away was sucked into it. After that, he casually flung it at the plummeting Fairy Zixuan. The sword directly pierced her chest as it nailed her to the ground. The darkness profound energy wreathed around the sword wildly surged into her body as it instantly devoured all of her life force.

The Vice Palace Chief of the Great Yin Immortal Palace was dead.

In the past, unless he held a deep and unquenchable hatred for that person, he was never willing to attack a woman, much less kill one.

But he had clearly changed.

The current him no longer viewed women with any pity or compassion, it was only whether he was willing to or not!

“Vice Palace Chief!”

The Great Yin Immortal Palace’s Great Protector let out a sorrowful cry, but before his cry even ended, a dark shadow had already engulfed him.

The figure that had been within his vision just an instant ago had actually suddenly appeared in the air above him. A foot stomped down on his throat as it shot towards the ground.

BOOOM!!

Countless cracks ruptured the ground and there were some that even extended dozens of kilometers. Black mist that was mixed with shattered stones and flying dust flew hundreds of meters into the air... Yun Che leisurely walked out from within that black mist, but the Great Yin’s Great Protector had completely vanished from everyone’s sight. Even when the black mist finally dissipated, no one could see even a shred of his clothes.

Ming Xiao was still letting out heart-wrenching howls of agony as he burned. Other than those howls, the world seemed to have become completely silent... Everyone from the Eastern Frost Nation and the Heavenly Martial Nation wore completely distorted expressions on their faces. There were some of them who did not even realize that they had sunk limply to the ground until a full half a breath later, but they found that they were unable to stand up due to their shock and terror.

A Divine King. In this part of the world, in countries like the Eastern Frost Nation and the Heavenly Martial Nation, they were revered as gods and to be able to obtain even one of them was the greatest of fortunes. No matter what country it was, a Divine King was always considered a “guardian” of the nation.

Ming Ao, Fairy Zixuan, the Great Protector, Ming Xiao... They were no ordinary Divine Kings. In fact, they were people who possessed an extremely high status within the Nine Great Sects! In fact, they were the great elder, vice palace chief and great protector of their sects respectively! They were figures that even the king of a country would rarely get to meet.

And Ming Xiao was the sect master of one of the Nine Great Sects!

Yet in the span of a few short breaths, three of them had died at the hands of Yun Che! And one of them was in such a miserable state that he wished he was dead!

All of these things had really happened in the span of a few short breaths. It had happened so quickly that they did not even have the time to react or accept them.

It was as if these Divine Kings, which were acknowledged as gods in their eyes, were no more than a bunch of lowly and useless dogs and chickens in Yun Che's eyes.

The Golden Crow flames on Ming Xiao's body finally looked like they had started to dim, but Yun Che did not deal him a fatal blow. His body slowly turned around and he faced the forces belonging to the Heavenly Martial Nation.

Everyone in the Heavenly Martial Nation seemed to see hell itself in that gaze. The Heavenly Martial Monarch's body fiercely swayed and he nearly sank to the ground limply. But the guardian Divine King by his side, Bai Pengzhou, suddenly started to flee like a defeated dog.

In his extreme shock and terror, his profound energy was in complete disarray and even though he was a grand Divine King, the trajectory of his flight was in complete shambles.

Yun Che waved a finger and a beam of fiery light shot through the air before it pierced the body of the fleeing Bai Pengzhou.

BOOOM!!

Bai Pengzhou could barely let out a single wail of misery as his Divine King body was blasted apart in a fiery conflagration before it was reduced to a pile of charred ashes.

He had no grudge or grievance against Bai Pengzhou. In fact, he had not even spoken to him once.

He cared even less whether he lived or died.

However, the current him just happened to hate betrayal the most!

If Bai Pengzhou had honestly stayed put in his original location, Yun Che might not even have bothered to look his way, much less kill him.

Bai Pengzhou's death had completely severed the very last and weak life-saving straw the Heavenly Martial Monarch had been holding onto. The Heavenly Martial Monarch's eyes widened to the largest they had ever been and the Yun Che that appeared in his eyes was undoubtedly a true devil god.

As Yun Che's gaze swiveled towards him, he thought that he had wanted to destroy his Heavenly Martial Nation for the Eastern Frost Nation. As his body shook, he slowly sank to his knees. But after that, he seemed to think of something. His head shuddered as he raised it to look at Yun Che and he shouted with all of his might, "Venerable... Venerable... Venerable Yun... Whatever the Eastern Frost is giving you, my Heavenly Martial... is willing to give you twice... No... No, no... is willing to give you five times the amount... Five times!"

Yun Che's eyes faintly narrowed as the corner of his mouth curled up and his expression seemed to have become calmer in everyone's eyes. "Oh really? Then I would really like to hear what you have to say. What exactly can you give me?"



It was as if the Heavenly Martial Monarch had seen a ray of hope as his eyes widened and he desperately shouted in a hoarse voice, "This humble king... this humble king is willing to confer upon Venerable Yun the title of guardian... No, the title of Grand Imperial Advisor and your status will be equal to this humble king in the Heavenly Martial Nation! Everything in the Heavenly Martial Nation, no matter whether it is profound crystals, rare treasures, power, or women, as long as the venerable one desires it, you can have it all."

The words of the Heavenly Martial Monarch and Yun Che's attitude had caused the Eastern Frost Monarch to become completely agitated. He anxiously shot to his feet as he roared, "Venerable Yun! Even though the Eastern Frost Nation is weaker in the profound way, our resources far exceed that of the Heavenly Martial Nation, so it is far more suitable as a base for the Venerable One! This humble king is willing to confer Venerable Yun the title of Grand Imperial Advisor and anything that the Heavenly Martial Nation can give the Venerable One, our Eastern Frost Nation can give ten times of!"

Chapter 1544 - Order!

The monarchs of Eastern Frost Nation and Heavenly Martial Nation were willing to give up anything—including their pride—to gain Yun Che's favor.

But no one thought that they were being funny or exaggerating. This was the first time they saw someone powerful enough to crush several divine kings like it was nothing, and Yun Che had appeared out of nowhere like a devil god straight out of legend.

There was no way their tiny country could afford someone like him, but if they could win even a tiny bit of his favor, the protection it would bring was probably far greater than they could imagine.

"Heh, how ugly," Yun Che said softly. He sounded like he was sneering, but in reality his face was perfectly blank. It was impossible to tell which monarch he was ridiculing.

"Get out of my face."

The Heavenly Martial Monarch froze, unable to believe his own ears until a while later. When he recovered from his shock, he got up to his feet shakily and almost ran back to his men on all fours... He didn't even dare to say a word of thanks.

The five thousand soldiers that came with him went away just like that. Their retreat was spiritless and uncoordinated, a complete contrast from when they first showed up... The Heavenly Martial Monarch didn't relax despite crossing the Eastern Frost Nation's borders safely, and he had a hard time believing that he was allowed to return to his country alive.

That Yun Che had actually allowed them to escape! But why? Was it because he wasn't native to the Eastern Frost Nation, or because he couldn't be bothered to kill the likes of them at all?

The Heavenly Martial Monarch's assumption was correct... He had killed those Divine Kings like they were chickens. To kill someone even lower than that would only dirty his own hands!

At the grounds in front of the Eastern Frost Nation, Yun Che slowly walked toward Ming Xiao.

The world was perfectly silent. No one was saying anything, and some were even wondering if they should hold their breath.

Everyone's gaze was focused on Yun Che, staring at him in an unprecedented light. The profound practitioners in the same hall as Yun Che earlier hadn't stopped trembling on the inside since Yun Che had revealed his power. The fact that they had attended the same feast as him earlier was beyond their wildest dreams already.

The Golden Crow flames on Ming Xiao's body finally faded. The burn wounds covering his entire body were a shocking sight to see. He might be a level seven Divine King with the backing of a wealthy clan, but it would still take him a long time to regain his strength.

Ming Xiao didn't try to escape because he knew that Yun Che had left him alive on purpose. Otherwise, the nightmarish flames that ate at his flesh earlier would've killed him already.

Ming Xiao shakily lifted his head as the footsteps drew closer. He stared at the black clothed young man in terror, his earlier condescendence and vicious attitude nowhere to be seen.

"..." He opened his mouth with difficulty, wanting to ask about Yun Che's identity. However, he swallowed the question the second it made it to his throat. It was because he knew that he didn't have the right to ask anything from Yun Che, not even if he was the famous chief of Dark Roc Mountain.

"Do you know why you're still alive?" Yun Che asked. His soft, chilly voice sounded like the judging tone of a devil.

Ming Xiao did his best to lift his head and put on a submissive and pitiful appearance. He had lived for several thousand years, and he had learned how to be flexible in the face of life's challenges a long time ago. Right now, preserving his life was far more important than taking revenge for his son. "I will... be of use to you, supreme one..."

"Very good," Yun Che praised him before looking away. "I see the tallest mountain to the northwest. What is its name?"

"Supreme one..." Ming Xiao continued to lower himself despite being surrounded by countless people from the Eastern Frost Nation, "That is the Cold Cloud Mountain."

Cold Cloud Mountain was situated at the border of the Eastern Frost Nation. It was both the tallest mountain in sight and the tallest place in the entire country.

"I heard that this realm is ruled by Nine Great Sects," Yun Che said. "When you get back to your sect, I want you to inform the other eight sects that I'll be waiting for them at the peak of Cold Cloud Mountain in three days and at this time. Tell them that they must get to Cold Cloud Mountain even if the only option left is to crawl! If someone doesn't show up..."

"I'll execute their whole sect!"

His last four words came out cold and slow. It caused a terrible shiver even among the profound practitioners of the Eastern Frost Nation.

If someone doesn't show up... their whole sect would be executed!?

This was the Nine Great Sects they were talking about!

Yet not a single person doubted the truth behind Yun Che's words. Ming Xiao's condition, the dead Fairy Zixuan, and the three Divine Kings who were utterly annihilated were all the proof they needed.

Ming Xiao's gaze changed yet again. Not even the Great Realm King of the East Ruins Realm could've made such a cruel threat.

"Supreme one, if I may ask..." Despite fearing for his life, Ming Xiao forced himself to ask, "What did the Nine Great Sects do to you... to deserve this?"

What did they do to deserve this?

Ming Xiao's words triggered a flash of sorrow and malevolence on Yun Che's face.

He had asked this of himself and others many times: what did I do to deserve this?

But now, he finally understood that that was most childish and stupid question in the entire world!

He had never used his power to bully others or harm an innocent life on purpose in not just one, but two lifetimes. He had never done anything for personal gain to the detriment of others either.

It was only after he had lost everything and dropped into the depths of coldness and despair that he realized that his benevolence, his mercy, his passive growth, and revenge were a complete joke.

For example, did he do anything to Qianye Ying'er to deserve the Brahma Soul Death-Wishing Mark? Would she wonder if he deserve such cruel treatment? No! She wouldn't!

He felt a sudden urge to laugh at Ming Xiao's question... What a hilarious question it was!

