

## Alchemy 841

### Chapter 841: Understanding Death

"Before we start, make sure to read up everything on the wall. Demon Eyes is one of the best skills passed down throughout our history. You will have to remember these so you can pass them along."

Alex read the words on the wall again. The Demon Eyes skill did seem impressive, but unfortunately, this man had forgotten to leave behind the recipe for the paste that would be required to cleanse one's eyes.

"It shouldn't take you a long time to memorize it. If it is taking you such a long time, then I can only imagine that you haven't entered the Saint realm and haven't opened up your spiritual sea yet."

"In that case, use a talisman to record it all. But then, if you truly haven't entered the saint realm then... may the moon bless your soul."

Alex worried a bit when he heard that. Was it going to be a dangerous endeavor? Did he need to be Saint realm to do this? It didn't sound like he had to, but it still sounded dangerous either way.

He took a deep breath. 'I am already here, aren't I? And I've been through pain since the beginning of my cultivation. This can't be any worse,' he told himself and got ready.

"If you are ready, take off everything you are wearing or you own. In fact, it will be better if you take them away from this mountain."

Alex gave a surprised look. 'Take my items away?' he thought. He did what the Undying God said and took off his clothes and put everything he owned on it, and took them outside.

Since the Undying God had said it, he quickly flew off to the closest peak and placed everything there before quickly flying back.

"You have returned," the illusory voice said. "Sit here."

The Undying God's illusion pointed at the medallion. Alex nodded and went on to sit on the warm floor.

"Let us begin."

The ground shuddered, and Alex felt vibrations from the wall.

"Undying means to never die," the Undying God started speaking.

"It means to be immortal, perpetual, and deathless."

"To be Undying is to become one with eternity itself. To become Eternal."

The ground started shaking even harder and Alex saw the walls and ceiling start to crack.

Then, they broke open and Alex saw something red and orange flow down from all sides.

Lava was flowing into the room.

Alex put his arms up to protect himself from the falling lava, but before the lava hit him, it struck an invisible wall around him, that was protecting him from it.

An oval-shaped barrier kept the lava out, but as the Lava flowed in from all sides, it was quickly submerging him.

"What the hell? Am I sitting on a volcano?" he thought to himself.

"However," The Undying God's voice came from outside. "Before one understands what it means to be Undying, one must first understand what death is."

"One must understand what death is many, many times."

Suddenly, the barrier that was protecting Alex collapsed and the lava fell into him.

Alex immediately tried to use a technique to protect himself, but something didn't let him use any skills at all. It was as if there was some sort of script running that stopped him from using techniques.

However, that did not stop him from invoking the Dao.

Qi left his body involuntarily, as Alex reduced the temperature of the lava around him by several hundreds of degrees in a single instant.

The lava turned to rock, but it was still being heated by the even hotter lava outside.

Alex struggled to keep the lava off of him, but suddenly, he couldn't struggle anymore as intense mental pressure fell on him.

His mind felt like it was split apart as something started messing with his spirit itself.

"Do not struggle," the Undying God's voice said. "You will feel pain, but that is all that will happen to you here today."

"Accept the pain and do not lose your mind to it. The most important part of being an Undying is to have an undying will."

"For that, you will have to experience death many times."

Alex struggled to even listen to what the voice was saying as he really did feel something influencing his spirit in a very harmful way.

"Let go of your struggles. It is for your own good," the voice said.

Alex wanted to believe that, but his instinct for survival couldn't let him do that.

"You need a strong will. Let go," the voice said.

Alex took a deep breath, prepared himself, and let go.

Instantly, the lava consumed him, while whatever was destroying his spirit continued doing that.

Alex screamed as both pains hit his mind simultaneously, and he slowly started to dissolve in the lava.

Before he could know what was happening, he died while being consumed by the lava.

His body died and the lava slowly destroyed it all. It was quite surprising how slow it was, however. Even after death, his physical body was strong enough to survive the lava.

Just before the lava was getting to his brain, the lava separated and something that was etched onto Alex's soul instantly started healing him. In fact, it even revived him.

Alex's body slowly grew from where it was destroyed and was reinstated back to how it was before he was dead.

He suddenly sucked in a deep breath and spread his spiritual sense. "How... how am I alive? I... didn't I die?"

His mind reeled from the experience he had just gone through.

Death.

How many people in this world could possibly go through it and live to tell the tale?

"The first stage of the Undying God Physique lets you heal cuts and bruises on your body without needing external assistance, as long as you have Qi and Spirit in your body. The stronger your Qi and spirit, the faster you will get healed."

The moment the words ended, lava returned back and consumed Alex. He cried inside the lava, but his voice wouldn't make it out as it would get trapped in the dense, molten rock.

Once again, he died.

Alex sucked in a deep breath when he came back to life again. And even as he was gathering up his thoughts on his death, lava consumed him again and he died once more.

Again and again. He died and came back to life nearly 10 times before he got a bit of a break and the Undying God spoke again.

"The second stage of the Undying God Physique lets you heal from dismemberment and amputations, so long as you still have Qi and Spirit in your body. The stronger your Qi and Spirit, the faster it will heal."

The moment the words finished, Alex died again.

Alex was too busy dying to realize this, but slowly the Undying God's illusory figure was turning even more transparent.

Not only that, an entire Saint spirit vein underneath the mountain was being used up incredibly fast just to power up the rune in his spirit that brought him back from the dead.

He was being spent on an incredible amount of resources just to help him understand the concept of death.

Chapter 842: Undying

"The third stage of the Undying God Physique lets you heal your body from any sort of damage, so long as your nascent soul is still alive. The more developed your soul, the faster you will heal."

The transparent Undying god continued. Alex had died nearly 70 times now.

He knew. He kept count.

Somehow, even though all the pain, all the deaths, he was somehow able to keep a sane mind. Was it because he had gone through so much pain already in his life that this wasn't anything new? Or was it because that counting his deaths was the only thing he could do to keep himself sane?

At this point, Alex didn't even care as he counted the deaths he suffered.

75, 76, ...81, ...86, ...95.

As the deaths went on more and more, Alex no longer had trouble counting his deaths. In fact, he was starting to assess what the illusory soul outside had spoken about all this time.

That wasn't to say that he wasn't spooked by all the deaths. The trauma he just suffered was something he wouldn't forget for a long time, but it didn't affect him as much at the moment as he was actively ignoring his experience of dying.

At some point, the Undying God said something about the fourth stage of the Undying God physique as well. Alex listened to it with a calm mind, but waves of shock reeled in his mind when he heard it.

100.

Alex counted his hundredth death and waited for the lava to consume him again, but it didn't. Instead, the lava simply pooled around him, its heat affecting him, but not daring to touch him.

He stood up straighter and looked around. Only then did he see the nearly transparent, illusory figure of the Undying god.

"If you can understand what I'm saying, pour your Qi onto the medallion," the demon said.

Alex felt drops of water on his head that immediately vaporized from the heat of the lava around him.

He looked up and saw that the night was cloudy. The walls of the ceilings of the mountain had caved in and everything above him was empty as even the lava was slowly flowing out of the hallway down the mountainside.

He saw the dark sky with snow drifting across it as a blizzard moved throughout the secret realm.

Snow fell through the open gap in the sky, and some of them even managed to fall onto him.

As the lava moved away more or cooled down and solidified around him, the snow fell more and more, which caused the lava to cool down even faster.

Alex ignored the happenings of his surroundings and moved away a little to show the medallion that had somehow survived the lava.

He poured Qi into it as per the spirit's order and suddenly the spirit grew brighter and brighter until he was nearly opaque.

"Now that you have been through so many deaths, I hope you have cultivated a will that can withstand what you will go through next."

The illusory body placed his hands on top of Alex and said, "This is the inheritance passed down throughout time. Inherit this and become the Undying God."

As soon as he said it, a massive amount of information poured into his brain, and Alex immediately started cultivating the new technique he had acquired.

Even as he started cultivating it, his body started splitting apart on its own, and healing once again.

