

Being a God 111

[I'll Quit Being a God](#)

Chapter 111: The Wu Clan's Second Junior

The thunder is the most ferocious and peerless force in the world.

Since ancient times, there has never been any cultivator who can control it.

Lu Heng accidentally cast the heavenly thunder to be his cultivation base.

Although he has set foot on a broad road that no one has ever walked, it also means that Lu Heng can only explore how far this road can go alone.

For Lu Heng, the past cultivation experience is only that of the reference value, and it is impossible to give him detailed guidance.

Now, after reading the secret collection of the Yun sect and the bamboo slips in his hand, Lu Heng suddenly woke up.

In the past, he fell into the error of empiricism and tried to deduce his own cultivation by using the cultivation methods of ordinary demons.

However, the heavenly thunder is particularly fierce, and Lu Heng's cultivation base is also unusual. If he wants to deduce his own cultivation by means of common demon cultivation methods, it is like cutting a mark on the side of one's boat to indicate the place where one's sword has dropped into the river.

Perhaps this is the real reason why he has been unable to break through and open the door to heaven.

In the courtyard, Lu Heng was stunned; he unconsciously flipped through the bamboo slips in his hands. It seemed that he was still reading and deducing the method of hiding spirit Qi recorded on the bamboo slips.

Only in the past two hours, Lu Heng had already confirmed that it couldn't apply to his own situation.

The heavenly thunder couldn't be hidden by using the spirit Qi hiding methods of human cultivators.

But Lu Heng was not depressed.

Because of this volume of bamboo slips, he saw the most profound secret technique.

Even though this secret technique could not be used by him, the exquisite method of concealing spirit Qi broadened his vision and greatly inspired Lu Heng, making him suddenly wake up and understand what he lacked.

His cultivation base is different from other people's, and he could only develop it by himself.

Trying to rely on other people's secret skills is too fantastic.

When he thinks about it carefully, since he woke up in this world, all the secret skills he holds now come from his own perception.

Whether it's the heavenly thunder or the punishment clouds, these are all magic powers that Lu Heng realized alone. There has never been any record of such magic powers in the past.

Perhaps, I should go to see the cultivation secrets of other cultivators.

If I can read all the books and broaden my horizons, I can learn from the strengths of all sects, and perhaps I can walk out of my own thoroughfare.

Of course, before that, I need to read this volume of bamboo slips thoroughly.

Lu Heng was greatly inspired by the mysterious skills recorded on the bamboo slips.

Now he was sitting quietly in the courtyard, holding a bamboo slip in his left hand, and pinching his right hand. There was a faint ray of thunder flowing between his fingers.

Although it was not a killing move, it released a horrible breath.

However, the power of thunder and lightning surging in Lu Heng's hands was not fierce. Even if the lightning flashed, it didn't have the slightest ferocity. Its power was even inferior to ordinary wind and thunder.

If people who didn't know the situation saw it, they would never think that the flashing light was the fierce and powerful heavenly thunder.

Lu Heng was in a good mood when his fingertips were shining.

Although he could only hide a trace of it now, he had found the secret. If he continued to study in this direction, maybe one day he would not only be able to perfectly hide his spirit Qi, but also hide the lightning blot that he threw out.

Of course, that may be a long time later...

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In the secluded courtyard behind the Fire God Temple, Lu Heng devoted himself to cultivation.

In the bustling Fushan City, Huo Feng, with a bamboo basket on his back and a small Gu eagle squatting on his shoulder, had arrived near the wharf outside the city.

The hustle and bustle of Fushan city are more prosperous than he imagined.

So he was in a good mood after spending nearly a day in the city.

Not to mention the little Gu eagle named Gu Yan.

Although this little guy has lived for more than 60 years, he had been as naive as a child. Even when the river god was busy and unable to accompany him, she would certainly arrange for two maids to follow him day and night.

So Gu Yan was more like a pet than to be her son.

Because this little Gu eagle's mind was too simple that it was no different from a pet.

Although Gu Zhou, the river god, is his mother, the little Gu eagle was more close to the two maids who were responsible for feeding and protecting him.

Now that Lu Heng led him to cultivate, the little Gu Eagle is gradually obtaining wisdom and would soon understand who is his most important family member.

But for now, the little Gu eagle is only a slightly clever beast, full of curiosity about everything in the world.

Although Huo Feng was also amazed at the bustle of Fushan City, he had traveled far and wide for many years, so he wasn't too surprised to see new things here.

The Little Gu eagle was different.

It was his first-time setting foot in a human city, and it was such a prosperous human city too. Gu Yan was so excited that he could not help fluttering his wings.