Yun Che abruptly planted his feet on Ming Xiao's head and elicited a painful groan from his victim. He said in a low tone, "You don't have the right to ask me anything. Now, return to your sect with my orders!"

This was the first time Ming Xiao had his head stepped on by another person. An ice cold pressure spread throughout his body, but he dared not reveal any anger or signs of struggle at all. Voice trembling, he replied, "Yes... supreme one. I will transmit your orders... immediately. Thank you for not killing me... supreme one."

Bang!

Yun Che kicked Ming Xiao and sent him flying several kilometers through the air. The man let out a bloodcurdling scream before he hit the ground. Then, he struggled to his feet and ran away with his tail between his legs, not daring to look back even once.

The crisis of the Eastern Frost Nation was resolved just like that, but the terror Yun Che had inflicted remained in everyone's heart. No one could stare at Yun Che's back without their heart beating wildly, and everyone held their breaths in perfect unison when Yun Che finally turned around to face them.

To them, Divine Kings were inviolable and as powerful as gods. To see them being slaughtered like they were nothing, and the famous Ming Xiao sent packing with his tail between his legs was shocking to say the least.

Yun Che started walking. No one dared to say a word or move a muscle. One person in particular was shaking harder than any other person, and he slowly dropped to his knees out of fear, helplessness or both, as Yun Che walked closer and closer toward him.

“Su... supreme one,” Fang Zhou stuttered through chattering teeth as he forced out a smile that was uglier than a cry with all his might, “You have saved the Eastern Frost Nation... Fang Zhou cannot thank you enough for this... Fang Zhou is willing to serve the supreme one from hereon... P-please use me as you wish.”

The man interrupted himself multiple times because his teeth were simply chattering too hard, but he ultimately managed to finish his own sentence. In the end, he drew a stiff, flattering smile across his face.

Yun Che stopped next to Fang Zhou without looking at him. Everyone watched as he slowly put his palm on top of Fang Zou’s head.

“...” Fang Zhou dared not move a muscle.

Boom!!

A burst of fire exploded from his palm and spread to Fang Zhou’s entire body in an instant. A bloodcurdling scream cut through the air, but vanished immediately in the next instant. The poor man quickly disintegrated into dust after the flames had extinguished themselves.

Fang Zhou, protector, advisor, and strongest profound practitioner of the Eastern Frost Nation for almost a millennium, had died at Yun Che’s hands like he was nothing.

Yun Che never even looked in his general direction once as the man burned down to dust.

The Eastern Frost Monarch raised his hand, bowed and tried to say something. In the end though, he did not dare to say a single word. Everyone had heard what he told Ming Xiao earlier.

Three days later, the Nine Great Sects would show up and face him... at his behest!

Yun Che said to Dongfang Hanwei, “Go prepare a quiet place for me.”

“Ah...” Dongfang Hanwei looked as pale as ever, but Yun Che’s order shook her out of her trance and caused her to nod repeatedly, saying, “Yes... this junior will fulfill your request right away.”

The Eastern Frost Monarch also reacted and said in a trembling voice, “Quick... Take Venerable Yun to the Eastern Frost Palace quickly... no, wait, this little king will personally... t-this way please, Venerable Yun.”

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There was a core cultivation room in the Eastern Frost Palace that was available only to the royal family. It was quiet, and it contained a fairly big pocket world.

Yun Che was seated somewhere in the pocket world with his eyes closed and his profound energy completely still. Even his life force was thinning at a considerable rate... it was just like how he was before he encountered Dongfang Hanwei; a prolonged state of suspended animation.

He was quietly absorbing the Devil Emperor origin blood Jie Yuan had left behind into himself. For some reason, his body didn't reject the blood of a devil emperor at all despite him being a mere mortal.

Murky darkness circulated inside his soul and his profound veins.

Eternal Calamity of Darkness.

Darkness of Eternal Calamity.

Jie Yuan had told him in her message that he could control every devil in the world if he achieved perfect mastery over the Eternal Calamity of Darkness!

Out of all the words she had said to him, this was the line that had shaken him the most.

If it was true, then he could transform the entire Northern Divine Region into his tool of vengeance!

Before Ming Yang and Dongfang Hanwei had rudely interrupted him, he had been slowly but steadily entering the world of "Eternal Calamity of Darkness". Although he had to break out of his profound state to deal with the problems, reentering it had come as easy as breathing to him... After all, his greatest strength was his impossible ability to comprehend the profound way.

This silence lasted less than twenty four hours before he opened his eyes again. It was because he felt like he had comprehended something from that murky darkness... it was just a very tiny piece, but it made him feel like he was seeing a completely different world of darkness.

Suddenly, he sensed a presence cautiously approaching his cultivation room from outside. She stood in front of the entrance for a very long time, but she was ultimately too scared to make a sound.

Yun Che looked toward the entrance and said in a reasonably gentle tone, "Come in."

The figure outside froze for a second and dawdled for a bit. Finally, she opened the door and stepped in carefully with her head bowed. The girl was holding a luxurious-looking jade plate, and there were a couple of sweet and exquisitely shaped pastries on it.

"Senior," Dongfang Hanwei knelt on one knee and held the plate in front of Yun Che, "These are the most delicious pastries we have. Please have a taste if you think it's okay. This junior... this junior will be waiting outside. Please summon me if you need me for anything."

At the time, she had no way to know the kind of monster she brought back to her doorstep in panic.

By now, the entire eastern realm had been turned upside down... The Eastern Frost royal family had been secretly investigating the Nine Great Sects, and they learned that all of them were absolutely furious.

Just what would happen at the peak of Cold Cloud Mountain in two days? ...

Countless eyes were already set on the peak of Cold Cloud Mountain. Innumerable sects and profound practitioners of the eastern realms were rushing over from every direction to witness the upcoming meeting as well. After all, the murder of the vice palace chief and the great protector of the Great Yin Immortal Palace, the death of the Dark Roc Great Elder, and the horrific injuries inflicted on the famous Ming Xiao... It had been years since something this big had happened to this realm.

Yun Che looked up and stared at Dongfang Hanwei... The girl had shown up at the perfect time. He might be able to verify his newly acquired learnings on her.

"Take off your top," Yun Che said softly.

Chapter 1545 - Stepping Stone

"Ah!" Yun Che's order caused Dongfang Hanwei's heart to skip a beat. The girl lowered her head, bit her lip and trembled slightly. Even she couldn't tell if she was shaking from fear or misery.

There was no escaping this moment after all...

She was aware of her own beauty, and she knew that she had neither the right nor the ability to turn down any such request from Yun Che. Moreover, she was the one who had said that she was willing to give up everything to save the Eastern Frost Nation.

The blood drained away from her face, but she didn't resist it in terms of movement or speech. With a simple "yes", she got up to her feet and tugged at the sash of her clothes with trembling fingers.

When her sash was pulled off, her light purple official dress slid down her shoulders. She bit her lip harder and harder until finally, her undershirt and her bodice slid to the ground as well. Her bare, exquisite body which countless men had lusted for, but never seen was revealed in full view to Yun Che.

Cold, she subconsciously hugged her own chest and shut her eyes tightly, submitting to the fate that was to come. However, she sensed no movement even though a long time had passed.

Confused, she opened her eyes and looked at Yun Che. However, she noticed that Yun Che had his eyes closed, and he wasn't looking at her at all.

"Senior... Yun?" She asked.

"...I told you to take off your top, not everything," Yun Che said. He hadn't opened his eyes once, but his spiritual sense told him pretty much everything Dongfang Hanwei was doing.

"..." Surprised, Dongfang Hanwei looked both embarrassed and at a complete loss.

"Never mind. Sit down," Yun Che said.

"Yes," Dongfang Hanwei answered obediently, her hands still guarding her chest protectively.

She had just sat down when Yun Che suddenly pointed a finger at her and knocked away her arms completely. Then, he touched her at her solar plexus and sent a flash of profound energy straight into her profound veins.

Dongfang Hanwei trembled once, and she suddenly felt countless streams of unfamiliar energy spreading throughout her entire body. A faint sheen of black profound light appeared on its surface.

The black profound light lasted for several breaths before it faded away swiftly. Then, Yun Che pulled his finger away and dispelled the darkness profound energy in his finger as well, settling back into his hermit state.

On the other side, Dongfang Hanwei's mouth fell open as she perceived the changes in her profound veins and her body. For a long time, she was lost in her own mind as if she was daydreaming.

A long time later, she raised her hand and circulated her darkness profound energy. A ball of power appeared in her palm, and it was unbelievably completely quiet, stable and as pure as a translucent black crystal.

"Senior..." She looked up at Yun Che with unspeakable emotions. She felt like she was still dreaming even now.

"From here on, you'll never have to worry about cultivation backlash any longer. The upper limit of your cultivation speed and power has increased dramatically as well," Yun Che said slowly.

What he did to Dongfang Hanwei was very simple... He had simply corrected her darkness profound energy! More accurately, he had altered her "devil body" and the laws of darkness that it bore.

Naturally, the art he used to make the "correction" was the Eternal Calamity of Darkness!

Yun Che had come into contact with darkness profound energy long before he went to the God Realm. The first darkness profound practitioner he knew was Fen Juechen, and the second Xuanyuan Wentian. Although both people had become far stronger than before after acquiring darkness profound energy, the price they paid was terrible to say the least.

At the time, Yun Che was given the impression that all darkness profound energy cost profound practitioners their lives and humanity.

After he went to the God Realm and learned more and more about darkness profound energy, one of the bits of common knowledge he learned was that all "devil people" became more "violent, murderous, and inhuman" after cultivating darkness profound energy. Their lifespan was also far shorter than a "normal" profound practitioner at the same realm.

So it sounded like darkness profound energy was debilitating to both the cultivator's physical and mental health.

However, after Yun Che no longer held back his darkness profound energy and studied the Eternal Calamity of Darkness, he suddenly noticed a strange problem.

The darkness profound energy of this world seemed to exist in a distorted state!

Be it Fen Juechen, Xuanyuan Wentian, or all the people he encountered in the Northern Divine Region, the darkness profound energy they circulated was very different from the purest, most primal form of darkness profound energy he had inherited from the Heretic God.

At first, he assumed that the darkness profound energy might've undergone a change sometime while it was passed on to the next generation. It had existed since time immemorial after all. However, he rejected that idea immediately because it couldn't explain the extreme distortion both Fan Juechen and Xuanyuan Wentian had experienced.

This meant that the problem probably didn't lie in the darkness profound energy itself. It was because this ancient power that used to belong to devil gods and devil beasts wasn't compatible with the mortals of the current world.

If that was true, then... all those people who had entered the Northern Divine Region to cultivate the ancient power of the devil gods or escape a sudden change in fate were cultivating a power that didn't suit them from the beginning.

The main attribute of darkness profound energy was "devouring" and "destruction". When cultivated inside a body that was incompatible, it would only result in a backlash that "devoured" and "destroyed" one's life and soul.

The greater the incompatibility, the worse the backlash became.