The Undying God's physique cultivation almost became automatic as the massive amount of information he gathered slowly invaded his mind and started settling down as if they were his own memories.

Even as Alex tried to fight them, he soon found himself lost to those very memories.

\* \* \* \*

Alex saw the massive moon in the sky and the eternal cold that was all around him.

He was freezing to death in a cold night in a forest. That didn't mean anything, however, as it was always cold around here, and it was always night.

The young man, despite having a strong body felt the coldness grow so much that he felt like his horns would fall off.

The sturdy plants that had learned to live in the cold and eternal night did nothing to shelter him, and the harsh wind blew on him even this deep in the forest.

The dying young man was Alex, and Alex was the dying young man.

Alex found that he, the young man, did not possess any cultivation at all. Was that true? Did he not have any cultivation?

He thought he cultivated. Was that just a dream he saw before dying?

The young man wanted to find something to eat, to get some energy so he could stand up and walk away. But, he was already freezing to death, and there was nothing he could do about it.

He tried to fight it of course. He tried to fight death. His mother was back home, waiting for him to bring something, anything back to eat. If he didn't, she would die of hunger, just like he was right now.



He tried to move, even when his body was frostbitten and had no way of moving.

Even until his last breath, he kept fighting.

As his eyes closed for what was the final rest of his eyelids, a large glowing light illuminated the forest.

The three distinct lights made him feel warm again, but of course, the warmth was just an illusion.

Still, that gave him the will to fight again. He opened his eyes and stopped them from closing again.

But of course, with all of his body lost to frostbite, the young man had no chance of survival.

Then, he saw something. A foot slowly stepping on the snow, not sinking even the slightest bit as if the person didn't weigh even the tiniest bit.

His eyes slowly moved up as he saw a woman in a bright white dress stare at him with a curious eye. The young man couldn't tell if the dress was shining on its own, or if it was reflecting the light from the moon.

Alex saw her face and realized that she was a demon herself, with her skin-colored horns and pale silver eyes. He wondered if there was anyone in this world that was more beautiful than her. He certainly had yet to see someone this beautiful himself.

"Are you okay, my child?" the woman's voice sounded as sweet as the ringing of many bells in harmony.

The young man couldn't speak at all. His lungs were frozen by now and even breathing was hard. The young man was surviving because of his sheer will.

The woman kneeled in front of him and touched his forehead with a single finger. Suddenly, all of the death auras around him moved away from him and he could feel life flowing back to him in its absence.

He wasn't healed at all, but he did have enough energy to speak.

"I... I don't want to die," the young man said with what little energy he had now.

"I see," the woman said, her voice still the sound of singing bells. "Then you shall not die."

Qi flowed into Alex and he was forcefully made to channel it in a specific pattern. The woman made him channel the Qi for a few times before he himself was able to continue with it.

Alex felt his body break and fit itself in many parts. The frostbitten parts healed, and the parts that were frozen, thawed.

Then, as if a miracle, he acquired a cultivation base. The young man stood up to thank the woman, but she was nowhere to be seen.

Since he didn't see the woman, he turned toward the moon and thanked the moon for sending someone to his aid.

Alex returned back to his mother with the food that he brought from the forest. He then started cultivating and slowly got strong enough to move his mother out of this place to one near a volcano.

He slowly grew as well. He fought many opponents and every time they hurt him, he healed his wounds. Every cut closed up on its own and even limbs grew back when he was cut off.

In fact, later on when he was destroyed completely with nothing but a nascent soul remaining, he still managed to grow back his body.

The people around him gave him a name. They called him the Undying.

## Chapter 843: The Undying Gods

The Undying was there to witness the day the world broke.

The day he was free of the eternal darkness was the day that would lead to the world being in an eternal war.

Humans attacked other humans because they were different and started calling them demons.

The Undying went on to fight in the war. He fought Immortals, Divinities, and Celestials. No matter how much damage he took, no matter how many times the people killed him, he still came back.

Slowly, the demons praised the Undying to be something bigger than they all were.

They called him the Undying God.

As the war progressed over thousands upon thousands of years, the Undying God became one of the prominent figures in the war.

However, he saw that he was going to die in the battle ahead, so he left behind an inheritance that someone worthy would soon acquire.

\* \* \* \* \*

Alex was now a woman. She fought humans in battle, jumping head first into danger, completely unworried as she had inherited the powers of the Undying God.

Space twisted as one of the humans slashed at her, but the girl simply flew upwards.

The attack cut off her left foot at the ankle, but by the time she was next to her attacker, her foot had grown back.

A sword flew out of her soul space, and she cut carved the human who just attacked her in two.

Another human jumped at her from the right employing the Dao of heaviness.

The man struck at her with a force of a realm itself.

Alex was sent flying away with a few broken ribs. But before she was too far, her ribs healed immediately, and her hands turned into vines and then grabbed onto the man before pulling on him.

Due to the man's weight, Alex was herself sent pulled towards him, then she turned her hands back to normal and fought the man for a while before the man realized he couldn't win and ran away.

Alex looked around nervously, while also wondering what she was doing here.

She? Was she a she? What about the man that was dying of cold in the forest under eternal night? What about the youth with a feline pet beast? Were those just memories she acquired from the inheritance?

"No!" Alex said. "No, I'm not this girl!"

He tried to fight it, he tried to fight the invading memories, the invading personalities, but it was hard. Too many things were happening at once, and it was impossible to remember who he was.

\* \* \* \* \*

Alex was now a man again. Was this real? Was she really this man?

The memories of 8 different Undying gods made it hard for him to understand which one of the 9 memories in his mind belonged to him.

"I'm Alex. Son of Graham and Helen. I was born in Maplewood city and lived my life on my farm," he said to himself, reminding him which one he was.

The third Undying god was still fighting in the war. Alex saw that his body was furry, like a beast.

He fought alongside many demons, and while the other demons died, he alone survived.

Slowly, people started learning of his feats and used the name for him that was once used by the other fighters of the Demons.

The Undying God.

And Alex understood that this man was not him.

\* \* \* \*

By the time Alex saw the memories of the fourth Undying God, he had already started to dissociate himself with the person whose memories he was seeing.

"I am Alex," he said to himself from time to time, just in case he was sucked into believing he was someone he wasn't.

The fourth Undying god was a healer and not a fighter. He used what he got from being Undying into healing the victims of war.

The war still razed the world, so he was as much needed on the battlefield as any fighter. Perhaps, he was doing something more important than anyone else was doing.

He was never called the Undying god, but in his heart he knew, he was one.

\* \* \* \* \*

The fifth Undying god was a mad man.

With a weak will, he could not handle 4 different alien memories in his mind and quickly succumbed to the four different personalities in his mind.

Some days, he was the Undying. He was the monster that the humans had come to fear. He was the man that had never seen sunlight until he was an Immortal.

Some days, he was a woman with hands that could turn into vines, even though his hands never turned to vines.

Some days, he was a demon with the ability to turn into a bear. When he tried, he never could.

Some days, he was a healer who would walk into camps where the wounded warriors were kept and start treating people. Of course, since he had no knowledge of anything related to healing, he would fail every single time.

The fifth Undying God was a broken man, who never once again ever had his own personality back.

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The sixth Undying God was a thief. After learning of someone with multiple personalities, all belonging to the so-called Undying Gods of ages past, he found the fifth Undying God and stole his memories.

Along with his memories, the Sixth Undying God found the inheritance of the Undying god flow into his mind.

5 different memories plagued his mind. Until that time, he was the one that had to fight the most memories to keep himself from going insane. Fortunately, as a man that was used to stealing memories of others, he had a strong mind to digest all the memories.

The thief let go of his scummy ways and became an honorable man. He fought on behalf of the many dead demons in a war that had been going on since before many people involved in it were even born.

At some time, he set up the next inheritance, but he knew how his inheritor would most likely be plagued by his memories as well.

So, he found a method to make sure the inheritor wouldn't lose himself in the process.

It wasn't a foolproof method and still had glaring flaws, but it was something that increased the chances of a proper passing of inheritance.