If it hadn't been for Huo Feng who tied one of Gu Yan's claws with a rope before going out, the excited little Gu Eagle might have flown away.

"Wow! WOW!"

On the crowded dock, the excited cry of the little Gu eagle, like a baby crying, attracted many people's attention.

Most of the traveling merchants would look at him curiously, and some people with sharp eyes even recognize Gu Yan's identity.

However, they are often strong people who can enslave strong animals.

Compared with those ferocious beasts, the little Gu eagle on Huo Feng's shoulder is not very special.

Although it was eye-catching, it was only to the extent that people would take a glance.

In the crowd, Huo Feng looked around and stopped in front of one of the vendors from time to time to ask about the price and select raw fish.

This crowded dock is completely different from the deserted appearance that they saw last night.

The traveling merchants, the porters who were busy loading and unloading, and the various vendors made the place very lively.

Huo Feng was now located in a fish market on the edge of the wharf.

He and Gu Yan had been walking around the city for almost a day. Now it's getting late. He should prepare dinner for the Wolf God.

Due to those limiting conditions, Huo Feng's cooking skills could not be fully displayed before.

Now that he has finally moved into the human city, he has been eager to cook for a long time. He only needs to purchase ingredients and then show his skills tonight to let Xiao Ai and the Wolf God taste his real cooking skills.

Huo Feng was eager to try, while Gu Yan, squatting on his shoulder, poked his head and looked curiously at the fish displayed by the vendors.

In the fish market, the fishy smell was very strong.

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Chapter 111.2: Part 2

Ordinary people may not be able to bear the fishy smell, but for Gu Yan, it was very alluring.

It fluttered its wings excitedly and shouted to ask Huo Feng to buy food for him.

Huo Feng was a little helpless. He only said, "Wait a moment, wait a moment, let's go home and eat."

He tried to appease the excited Gu Yan and tried to calm him down.

There were a lot of people on the wharf. How dared he let Gu Yan down?

While selecting raw fish, Gu Yan and Huo Feng are somewhat exhausted.

Is this what taking care of children meant? Maybe next time I won't take this little guy out.

In order to hurry up, Huo Feng didn't bargain anymore and chose two fresh raw fish. He took the little Gu Eagle out of the fish market.

As he walked, he comforted and said, "OK, OK, we'll go home now. I'll give you something to eat when we get back."

When Huo Feng said this, he found that the little Gu eagle, who had been screaming all the time, suddenly stopped moving.

He was a little curious.

"Eh? Gu Yan?" Huo Feng tilted his head and looked at the little Gu eagle on his shoulder. He found that the little Gu eagle was staring at the river bank not far away curiously.

On the Bank of the river, there was a three-story ship that was now berthing.

The white cloth was tied on the ship, and the mourning flags were hanging high. It was clear that it was a mourning ship.

After the ship docked at the shore, just as it stopped steadily, there was the neighing of horses.

On the big ship, there were six knights in white cloth riding horses. They directly rode white horses to leap ashore from the deck, and then galloped toward the gate of Fushan city.

The knight who ran at the front kept shouting.

"The second young master of the Wu clan has come to mourn! Make way! Make way!"

On the crowded wharf, even walking was a bit crowded.

However, the six horsemen in white ran directly into the crowd, and the speed was getting faster and faster. They had no intention to stop at all.

The neighing of the white horses and the yelling of the knight in the front scared all the pedestrians on the road back to both sides for fear of being hit by the galloping horse.

These six galloping horses were as fast as meteors. If ordinary people were hit, they would be killed directly.

The originally bustling Wharf Road was suddenly disturbed by the appearance of these six knights.

But where could people dodge? They could only move toward the vendors on both sides.

Under the impact of the crowd, the stalls originally placed on both sides of the road were instantly submerged by the crowd, and many things were blown away.

The peddler's boss kept complaining and shouting at the crowd.

"Ouch! Don't crowd! Don't crowd!"

However, galloping horses were coming here. Who dared to block them on the main road? People were all scared to flee everywhere, and the cries of these poor peddlers were directly drowned by the crowd.

The booth was directly lifted off, and the goods on it were scattered on the ground and trampled by people.

Even if the stall owner wanted to stop it, he couldn't stop it at all. The crowd surged in, and the stall owners shouted anxiously, but they could only grasp the goods they could grasp with their hands and retreat toward the rear, for fear that they would be crushed by the crowd.

Among the crowd, Huo Feng was originally standing at the edge of the crowd, so when the crowd was thick, he immediately took the little Gu eagle back to protect the food in the bamboo basket, and also saw the six horsemen galloping in the crowd.

From his perspective, the six knights were all excellent cultivators.

The strongest two of them were serious middle-aged men. One of them was a burly man, while the other was a thin man.