A person's nature and roots were fixed since they were born, and whether they were compatible with a certain type of profound energy was immediately clear since they started cultivating. They might be able to suppress the problems that arose with the incompatibility to a minimum after their power and control had increased, but they would never be able to eliminate it completely. As a result, these "devil people" even thought that this was the natural state of darkness profound energy and never questioned the anomaly.

However, the Eternal Calamity of Darkness was the devil emperor's darkness energy with its own unique laws. Yun Che's mastery of this art was superficial at best, but he already had the power to interfere with another person's "devil body" directly. He could now "fix" a darkness profound practitioner's body so that it would fit their cultivated darkness profound energy perfectly.

Naturally, cultivation became a lot smoother and easier when one's profound energy was perfectly compatible with their body. Yun Che wasn't lying when he said that the upper limit of Dongfang Hanwei's cultivation speed and power had increased dramatically.

It was absolutely a terrifying and incomprehensible ability that defied all common sense in this world.

Of course, Dongfang Hanwei was fully aware of this wonderful, dreamlike sensation. Forget her, even a Divine Master who had cultivated darkness profound energy for tens of thousands of years would be shocked to the point of daydreaming if they had undergone the same correction, if not worse.

Dongfang Hanwei had no idea how Yun Che had done it. She couldn't even perceive the type of energy Yun Che had injected into her. But if there was one thing she was certain of, it would be that her life would never be the same again, literally and figuratively.

When Dongfang Hanwei finally recovered from the long period of excitement and disbelief, she dropped to her knees and bowed deeply to Yun Che. She was so emotional that it almost sounded like she was crying, "Hanwei... thanks senior for granting her a rebirth."

"There's no need, I'm just using you for an experiment," Yun Che replied indifferently before opening his eyes. He stared emotionlessly at Dongfang Hanwei's naked body before saying, "At first, I wasn't sure if the art would work without direct contact, but now it seems like I had overcomplicated things in my own head. Forget indirect contact, I can probably do this again without any contact whatsoever."

Caught off guard by Yun Che's reply, Dongfang Hanwei suddenly recalled that she was still naked. She let out a cry of embarrassment before covering herself up once more, staring at the ground.

"You may leave," Yun Che said, "and tell your father to save his thoughts for himself. I will speak to him personally if there's anything I need."



Dongfang Hanwei stayed still for a moment before replying softly, "Yes."

She grabbed her clothes from the floor. A flash of profound light later, her clothes were back on her body... For some reason, even as she let out a sigh of relief, she felt an unexpected and complicated sense of disappointment inside.

It was because Yun Che's eyes betrayed no emotion whatsoever even though he had a full view of her naked body earlier.

"Senior," Dongfang Hanwei didn't leave immediately. She said, "Hanwei dares not question your plans, but... please be careful. You may not be afraid of the Nine Great Sects, but... if things become overblown, it may alert the great realm king."

Deep seated reverence appeared on Dongfang Hanwei's face when she said the title "great realm king". She looked like she was speaking the title of a god.

"That sounds like good news to me," Yun Che replied coldly. He didn't even ask who the great realm king of the East Ruins Realm was.

Dongfang was surprised by Yun Che's reaction, but this time she didn't say anything. She gave him another deep bow and took several steps backward. Only then did she turn around to leave.

Just as she opened the door and was about to step out, Dongfang Hanwei paused for a moment before turning back to ask a sudden question, "Senior Yun, can Hanwei ask... why did you agree to help me back then?"

At the time, she thought that Yun Che was just a normal Divine King, someone who could save her parents' life. But the fact that he had killed the Divine Kings of the Nine Great Sects like they were nothing, and gave her new life in just a couple of breaths' time, was a sure sign that he was far more amazing than everyone had imagined him to be.

The Eastern Frost Nation should be as small as a speck of dust in his eyes, so why had he followed her here?

She knew that she had asked a dangerous question, and she knew that Yun Che wouldn't give her an answer. But for some reason, she still wanted to know anyway.

To her surprise, Yun Che gave her an answer. "Because I need a stepping stone, understand?"

"..." She stared at Yun Che silently for a very, very long time. She didn't know what answer she was hoping to hear, but she knew now that she and Yun Che were living in different worlds.

"Sorry for disturbing you, Senior. Hanwei will take her leave now."

She closed the door and resealed the barrier. She should be sighing in relief and thanking her lucky stars for her windfall, but for some reason she only felt emptiness in her heart. It was something she had never experienced before, and she had no idea why she was feeling this.

After Dongfang Hanwei had left, Yun Che pulled the plate of pastries closer and smiled gently, saying, "You'er, come try this."

A girl with colorful pupils appeared and held a red-colored pastry in her hands, eating. She looked incredibly satisfied with the meal.

"I don't understand. Why does You'er like something so disgusting?" On the side, Hong'er cocked her head and puffed her cheeks in puzzlement.

You'er's body was apparently different from Hong'er's. After she slowly regained her sense of taste, sweet things became her favorite food... this wasn't the first time Hong'er had complained about this.

Yun Che rolled his eyes at Hong'er... You're the strange one here, okay!?

"Is this really okay, Master? Aren't we rushing things a bit?"

He Ling's voice appeared in Yun Che's mind. There was no one who knew his thoughts better than He Ling.

"No, we're not." Something impossibly dark flashed across Yun Che's pupils. "Swift improvement is only possible with the support of tremendous resources, so we'll take our first pot of gold from this 'Five Nether Ruins'!"

"I don't want to wait even a day longer!"

.....

The past few days were the most restless the eastern realms of the East Ruins Realm had ever been in several years.

Countless profound practitioners had shown up in this realm after hearing the news, turning the mediocre Eastern Frost Nation into the busiest place of all thirty six countries. Countless eyes turned to look at Cold Cloud Mountain, a mountain at the border of the Eastern Frost Nation as they tried to guess at Yun Che's origin and objective, and whether the Nine Great Sects would show up.

At the same time, a vague premonition appeared in many people's hearts... a great change was coming to their realm.

The day the Nine Great Sects were supposed to appear at Cold Cloud Mountain finally arrived.

At the bottom of Cold Cloud Mountain, countless sects and profound practitioners watched the mountain peak closely in hopes of seeing the man who killed the vice palace chief and chief enforcer of the Great Yin Immortal Palace; the young master and the great elder of the Dark Roc Mountain with their own eyes. Finally... they wanted to know if the power structure of their realm would change as a result of today.

Chapter 1546 - Submit, or Die

Cold Cloud Mountain was so tall that its peak was usually hidden behind clouds, but today wasn't a normal day. Today, countless large and small profound ships and profound arks were gathered on top of Cold Cloud Mountain, pushing away the clouds with their auras until they were at least several hundred kilometers away. The airflow was also in a constant state of flux.

The Eastern Frost Monarch, Dongfang Hanwei, and their servants had covertly made their way to the foot of Cold Cloud Mountain. Every time the monarch looked at his daughter, he discovered that he was filled with worry and trepidation.

“Father, will the Nine Great Sects really show up?” Dongfang Hanwei asked. She knew that Yun Che was powerful beyond imagination, but they were still the nine strongest sects of the realm. Every single one of them possessed immeasurable wealth and powerful experts.

Yun Che might be able to fight, one, two or even three sects all at the same time, but nine... Could he really deal with all their peak experts alone?

Moreover, he had murdered three Divine Kings from two great sects already! At the very least, Great Yin Palace and the Dark Roc Clan were sworn enemies with him.

The Eastern Frost Monarch shook his head and said, “How can the likes of us fathom the decision of the Nine Great Sects? That being said, I’m certain that the Sun Death Sword Master won’t be attending. In fact, the Sun Death Sword Realm may not bother to send anyone at all.”

Sun Death Sword Realm was the strongest out of all nine sects!

The Sun Death Sword Master was the strongest sword master and profound practitioner of this realm! No one had been able to dethrone him for several thousand years!

Dongfang Hanwei let out a small sigh of relief after she heard this.

True, there’s no way the Sun Death Sword Master will attend this gathering... so that’s one less danger Yun Che needed to worry about at least.

The Eastern Frost Monarch observed his daughter’s expression before pointing out, “Hanwei, you seem pretty concerned with Venerable Yun’s safety.”

“...Senior Yun saved my life and my country. It’s only right that I feel grateful to him,” Dongfang Hanwei answered.

“Mn.” The Eastern Frost Monarch nodded slightly before shooting her another deep look. Then, he looked away with a complicated expression on his face.

Was the crisis of the Eastern Frost Nation truly over? No, of course not.

Yun Che’s bold taunt had caused a huge stir among the eastern realms, and it wouldn’t be inaccurate to say that Eastern Frost Nation was the “cause” of everything. Moreover, Yun Che had chosen to stay in their country while he waited for the appointed time to arrive, further binding Eastern Frost Nation’s fate to Yun Che’s against their will.

If Yun Che was killed by the Nine Great Sects, then the Great Yin Immortal Palace and the Dark Roc Clan would definitely take out their anger on the Eastern Frost Nation. Their fate would only be crueller and more despairing than the day the Heavenly Martial Nation had marched up to their gates.

On the other hand, if Yun Che really did manage to defeat the Nine Great Sects...

That dreamlike outcome caused the Eastern Frost Monarch to clench his trembling hands into a fist unconsciously.

Whatever today's outcome might be, it would literally decide the fate of the Eastern Frost Nation, even if the Eastern Frost Monarch knew that Yun Che didn't care if they lived or died at all.

It was a kind of sorrow the weak simply had to contend with.

Meanwhile, people were talking both above and below the mountain.

"Who the hell is this Yun Che? Don't we have anything definite on him yet?"

"I don't know. There are rumors saying that he's from a whole different star realm, and that he cultivates some sort of strange profound flame."

"I heard he single handedly killed Fairy Zixuan and the Dark Roc Great Elder. Even Ming Xiao was defeated by him. What is his cultivation?"

"The rumors say that he's a level one Divine King, but that has to be a mistake. Considering that he was able to defeat Ming Xiao and Fairy Zixuan, he may very well be a level eight or even level nine Divine King!"

"Le... level nine Divine King? Doesn't that put him on par with the Sun Death Sword Master!?"

"It's just a guess. Also, I heard that the Sun Death Sword Master is in secluded cultivation, working to reach level ten Divine King. No one knows if he succeeded yet though. It's likely that he's still in secluded cultivation."

"Tenth level Divine King... If the Sun Death Sword Master succeeds, a new legend will be born under his name."

"Regardless, there's no way the Sun Death Sword Master will show up today whether or not he's finished with his cultivation."

"But of course! He would lose face if he responded to an arrogant taunt like this personally."

.....

Ever since the Nine Great Sects took over the eastern realms, very few people had dared to taunt them, much less survive the retaliation. Yun Che was definitely the very first person to taunt the Nine Great Sects openly and threaten them with execution if they failed to attend.

The number of onlookers grew bigger and bigger. The usually lonely mountain was packed with people, and the sky was blotted by countless profound ships.

A wave of air came out of nowhere, and the sea of profound vessels to the east suddenly split apart.