The Sixth Undying God left behind a will that would kill his inheritor many times over to solidify their own will before they were ready.

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The 7th Undying God was struck down before she could fully utilize the powers of the Undying God.

In fact, she couldn't even regenerate her body from a nascent soul when she was dealt the lethal blow.

Knowing that she was going to die, the 7th Undying God ran away from the battlefield, to a distant land where the war had torn the place, but not as much as it had done to what these people called heavens.

There, she was saved by a weak Saint realm demon and decided to pass along her inheritance to him.

She took the saint to a secret realm and in one of the 7 mountains there, she did to him what the 6th Undying God had done to her.

The young saint died over and over again as the volcanic mountain poured out all of its lava, and the young saint inherited the Undying God Physique.

\* \* \* \* \*

The eighth Undying God was a curious man by nature. Any pill, script, talisman, formations, or even beasts he came across, he would want to learn more about them.

Alex saw him make armors and weapons that were some of the best there could ever be.

However, he had to pause his passion as the war began growing bigger and he had to go fight them. Now that he had the power of the Undying, he couldn't sit behind not doing anything.

As human soldiers came through the heavens, he was one of the prominent figures that stood up against them.

However, as the humans slowly started winning more and more, and the demons submitted to them, he held the last force of resistance.

He raised soldiers to fight while hiding in secret realms that only he could access.

He discovered many pastes that would otherwise not be known in this world and passed them along.

He created pastes that he had blinded himself with before learning the Demon Eyes that were passed down to him by the 7th Undying God.

He even tested on seeking mice to pass along the power of being Undying so they could be reused over and over to scout the battlefield.

The project was a failure as while he did manage to give the beasts a bloodline that did similar things to what an Undying body did, those only worked when they were bonded to other beings and needed to use their Qi to survive instead of their won.

Finally, as the war got harder and harder to fight, the man decided to leave behind an inheritance just in case.



Alex saw his memories of him creating the interior of the mountain peak, where he carved the Demon Eyes technique onto the wall, and left a sliver of his being behind to help the next inheritor that came along.

Once the inheritance was set, the images vanished.

\* \* \* \* \*

Alex sat, not on hot lava, but on frozen land. The lava that should have been hot and burning, had already cooled in the blizzard and he was now covered in a thick layer of snow.

The many memories in his mind remained vivid, but he pushed them away back in his mind. He did the same to his experience of death as well.

Finally having inherited everything, after being forged in ice and fire, the Ninth Undying God opened his eyes.

#### Chapter 844: Leaving the Mountain

Alex had inherited the memories of the previous Undying Gods. The memories were fractured and were just that, memories.

They didn't give any insight into their being or their true personality. Alex was only affected by what he saw through the eyes of the person who was once an Undying God.

The memories weren't impactful, but they did feel like his own as if he lived through them. Perhaps only the first memory of the first Undying god was where he truly felt the emotions and despair of the person he thought he was.

Having so many memories at once did make it hard for him to keep a stable mind as to who he was.

Fortunately, he was killed multiple times before he was passed the inheritance too.

As the 6th Undying God devised, killing someone over and over was a good way to strengthen one's will and understanding of who they were.

It was a flawed skill as it was easy to lose oneself throughout the death and if done incorrectly, it was easy to kill the inheritor completely as well.

However, if succeeded, it was the method of quickly bringing a person's willpower to the level where they wouldn't lose themselves to the many memories in their mind like the 5th undying god did.

Alex looked through the memories once more and understood that he wasn't actually killed. Or at least, not in the same way death was considered a cultivator.

Yes, his body was killed over and over, but his mind and spirit were never touched. Also, not all of his body was destroyed.

His body was destroyed until his mind shut down thinking that he was dead. If such damage was dealt to anyone, they would truly have died.

However, that was if they weren't saved instantly.

That was to say, Alex was killed until he was on the verge of permanent death that even the Immortals couldn't save one from, and reversed it to bring him back to life.

The Saint spirit veins beneath the surface of the mountain, hidden in the magma was now most likely useless. Alex understood through the memories just how much energy it was required to grow his body back time after time, even where only parts of it were missing.

Alex looked at his body and was a little thankful that he went through the lava.

The Undying God's Physique required a relatively strong body before he started cultivating it. Considering that most demons were born with a strong body, if Alex didn't have body cultivation, he would've likely found himself near death every time practiced the technique.

He was still sitting in the layers of snow, so he started cultivating the Undying Physique.

His pure Qi left his naval area and went around his body in a specific pattern, slowly altering his physique minute by minute.

This technique wasn't a Qi gathering technique, which would mostly be called a cultivation technique. While it did in fact gather Qi, it was such a minimal amount that in the long run, it was considered negligible.

What it did do was alter the physique of the person that was learning it slowly and made it so that his body was more attuned to self-healing and regeneration.

After a couple of minutes of practice, Alex brought out the sword and cut himself with it.

The wound cut open started bleeding immediately, but in just 3 seconds, it healed itself to the point where Alex had trouble realizing where he was actually cut.

It was as if he was perpetually applying a medicinal paste on his body that healed any wounds he had.

Once he improved, he could even recover cut-off limbs or destroyed body parts in minutes or even seconds.

What Saint realm cultivators would take years of closed cultivation to regrow, he would do in what could be considered a blink of an eye to these people.

Of course, improving the physique to that level would take a long time and a lot of cultivation, which Alex wasn't particularly looking forward to.

Once it was all done, he finally stood up with snow coming up to his waist.

"How long was I here?" he thought while looking around. It was impossible to tell.

"Is it enough time to return back?" he thought. It was a weird thought. He didn't know how long it had been since he had come here, so he didn't know if it was time for him to leave or not.

How long did it take for lava to cool down to the point where snow could stack on it?

Alex tried to feel the heat in the stone below, and he could feel that there was indeed heat coming off from the center, but the surface of the lava itself was cold to the point where the snow could stack on it without melting immediately.

Also, the snow continued falling through the open ceiling, stacking up in layers while the residual heat blow melt what little snow it was in contact with.

That made it harder for Alex to judge the amount of time it had passed, which meant he had to quickly return to the teleportation script and hope the two saints weren't there waiting for him.

Without hesitation, he flew off but stopped when he was a bit high in the sky. He couldn't forget the medallion that was still on the ground.

Once he took the medallion, he went to the nearby peak to get his clothes and items. He quickly wore his robes and kept every storage bag and ring.

Then, as he was flying away, he saw the mountain he had just come from again. There was a black stack of molten rock on the side of the mountain that was now completely solid.

The lava that flew out through the hallway had somehow solidified in the cold. However, that wasn't the weirdest part.

The land below the lava was raised as if spikes were appearing from the mountain itself, and it stopped the lava from flowing any further.

'Is that something lava does?' he thought to himself. Alex didn't know much about volcanoes or lava in general so there wasn't anything he could speak about here.

Neither the Central continent nor the Western continent ever had volcanoes for him to learn about.

Alex shook his head and quickly turned around before flying away from the peak.

He flew over the small hill that lay in between the 2nd and 3rd mountains. If he remembered correctly from the memories, this was the hill where the 8th Undying God inherited the skill.

'Wasn't it destroyed even further than this?' he thought. Once again, he didn't know much about volcanoes to tell if maybe lava spewed out over the years and created the small peak that it was now.

Alex arrived at the ice opening in the first mountain and saw that the hole there was the same as it was previously. Not a single change.

Hoping that not much time had passed, Alex entered the hallway and reached the script before pushing Qi into it.

The formation accepted his Qi and... nothing happened. Alex wasn't teleported anywhere.

Chapter 845: Spoils of War

"No... no, no, no." What Alex had feared would happen, was happening.

No matter how much Qi he poured into the teleportation script, it wouldn't budge at all.

It would accept the Qi, it would check his talisman for verification, but no teleportation aura would ever envelop him.

Alex couldn't help but wonder if the teleportation script couldn't find the other teleportation script to teleport him to, or if it couldn't find the other space it was to teleport it to.