The two men galloped through the crowd on horseback, their eyes cold, and they didn't even look at the frightened people. It seems that the ordinary people who desperately retreat on the road are not even ants to them, and they don't even bother to look at them.

Huo Feng could clearly feel that even if he had not lost his cultivation base, he couldn't defeat these two people.

However, although these two middle-aged men have high cultivation bases, the highest status in the riding team was the youngest one in the team.

His long black hair was tied behind him, swinging up and down with the galloping steed. His face with a trace of a dissolute smile is very handsome. If he smiled, he could charm countless girls.

Although he was dressed in white, it was not a mourning dress, but the clothes of rangers.

After hearing the fear and fear of people around him, Huo Feng realized that this young man in white was the second young master of the Wu clan, Wu Zhiyuan.

Now that the old man of the Wu clan had died of illness, the second master of the Wu clan had gone all the way back to catch up with the cremation ceremony tonight.

When the riding team passed the road where Huo Feng was, Wu Zhiyuan on the horse seemed to be aware and subconsciously looked at the roadside.

He saw an ordinary young man standing silently outside the crowd. The other party was plainly dressed, wearing a bamboo hat, carrying a bamboo basket, and squatting a strange little eagle on his shoulder. Now the young man was watching him quietly.

—But there was no fear in his eyes. The young man was completely different from the people around him.

Wu Zhiyuan was a little curious. He took another look and found that the other side's sword was... the Yun sect disciple?

Wu Zhiyuan smiled, but didn't care. With a whip, he rode his horse toward the gate and quickly left the young man who should be a disciple of the Yun sect behind.

The Fushan City would be in chaos, and as the protagonist, this drama was waiting for him to come on stage!

It was only a disciple of the Yun sect. He might have had some interest in meeting him in the past, but now he was in no mood to pay attention to such a person.

Today, he only wanted to laugh.

The old bastard finally died. This is the best news I have heard this year!

Ha ha ha...

Wu Zhiyuan was in a happy mood, and the speed of the horse under him was also faster.

The crowded market road was in front of him, but all the people were retreating and didn't dare to stop him.

Such a vast world awaits him.

How can I care about a mere disciple of the Yun sect at such a time?

Wu Zhiyuan laughed and went away.

In the market which gradually recovered its calm behind him, standing behind the gradually dispersed crowd, Huo Feng frowned.

He had been quietly looking in the direction of the city gate, watching the six knights disappear in the field of vision, and then slowly withdrew his sight.

If he remembers correctly, the Wolf God wants to look for the later generation of the Wu clan, right?

How could the Wu clan's young people be like this?

Suddenly, Huo Feng suddenly remembered the sad sigh of the Wolf God in the courtyard.

Looking back now, it seemed that the sigh of Wolf God at that time contained endless helplessness.

"The situation of the Wu clan is really a headache..."

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Chapter 112: Surprise

In the dock, with the departure of the six knights, the crowded and noisy fish market gradually restored order.

People who fled in panic returned to the middle of the road one after another. Those stalls that were knocked down and knocked out were also set up by the people.

As for the goods scattered on the ground, except for the ones that were trampled, the rest were basically picked up by the people and put back in the stalls one after another, while the stall owners were asked to clean up the mud and water on them.

Fortunately, this place is a dock after all. There are many fish vendors' stalls. Most of the goods are raw fish. Even if people trample on them, they will not be affected. After being cleaned with water, they can still be sold.

Among the crowd, Huo Feng frowned.

Because the second young master of the Wu clan was mentioned in the conversation among the traders walking around.

According to the information revealed by the conversation among the people, although the Wu clan was well-known in Fushan City, there were also some bad rumors about them.

Especially the second young master of the Wu clan...

Hui Feng frowned and said nothing.

Gu Yan, squatting on his shoulder, didn't know what had happened. Seeing that Huo Feng had been in a trance, he cried twice and pecked Huo Feng's face with his sharp beak.

Although he didn't hurt him, he woke Hui Feng up.

"Oh? Oh... Gu Yan," after waking up, Huo Feng looked at the little Gu eagle with a puffy shoulder and said with a smile, "Sorry, I'm distracted. Let's go now."

He tightened the basket on his back and walked toward the city, saying, "We'll go home and prepare dinner for you."

The little Gu eagle grunted contentedly and stopped making trouble.

After leaving the dock, he returned to the city.

Through the heavy gate, he came to the streets of the city.

The streets in the city are not as crowded as the docks, but the city gate is bustling here, and there are many vendors on both sides of the road.

When Huo Feng entered the city, although the scene he saw was not as chaotic as that in the fish market at the wharf, it was obvious that there was a riot not long ago.