A couple of people stepped out of the sea of profound vessels and descended on the peak of Cold Cloud Mountain slowly.

The entire Cold Cloud Mountain Range fell silent for a brief moment before a huge uproar tens of times louder than before broke out.

“The Grand Head Elder of Soul Cry Monastery!”

“Behind him is the Shattered Moon Monastery Master... Wan Star Hall Master... Black Fiend Sect Master... Blood Hand Poison Sovereign... Blue Profound Spiritual Master... Yaksha Devil Lord...”

The group of seven landed on the peak in succession, and each person’s appearance triggered a huge uproar.

An eighth person joined the group as well, but he was covered in wounds and smelling like herbs despite his imposing pressure... It was the clan master of the Dark Roc Clan, Ming Xiao!

The parted sea of profound vessels finally closed after Ming Xiao’s arrival.

The eight figures stood proudly on the mountain peak. Even the profound arks and profound ships hovering above the mountain hurriedly lowered their altitude so that they weren’t higher than the group of eight.

They were only eight, but every one of them was incredibly important in their own sect. Normally, the appearance of any one of them was more than enough to cause a huge stir.

Soul Cry Monastery, Shattered Moon Monastery, Wan Star Pavilion, Dark Roc Mountain, Blood Hand Villa, Black Fiend Poison Sect, Yaksha Devil Sect, and Great Yin Immortal Palace... A total of eight sects were represented by these people!

Each of the sects had only sent one person to represent them, but six of them were sect masters, one of them was a grand elder, and the last one was a master among sect masters with the title “Devil Lord”!

The strongest of the nine sects, Sun Death Sword Realm, hadn’t sent anyone over but it fell within everyone’s predictions.

“Six sect masters and two grand elders... hss.” A lot of people were sucking in deep breaths. This scene alone was worth the trip already.

Obviously, it wasn’t a coincidence that all eight great sects had only sent one representative to attend. They must’ve discussed this among themselves during the three days. The reason they hadn’t sent more people was to avoid shaming themselves and making themselves look weaker... after all, their “enemy” was only one person!

Still, the fact that the sect masters and the grand head elders of the respective sects had arrived themselves proved that they weren’t underestimating Yun Che.

Fairy Zixuan and Ming Ao’s deaths were no accident after all!

“This is...” Although the Eastern Frost Monarch was mentally prepared from the start, he still couldn’t help but be taken aback by their arrival. Six sect masters and two grand elders! It was such terrifying power that he couldn’t even imagine it in his head. Could Yun Che really fight them all alone?

Beside him, Dongfang Hanwei was so nervous she couldn’t even speak.

“Six sect masters and two grand elders, and the Soul Cry Grand Elder and Yaksha Devil Lord are at least as strong as any sect master. They’re all top tier profound practitioners! This... this is just too much.”

“Yun Che brought it all on himself.”

“Yun Che still hasn’t arrived yet... he can’t be afraid, can he?”

“That’s very possible!”

“As I thought, Sun Death Sword Realm didn’t send anyone.”

“You don’t say.”

While the people were busy shouting, guessing and gossiping in excitement, a black light suddenly fell straight toward Cold Cloud Mountain from the sky above.

It looked like a pitch black lightning was striking the mountain peak, and it was followed by an equally loud explosion.

Boom.

The impact caused a shockwave so terrible that all the profound vessels within a ten or so kilometers radius were knocked back. The weaker profound practitioners felt their vision turn black as their ears and body ached with terrible pain. Some were even unconscious and bleeding out of all their orifices.

The entire Cold Cloud Mountain shook once, and a giant crack appeared from the top of the mountain all the way down to the foot, resulting in an entire new cliff that stunned all onlookers.

At the edge of the cliff was a figure clad in black. He stood on the opposite side from the eight great sects’ top experts, and his eyes were cold and indifferent.

Cries of terror filled the air for a time. Everyone’s face was etched in deep shock. They looked at the black figure at the top of the mountain and felt their hearts beating wildly against their chests.

That was the person who taunted the Nine Great Sects... His appearance alone struck deep fear in many people’s hearts.

None of the experts standing on the peak of Cold Cloud Mountain showed any reaction on their faces when Yun Che arrived. Ming Xiao was the only one who subconsciously took half a step backward.

After all, he was the only one out of all of them who witnessed and tasted the terror that was Yun Che with his own body.

He should’ve been recuperating in his sect, but he had come anyway for reasons only he himself knew.

“Are you Yun Che!?”

A man dressed in blue clothes stepped forward slowly. His complexion looked dark, and his eyes were clearly clouded by an unnatural sheen of black energy. “I wasn’t expecting you to show up, but this is fine. At least I won’t need to waste time to find you!”

The man was none other than the palace chief of the Great Yin Immortal Palace and the infamous Blue Profound Spiritual Master!

But it was as if Yun Che hadn’t heard him at all. He stared at the eight people in front of him, noting that their auras were completely different from one another, meaning that no two people belonged to the

same sect. His mouth slowly curled into a grin as he said, "So, we're missing one. Very well. I guess I'll be removing one sect from the East Ruins Realm after this."

The near indiscernible sneer on his face and the whisper that sounded like a decree from the heavens shot a chill through everyone's heart.

"What an arrogant brat." The Yaksha Devil Lord glared at Yun Che and said, "Huh? A first level Divine King? Clan Master Ming Xiao, are you sure this is the one we're looking for?"

"Heh. Underestimate him and you're a goner before you know it," Ming Xiao said coldly. He dared not offend Yun Che recklessly without confirming the latter's intentions, but of course he wasn't going to call Yun Che "supreme one" before so many people.

"Hmph, we wouldn't come here personally if we did. However, this brat is even more conceited than I imagined..." The Blood Hand Poison Sovereign stretched out his right palm as bluish black light danced eerily between his fingers. "So I'm going to make sure that his end is far worse than he imagined as well!"

No one was bothering to hide their conversations or expressions, but Yun Che still didn't react to them in the slightest. Instead, he slowly walked toward the group of eight until he was about thirty meters away from them.

Eight people, six level seven Divine Kings, two level six Divine Kings. There was no one in the entire realm except the Sun Death Sword Master who could defeat a force like this.

Upon stopping, Yun Che said indifferently, "The reason I've ordered you all to come today is to declare one thing."

"From this day onward, I, Yun Che, am the ruler of the eastern realms!"

Everyone's expressions changed drastically when they heard this.

Yun Che slowly raised his hands and narrowed his eyes. He stared at the group of eight in front of him and said, "You now have a choice to make. Submit to me, or die!"

Chapter 1547 - Dead End?

Submit to me, or die!

It was like the verdict of a monarch being handed down to a couple of lowly commoners!

But the eight people in front of him were no lowly commoners at all. They were the strongest profound practitioners of this entire realm!

The group of eight started laughing after their initial surprise had passed. They looked like they had just heard the biggest joke of their lives, if not the most infuriating one.

They couldn't remember the last time they were condescended to like this after achieving their status and power. Not even the great realm king would say such things to their faces! This was beyond the ability of the word "arrogance" to describe already.

“Hehe, hahahaha!” The Wan Star Hall Master laughed out loud, “Interesting, how very interesting! I thought he might be someone important, but no, he’s just a foolish madman.”

“Withdraw that statement and get out of the East Ruins Realm, and Shattered Moon Monastery may yet spare you,” said the Shattered Moon Monastery Master.

“I suppose the peace in East Ruins Realm has lasted for too long, long enough that someone would want to climb above all of us. Heh, what a joke.” The Black Fiend Sect Master shot Ming Xiao a sideways glance before taunting, “Clan Master Ming Xiao, is this really the person who shattered your courage?”

“...” But the normally short-tempered Ming Xiao didn’t say anything.

Rumors could never match up to the real experience, not to mention that Yun Che was exuding the aura of a first level Divine King. Even the weakest among their group was a sixth level Divine King, so it was understandable that they felt no pressure whatsoever.

“Hmph! Why even waste words on him?” The Blue Profound Spiritual Master said sternly, “I don’t care who you are or where you come from, Yun Che! For killing my vice palace chief and great protector, I’ve come to take vengeance. You will not leave this Cold Cloud Mountain alive!”

Clang!

There was a deafening noise, and a 1.5 meter wide blue cauldron appeared in his hands.

Everyone was stunned when they saw the object.

“That’s the Great Yin Ghost Cauldron!” Exclamations of shock came from both the ground and the sky.

“Heh, you’ve even brought your sect’s ultimate artifact? It looks like the Great Yin Palace Chief’s bloodthirst can only be sated with death today,” said the Blood Hand Poison Sovereign smilingly.

“Heh, Zixuan’s death can only be repaid in blood. Plus, aren’t you the same as me?” The Blue Profound Spiritual Master shot him a sideways glance and said, “You can’t hide the stench of the Poisoned Hand!”

The Blood Hand Poison Sovereign’s lips curled. A black flash later, a pitch black glove had appeared on his right hand. The poison aura spreading swiftly from it was enough to make even the group of sect masters look a bit apprehensive.

When the Blood Hand Poison Sovereign looked at Yun Che again, it looked like he was staring at a corpse.

“Hahahaha!” The Wan Star Hall Master laughed loudly as he lifted a star formation disc and said, “It looks like no one here is planning to let him leave alive.”

“Hmph, we would be a joke if we let him go after everything he did!”

It was true that no one had underestimated Yun Che. After all, there was no faking Ming Xiao’s injuries. Not only had they shown up to personally kill Yun Che, everyone was carrying a powerful profound artifact of their own to guarantee their success!



There was no chance they were ever going to allow a person who killed their people and taunted all of them to go scott free!

Yun Che's excessive arrogance and contempt had made them laugh and yet angrier than ever before. Their emotions were definitely going to be reflected in their methods.

"Is this your answer?" Unperturbed in the slightest, Yun Che nodded at them once and said, "Very well."

He took a step forward, and his pupils glowed black a little. His pitch black hair floated upward even though there was no wind, followed by a surge of invisible pressure.

Yun Che's aura was undoubtedly the aura of a level one Divine King, but somehow his spiritual pressure was able to enter the deepest depths of their souls and strike terror in them.

That's right, terror... It was a terror that came from the soul faster than their will could interpret.

Although the sudden emotion had lasted for only an instant, it was enough to cause everyone to freeze and feel a vague sense of unease. Ming Xiao's reaction was especially bad—a look of deep fright seemingly etched on his face—since he was the only one here who had experienced Yun Che's true power firsthand. He quickly gritted his teeth and forced down the terror that shouldn't be, an odd glint flashing across his eyes.

"Heh, that's some pretty impressive pressure! Too bad you have a death wish!" Holding the cauldron with his left hand and a sword with his right, he suddenly appeared above Yun Che like a ghost and whipped the air currents into a bluish black storm, firing it straight down at Yun Che.

The attack felt like the yin winds from the depths of hell itself, and in that instant, even those who were watching from the ground felt like the gates of hell had opened up to devour them all. Countless people screamed in terror as a result.