'Did they destroy it on the other side, or did the 10 days period of the secret realm end and the space rejected everything?' he thought.

While he had initially panicked, and he still was a little, when Alex gave it more than a minute of thought, he didn't really need to panic.

For one, what had happened had happened. No matter which of the two scenarios was true, he wasn't returning back to the other side anytime soon.

At the same time, he didn't need to worry about it. He could simply leave this place and appear back in the Icy Hell and make his way back to his mother.

'Although, it might be better to stay here just in case not long enough time has passed and the jaguar hasn't managed to escape the barrier yet,' Alex thought and decided to keep shut.

Well, what should he do now then?

He decided to go check on his mind real quick. There were things that had happened to him during the inheritance that he simply didn't want to remember, and his mind had taken an impact too.

He quickly went in and looked around, but saw nothing suspicious. The silver mountain still hung in his mental space, high in the air, with an air of mystery that Alex still couldn't figure out.

The crystal ball with black flame in it curiously moved towards Alex.

"Hey, kid. What was happening out there? You looked like you were in trouble, but I didn't sense any enemy," the Godslayer asked.

"It's nothing. I was just gaining an inheritance, which had me go through some bit of suffering," Alex said.

"Oh, as long as it wasn't an enemy. I don't think I could've helped you out again," Godslayer's fire dimmed a bit.

"Thank you for saving me back there," Alex bowed towards the spirit.

"Heh, it's nothing. I wanted to go out there anyway. Besides, I got to kill a god fanatic, didn't I?" Godslayer said proudly. "That said, whose inheritance did you get? You shouldn't even be bothering with inheritances of Immortal realm figures with the talent you have."

"I... don't know what rank of the cultivator whose inheritance I got was," Alex said. "But it was someone who was there in the early days of the Eternal war."

"From the early days of the Eternal War? Impossible. That is such a long time ago that no one even knows when it was," Godslayer.

"No one?" Alex was surprised. Just how long ago had the war taken place? The memories did suggest that the Undying God had become a sort of legend or myth amongst the demons even in between two different instances of inheritance.

"Do you know when the war ended?" Alex asked him.

"The war, hmm... no, I don't," The sword said. "I'm incapable of telling how much time has passed, so it could be anything really."

"Oh," Alex thought. "Were you there when the war ended? Or were you already captured by the Sword god?"

"I was not captured by a sing—"

"Right, right, others were involved too. Were you captured before the war ended or not?" Alex asked.

"By the time I was captured, the war was long over," Godslayer said.

"In fact, I don't even remember being in the war. The war might have already ended by the time I was made... or did it?" Godslayer itself sounded confused.

It was sure that it had not taken part in the war itself, but then it never gave a thought to what was going around, and only remembered hearing that the war had been over for a long time.

Seeing that the sword spirit was lost in its own thoughts now, Alex shook his head and checked for any problem there might have been in his spiritual sea of his.

After smiling to himself about his improved Spiritual sea after absorbing Fu Tao's spirit, he came back outside.

He tried to activate the teleportation script again, but it didn't work this time either. Alex sighed and decided to move on to other things.

"Right, my spoils," he thought and moved away from the script before arriving at the corner of the room and looked at the vast amount of items he got from so many Saints and started looking through them all.

Swords, knives, bows, arrows, sabers, spears, axes, and all kinds of weapons were available in the many piles.

Not every weapon was a Saint ranked artifact. In fact, a Saint didn't have more than 2 Saint-ranked artifacts as they were incredibly hard to make or buy.

At least with the resources they had.



Alex looked at an armor that was Saint ranked artifact and nodded to himself. He quickly wore it under his robe and checked it out.

There was unfortunately no description about the armor, so Alex would have to test it out later somehow, but for now, he was fine knowing that it was a saint-ranked item.

He ignored everything else and just focused on weapons for now. He separated the saint weapons out and placed them in a specific storage bag before placing the rest of the weapons elsewhere.

He only really kept swords for himself and gave up on ever using the rest of the weapons. He would have to sell them elsewhere.

As for the artifacts that weren't your typical weapons like lamps, fans, or rulers, Alex kept them in a specific storage bag so he could check them later and decide whether to keep them or sell them.

The armors were an easy choice. There really was just the one Saint ranked one he wore, so everything else went to the recycling bag.

Once done, Alex moved on to checking on pills. With just a casual passing of his spiritual sense, Alex realized that most of these were Saint rank pills.

However, when he brought them out to check, they were all within 30% to 40% of Harmony. Not everyone had the finance to afford Xue Mufan or Zhou Zirong, and even those two didn't have much talent in making Saint rank pills due to the lack of ingredients, to begin with.

Alex shook his head and checked through the pills, and realized that not a single pill there was useful for him at all.

They were all pills meant for cultivation or to help breakthrough realms, or healing pills meant for when they got hurt. There were also antidote pills for poisons.

Alex shook his head as nothing there was something he needed at all. He wasn't affected by poison, and he no longer needed healing. Due to his talent, any pills that helped with breakthrough or help gather Qi were useless.

Alex immediately put the pills into a storage bag that was going to be sold as soon as he was out.

Pill recipes, however, he did read them all and placed it with his other belongings.

There was no hesitation in Alex's eyes when he placed the hundreds of thousands of True Spirit stones into his storage ring directly. There was not a decision to make there anyway.

Formations and talismans were something Alex simply didn't know whether he should keep or sell them. Not all formations and talismans were useful, even in the general sense, let alone fights.

Even if they were, Alex could easily make them. Also, most of these were True rank anyways so they wouldn't be of much use to him in the near future.

In the end, he decided to keep a select few of these and planned on selling the rest.

Alex found many common and rare ingredients amongst these items. They weren't just only for alchemy, but also for formations, talismans, and artifacts as well.

There was no doubt that he would keep these, and he did.

Then, he moved on to the last remaining few pieces of items that were his spoils of war.

Books.

Chapter 846: Infinite Heavenly Ice Spears

Alex was quite surprised to see how many books there were.

'Do these people not want to write in talismans or what?' he thought. It was true that a normal talisman didn't have as much space to keep the information as a book did, but then one could use 2 talismans.

'Maybe they are influenced by most cultivation skills being in books?' he thought. He was looking forward to seeing what sort of techniques these people had and opened the first book he had.

It was a nameless book and so Alex flipped to see what it was about.

[With the same amount of power, you can do significantly more damage to a person if your arrow is sharper than normal. In fact, if the tip of your arrow is incomparably sharp, you can destroy most things you previously could not with your arrow.]

Alex was a little confused. "That's not a technique. Is this not a technique book?" he thought and continued reading.

[Physically forged arrows can only ever have tips that are so thin. Even the best of artifact forgers can't make the arrow's tip too sharp or it breaks during the forging process. So, I will have to find some other ways of making my arrows sharp. I have begun looking into using Qi to create a fake exterior on the arrows that I will make sharp. I will record if this results in any progress]

As Alex continued reading, he learned more and more about what the person was doing. Soon, he had to close the book.

"This man was trying to find a dao, wasn't he?" Alex thought. He was fortunate that the man wasn't too deep into the book, or he might have learned what the man had understood in the process of his dao and thus not have the chance to acquire it as his own dao.

After all, the heavens never helped someone who didn't do the brunt of the work themselves. And then they kicked the ones they did help, but that was an entirely different matter.

"I can't read these insights," he told himself. A little here and there was good, and maybe a discussion itself was also good. But if one only received the information without doing anything, Dao was unachievable.

Alex looked at the book and wondered who it belonged to. A person who had acquired the dao or the person who was searching for the dao.

If the saint realm who had owned this book was in fact the person who was on the verge of acquiring a dao, then Alex was lucky that he had killed the man, or Godslayer did.

If not, and this was a man that was reading somebody else's insights, then he was never going to have a Dao in the first place.

'Is that why there are so many people with no Dao at all?' he thought. He wondered how many people in the Western continent had dao.

He knew of 3 including himself. And of what he had asked of the jaguar, even it didn't have any dao. Although it did mention to Alex that it was close to one.