After the six horses came into the city, they didn't slow down. Instead, they continued to gallop and crash in the street.

Such an act is really...

Huo Feng shook his head and his expression became worse.

He walked through the crowd, listening to the low curses of the traders and the voices of the discussion, and he could not help feeling worried.

The Wolf God ordered Xiao Ai to attend the funeral of the Wu clan's old master. However, because of Xiao Ai's temperament, she wouldn't ignore them, especially the second young master of the Wu clan...

However, the Wu clan is the Wolf God's friend's clan...

If Miss Xiao Ai beat them...

Huo Feng hesitated for several seconds, but finally didn't go directly to the Fire God Temple. Instead, he silently changed his direction and went to the house of the Wu clan.

On his shoulder, the little Gu eagle looked left and right curiously, busy observing the scenery in the city, but he didn't find that Huo Feng quietly changed his route.

At the same time, the mournful music was still playing in the Wu clan's mansion.

In the properly arranged mourning hall, guests come and go endlessly, and most of them are rich and noble people in Fushan City.

Wu Zhiqian, the eldest son of the Wu clan, 36 years old this year, was now the host of the funeral. Compared with his young and frivolous second brother, he was much more mature and prudent.

Before the old man died, he was already in charge of many things of the Wu clan and was in charge of many stores.

Among the young generation in Fushan City, Wu Zhiqian also has his own contacts. He's not much of a brilliant genius, but he is very stable.

When the old clans in the city talk about it, they all have a good impression of the young man.

Today, Wu Zhiqian, dressed in white cloth, was standing in front of the gate of the Wu clan's mansion, smiling to welcome every family member and friend who came in.

Among them, there were relatives and friends of the Wu clan, some old friends of the old master, and spies from other clans in the city...

Although the Wu clan is not the top in Fushan City, the death of the old master didn't influence other clan leaders of other old clans.

However, in the same city, some courtesy greetings still need to be done.

Anyway, it was just to let a servant send a bundle of firewood here. It doesn't need to bother those clan leaders to come in person.

But even so, Wu Zhiqian dared not neglect.

Although those sent by the old clans were not clan leaders, they also had a certain identity. He smiled at everyone and didn't dare to neglect them.

At this time, a small figure came from the front of the street and appeared in Wu Zhiqian's vision, which made him slightly surprised.

The location of the Wu clan's mansion is one of the fancy quarters of the city.

This fancy quarter is full of rich and powerful families, and the streets are surrounded by tall walls. Compared to other places in the city, this place is quiet and remote.

In addition to the servants in different residence uniforms, the only people who appeared on the street were the Wu clan's acquaintances who came to the funeral with firewood.

However, the little girl who appeared, with long silver hair and sharp animal ears, was so strange.

The dark blue ancient sword on her back, although looked ordinary, since it was carried by such a strange little girl, it must be special too.

Wu Zhiqian couldn't help but open his eyes and think about it in his heart. However, he couldn't remember when the Wu clan knew such a demon cultivator.

Without waiting for Wu Zhiqian to think about it, the little girl with silver hair and animal ears came to the front door of the Wu's clan.

The firewood in her arms shows her intention.

Wu Zhiqian hurriedly out and said with his hands arched, "I'm Wu Zhiqian, the eldest son of the Wu clan. Little fairy, where are you from? Are you coming here to attend my father's funeral ceremony?"

"Well," the little girl with silver hair and animal ears nodded, handed the firewood in her arms to the servant on the side, and said, "My name is Lu Ai. At the order of my master, I came to attend the old master's funeral ceremony."

Wu Zhiqian quickly asked, "Little fairy, may you tell me your master's name? I'd better write it down, and I'll come to the door to thank your master later."

The little girl shook her head and said, "I can't tell you my master's name for the time being. If there is an opportunity in the future, my master may visit in person. At that time, Uncle Wu, you can directly ask the master. There is no need to ask me."

The little girl refused lightly, and Wu Zhiqian dared not ask any questions. He said with a smile, "I understand. I won't ask any more questions. Please come in and take a rest. Sorry, I'm too busy now so I can't accompany you... Uncle Song, please invite the little fairy to take a rest."

Wu Zhiqian beckoned to his entourage. Xiao Ai nodded and was about to follow the old man who was called Uncle Song into the door, but at this moment, there was a sharp sound of horses' hoofs on the road behind her.

Then came the neighing of the horses.

And the laughter of the second young master of the Wu clan.

"Elder brother, I wonder if you are happy to see your little brother coming home! Ha ha..."

In the complacent laughter, the sound of horses' hooves came quickly, and all the people in front of the Wu clan's mansion looked in that direction.