It wasn't just the East Ruins Realm. Most of the high level sects of the Five Nether Ruins focused mainly on the cultivation of wind profound energy. Wind gave rise to darkness, and a dark storm could easily cause untold destruction.

The fact that the people at the foot of Cold Cloud Mountain had felt the way they did proved how terrible the dark storm was.

The Blue Profound Spiritual Master was the first to act. No one else had made a move yet. They all wanted to see how powerful Yun Che was, and the Blue Profound Spiritual Master was no doubt the best candidate to do so.

Yun Che's black clothes flapped loudly as he continued standing in the eye of the storm. To everyone's surprise, Yun Che didn't try to avoid the Blue Profound Spiritual Master's dark wind at all, or even discharge his profound energy. Casually, he lifted a hand, faced towards the dark wind and made a grabbing motion at the Blue Profound Spiritual Master.

The scene caused the other seven people to frown in puzzlement. Then, everyone's eyeballs bugled in unison.

The dark wind started dissipating under the casual gesture. It looked like it was devoured by some sort of invisible force. By the time Yun Che's palm got close to the Blue Profound Spiritual Master, the dark storm the latter conjured had vanished completely like it was all just an illusion.

The Blue Profound Spiritual Master's eyes widened with impossible shock, but he had enough sense to realize that continuing his attack would be unwise. His blue-colored, ordinary-looking clothes flashed once before a pitch black armor that looked like it was half-stuck in reality replaced it completely.

Boom!

Cold Cloud Mountain shook violently as a terrible noise resounded. The Blue Profound Spiritual Master was sent flying like a sack of straw, crashing through dozens of giant-sized stones before sinking into the mountain itself in a shower of blood.

An oppressive, terrifying silence instantly enveloped the entire Cold Cloud Mountain Range.

The Blue Profound Spiritual Master, Palace Chief of the Great Yin Divine Palace, a powerful level seven Divine King and one of the known rulers of the eastern realms was inflicted with serious damage in just one hit!

Rrrrrmb!

The section of the mountain the Blue Profound Spiritual Master had crashed into collapsed, the injured profound practitioner emerging from the heap of stones with none of the confidence and power he had displayed earlier. Shock and fear overwhelmed his features completely... If it wasn't for the protection of his clothes, that one strike would've claimed half his life!

Who would've thought that Yun Che was this powerful?

"Let's attack him together!" The Blue Profound Spiritual Master roared, causing two people to pounce toward Yun Che in unison.

The Sun Death Sword Master was the only profound practitioner in the entire eastern realms who could inflict serious damage to the Blue Profound Spiritual Master in one attack. At this point, they had no choice but to admit that Yun Che was probably as strong as the Sun Death Sword Master even though he was just a level one Divine Master!

No one here was a match for him alone!

There was no other way to fight Yun Che except by working together. At the same time, everyone was glad that they had brought their sect's ultimate profound artifact in case it was necessary.

The Wan Star Hall Master and the Blood Hand Poison Sovereign acted in unison. Two bolts of darkness energy surrounded by poisonous mist quickly locked down the space Yun Che was in.

Yun Che still hadn't moved an inch. He casually made a swiping motion in front of him.

Riip!

The two sect masters' combined profound energy was torn apart like they were nothing but a fragile curtain. Before the two were even able to get close, a powerful force had sent them flying just like the Blue Profound Spiritual Master.

However, another four figures rushed Yun Che at nearly the same time Yun Che performed his counter attack!

The Soul Cry Grand Elder, Shattered Moon Monastery Master, Black Fiend Sect Master, and Yaksha Devil Lord summoned their darkness profound energy and created a giant whirlpool of darkness above Cold Cloud Mountain. When the onlookers stared into the dark whirlpool, they almost felt like their gazes and souls were being sucked into the whirlpool itself, doomed to be devoured for eternity.

Yun Che raised his arms and spread out his fingers. The black light around his palms glowed much brighter as he met the approaching whirlpool head on.

The two opposing darkness profound energies clashed and engulfed the entire mountain peak in darkness. The impact nearly caused the four sect masters to spit blood as a terrible chill enveloped the entire mountain range in just an instant.

The combined power of two sect masters and two grand elders finally forced Yun Che to move a bit. His upper body was bent backward slightly, and his foot was shifted half a step backward.

The four sect masters were attacking together, but the clash was almost completely in favor of Yun Che. The casual sheen of light the latter conjured easily suppressed their dark whirlpool before devouring it all layer by layer. Their bodies hurt like they were being cut by a thousand blades, and they felt like they could fall apart at any moment. Their shock level was also at its absolute limit.

The other four sect masters didn't move while they were struggling. A strange energy started flowing out of the Wan Star Hall Master, Blue Profound Spiritual Master, and the Blood Hand Poison Sovereign's bodies.

Ming Xiao had moved far, far away from the battlefield since a while ago. His non-participation made sense because he was seriously injured.

Boom!!

The black light exploded loudly. The standoff between Yun Che and the four sect masters broke off as the latter were sent flying away with blood gushing out of their lips. The light in the Wan Star Hall Master's star formation disc froze at the same time, and he leaped into the air before swinging the profound artifact downward. A dark star formation winked into existence, surrounded Yun Che and the other four sect masters and locked them to the center of the formation.

Everyone looked overjoyed by his success. The Wan Star Hall Master shouted, "Do it!"

"Well done!" The Blue Profound Spiritual Master leaped out of the rubble and threw the Great Yin Ghost Cauldron at Yun Che. It grew to about three hundred meters wide before falling down right on top of Yun Che and swallowing him whole.

"Hahahaha!" The Blue Profound Spiritual Master laughed madly after the attempt was successful. "This is the end of your arrogance, Yun Che!"

Exclamations of shock filled the entire mountain.

“Sigh...” The Eastern Frost Monarch sighed heavily before closing his eyes. Yun Che’s defeat of the Blue Profound Spiritual Master in one hit and victory over the combined power of four sect masters were impressive to say the least, but when he was shackled by the Wan Star Formation and swallowed by the Great Yin Ghost Cauldron, the Eastern Frost Monarch knew that everything was over.

“Ah...” Dongfang Hanwei pressed her lips together tightly and trembled, unable to say anything at all.

She was young, but even she knew what the Great Yin Ghost Cauldron was.

It was rumored that the Great Yin Ghost Cauldron had refined countless dark corpses and accumulated an infinite amount of death energy, ghost energy and resentment energy. Anyone who was trapped inside it would be tortured by these energies to the point of mental collapse.

What did profound energy and physical strength matter when the mind was already destroyed? Anyone who was trapped would be refined into a dark corpse in no time, and it was rumored that no one had ever escaped from it, not even adding in the fact that Yun Che was already trapped in the Wan Star Formation.

“Hmph! No wonder he dared to taunt all nine sects at once. His power is truly impressive. Unfortunately... there is only one outcome for this crime!” the Wan Star Hall Master said with a sneer.

“Yun Che, you’re the first person ever to ridicule the nine great sects and the eastern realms so, and you will know of the consequences immediately. You have only yourself to blame for this!” The Blood Hand Poison Sovereign then opened his right hand and added, “Allow me to send you on your way!”

The “Poison Hand” instantly grew to several hundred meters before its pitch black fingers grabbed onto the Great Yin Ghost Cauldron. A black mist of poison was injected straight into the ghost cauldron.

The Soul Cry Grand Elder also walked forward and said, “It’s a worthwhile death to have us send you off like this! Unfortunately for you, it’s too late to beg for mercy!”

A small, black bell flew out of his palm while he was speaking. It moved right next to the ghost cauldron before ringing out ripples of black demonic patterns.

In that moment, the entire Cold Cloud Mountain Range was filled with the soul-wrenching cries of the dead.

The Soul Cry Bell was the Soul Cry Monastery’s greatest demonic artifact! It was also the strongest demonic sound profound artifact in the entire East Ruins Realm!

Star formation, ghost cauldron, poisoned hand, soul cry... even at a distance, the onlookers could feel the terrible waves emanating from the profound artifacts. They could scarcely imagine what kind of torture and despair Yun Che was suffering from right now.

Everything was completely over. This was the consequence of offending the nine great sects.

Chapter 1548 - Trample

The Wan Star Formation Disc's restriction, the Great Yin Ghost Cauldron's suppression and refinement, the Soul Cry Bell's demonic sound and the Poisoned Hand's deadly poison... There was no one who thought that Yun Che might survive this, not even if he had ten lives.

The Nine Great Sects... or more accurately, the seven sects had returned Yun Che an incredibly cruel and gorgeous death for his unmatched display of arrogance and strength.

Ming Xiao walked over from a distance and said with a smile, "This went faster than I expected. I was worried that news of this would reach the great realm king."

"Reach the great realm king?" The Blue Profound Spiritual Master replied with a disdainful smile, "The likes of him doesn't deserve the attention. This boy killed Zixuan, he was lucky he died this quickly!"

Boom!

A dull noise suddenly interrupted the Blue Profound Spiritual Master. His face suddenly turned deathly pale as a shudder coursed through his whole body.

He abruptly turned to look at the Great Yin Ghost Cauldron.

Everyone's face changed at the same time. The noise seemed to have come from inside the Great Yin Ghost Cauldron. "What's going on?"

Boom!!

This one was even louder and duller than before, overwhelming even the demonic sound of the Soul Cry Bell. There was no mistake, it was coming from inside the Great Yin Ghost Cauldron!

Their faces changed again into shock and disbelief. "It... it can't be..."

Blood seeped into the Blue Profound Spiritual Master's face unnaturally quick. He was even starting to tremble.

BOOM!!!!!!

The noise happened for a third time, and a pale white hand abruptly burst out of the Great Yin Ghost Cauldron's body. Cracks spread madly across the surface of the profound artifact not unlike the number of visible blood vessels growing in everyone's eyeballs.

Bang!

The Great Yin Ghost Cauldron exploded in a shower of blue and black pieces in an instant. A jet of black blood burst out of the Blue Profound Spiritual Master's mouth and he staggered backward as if he was the one who was hit by the attack. When he looked up and saw the man slowly walking out of the ruined profound artifact and the black mist surrounding it, his pupils widened to the point where they could've ripped themselves apart.

Yun Che's eyes were as emotionless as the first time he saw him. Not only did he look completely unhurt, there wasn't even a wrinkle on his black clothes.

This was an outcome that no one had even dreamed of. The Poisoned Hand was knocked back by the explosion earlier, and as the Blood Hand Poison Sovereign's expression darkened he made it unleash an incredibly concentrated poisonous gas of darkness that engulfed Yun Che in an instant.

However, Yun Che continued to walk unhurriedly amidst the gas. The moment the Poisoned Hand started falling toward him, he reached out, grabbed the edge of the profound artifact and released a burst of black energy.

Riiip!

The black energy engulfed the entire Poisoned Hand in an instant. It was quickly followed by a terrifying shredding noise as Yun Che ruthlessly ripped the Blood Hand Poison Sovereign's entire hand from his wrist.

"Uaah!"

