

I, Thanks To My Unlimited Investment, Am Admired By All Races

Chapter 399: So It Really Is the Flowing Depth Mirror

"Today, with me here, no one will take a single step into the Chaotic Star Domain!"

The eagle-headed Saint strode forward one step at a time. A terrifying Saint's aura flowed around him like a mist of primordial chaos, distorting heaven and earth. The overwhelming pressure made every living being present tremble with fear.

"How outrageous!"

Many among the human race were inwardly furious, but there was nothing they could do.

The oppressive might of a Saint was simply too terrifying. To those who had not yet attained sainthood, he was like a deity. They had no ability whatsoever to resist.

Even if they charged together, they would not be worth a single finger of his. Perhaps not even that—one glance from him alone would be enough to severely wound most of those present.

At this moment, the Chaotic Star Domain had already opened.

Clearly, the inheritance hidden within would not appear so soon. Yet everyone understood that the longer they were delayed, the more advantageous it would become for the various races gathered in Heavenly Island Ancient Domain.

After all, it was not only the human race that possessed individuals blessed with great destiny. Among the other races were also beings of extraordinary fortune. Who could say that one of them would not stumble upon the Inheritance of the Desolate Dao the moment they entered?

"It seems that, in the end, a battle is unavoidable."

The elderly human Saint let out a quiet sigh, his voice filled with endless resignation.

His gaunt body drew in a deep breath, and the spiritual essence within a radius of ten thousand li surged toward him, pouring into his mouth.

His white hair danced in the wind as his aura rose steadily, like an erupting volcano stirring the winds and clouds in all directions. Beneath his loose robes, it seemed as though some ancient seal had been lifted.

The roar of rushing blood echoed from within him like crashing seas and rumbling thunder, shaking the heavens.

If he had any choice, the old man would not have fought.

His condition was far from ideal. Having reached the twilight of his life, he was a shadow of the man he had once been at his peak.

But with an Ancient Saint blocking their path, if he did not reveal some hidden trump card, today's crisis would never be resolved.

"Senior..." Someone called out softly.

No one present was a fool. They could all sense the condition of their human Saint. Although those who reached the Saint Realm generally paid

little attention to outward appearance, it was rare to see one as withered and frail as the old man before them.

"Since you're so eager to die, I'll grant your wish!" The eagle-headed Saint sneered.

He raised one hand and lightly pointed into the void.

A brilliant silver spear materialized, radiating countless streams of divine light as dazzling rays intertwined around it.

The instant it appeared, the eagle-headed Saint grasped it in his hand. His wings spread and beat once, transforming him into a bolt of lightning that crossed a thousand li in an instant, arriving before the human Saint.

"On your way to the Yellow Springs, don't forget my name!"

"My name is Xian Bo!"

His voice was icy and merciless.

The spear thrust forward, its tip piercing through space itself. Thunderous explosions echoed across heaven and earth, reverberating for countless miles.

Everything before the silver spear collapsed completely. Glimmers of chaotic light emerged, as though a small world had been split open, carrying the primordial aura of creation itself.

It was an attack of incomparable power.

Its sharpness had reached the absolute extreme.

Knowing that his opponent was already in poor condition, the eagle-headed Saint intended to crush him with the most overwhelming force possible. In doing so, he would shatter the fighting spirit of every human present.

Above the Ruins City, the protective formation blazed with light, isolating the terrifying aura. Even so, the overwhelming pressure still seeped through the barrier and spread into the city.

Those with weaker cultivation instantly exploded into clouds of blood, unable even to let out a scream.

The other cultivators fared only slightly better. Their faces turned deathly pale, and some had blood trickling from the corners of their mouths.

This was merely the residual pressure of the attack.

Had the formation not existed, the entire ancient city would likely have been wiped clean of all life.

The human Saint remained silent.

His hands traced mysterious patterns through the air. Around him, time itself seemed to slow, while only his white hair fluttered in the wind. His gaze was unwavering as his movements carved the very trajectory of the Dao.

*Boom!*

Heaven and earth split apart.

Behind the old man, an ancient bronze mirror appeared. Its surface was engraved with profound and mysterious patterns, emanating a sacred and majestic aura that filled the void.

Countless laws intertwined across the mirror's surface, descending with irresistible force as though to suppress all things.

"Could that be... the Flowing Depth Mirror?"

Someone cried out in astonishment.

No one knew the name of the human Saint above. His appearance was simply too old and withered for anyone to recognize him by sight alone.

But the instant the mirror appeared, many people immediately realized its identity.

After all, it was a Sacred Weapon.

Its master might grow old, but a Sacred Weapon would not.

"So it really is the Flowing Depth Mirror?"

A middle-aged man in the Divine Palace Realm wore a grave expression as he muttered,

"If that's truly that mirror, then doesn't that mean Saint Gu Yuan, who disappeared twenty thousand years ago... has been alive all this time?"

Twenty thousand years.

That was an unimaginably long span of time.

A Saint King might survive for so long, but an ordinary Saint almost certainly could not. In theory, a Saint could live for a little over ten thousand years.

With exceptional care and preservation, living for twenty thousand years was not impossible.

The problem was that no Saint could reach such heights without countless life-and-death battles. And where there were battles, there were inevitably hidden injuries.

To live peacefully for twenty thousand years was, for most Saints, nothing more than wishful thinking.

Although Gu Yuan was still alive, his life had clearly reached its end.

After today's battle, he would most likely pass away.

In other word... This would be the final battle of Saint Gu Yuan's life.

Realizing this, every human present felt their hearts grow heavier.

*Clang!*

The clear ring of metal striking metal echoed across the heavens.

The bronze mirror collided with the silver spear.

Boundless divine power surged outward, and heaven and earth were swallowed in endless brilliance.

The ancient bronze mirror stood like a colossal mountain, illuminating the sky.

It blocked every last shockwave, protecting the Ruins City behind it from another devastating catastrophe.

"Senior...!" Someone shouted in anguish.

They could hardly bear to watch.

A direct clash between two Saints was already perilous enough, yet Gu Yuan was still diverting part of his true essence to shield the humans within the city from the battle's aftermath.

For the aged Saint, this was profoundly unfair.

Of course, there were also members of other races inside the ancient city.

But their numbers were insignificant, and Saint Xian Bo paid them no mind.

He attacked without the slightest restraint, unconcerned even if this ancient city—one that had survived since the primordial era—were reduced to complete ruin.

"Old man, you've got a few tricks," the eagle-headed Saint sneered, his eyes filled with contempt as he spoke with supreme confidence.

"But how many more times can you fight like this in your current state?"

"If you have no other trump cards, then today you shall be buried here—along with the swarm of ants you've chosen to protect!"