'Does the emperor perhaps have a dao? Maybe regarding to poison?' Alex wondered.

He kept aside the book. It was a little sinister, but he could also sell the book to some fool who wanted to learn dao. Alex wasn't yet sure if he would ever need to reach that level of desperation.

He checked a few of the other books and realized those were full of insights too. 'No way all these people grasped this much of Dao and never had any,' he thought. 'They were definitely reading other people's insight.'

Alex saw that there were more insight books than there were corpses in his memories. Meaning that some of these people were reading more than just one.

'Is the information about Dao not very widespread even amongst the Saint realm cultivators?' Alex wondered. He couldn't help but thank the god who sent Shen Jing to his aid. If he wasn't there, Alex would've likely read all of these books in an attempt to find a dao.

After quite a few books, he finally landed on a proper technique book. Unfortunately, it was a movement skill book, and one not as good as his own.

'No point in reading that,' he thought and kept it aside.

Then, he read a book with a water-elemental skill. It was a skill that allowed him to create floating icicles that he could later hurl at people with Qi manipulation.

The most impressive part of this technique was that while it did use up a lot of Qi and time for the icicles to appear, each one that was created had quite a high damage.

While Alex, unfortunately, had one of the worst Water Spiritual roots amongst anyone, he was lucky enough to have one.

"What was the last water technique I learned again?" he thought to himself. There were two nameless techniques he learned but they were simply water projectiles and water slash techniques of mortal grade that he hadn't used in ages because of how useless they were.

"Well, this is not bad," he thought and decided to read it.

Infinite Heavenly Ice spears. The name made the technique sound better than it really was. It wasn't lying in any way, but it also wasn't telling the whole truth.

It called them ice spears, when in fact the thing that was made was simply icicles. The heavenly part was just to denote that the skill was of Heaven grade, but what was truly baffling was that whoever made this technique dared claim it was infinite.

Was it infinite? In an ideal world, yes. You could make one spear after another without stopping while you split your attention into using your Qi to keep around you.

This meant that as long as you had infinite Qi and were never in a hurry, you had infinite ice spears. But that was never the case, was it?

One would have to throw out an icicle in the middle of the battle and couldn't keep it to themselves while an opponent was upfront.

Besides, in the same sense, every other technique could be considered infinite since the cultivator could continue using it forever.

Alex finished learning the technique and crafted an 'ice spear'. The icicle landed on his hand with a rather pointed tip and he suddenly slammed it onto his left hand.

Alex wanted to see just how much damage he could do, but to his surprise, his body managed to fend off the attack without a single scratch.

"What the hell?" Alex thought. 'Did my body cultivation perhaps increase again after going through the inheritance?'

One did need a rather strong body to use the Undying God's physique, so Alex wouldn't be surprised if he was indeed stronger than he had been just... how many days ago was it again?

Alex shook his head and created another icicle before throwing it on the ground. The explosive sound of the strike made Alex understand that he had indeed learned it well.

Although, given how weak his spiritual root was, the icicle likely was going to be one of his weakest attacks.

'It will only be useful against fire and earth users. Even then I have my metal skills for those both,' Alex thought.

Alex continued on to other books. He simply ignored anything that had to do with weapons that weren't swords or whips at the moment.

The defensive techniques were commendable but mostly useless for him. They were earth or heaven-grade skills, and Alex already had a similar one for it.

He wanted a defensive mental skill, but he supposed that sort of thing wasn't readily available even amongst the Saint realm cultivators.

He wondered if the old man he trapped in the Timeless Palace had those sorts of techniques. He was after all one of the strongest Saint realm cultivators of the Western Continent, barring the Beast realm.

Also, he was the one with the many mental skills, so Alex did become a little hopeful. Only he would have to wait quite a few years before he was capable of killing that old man.

Alex shook his head and continued reading through the techniques, many of which he didn't care about, and finally ended up on one that he did.

The 21 Sword Array technique.

Chapter 847: Manual

Alex looked at the book that taught the 21 Sword Array technique and was surprised. "Wasn't this the technique that Jin Tengfei used?" he mulled as he thought about the fight against him.

That was indeed the technique he had lost his hand to in the tournament. "Huh? I wonder if this came from him," Alex thought.

He quickly started reading up on the technique and found that the technique was rather simple.

One simply had to have 21 swords, which they would put in 3, 6, and 12 groups of swords, in 3 different layers, one behind the other.

Once the sword was in place, using a certain way, Qi would flow into the swords, binding them into something that could be considered a single artifact.

It was this binding power that was the most important here, and it made the attack one of the strongest attacks Alex had seen until now.

"Woah, it can increase one's strength by at least a realm?" he thought as he continued reading. He couldn't help but wonder why Jin Tengfei wasn't as strong when the two of them fought, but Alex quickly realized that was likely because he had been using illusory swords during their fight.

By the time he was using real swords, Alex was already way better than him and had killed him.

"I should learn this," he thought. Now that he had so many swords, it was easy to see why this would be helpful for him. If he was capable of adding Sword Qi to it, that would make it so much better.

Alex took some time to learn the technique and then some more time to practice it.

Each of the swords he used was a True ranked sword for now as the Saint-ranked swords weren't refined by him. Once he did that, his power would only get stronger.

21 swords flew in a pattern inside the hollow dome as they moved around attacking imaginary enemies.

Unfortunately, he wasn't yet adept at using Sword Qi with swords he wasn't in contact with, so he couldn't use it during his practice.

'I will have to focus on that in my free time,' Alex thought and continued practicing what little he could.

Slowly, Alex was starting to get fast and precise with the sword. Half a day later, he was done learning the technique and moved on to other books that were in there.

"More insights. Earth grade techniques. Mortal grade techniques? Why the hell would you even have this?" Alex shook his head and looked through.

Nothing of interest showed up in the many books that he still had. Until he grabbed onto one and something stirred inside him.



Alex grabbed on a book that was unnaturally heavy. Even before he had his vision on it, he smelled something that made his eyes go a little wide.

'Blood?' he thought and brought the book in front of him.

The crimson book was nearly 15 kilograms in weight as if it had been made up of pure iron. The outer cover was intrinsically designed to look like the mouth of a monster with thousands of sharp teeth.

Alex tried to flip the book, but it wouldn't open. Suddenly, a tongue flew out from the middle of the teeth and wrapped itself around Alex's left hand.

"Ahh!" he shouted in surprise and threw the book to the side of the room in reflex. "What the fuck was that?"

He looked at his hand, a bloody saliva had left a trail behind where the tongue had wrapped itself around him.

"Was that a monster? Or a book? What the hell is this?" Alex thought. He pulled the book back to him and looked at it again.

"What is this?" he couldn't help but ask.

Once again, the tongue flew out from the cover of the book and wrapped itself around Alex, but this time he was prepared enough to not get scared.

The tongue was rather weak as Alex could easily unwrap it, but he waited to see what would happen.

The tongue suddenly turned sharp at the tip and struck Alex's veins on his wrist. However, Alex's body was too strong for it to insert itself.

"BLOOD~ BLOOD~" a voice spoke directly into Alex's head, originating from the book.

The book wanted blood and even spoke to Alex. He had never had this happen to him before. "Blood? Did this belong to Song Shing? Or maybe the Song matriarch?" Alex thought to himself.

"BLOOD~" the tongue struck his arm continuously, but it couldn't break through at all.

"You want blood?" Alex asked. 'Is that a good idea?' he couldn't imagine what would happen if he did give the book blood.

"The entire Song family is still alive and thriving despite being blood users, so I should be fine," Alex said and took out the sword to cut his wrist.

As the tongue tried to reach for the veins on his wrist, Alex sliced his veins open and the tongue touched blood.

Immediately, his hand started healing and within the next 3 seconds, the wound was completely gone. However, from the looks of it, the book had gotten enough blood as it fell to the ground with the tongue going back into its mouth.

Alex picked the book up and suddenly, the front cover started shifting. The many tiny teeth that were at the front slowly moved around until they fell into place and for 3 different words.