The Blood Hand Poison Sovereign let out a bloodcurdling scream as he collapsed to his knees. Blood poured out of the gaping hole where his right hand used to be like a fountain... Meanwhile, Yun Che was tearing his black glove, his identity, apart piece by piece like it was nothing but a piece of old fabric.

"You..." The Blood Hand Poison Sovereign trembled violently as his eyes turned bloodshot. His shock and fear far exceeded even the pain he was feeling.

Yun Che made another grabbing motion, and this time it was the Soul Cry Bell that was sucked into his hand. Shocked, the Soul Cry Grand Elder immediately urged the Soul Cry Bell to unleash a demonic sound that was even greater than the ghastly wails.

However, Yun Che remained completely unmoved despite bathing inside a demonic sound that could destroy the soul. It was like he was a pool of stagnant water that hadn't moved an inch for countless years. He turned slightly in the Soul Cry Grand Elder's direction, and a black flash winked once from behind his pupils.

Roar!!

The deafening roar of a dragon suddenly appeared in the Soul Cry Grand Elder's heart and soul, and a pitch black dragon the size of the sky itself appeared in front of him and opened its mouth.

"AAAAAAAHH———"

The Soul Cry Grand Elder let out the most terrified scream of his life. Yun Che hadn't attacked him, but he ran, rolled, and crawled away on all fours before flattening himself on the ground like a trembling dog scared out of its wits.

Crack!

The Soul Cry Bell warped in Yun Che's hands before breaking completely. He then discarded the useless pieces of metal on the ground.

The Great Yin Ghost Cauldron, the Poisoned Hand and the Soul Cry Bell were their sects' greatest demonic artifacts, but not only had Yun Che broken free from them with ease, the thought to claim

them for himself didn't even cross his mind once. He had destroyed them all in the blink of an eye like he was discarding a pair of worn shoes.

Silence enveloped Cold Cloud Mountain once more, and this time it was more oppressive than it had ever been since the beginning. Everyone was frozen like they had seen a ghost, and the eight great sects who were sure that Yun Che was killed earlier felt like they had fallen into the most ridiculous and terrifying nightmare in the world. They could neither believe nor break out of their trance.

"Is this all you've got?" Yun Che sneered disdainfully, "Bunch of trash!"

Terror... soundless terror was spreading like a plague in everyone's heart. It wasn't just the grand elders and sect masters of the eight great sects either, everyone who was watching this scene felt like a terrible demon had spawned inside their heart.

How was it possible for someone to tear apart the demonic artifact of a sect, especially one that was powered by a sect master or a grand elder, so easily? Forget seeing, they had never even heard of such power in their lives. At the same time, they realized that Yun Che had purposely allowed himself to be trapped by the Wan Star Formation and the Great Yin Ghost Cauldron...

No, it wasn't even that. It was because it was beneath him to dodge such things!

"Senior Yun... is... amazing..." Dongfang Hanwei muttered in a daze. She felt like her world was turned upside down.

"..." This time, it was the Eastern Frost Monarch who couldn't say a word.

"You... you... you..." The hand the Wan Star Hall Master used to hold the star formation disc wouldn't stop shaking as he stuttered. "Who on earth... are you!"

"Submit, or die," Yun Che said in a low tone.

He hadn't tried to kill anyone yet. He needed tools, not dead bodies.

The Wan Star Hall Master's face twitched unnaturally. There was no way he could "submit" to Yun Che before so many eastern realm profound practitioners, and yet he couldn't find it in himself to control his fear and throw a scathing retort at all. When he looked sideways, he discovered that his peers were equally shaken and trembling in fear.

There was only so much emotion a person could handle. The only reason these sect masters and grand elders seemed fearless was because they'd never encountered someone who could terrify them, until now.

The Blue Profound Spiritual Master breathed heavily. Blood was still pouring out of his throat because of the backlash from the destruction of the Great Yin Ghost Cauldron. He shakily raised his head and stared at Yun Che with fear and hatred, and when that fear turned to violence he let out a half-insane scream, "He must've suffered huge damage inside the Great Yin Ghost Cauldron, and he was poisoned by the Poisoned Hand... He's just putting on a front, he has to be..."

"Kill him! Let's join hands and kill him together!!"

He abruptly leaped into the air, summoned a black storm with his blue sword and charged Yun Che once more.

His half-crazed cry was the force that pushed everyone over the edge as they subconsciously reacted at the same time. Six different blasts of darkness flew toward Yun Che with the promise of death.

The Soul Cry Grand Elder was the only one who didn't react to the Blue Profound Spiritual Master's cry, still lying on the ground and shaking like a leaf. Unlike his peers, he'd suffered huge mental damage when his Soul Cry Bell was destroyed. Considering that even Shui Meiyin, the owner of the Divine Stainless Soul had lost to Yun Che in a mental battle, his choice to use the Soul Cry Bell on him was practically suicide.

As for Ming Xiao, he moved away from the battlefield once more.

The combined power of six Divine Kings was certainly out of the world for the people of these lands. Cold Cloud Mountain shook violently under their power, and countless profound vessels were knocked down again despite having moved very far away from the battlefield.

Yun Che looked unmoved despite being at the center of the six Divine Kings' attacks. He wasn't even looking at anyone. He simply moved his right arm behind him, and swung down with his left hand casually.

In that instant, a gigantic azure wolf appeared before everyone's eyes and roared.

The palm becomes the sword. It was the second technique of the Heavenly Wolf Hell God's Tome, Wild Fang!

But unlike before, the eyes of the wolf glowed black instead of blue.

Every Divine King saw a giant wolf pouncing toward them, devouring their energy, spirit, and even their body...

**BOOOOM!!**

The unfortunate Cold Cloud Mountain finally snapped in half, and the darkness profound energy the six Divine Kings injected all their power into was annihilated in an instant. They were thrown backward in six different directions, scattering blood everywhere like six leaking blood bags.

Yun Che rushed toward them like a ghost.

**Boom!**

First, he pierced the Wan Star Hall Master's Wan Star Formation Disc with his arm and struck the latter in the heart, depressing it and causing a jet of blood to spray out of his mouth.

**Bang!**

Then, he broke the Blue Profound Spiritual Master's blue sword in half with one finger before stabbing the latter's arms with halves through his clothes.

**Crack!**



The left arm of the Blood Hand Poison Sovereign who already lost his right hand suddenly broke into pieces, drawing yet another bloodcurdling scream from the man.

Boom!

Boom!

Boom!

Yun Che had attacked all six Divine Kings again and seriously injured them before they even hit the ground. All of them were covered in blood, and they couldn't climb to their feet despite hitting the ground and being given several seconds to breathe, much less retaliate or struggle against Yun Che.

Bang!

Yun Che then dropped down from the sky and slammed his right foot into the Soul Cry Grand Elder's chest, caving it in and pushing his victim into the ground completely. A mist of blood and dust quickly spread out of the man-shaped hole.

"This is your last chance," Yun Che said slowly like a devil declaring his final warning, "submit, or die!"

This time, everyone could sense his bone chilling killing intent.

The seven Divine Kings panted, groaned and hissed desperately in pain. Right now, they looked like seven writhing dogs at death's door.

From eyeballs, to hearts, to profound vessels and even the air—everything was shaking in fear.

No one had expected the unparalleled rulers of the eastern realms to lose to Yun Che so decisively and terribly.

"Sigh."

A long sigh suddenly appeared beside everyone's hearts and ears. It sounded like it came from afar, but it also sounded like it was right next to one's ear.

The eight despairing Divine Kings looked up at the same time. The onlookers' expressions also turned into that of deep shock.

Chapter 1549 - Berserk

"This voice, it can't be..."

Everyone looked around in attempt to search for the speaker. A godlike figure whose name had become legend a long time ago appeared in everyone's mind.

"Sun Death... Sword Master..." The words tumbled out of the Blue Profound Spiritual Master's mouth as his eyes became alight with hope. However, it dimmed immediately when he recalled Yun Che's unbelievable strength.

They had all tested the Sun Death Sword Master's strength before, and they knew he was absolutely invincible in the eastern realms. However, Yun Che was so terrifyingly powerful that not even the Sun Death Sword Master was likely to be a match for him.

Unless...

Who was Yun Che, and why was he here... Was it true the eastern region had to crawl beneath his feet?

Yun Che wasn't surprised at all by his appearance, however. He said in a low and chilly voice, "Finally willing to come out?"

"Yun Che." The voice wasn't old, but it was heavy with age and experience. The Sun Death Sword Master said, "The Nine Great Sects have no grudge with you. Why must you push us so? If you insist on defying the natural order, then it's only a matter of time before the heavens smite you even if you manage to survive your mortal enemies... Stop this now."

"The heavens will smite me?" Yun Che smiled. To most people, this would sound like a warning or a threat, but to him, it was nothing but the most laughable joke in the whole world. He looked up slowly and stared toward the north. Then, he said with a voice that sounded as deep as the abyss, "Show your face."

A person appeared in the northern sky. It was a middle-aged man dressed in clean, plain clothes with a broadsword behind his back. His sword was gem white in color even though he was in the Northern Divine Region, a place consisting of dark palettes and darkness profound energy.

"Sun Death Sword Master... it's the Sun Death Sword Master!"

Shocked cries filled the air like a tempest. It was the name of the number one profound practitioner in the eastern realms!

Sun Death Sword Master was the current sword master of the Sun Death Sword Realm, the strongest out of the nine sects of the eastern realms. He was powerful, and his throne was immovable!

Everyone was sure that he wouldn't show up today. There were even rumors about him being in secluded cultivation as of late. No one expected him to actually show up, and it seemed like he was hiding nearby from the very beginning.

Yun Che slowly pointed a finger at the strongest profound practitioner of the eastern realms and said, "You only have one chance: submit, or die!"

Yun Che's threat caused the commotion to die down again. The Sun Death Sword Master was incredibly powerful, and no one would've believed that Yun Che could defeat him if he had shown up from the beginning.

But after witnessing Yun Che's devilish skill with their own eyes, they couldn't pretend not to notice a terrifying possibility... the possibility that even the Sun Death Sword Master was no match for Yun Che, especially considering that Yun Che's attitude hadn't changed in the slightest.

"It looks like further talk will be pointless." The Sun Death Sword Master lifted his arm and gripped the hilt of his sword, causing a pitch black sword wave to burst suddenly out of the tip of the pure white broadsword.

Air, space, and vision all became distorted at once. A billion invisible swords suddenly appeared inside the slumbering, shaking space, and they felt powerful enough to lay waste to every living being in the world with just a single thought.

The black might that enveloped the world in just an instant caused every onlooker to hold their breath, and every Divine King of the other eight to turn pale.

“This... this is...”

They were all eastern realm locals and members of the nine great sects. They knew the Sun Death Sword Master better than anyone. However, the power he currently displayed far exceeded their imagination. They immediately recalled that rumor and turned even paler than before.

“Did the Sun Death Sword Master actually succeed in his breakthrough!?”

“Divine King Realm... level ten!” The Wan Star Hall Master shouted in agitation. Their terror and despair-filled eyes were suddenly replaced by burning hope.