A total of six riders came with smoke and dust, and the second young master of the Wu clan was sitting high on one horse's back with a bright smile.

All the pedestrians along the way fled in fear and retreated to both sides.

That menacing appearance immediately made Wu Zhiqian's face gloomy.

At the same time, Xiao Ai, who had just entered the door, turned back slightly and gave a cold glance.

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Chapter 113: Summoning Souls (I)

The sudden appearance of the second master of the Wu clan made the atmosphere of the funeral become suddenly delicate.

Xiao Ai stood at the door, quietly watching the handsome second master of the Wu clan riding his horse, without saying a word.

Uncle Song, an old man beside her, hurriedly said, "Little fairy, please go this way."

The old man wants to take Xiao Ai out of this place .

But Xiao Ai shook her head and said, "It's all right."

After that, regardless of the old man's reaction, the little girl stopped directly in front of the gate and quietly watched the reunion of brothers outside.

The old man had no choice but to stand aside.

When the second master of the Wu clan, named Wu Zhiyuan, arrived at the gate of the Wu clan, he jumped down from the horse with a laugh and opened his arms to his brother Wu Zhiqian at the gate.

"Big brother! I haven't seen you for a long time. I'm bloody wanting to see you!"

Wu Zhiqian held his younger brother reluctantly and said, "Why did you rush back without notice? I could not even arrange for some people to pick you up. If you return to Fushan city next time, you must not do so."

Wu Zhiyuan laughed and patted his brother on the back. Then he released Wu Zhiqian and said with a smile, "It's not necessary. There won't be another time. My brother, I don't plan to leave this time. Ha ha..."

Wu Zhiyuan laughed heartily, and then, regardless of the expression of his brother when he heard such words, he walked directly to the door with a smile.

"Let's go. I'll meet the old man first. Elder brother, I'll trouble you to entertain guests outside. You've always been courteous and polite. I'll leave it to you to welcome and send the guests away."

It was a completely bossy attitude that made Wu Zhiqian's face more gloomy.

Wu Zhiyuan saw the silver haired girl standing by the gate as he stepped through it, and his eyes lit up.

Wu Zhiyuan smiled and arched his hands. "I'm Wu Zhiyuan. Little fairy... are you an old friend of my father?"

The little girl in front of him has silver hair and animal ears. She is by no means an ordinary person. Wu Zhiyuan guessed that she should be a strong demon cultivator.

Therefore, although the other party looked young, Wu Zhiyuan didn't dare to be frivolous.

The little girl gave him a cold look and turned to the mourning hall without answering.

Such a cold attitude surprised Wu Zhiyuan... Is she not an old acquaintance of my dead father but a friend of my big brother?

But how can he know such a strong demon cultivator?

As a cultivator, Wu Zhiyuan could see at a glance that this little girl with silver hair and animal ears was extraordinary.

He estimated that even the two strong cultivators he specially brought here were no match for the little girl.

Standing outside the door, he watched the little girl with silver hair and animal ears enter the mourning hall. Wu Zhiyuan frowned slightly.

The original happy mood was cast in shadow because of this unknown demon cultivator.

But what should be done should also be done, and at the very least, be careful.

With six subordinates, Wu Zhiyuan walked directly into the funeral hall, holding his father's coffin and crying, crying loudly that he should come back earlier.

The sad cry spread along with the mourning music, but it had a kind of funeral atmosphere.

The little girl with silver hair and animal ears sat quietly in the corner of the yard, watching everything about the Wu clan with cold eyes, without talking to anyone, just like an indifferent outsider.

After dark, night fell, and the Wu clan's memorial hall became more and more lively.

Because after midnight, the old man's body must be transported to the outside of the city, and burned with firewood completely into ashes.

Most of the guests, relatives and friends had gathered at this time.

At the same time, in the small courtyard behind the Fire God Temple, Huo Feng was flipping the dishes in the kitchen, thinking about something. The little Gu eagle squated on the threshold and stared at him with profound resentment.

Before, Huo Feng took the little Gu eagle to the Wu clan. the little Gu Eagle didn't notice that the route had changed.

However, when they were about to come to the Wu clan, the little Gu Eagle responded and began to make noise.

Huo Feng had no choice but to change the route temporarily, instead of going to the Wu clan, he returned directly to the Fire God Temple.

But even so, it was already dark when they returned to the yard. the little Gu eagle, who had been hungry for a long time, was so angry that he flew to complain to Lu Heng.

Lu Heng calmed the little guy and told Huo Feng that Xiao Ai would not come back for dinner tonight, so he didn't have to prepare Xiao Ai's share.

Afterwards, Huo Feng went into the kitchen and began to prepare dinner.