Blood God's Manual.

"Blood God?" Alex's eyes sharpened. Before he could read any further, the book flashed, and he felt it disappear into his body.

"What the hell?" Alex quickly grabbed everywhere on his body to see if he was hurt, but he wasn't cut at all. The book simply... vanished into his body.

"What's going on? Is the book gone?" he thought. He tried to feel the book in his body, but that was not possible for some reason.

"Dammit, what happened? And here I was just about to read what it said," he spoke out loud and in a flash, the book reappeared.

That surprised Alex a bit again. "What the hell is going on? Where are you hiding at?" he asked the book, but of course, it wouldn't answer.

"Disappear...?" he said awkwardly to see if he could repeat what had happened. The book flashed once again and disappeared somewhere that Alex couldn't follow even with his spiritual sense.

It was definitely in his body, but he couldn't sense where.

"Reappear," he said and the book arrived back in his hand.

"How is it doing this?" Alex wondered. He measured the heaviness of the book again and the metallic material it was made up of.

Was it perhaps not a book but an artifact? It didn't seem that out of the realms of possibilities given the name of the book.

Blood God's Manual. He didn't think he would get something belonging to one god right after he got the Undying God's Physique.

He took the book and tried to turn the page. The iron book unfurled itself and floated in front of Alex as crimson words hung on the pages.

'Feed the book vast quantity of blood of strong aura to open the latter pages,' it read.

"Blood?" Alex thought and looked around in his storage bag. There were a few large bottles full of blood that were his own. While that was blood that he used to make the Body Regeneration pill, and had likely lost a lot of blood aura, Alex still wanted to see what would happen.

He brought out the blood and started feeding the book. His blood barely had any blood aura remaining, but it still managed to do something.

Suddenly 2 different metallic lights shined from the side of the book and 2 thick pages of the book opened up.

Alex turned the first page that read 'Page 1: Blood Absorption'. He quickly read through the page and understood what Blood Absorption was.

It was a skill that was used to absorb blood aura from a victim's blood, whether it be human or beast, and use it to advance your cultivation base.

Not only would that help one advance in their cultivation base, but it would also make their blood aura thicker and stronger.

Alex frowned when he read this and would have to think about using something that he felt was so morally wrong.

Then, he flipped the page and went on to the second one.

Page 2: Blood Manipulation

Chapter 848: Blood Armor

Blood Manipulation was the ability to control blood as one saw fit. Alex remembered the various objects the blood Song Shing used turned into that he attacked others with.

This was most likely what he was using, or at least a version of it. Alex wasn't sure if freely passing around these techniques in the book was possible or not, so he could only assume the techniques were changed throughout the millennia in the Song family.

Alex looked at the technique and learned about it. While Blood Manipulation was something that affected blood itself, to Alex's surprise, it wasn't the blood that gave it power, but the blood aura.

It was such a small difference that one wouldn't really think about, but when he did learn it, it made sense.

Blood itself wasn't strong, so it would be the blood aura that was more powerful in this case.

He continued reading and pretty much learned the technique. Unlike the first technique where one would have to gather the blood of others to cultivate over it, this technique worked with just blood, and with as little amount as one wanted as well.

That meant, Alex didn't have to go around killing beasts and humans to gather a large amount of blood, unlike Blood Absorption.

Also, unlike that technique, Alex could use his own blood in this case, which made this much better in his opinion.

He tried to flip the book again, but the words on the page changed for a split second, telling him to give it more blood or blood with a stronger aura.

Alex sighed and used the sword he had to cut open his wrist again and poured what felt like at least half a liter of blood. He tried to force his body not to heal, and he found out that he could affect it a little.

But the best he could do was push it from 3 seconds to 5 seconds.

The blood on the book was suddenly absorbed and another page shined and opened up.

Alex looked at the remaining iron pages and realized there were 4 more. 'How much better does my blood have to be for them?' he wondered.

He looked at the new page that had opened up and read it.

Page 3: Blood Armor

"Armor?" Alex was surprised and wondered if he saw this technique at all. He thought he did see the old woman use this technique.

He read the description of the technique and learned that the armor was formed from one's own blood that poured out of every tiny pore in one's body.

Since the power of the armor depended on the blood's amount and the blood's aura, Alex decided to learn it as well.

Within 5 minutes after finishing reading the technique, Alex did what was told in the technique's description and moved his Qi around. At the same time, he felt the blood aura in his body and pushed it out from every single side.

Crimson blood littered his skin as it slowly oozed out of every pore in his body. Alex found that he had full control of the armor and could change its strength of it, and design as much as he wanted.

There was a higher limit, but no lower limit.

Alex created a helmet, a chest plate, a shoulder plate, pauldrons, bracers, gauntlet, mail, leg armor, and greeves.

Making so many items with his blood took a tremendous amount of blood on his end. Alex was starting to get dizzy, so he decided to lower the amount a bit by getting rid of some stuff.

He kept the helmet, the chest plate, the mail, the bracers, and the leg armor. Everything else he pulled back into his body and his mind was really happy about that.

Alex looked at the current combination of Blood Armor on him and thought it was quite great in his opinion. There was also the advantage of quickly turning the blood armor into normal blood and using that to fight.

The possibilities were endless.

Alex grabbed onto the blade of the sword and let the blood drip onto the book. He poured in nearly 2 liters of his blood, but still, nothing happened.

'I can't lose any more blood,' he thought and stopped. The book drank all the blood but it didn't open any more pages.

"I should probably strengthen my blood aura before I try it again," he thought. "I don't really want to go kill beasts just so I can improve my blood aura, so... the easiest way to improve it would be to break through to the Saint realm, right?"

Understanding that he was correct, Alex closed the book and it disappeared somewhere into his body.

The remaining 3 books were insights again, so he put those back into his storage bag. Then, he once again tried to use the teleportation script.

"Well, guess this is not working," he thought and went back to sit down cultivate. He had lost a bit too much blood so he ate a Blood Revitalizing pill too.

After he was fully cultivated and revitalized, he stood up and turned to leave.

Since he was in a secret realm somewhere around the Icy Hell, the only way to escape would be to find some sort of teleportation script.

Being a secret realm, there had to be a point of entry and exit.

Alex walked through the hole in the ice while thinking about the memories of the 8th Undying God. There wasn't much in his memories, but he tried his best to find some sort of answer to where the way out was from this secret realm.

There were still 3 more mountains to check, so Alex flew off while revisiting the memories.

In one of those memories, he saw something that made him frown a bit. The Undying God had learned the Demon Eyes technique, but right before that, he had used some sort of paste to blind himself.

"Is that the paste meant to cleanse? Why would that blind him?" Alex thought. Suddenly, he remembered a lot more than just regarding the memories.

The diaries he had found in the Demon realm had quite a few lines about the owners wanting a technique and being blind.

Not only that, one of the demons had straight up written that their eyes' level had increased.

"That... that's the Demon Eyes technique, isn't it?" Alex thought. "The paste blinds you before you can learn it."

Alex was sure he was right. The amount of evidence was just too many there for it not to be true.

But then, if that was true, he still didn't have any passes. The Undying God hadn't left behind any sort of recipes or pa—

Alex stopped flying and his eyes moved around rapidly while his mind went to work.

The 8th Undying God was a genius. He had one of the best minds as far as Alex could tell, so there was no way he would make the mistake of not leaving behind the recipe or the paste for the Demon Eyes.

The medallion to start the inheritance was also not here, and he had to get that from the Demon's corpse. Wouldn't that mean that the recipe or paste for the Demon eyes was also most likely with the demon's corpse?



Alex dropped from the sky and landed on the small mound of ice that was on top of the 7th mountain that did not exist on the map. This was the location where the 8th Undying God was born, and Alex was currently standing on it to find something he knew he had.

Alex foraged through his storage ring for a while, going through the many medicinal pastes he had found in the Demon realm before arriving upon something that had no description or use as far as Alex could tell.