The Sun Death Sword Master hadn't just created a new legend in the eastern realms with his breakthrough, he had also brought with him a much brighter light of hope in this crisis!

A tenth level Divine King was literally one step away from achieving Divine Sovereign! It was more than enough to punish this arrogant and tyrannical Yun Che!

As the Sun Death Sword Master's sword might washed across the defeated Divine Kings, they felt moved enough to shed tears on the spot. This epoch-making breakthrough almost felt like a blessing and salvation from the heavens!

“I would've been no match for you before I completed my breakthrough,” the Sun Death Sword Master said while circulating his power. The all encompassing swords' might of darkness looked like it would grind Yun Che into nothing any moment. “I guess even fate wants you to die.”

“Heh, you think you can kill me?” Yun Che said expressionlessly, “I guess your answer is 'death' then!”

“I can easily beat you myself, but I won't be able to stop you from escaping.” The Sun Death Sword Master's voice sounded like it was infused with a mountain. It was impossible to doubt the man's words. “You are both cruel and incredibly young. Our troubles will be endless if you are allowed to escape. That's why I've invited another friend to join me.”

Another... friend?

The Sun Death Sword Master's words surprised everyone. Ming Xiao was the only one whose eyes had glinted with spirit.

The eastern sky suddenly turned dark without warning.

The profound arks and profound ships flying in the air suddenly sank lower as if they were carrying the weight of a thousand mountains. As a gigantic, black shadow slowly approached from the distance, it was as if the sky itself was pressing toward the ground, crushing everyone's lungs until they threatened to burst apart.

That's... that's a Dark Roc!”

Everyone looked at the sky in shock and amazement. It was definitely a Dark Roc, but this creature was so huge that a single wing spanned dozens of kilometers!

There was no one who didn't know about the Dark Roc Clan in the eastern realms. However, no one, not even the sect masters or grand elders, had ever seen a fifty kilometer long Dark Roc!

Even scarier was the fact that the pressure it generated was as strong as the Sun Death Sword Master's dark sword might!

On top of the Cold Cloud Mountain, Ming Xiao's knees hit the ground loudly as he shouted loud and clear to everyone's ears, "Your unworthy junior Ming Xiao greets his forefather!"

Everyone was flabbergasted when they heard the title "Forefather" from Ming Xiao's mouth.

"Fo... Forefather Ming Peng!?" Countless people blurted out the roc's true identity in fear.

A Dark Roc's lifespan was far longer than a human's. It was one of the main reasons why the Dark Roc Clan was able to prosper as long as it had. Since a long, long time ago, it was rumored that the forefather of the Ming Peng Family was still alive... But of course, a rumor was just a rumor. There were very few people who actually checked into it, much less believing that it was true.

But today, when an unprecedented crisis had befallen the nine great sects, a fifty-kilometer long Dark Roc had literally arrived to their rescue. That rumor became certainty when Ming Xiao collapsed to his knees and called it "Forefather".

Forefather Ming Peng was actually still alive, and the fact that his might was equal to the Sun Death Sword Master's meant that he was also a level ten Divine King!

He was most likely stronger than the Sun Death Sword Master as well!

This meant that there was a level ten Divine King that had already existed in the eastern realms since long before the Sun Death Sword Master! He hadn't wanted to get involved with the secular world and became the guardian forefather of the Dark Roc Clan... In reality, he was the true strongest profound practitioner and the first level ten Divine King of the eastern realms of the East Ruins Realm!

The Sun Death Sword Master clearly knew about Forefather Ming Peng. In fact, it looked like they were good friends.

The Soul Cry Grand Elder, Shattered Moon Monastery Master, Wan Star Hall Master, Blood Hand Poison Sovereign, Black Fiend Sect Master, Yaksha Devil Lord, and Blue Profound Spiritual Master... When their shock had passed, everyone saluted Forefather Ming Peng before shouting in reverence and agitation, "Welcome, Forefather Ming Peng."

This time, the atmosphere had changed completely.

Just now, they had witnessed Yun Che being sealed into the Great Yin Ghost Cauldron, then the seven Divine Kings being trampled by Yun Che like street dogs. But now, the recently ascended Sun Death Sword Master and a hidden master who was even stronger than he was had appeared at the same time.

Sun Death Sword Master, Forefather Ming Peng... two level ten Divine Kings!

The eastern realms had never had a level ten Divine King, but today, two of them had appeared at once!

No matter how powerful Yun Che might be, there was no way he could fight against two level ten Divine Kings!

The situation was now completely reversed.

“Yun... Che...”

Forefather Ming Peng’s voice came from above. There was a powerful threat behind his voice, and every word he spoke sent a tremor through space, “This old one would not appear if all you planned to do was prove your way. However, you crossed the line when you bared your methods and ambitions.”

“The East Ruins Realm is not a place you can trifle with. If you insist on cornering us and putting the eastern realms under your thumb, then don’t blame us for retaliating and burying you here for eternity.”

“It’s pointless to persuade him,” the Sun Death Sword Master said indifferently. “Let’s go.”

The white sword swept through the air, and his entire aura changed completely. Floating in the air with eyes that reflected the light of his blade, he looked like an emperor who looked down on the entire world. In his eyes, all lives including Yun Che were ants. The power and gracefulness of the strongest profound practitioner in the eastern realms were completely bared at this moment.

“This sword is called ‘Sun Death’,” the Sun Death Sword Master said. “The Sun Death Sword Realm is named after it. It has killed almost a thousand Divine Kings, and today it shall drink the blood of a Divine King again!”

Skree!

The blade swung downward, parting heaven and earth with a white rainbow at least tens of thousands of meters long. At the same time, countless sword energies rained toward Yun Che with a piercing howl like dragons.

Yun Che turned sideways and shrouded himself in black light. He threw a punch of pure darkness profound energy—one that wasn’t empowered by any profound art at all—straight at the incoming slash.

Crack!!

There was a thunderous explosion that sounded like the end of the world, and cracks immediately appeared all over the pure white beam. However, it didn’t crumble on the spot. Pushed on by the sword energy behind it, it shattered into countless destructive beams and rained all around Yun Che.

Dingdingdingdingdingding...

Both sword energy and sword beams fell from the sky like a downpour. However, they were completely dispelled by Yun Che’s protective energy.

A gleam appeared in the Sun Death Sword Master’s eyes as he changed his hand gesture. Thousands of snowy white and abyssal black sword waves suddenly appeared out of nowhere before flying toward Yun Che at the same time.

Sword energy, sword beam, and sword wave... Not only was he using three types of sword power at the same time, they were so powerful that the weather itself had changed before its might. Right now, the wide-eyed onlookers were being shown why the Sun Death Sword Master was the strongest sword profound practitioner of the eastern realms!

Bang!

Bang!

Bang!

Every time a sword wave struck Yun Che, a white or black flash about several hundred meters wide would appear. Yun Che's expression still hadn't changed in the slightest, but his protective energy was clearly starting to distort and stagger under the barrage. The longer it went on, the more cracks and depressions would appear on his protective energy.

The sect masters and grand elders of the other eight sects were knocked far, far away by the Sun Death Sword master's sword energy. All of them were shocked by the sheer power he was displaying... this was the power of a level ten Divine King, a peak Divine King second only to a half-step Divine Sovereign within the same realm!

Riiip!

A shrill noise pierced everyone's ears as Yun Che's protective energy was finally torn apart. A sword wave immediately rushed right past his ear and cut off a few strands of hair.

Suddenly, the blue sky became covered in clouds.

It was Forefather Ming Peng. He abruptly flapped his giant wings, and a pitch black storm instantly descended on top of the suppressed Yun Che.

A pitch black whirlpool enveloped the space Yun Che was in immediately.

"Senior Yun!" Dongfang Hanwei let out a bloodcurdling scream. She felt like she could faint at any moment.

Ha... haha!" The Blue Profound Spiritual Master opened his eyes wider and laughed loudly. "Die! This is the consequence of offending the Nine Great Sects!"

Rrrmb!

But before the Blue Profound Spiritual Master could even finish, a fiery light suddenly burst out of the center of a whirlpool. Fire shredded pitch black wind into bits as the burning Yun Che flew straight toward the Sun Death Sword Master before summoning the image of a howling wolf with his palm again, slashing.

"Well met!"

The Sun Death Sword Master didn't look surprised by Yun Che's attack. He didn't even try to dodge out of the way. The "Sun Death Sword" in his hand turned pitch black, and tens of thousands of black sword

beams cut into the Heavenly Wolf's image. By the time it got close to its target, it had lost more than sixty percent of its power. The Sun Death Sword Master then destroyed it with a single slash.

While Yun Che was attacking the Sun Death Sword Master, Forefather Ming Peng flapped his wings and darkened the sky a second time. This time, absolute darkness engulfed the world for an instant before it was replaced by a fifty kilometer wide black hurricane. However, it started shrinking rapidly when it was descending until it became a three hundred meter long wind blade. It flew toward Yun Che like a lightning bolt.

No one could imagine how it was possible to condense a fifty kilometer long hurricane into a dark wind blade, and they definitely couldn't imagine the amount of power that was compressed inside it. It could probably cut even the sky in half.

Yun Che was being held down by the Sun Death Sword Master's sword powers, and the wind blade came right after he unleashed an attack, so in everyone's eyes the attack was nigh undodgeable.

Yun Che's eyes grew focused when the dark wind blade got near. He turned around slightly and ignited more scarlet flames. He then broke through both the Sun Death Sword Master and Forefather Ming Peng's powers by force and soared to the sky with the phoenix wing.

Crack—

The wind blade passed through the area Yun Che was standing on earlier, causing a pitch black spatial crack to appear. The crack continued to stretch behind the wind blade until it reached all the way to the horizon. It really looked like it could cut even the blue sky in half.

"Well dodged."

There was praise in Forefather Ming Peng's voice. "To think that you could break through both our powers by force; you really are impressive. Unfortunately, this won't happen a second time."

After observing the earlier battle from afar and trading blows with Yun Che, they almost had his ceiling figured out.

The Sun Death Sword Master pointed his sword at Yun Che and said regretfully, "You would be a most exciting opponent if you were just a passing traveler. However, your arrogance and obstinance won't allow for anything except mortal enemies. You give me no choice but to kill you here."

Although Yun Che hadn't taken any damage from the two level ten Divine Kings, everyone could see that he was at a disadvantage here. In fact, he was lucky he managed to escape from Forefather Ming Peng's dark wind blade in the nick of time.

Yun Che finally changed his expression after hearing the confident declaration of Sun Death Sword Master and Forefather Ming Peng... a small but utterly disdainful sneer.

The Heretic God Gates that had been closed for a long time opened soundlessly.

"Rumbling... Heaven!"

Rrrrmb!

The stale profound energy inside Yun Che abruptly swelled and went berserk. Ghastly red then mixed with his darkness profound energy into deep red.