In the courtyard, Lu Heng still sat in the morning position, as if he had not moved all day. The scroll of bamboo slips in his hand had now been put down by him.

However, the content of the bamboo slips have been recorded by Lu Heng forever.

Today, Lu Heng was still slowly digesting and deducing the content on the bamboo slips, trying to learn more things.

In the kitchen, Huo Feng said nothing.

He was still thinking of the scene that he saw at the dock today, and the arrogant appearance of the second master of the Wu clan.

But...

He glanced at the Wolf God outside the door and sighed, but it was not easy to tell the story.

After all, although the second master of the Wu clan's behavior was somewhat domineering, it was still not counted as evil yet.

He didn't want to do such a thing before the second master of the Wu clan really did something bad.

He decided to investigate it clearly before he said something...

After thinking for a long time, Huo Feng finally made up his mind to go to the city to inquire about it in the next few days. If the second master of the Wu clan really has done bad deeds, it must be reported to the Wolf God.

Because he had something in mind, Huo Feng had a quiet dinner.

At the dinner table, Lu Heng was not a talkative person. He's occasionally asked about Huo Feng's experience in the city today, so he didn't answer more than necessary.

After dinner, Huo Feng took the little Gu eagle into the house. Lu Heng was left alone in the courtyard outside the house again.

However, today, Lu Heng was not cultivating, but quietly looked at the direction of the Wu clan mansion.

There, under the night sky, the bright fireworks rose up, illuminating the night sky of the city.

That's a sign that the old master of the Wu clan's body was about to be moved out of the city. Every half hour, the Wu clan's mansion will have fireworks play until after midnight.

And in this small courtyard, there was a shadow.

The dark black robe and tall figure showed that it was Wuzhu Helan Zhen of Fushan city.

"The Wolf God," Helan Zhen bowed.

The man in white in the courtyard also saluted and said, "Please, Wuzhu Helan."

Helan Zhen shook her head and said, "It's a very easy thing. I didn't do too much."

Lu Heng smiled and said, "The time has come. Let's go out of the city."

"OK," Helan Zhen replied succinctly.

Later, the two figures disappeared from the courtyard and went toward the Pangjiang river outside the city.

The purpose of their visit is the place where the Wu clan holds the cremation ceremony for the old man tonight.

Lu Heng, while holding the Requiem Seal, wanted to try to retain the old master's soul.

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Chapter 114: Summoning Souls (2)

After leaving the courtyard, the two figures flew straight into night sky and fade away from the city.

As for the body of Lu Heng, the huge white wolf still lay in the room to rest.

Lu Heng's soul came out of the city.

Lu Heng didn't tell Helan Zhen about his plan for this trip. He just invited Helan Zhen to accompany him to watch the funeral of the old master of the Wu clan outside the city tonight.

After all, Lu Heng didn't know whether he could really lead the soul of the old master of the Wu clan into the underworld.

Wouldn't it be very embarrassing if he boasted in advance and couldn't do it?

In the night sky of the city, the departure of two shadows, one white and one black, didn't attract any passerby's attention.

Although the wizard on duty in the city noticed the passing of these two shadows, accompanied by Helan Zhen, the wizard dared not come inquire.

Otherwise, according to the Convention, if there is a cultivator flying over the city, the wizard on duty will interrogate and stop any unauthorized attempts of crossing.

This is also an important reason why Lu Heng invited Helan Zhen to travel with him.

His soul is difficult to walk in the city. If he wants to travel, he can only fly. With Helan Zhen accompanying him, a lot of trouble was solved.

Soon, the two people flew out of Fushan City, which was surrounded by tall and magnificent walls, and came to the river outside the city.

On the wharf in the distance, lights were shining brightly. Even when it was close to midnight, there were porters and boatmen coming and going.

Lu Heng and Helan Zhen stand in the night sky, above the magical scenery beneath them.

At their feet, huge firewood piles have been piled up. The mournful white flag was waving throughout the night.

The river is not far away, the sound of water is choppy and the wind is fierce.

Lu Heng spoke with a confident smile, "Please wait for me a moment, Wuzhu Helan."

Helan Zhen nodded, and they sat down under the night sky, waiting for the Wu clan team that was leaving the city to arrive.

The people of the Wu clan didn't let them wait. Soon, amongst the midst of a noisy suona sound, the Wu clan in mourning came here surrounding the coffin of the old man of the Wu clan.

The little girl with silver hair and animal ears carried a bronze ancient sword and silently followed the team.

Next to the coffin, the second master of the Wu clan, Wu Zhiyuan held his father's coffin and wailed as he walked.

"Wow! Father, you just left... Why didn't you wait for your son to come back and look at you again..."

The grandiose wailing sound made Wu Zhiqian, who was also holding the spirit tablet not too far away, looked gloomy.