He brought it out, the jar full of medicinal paste, and opened it. The acrid smell of the paste, the one that made his eyes water and his nose itchy, was something Alex had experienced many times when he opened this paste to see what it was.

Alex had never really cared for what it was aside from the slight curiosity he would have from time to time. However, now he had a burning curiosity and he sent his spiritual sense into the medicinal paste itself.

If the Undying God was in fact a genius, he would carve the recipe onto the walls of the jar.

There was no recipe on the walls of the jar, but at the bottom of the paste, there was indeed a talisman.

Alex quickly pulled out the talisman and read it. As he expected, it was a recipe, and as he expected, it was the recipe to the paste for the Demon Eyes.

Now, if Alex followed the words on the wall that told him to cleanse his eyes with the paste and indeed use this paste to blind himself, he too could learn the Demon Eyes technique.

He didn't know how long this blindness would last before his eyes would work, but he didn't care. He had spiritual sense anyway which was far better than the normal eyes.

Alex's hands started shaking in excitement so much that he couldn't stop himself from shouting.

"Yes! Yes! I did it. I found it. I actually found it. Now I can finally learn it. Hahaha!" He shouted out loud in pure joy.

"Oh, what can you learn?" A voice spoke from behind Alex.

"Who?" Alex quickly kept everything in his ring and turned around.

When he did, he saw a massive eye the size of his body staring back at him.

#### Chapter 849: Another One

The massive brown eyes stared back at Alex.

It was about 5 meters away from him and the eye was all Alex could focus on.

His breathing stopped in fear at the massive eye. Slowly, he moved his eyes away from the single eye and towards the rest of the body.

The eye was attached to a long, bulbous head that had dark, almost black skin that was wrinkled throughout.

The neck of the beast elongated all the way down the mountain and disappeared somewhere Alex couldn't see at all.

"Hmm? Was it time already? I thought there were a dozen more years before you changed your representative," the beast spoke rather slowly.

Alex was too dumbfounded to even understand what the beast was talking about. Rather, he was having a hard time understanding what the beast even was just from the side profile of its massive head.

He didn't know how strong it was, but if it could sneak up on him this easily, he didn't want to try and find out.

As such, Alex didn't even dare bring out his spiritual sense of fear.

"You must be the one going about destroying mountains and causing volcanoes to erupt. you disrupted my sleep little cat." the beast said.

Alex was too stunned to even speak. Just looking at the massive beast made him feel like his soul was going to escape from his body.

"Why aren't you speaking, young tiger?" the beast asked.

"T-Tiger?" Alex asked, not understanding what the beast was talking about. "I... I'm not a tiger."

"Huh?" he heard the confusion in the beast's voice.

Suddenly, he felt his body lurch forward off of the surface of the hill and was pulled down to the ground.

Alex landed on the snow and looked up quickly to see the beast's head looking down on him.

Finally, he could see what this beast was.

'A... A turtle?' Alex thought. 'No, A tortoise.'

Alex couldn't see anything but the head of the tortoise. The neck went back to some cave on the small hill.

'Wait, is that even a hill?' Alex thought. When he saw the size of the head and estimated the size of the body, he quickly realized that the small mound of land was actually the entire tortoise.

Alex's mind refused to believe just how big this beast was. There was no beast in the world that was bigger than this at all.

"Are you really not a tiger?" the tortoise asked.

"N-no?" Alex said. Obviously, he wasn't a tiger. But why was the tortoise asking that?

A thought came upon him, unimaginable in most scenarios, but he still dared to ask it.

"Ar-are you... are you talking about the White Tiger?" he asked. That was the only way anyone would ever mistake him for a tiger.

"Of course, what other tiger could I mean?" the tortoise asked.

Alex looked at the tortoise and then at its color. Black.

'No way, right?' he thought, but the curiosity burned him and he needed to ask.

"Are you a Black Tortoise?" Alex asked.

"Yes, I am," the tortoise said. "You are quite slow for someone that is meant to become a new ruler."

Alex's mind had so many thoughts running concurrently that he didn't even manage to grab what the tortoise was telling him.

A Black Tortoise, a member of the Four Heavenly beasts blessed by the gods. Alex hadn't expected to meet one so soon, and in a place that belonged to the demons at that.

"Wait, I'm not the next ruler of this continent," he quickly said. "That— That's someone that will come in about 90 years."

"Huh? Oh, so I was right about the passage of time. There indeed are still a few dozen years left," the tortoise said as it nodded to itself.

"Hmm, are you really not the White Tiger then?" the tortoise asked.

"No, I'm just a human with the White Tiger's bloodline," Alex said. There was no point in hiding that since the tortoise had already sensed the bloodline.

"A human?" the tortoise's loud voice shook the snow on its back and some of it fell down. Alex could now see the dome-shaped shell at the back that was totally black.

A spiritual sense fell onto Alex, so dense that it nearly toppled him over. It quickly passed through, searching for something, but when it didn't find it, it left.

"No beast core. You really are a human. How do you have the White Tiger's bloodline?" the beast asked.

"Uh... I took in a White Tiger's blood essence," Alex said truthfully, unable to find a way to lie against the Black Tortoise, who was one of the four heavenly beasts, just like the White Tiger. He didn't know what they might have in common and didn't try to.

"A human who took in a White Tiger's blood essence? Impossible," the tortoise said and its head flew closer to Alex, breathing warm air onto his face as it looked at him.

Alex didn't know what to say so he quickly thought to change the topic.

"Senior Tortoise," Alex called.

"Call me Xuan Luhei," the tortoise spoke.

"Senior Luhei," Alex said. "A-are you one of the rulers sent to this world as well, or are you one of one of their family members?"

"I am the ruler," the tortoise said.

"Eh? Then shouldn't you be over at the Northern Continent, ruling over it?" Alex asked.

The tortoise's eyes narrowed as it stared at Alex. "Where do you think we are now?" it asked.

"Huh? We're in the—" Alex paused. He stopped talking and slowly looked around.

Ice, snow, and blizzard filled his eyes. Something that was plenty available in the Icy Hell, but also something that would be more than plenty in the Northern Continent, which was also sometimes known as the frozen continent.

Northern Continent... North... the North Mountain. Everything slowly started to make sense to Alex. And the more it made sense, the more dread filled his heart and made him realize just how far away he was.

"Did you not know where you were?" the Tortoise asked.

"N-no," Alex said with fear in his voice. The fear of course was at the fact that he was on a completely new continent, but the tortoise thought he was being afraid of him.

"Don't be scared, little one. Us four beasts and families aren't allowed to come to this world without making an oath not to hurt anyone," the tortoise said. "Of course, there are exceptions to this oath where we can hurt when absolutely necessary, but mostly we cannot harm anyone. Even the thought of harming someone makes us freeze unless it is for the right reasons."

"Really?" Alex's fear didn't diminish, but he was able to push it down when he heard that.

"I suppose you never learned it. How exactly did you come by the White Tiger's bloodline, young human?" the Tortoise asked.

"Uh... there was some in the Western Continent. I happened to find it by accident," Alex said.

"And you survived. I wonder how," the tortoise kept staring at Alex. "I wonder if you can take in my blood essence too."

Alex got excited when he heard that. The Black Tortoise's blood essence meant he could immediately improve his Earth Spiritual root to Supreme level as he did with his Metal root via the White Tiger's Blood essence.

"Can you give me some?" he couldn't help but ask.

The Black Tortoise smiled and even laughed a little. But in the end, it shook its head. "I'm afraid I can not do that. I am already injured as I am now. If I give you my blood essence, it will take forever for me to heal," it said.

"Wounded? Who could wound—" Alex stopped when he remembered the information he had acquired at the White Tiger's palace.

The Four Heavenly beasts from the four continents arrived at the central continent when they noticed something weird happening there.

There, they fought the one who attacked them, but they were losing. There the White Tiger died, and everyone else lost. As for the enemy, Alex didn't remember hearing about what happened to it.

After that, the remaining 3 beasts had returned to their own continent to go into closed cultivation and heal.

"Are you still not healed from the time when you fought together in the Central Continent?" Alex asked curiously.