The eruption of profound energy had only lasted for an instant, but it slammed into Sun Death Sword Master and Forefather Ming Peng's senses like a million-ton hammer. Trembling, eyes bulging, the change in Yun Che's aura replaced the confident look on their faces with nightmarish shock.

"W... what!?"

Chapter 1550 - Slaughter

Rrrmb... Rrrrmb...

Cold Cloud Mountain was trembling. Everyone's heart was trembling as well. A chaotic storm that crushed both the Sun Death Sword Master's sword might and Forefather Ming Peng's omnipresent pressure was stirring in every corner, and it was as if an ancient devil god was awakened from its slumber. Everything was as petty as dust before him.

"This... this is..." Ming Xiao said shakily, his face as white as a sheet. This was a different kind of fear, a fear that was uncontrollable and applied directly to his soul.

The Sun Death Sword Master's pupils widened to its largest, and his sword hand was shaking violently. For the first time in his life, he couldn't believe his eyes and senses at all.

It was because that eruption of profound energy had nearly crushed his body to pieces!

"You..." The Sun Death Sword Master stuttered before recalling something. It was the only possibility he could think of in all his life. "Forbidden... technique!"

Yun Che grinned slightly before extending an arm. As the Sun Death Sword Master's pupils shrank at the motion, Yun Che slowly pointed a finger at him... and flicked.

Crack!

A spatial distortion reached the Sun Death Sword Master in an instant.

The sword master had reacted a fraction of a second slower than normal because he was gripped by shock. He instinctively held the Sun Death Sword horizontally in front of him and unleashed his profound energy and sword intent.

Bang!!

His vision actually turned dark for a second, and the impact had thrown him back almost a hundred meters. His right arm was shaking and completely numb...

The Sun Death Sword Master's pupils contracted again as Yun Che's malevolent grin entered his vision. The attack had just been just the flick of a finger!

The sky suddenly darkened. It was clear from his aura that the ancient Forefather Ming Peng was panicking. The old man let out a long cry and summoned another fifty kilometer wide hurricane, except it was even more powerful than before. While descending, it shrank into a deadlier dark wind blade in the blink of an eye.



Riiip!

The dark wind blade shredded space itself as it sped toward Yun Che's back.

Yun Che continued to face the Sun Death Sword Master as if he didn't notice the dark wind blade's approach. An instant later, the attack had become too close to dodge.

Forefather Ming Peng was overjoyed by the unexpected success. His mask of indifference cracked as he shouted savagely, "Die!"

The dark wind blade was so powerful it shattered the space it traveled through. However, Yun Che suddenly moved his arm backward and grabbed toward the attack that had nearly cut the sky in half just now.

Crack!!

The dark wind blade slammed into Yun Che's palm, but it failed to penetrate his skin or even unleash its power. Frozen completely between Yun Che's fingers, it struggled with all its might and screeched painfully like a black snake whose weak point was caught. But no matter how it tried, it couldn't escape Yun Che's grasp no matter what.

The Sun Death Sword Master was going to utilize the opportunity and stab Yun Che with his sword, but the sight before him was so shocking that he had even forgotten to move.

Yun Che's fingers tightened around the dark wind blade abruptly, and the attack created from a fifty-kilometer wide hurricane by the hands of Forefather Ming Peng himself was crushed in an instant, leaving only puffs of black smoke behind.

"Ah... ah..." Ming Xiao groaned as his body went limp. The proud Dark Roc Patriarch felt like shock was ripping apart his body and soul.

Yun Che's figure blurred into nothing. Right arm crawling with darkness profound energy, he appeared right above Forefather Ming Peng like a ghost and swung at him.

Boom!!

It was only one hit, but Forefather Ming Peng was bleeding from all orifices after the attack. Yun Che landed on his left wing and grabbed it after spinning around, black light penetrating flesh and bone in just an instant.

RIP

It was definitely the scariest tearing sound anyone here had ever heard in their lives... In that moment, they felt like it was their own heart that was being torn apart.

The world's scariest tearing sound came side by side with the scariest scene they had ever seen in their lives.

Yun Che had ripped Forefather Ming Peng's twenty five kilometer long wing off of his body with his bare hands!

The bloodcurdling scream that tore through the old man's throat was brutal to say the least. Soon after, a tremendous blood rain fell on the Cold Cloud Mountain.

But that wasn't the end of Yun Che's cruelty. He turned again and stepped on the old man's right wing this time. Yun Che's pale white hand looked like the hands of hell to Forefather Ming Peng, and a black flash later his right wing was torn off as well.

To the Dark Roc Clan, their wings were their symbol and their life. To lose them was to lose his willpower and faith as well. Therefore, no one could imagine just how much despair and pain Forefather Ming Peng, the strongest profound practitioner of the eastern realms was in right now.

Boom!!!!

Yun Che threw one final punch at the broken old man.

Having lost all of his willpower, Forefather Ming Peng didn't attempt to resist or struggle in the slightest, allowing the darkness profound energy to rampage through his body... Right now, death was actually the best release for him.

Splash

Blood was still dripping from the pair of wings. A thousand holes had been drilled into the old man's body. The sky crazily rained blood, and a disgusting stench was quickly filling up the entire Cold Cloud Mountain.

Forefather Ming Peng was dead!

His own death was worse than anything he had heard, seen, or done to another person his whole life.

Yun Che dropped down from the sky. Not a single drop of blood had tainted his hair or clothes.

Boom!

Boom!

Forefather Ming Peng's giant wings hit the ground one after another, causing shower of blood and dust that stretched for over fifty kilometers. While he was descending, Yun Che suddenly turned to face the Sun Death Sword Master and made a grabbing motion at him.

It wouldn't be an exaggeration to say that the Sun Death Sword Master was scared shitless right now.

He was the number one sword master of the eastern region, and the power he displayed earlier was undoubtedly impressive. However, when Yun Che had moved toward him without warning, his movement was unusually slow, and his sword intent was chaotic at best.

Yun Che's crooked fingers touched the Sun Death Sword, but the chunk of metal had failed to cause even the slightest bit of resistance. The Sun Death Sword... the greatest demon sword of the Sun Death Sword Realm was shattered like some fragile piece of ice all the way from the tip, down the body and finally to the hilt.

Crack crack crack crack crack crack...

The blade shattered wherever it was touched by Yun Che. By the time the hilt of the sword had crumbled completely, Yun Che's claw-like hand had grabbed onto the Sun Death Sword Master's wrist already. The latter's sleeves exploded into bits with a bang, and his pupils abruptly lost color.

"Do you really think you're worthy enough to fight me?"

Yun Che spoke quietly beside his ear. Every word was infused with the coldest disdain.

Who knew that two level ten Divine Kings would fall so low before Yun Che? When the Sun Death Sword Master recalled his earlier words, he had to admit that it was the most laughable, shameless and ignorant joke he had ever said in his life.

The Sun Death Sword was his life's belief, and to lose it was the same as losing his belief. Yun Che released his grip on the Sun Death Sword Master's wrist, and the latter fell and hit the ground loudly like a piece of rotten wood. His eyes were staring at the dark blue sky above him, but they were completely empty and colorless.

He never knew who Yun Che was and why he had acted as cruel as he did even to the moment he died.

Yun Che's foot hit the ground, and the space where the Sun Death Sword Master's corpse lay exploded into a shower of pitch black dust. The strongest profound practitioner of the eastern realms, the most admired person for thousands of years was killed just like that! His sword was crushed, and not even a speck of his body was left behind!

Yun Che had said that he only had one chance to submit. Once he refused, death was the only option!

Whoosh... whoosh...

The air flow in Cold Cloud Mountain Range had fallen into complete disorder at this point. Big and small storms swept the area at random, carrying wafts of blood stench into everyone's noses. The supposedly battle-hardened profound practitioners were all shaking and feeling like they could vomit at any moment.

Dongfang Hanwei had to summon all her willpower to keep herself from fainting. The fact that her face was completely bloodless showed just how strained she was.

She might be young, but she had witnessed many deaths as the princess of the Eastern Frost Nation. However, she had never seen such a cruel death until today... He could've killed Forefather Ming Peng easily, but he had purposely ripped off his wings and destroyed his body so that blood would rain across the whole mountain. The Sun Death Sword Master was already dead, but he had purposely desecrated the body and left not a speck of it behind.

What kind of a person was he? Was he a devil of violence and tyranny?

The crushing defeat of two level ten Divine Kings should be a momentous event. However, the only emotion that spread throughout Cold Cloud Mountain Range and appeared on everyone's faces was fear... The nightmare that was the death of Forefather Ming Peng and the Sun Death Sword Master didn't just belong to themselves, it was the nightmare of everyone present as well.

In this moment, they vaguely realized that an infinitely terrifying shadow had covered up the sky of the eastern region.

At the blood drenched peak of Cold Cloud Mountain, Yun Che slowly turned around to face the remaining Divine Kings. All eight sect masters and grand elders shivered like a poisoned blade was plunged into their souls.

Thump!

Ming Xiao abruptly crashed onto the ground so hard that his knees nearly shattered upon impact. Even his head was smashed against the soil that was drenched with his forefather's blood. "The Dark Roc Clan swears to follow the supreme one to the death! From this day onward, the supreme one's orders are the same as a mandate of heaven to the Dark Roc Clan!"

His posture was so humble it couldn't be any more humble. He had willingly thrown his pride to the bottom of Yun Che's feet right in front of everyone, and his words were loud and clear even though his voice was shivering a bit.

Jackals and wolves could be tempted to challenge tigers and panthers, but when the gap was as big as that of an ant and a fierce god, any resistance was pointless and laughable, especially considering how cruel and tyrannical this god was.

The various Divine Kings were already at their limits even before Ming Xiao had succumbed. Now that their willpower had crumbled completely, they shouted words of submission and obedience they thought they would never swear in their lives, shaking and trembling all the way...

Dear silence enveloped the Cold Cloud Mountain Range, the people and the profound vessels. Two level ten Divine Kings had appeared today, and they had died almost as quick as they came...

Dark clouds rolled across the sky of the eastern region. Nothing would ever be the same anymore.

The eight Divine Kings prostrated themselves before Yun Che like jackals who had their legs broken. Let alone rising, they didn't even dare to move without Yun Che's permission.

They had never acted this submissive even when the great realm king had visited them in the past... After all, the ruler and lawmaker of the East Ruins Realm hadn't tried to murder them cruelly for no reason at all.

Yun Che stared at them without any emotion whatsoever and said in a low tone, "Remember, you only have one chance at loyalty!"

"From this day onward, anyone who dares to even think of defying me... you know what will happen."

His tone hadn't changed, and his aura was withdrawn, but the threat took root in everyone's heart like a living devil anyway. It was a soundless fear that spread from the soul to every part of the body.

It was no casual threat either... Right now, there was nothing he hated more than betrayal.

Somehow, Ming Xiao found a way to make himself meeker than he already was before saying fearfully, "Ming Xiao will never forget that the supreme one has spared his life, much less think of betraying him. Anyone who dares to offend the supreme one will become the Dark Roc Clan's sworn enemy. All... all who disobey this oath will be smited by both heaven and earth."