Previously, he also wanted to cry, but Wu Zhiyuan's crying was so lackluster and disgusting that he could not cry anymore.

So he felt gloomy.

While Wu Zhiyuan was crying and walking.

When they came to the river with the coffin, all of Wu Clan people knelt down and kowtowed to the old man's coffin.

Then, a servant carried the old man's coffin onto the firewood stack.

Below, white streamers fluttered, and the children of the family knelt in rows after rows.

Both Wu Zhiyuan and Wu Zhiqian knelt in the first row, but they were on one side, far away from each other.

Wu Zhiyuan still held the spirit tablet and wailed.

At this time, a thin middle-aged man came to him, who was Wu Zhiyuan's confidant. Named Zhang Er, he worked for Wu Zhiyuan with his brother Zhang Da.

Zhang Er said in a low voice, "Young master, I've found out. The demon cultivator with silver hair and beast ears is named Lu Ai. She is attending the old man's funeral on behalf of her master."

"She suddenly appeared today and is not your brother's friend. You don't need to worry about her helping him."

Wu Zhiyuan nodded and whispered, "So it is..."

Then he raised his head and cried bitterly for two more times. Only then did he muttered in a low voice, "But to be on the safe side, I'd better invite grandma to come. Only when grandma sits down can we be safe."

Zhang Er said with a smile, "My brother has already invited her. It won't be long before Grandma arrives. You can rest assured."

Wu Zhiyuan smiled in a low voice and howled loudly. "Father! I don't want to leave you! Open your eyes and see!"

Zhang Er could not help, but twitch at the corner of his mouth when he listened to the grandiose wailing and could not help but whisper a warning.

"Young master, your crying sounds too fake..."

Wu Zhiyuan grinned and howled loudly. "Dad! Open your eyes and look at your son!"

After howling, he lowered his head, almost couldn't hold back his smile, and his whole body was shaking.

"Pu... Haha..." Wu Zhiyuan smiled slightly and said with a chuckle, "I can't help but want to laugh loudly. How can I cry?"

With that, he began to howl at the top of his voice.

"Dad! You left so suddenly, I'm so sad!"

At this time, the wizard who was invited to the funeral from the Fire God Temple had completed all the ceremonies and directly lit the fire.

Not long after, the firewood piled on the riverside suddenly burst into flames, and began to burn the corpses lying quietly in the coffin.

The smell of scorch wafted along the river wind.

Lu Heng stood up in the night sky and summoned the Requiem Seal. He was ready to take the soul of the old master of the Wu clan away from his body.

However, when Lu Heng and Helan Zhen stood up, there was a flash of human shadow in the river on the other side, which also appeared in the night sky.

Lu Heng was surprised to see the other party.

"Hum? The Pangjiang River God?"

This one appeared in the river, dressed in a divine robe, with a solemn face. She was Gu Zhou, the River God of Pangjiang.

While Lu Heng called her, Gu Zhou saw two figures in the night sky and was surprised.

She quickly leaned over and deeply saluted Lu Heng, "Gu Zhou is waiting for your order."

Then she stood up straight and nodded at Helan Zhen. "Wuzhu Helan, nice to meet you."

Helan Zhen also nodded, which was a return. She was as silent as ever.

However, Gu Zhou didn't care and she seemed used to it.

She smiled and said to Lu Heng, "I didn't expect to meet you here... Did you come to watch the Wu clan's funeral?"

"Well, I have a relationship with the dead old master's father, so I came and took a look," Lu Heng said lightly. "But why are you here?"

Gu Zhou looked at the burning flame below and said, "I'm here to take the soul of the old master of the Wu clan into the water mansion."

Seeing Lu Heng's surprise, Gu Zhou explained with a smile.

"After human souls leave their bodies, they will gradually dissipate from heaven and earth. But before they dissipate, these souls are often chaotic and helpless. They are exposed to the wind and sun like lonely spirits and wild ghosts. Finally, their pain dissipates in an extremely miserable way."

"Therefore, when my husband was alive, he taught me the art of guiding the souls. As long as the deceased on both sides of the Pangjiang River worship me, I will let the river demons lead their souls to

my water mansion after their death, so their souls won't feel too painful before dissipating. It is also a good deed."

"As for real good people, like the old master of the Wu clan who once offered a lot of incense and also did good deeds, I would come to take them to my water mansion in person to show my respect."

Gu Zhou smiled and said, "I didn't expect to meet you tonight. It's my pleasure."

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Chapter 115: Summoning Souls (3)

Lu Heng was struck by Gu Zhou's explanation.