"No," the tortoise shook his head. It wasn't surprised Alex knew that information, for this was well-known information in every continent but the Western Continent.

Alex was confused. "But it's been nearly 5000 years right? Even Saint realm cultivators should have been able to heal by now. Are you mortally injured?" he asked.

"No," the turtle said. "I just don't have any Qi to heal myself."

"Qi?" Alex's eyes narrowed. "Oh, you need Immortal Qi, don't you? Is there no immortal Qi in this world?"

"I'm afraid not," the tortoise said. "Why else would Immortals have to leave if there was?"

"So, are you going to stay here forever and not cultivate?" he asked.

"No, our term ends in about a thousand more years. At that time, I will get to return home and will heal there," the tortoise said.

"You are willing to stay injured for 6000 years?" Alex asked. He couldn't believe it at all.

"6000 years goes by in a flash for an Immortal like me. Besides, I could've gone back if I really needed my help, but I can't. Not alone. Not without my brother," the Tortoise said.

"Your brother?" Alex asked. Only then did he finally remember that while they were called the Four Heavenly beast, there were actually five.

"The Snake! Senior snake is not here?" Alex looked around at the tortoise, but the snake was indeed missing.

The snake and tortoise were always spoken of together as the Black Tortoise, so Alex didn't remember that the snake was supposed to be here when he remembered the name.

"No, he is not," the Tortoise said. "I haven't seen him since that day 5 thousand years ago."

Alex hesitated for a bit, but he still decided to ask. "Is he... dead?"



"No, if he dies, I die. We are linked by fate, so I know he's alive. Just, I don't know where," the black tortoise said while looking in a certain direction.

Alex nodded as he took in the information of the two of them being separated after the fight.

That only made Alex more curious about what could possibly fight against 5 different Immortal realm beasts that were blessed by the gods, and so he asked.

"Senior To— Luhei, can you tell me about the fight that happened 5 thousand years ago? What exactly was it that you fought? And how the previous White Tiger died?"

#### Chapter 850: The Sacrifice

"Hmm? Do you want to learn about then? Do you not already know? It's only been about 5 thousand years," the Tortoise said.

"Yes, but there is a misconception going around," Alex said. "They think that the White Tiger attacked you all to take over this world for himself, and the 3 of you fought him and killed him to save this land."

"What?!" the Tortoise's voice got louder and gruffer. "Nonsense! If it wasn't for the tiger, we wouldn't have likely even survived back then. Why would anyone think the tiger did anything?"

"I don't know senior," Alex said. "I think once you guys all went into closed cultivation, the world took the battle in the central continent as you three fighting against him, so when the White Tiger died, they believed it was your doing."

"In fact, after the White Tiger's passing, the three continents joined forces to attack the Western Continent and killed many saint realms in the process while stealing away the resources from there. It is now a husk of what it used to be," Alex said.

"Is that true?" the tortoise's voice got louder even more. "These little bastards. They do not deserve anything. Dammit, If I was allowed to hurt them, I would rip them apart myself."

Alex didn't say anything and let the tortoise vent his anger through his words. After a while, when the tortoise finally calmed down a little more, Alex asked again.

"So what really happened back then? Can you tell me?"

The tortoise got silent for a bit before finally speaking. "We were here when we were alerted to the fact that something was happening in the Central continent."

"People could no longer teleport over, and when we got out we could already sense the disaster that was happening. The world was crying for help."

The tortoise remembered the day he had got out of the secret realm and sensed the dread far away. The Qi in this world was acting so violently that day, that he thought millions of immortals were fighting in the distance.

"The teleportation formations were not working, so we had to fly over there. We flew as fast as we could, even risking getting punished, and arrived on the central continent. When we did, we saw that the disaster had already happened."

"The continent was surrounded by Qi that was now so harsh that we didn't even know how we could enter. The Dragon arrived not long after and the Phoenix did too."

"We waited for the Tiger, but we only found out a moment later that the tiger had already jumped in. Using its strong body, it survived the wind and had entered."

"We did what we could and entered as well," the Tortoise said. "By the time we had arrived, the Tiger was already in battle with... that monster."

"Monster? What sort of monster was it?" Alex asked curiously.

The tortoise shook its head. "It was a human, or at least it looked like it. It looked like a young man, but there is no way anyone that strong could look that young. Especially when we couldn't sense any cultivation base from him at all. It could not have been a human at all."

The tortoise remembered what it saw that day. The White Tiger gave it his all fighting that young man with black hair. It remembered the snarky smile on his face and the deep dread when it tried to sense his cultivation base.

The human, or whatever it truly was, had no cultivation base from what the tortoise could sense. It was either that, or its cultivation base was so high that it could hide from them, which should have been impossible.

The three of them had joined the battle and fought against the young human, but without using any technique or skill, he had fought back with just his physical body and destroyed them all.

"We couldn't fight it at all. If we continued, we would have died for sure. But we couldn't leave either, because if we did, this realm would die for sure."

"While we hesitated, it was the Tiger that took action. He told us he had a plan, but we would need to get as far away from him as we could. We didn't know what he was doing, but we trusted him and left."

"However, when we were trying to leave, because we were injured, my brother got separated from me in the Qi storm and disappeared somewhere."

"I too was too heavily injured to go find him, and while I wanted to, I sensed it."

"I couldn't see what the tiger did, but it felt like the world was caving in on itself. Terror, I felt it that day, I will never forget it. It lasted for an entire 2 minutes before the feeling vanished."

"Then, neither that monster nor the tiger remained anymore. They were both dead," the Tortoise said.

Alex heard the story in awe. What sort of thing would have to happen to make it feel like the world was caving in on itself?

"Are you sure the monster died?" Alex asked. He didn't know of any techniques a White Tiger had to make it feel like that.

"Of course, it was no longer there inside," the Tortoise said.

"But it could have left, right? Immortals and other beings can leave the world all the time? What if the monster left the world just before the White Tiger did the suicide attack?" Alex asked.

"No," The tortoise shook his head. "We were there and waiting to make sure nothing went wrong. If they had left the world, we would have sensed it."

"Leaving the world causes a phenomenon that no one can hide, and even the Saint realm cultivators have good enough perception to know when one is happening."

"Since we were right there, we know that no one left the world," the tortoise said.

"What about the teleportation formation in the central continent?" Alex asked.

"Those were already destroyed," the tortoise said. "Listen, kid, I know what you want to know. You hope that the White Tiger is alive and well, but believe me when I say I wish he was too."

"But he died in a way where not only did his body not survive, even his soul was gone. In fact, if I had to guess, he must have exploded his cultivation base and nascent soul together while doing every other thing he could to destroy the monster," the tortoise said.

"We are lucky the monster really didn't have a cultivation base, or it would have still been alive today and this world would be no more," the tortoise said.

Alex was too stunned by the information he had received today. He knew that the White Tiger had died while fighting an enemy in the Central continent, but he would have never thought that he had died while not only fighting the monster but also saving the entire world in the process.

That only made him sorer when he realized what these people were doing to desecrate his legacy. They called him an arrogant tiger who didn't know better and went to attack the very thing he ruled.

Alex felt so angry that he needed to take long deep breaths to calm himself.

"And what about the senior snake?" he asked to take his mind off of the anger.

"I never saw my brother after that," the tortoise said in a sad voice.

"You said he isn't dead, right?" Alex asked.

"No, he's most certainly alive. I would have died if he did," the tortoise said in a slow voice.

"Then... why haven't you gone out to search for him? Are you so injured that you can't even leave?" Alex asked.

The Tortoise snickered a bit when he heard that, and the shaking was so bad that more of the snow on its back started falling to the side.

"No, no, that's not the reason. Well, it is in a way, but the real reason is that back then I had used a little too much power and the Heavenly Judgment came for me."

"I was so injured that I definitely couldn't survive it at all, and if I went for my brother, I would have caused him trouble as well. So, I ran and came back here to hide."

"Now, if I go outside, the Heavenly Judgment would start immediately, and since I'm still injured, I will most likely die."