"So it is," Lu Heng said. "This move is indeed a good act for the benefit of the villagers. But I'm afraid that the soul of the old master of the Wu clan can't go with you this time."

Lu Heng said with a smile, "I have an old relationship with the Wu clan. I'm here tonight to guide the spirit of the old master to a secret place... Oh? It seems that the spirit of the old master has left his body."

While Lu Heng was talking, the tall fire was burning under his feet, and wisps of white smoke rose into the sky with the smoke of the firewood burning fire.

The white smoke is so ethereal that ordinary people cannot see it.

Even a cultivator, if his cultivation base was not enough, the cultivator couldn't feel them.

—For example, cultivators such as Lu Heng, who have not even opened the door to heaven, can't sense the soul in theory.

But with his Requiem Seal in hand, he was the first of the three present to perceive the soul.

In the dark night, the burning fire was raging, and the sound of firewood exploding sounded from time to time.

The people of the Wu clan all knelt outside the fire, and kowtowed to the fire from time to time under the command of the ritual wizard.

On the periphery are the accompanying guests, relatives and friends, as well as some city residents who came to join in the excitement.

The river was full of people. The sound of suona and mournful music continued to ring out, sending off the old master's soul.

In the night sky, Lu Heng beckoned directly and slowly drew that wisp of ethereal white smoke to him.

Then, under the gaze of Gu Zhou and Helan Zhen, the wisps of white smoke gradually showed the human shape around Lu Heng, vaguely forming the appearance of an old man.

This scene surprised Gu Zhou and Helan Zhen.

Helan Zhen was silent, while Gu Zhou was surprised and spoke directly.

"Can you summon the souls?" Gu Zhou looked surprised.

Although she has also taken the souls of many good people to her water mansion.

But she has to wait for the souls gradually separate from the bodies, and completely appeared in the outside world.

But the Wolf God skipped the waiting process and directly called out the soul of the old master of the Wu clan.

Gu Zhou and Helan Zhen both looked surprised, while on the riverside at their feet, among the crowd watching the bustle, a red-haired woman also spied on this scene and directly sprayed out a mouthful of wine with a stunned expression.

In this world, there are indeed arts of summoning souls. Some vicious spells can even pull the souls of living people out of their bodies and torture them.

If people with low cultivation and vision see this, they will not feel anything strange at all.

However, the three people who watched this scene were all outstanding cultivators. At a glance, they could see that Lu Heng's skill of summoning souls was completely different from that of ordinary people.

First of all, he didn't make any preparations for the operation. All three people present could feel that the Wolf God didn't use any magic power to summon the soul.

Secondly, when he summoned the soul of old master Wu, the gradually solidified spirit didn't suffer from being dragged by violence.

To be able to do these two things at the same time... it looks like Lu Heng has the power to control the soul!

The ability to control the soul?

This kind of power, like the Heavenly Thunder, has never been heard of!

Is it true that Lu Heng, the Wolf God, not only has the power to control the Heavenly Thunder, but can also control souls?

Among the crowd, Lianshan Jing was stunned.

Gong Shu Jie never mentioned this matter!

Didn't Gong Shu Jie also see this scene?

Or... Did she misunderstand it?

Think about it carefully. The power to control the soul is too outrageous, right?

Although the Heavenly Thunder is terrifying, the Heavenly Thunder is also a tangible thing and has a specific reference, so it is not difficult to accept that the Wolf God can control the Heavenly Thunder, although it is terrifying.

But the power to control the soul... Isn't it too vague?

There are more than ten million living things in the world. If the Wolf God really has the power to control the souls... Can he control the souls of all living beings in the world?

If he can do this, who dares to be reckless in front of the Wolf God?

He doesn't even need to use heaven thunder. He can directly use his power to pull the soul of the other party out of his body and impose sanctions.

Such an outrageous power cannot exist in the world!

Lianshan Jing told herself so and she also knew that this was the most realistic guess.

Maybe it's just that the Wolf God has some kind of magic power to call the soul of the dead?

But somehow, looking at the figure in white in the night sky, Lianshan Jing heard a voice telling her in her heart.

—Yes, everything you guessed is actually right. The Wolf God does have the power to control souls.

"Damn..."

Among the crowd, Lianshan Jing bowed her head and swallowed the wine. She could not help cursing in a low voice, "Isn't this old monster too terrible?"

In the night sky, Lu Heng didn't realize that there was an alcoholic emperor in the crowd at his feet criticizing him.

Because there were too many people at his feet.

At this time, his attention was focused on the soul of the old master of the Wu clan in front of him.

As the wisps of white smoke gathered and solidified, what finally appeared in front of them was an old man with a silver beard and a hale and hearty face.

If you have an acquaintance of the Wu clan here, you can see at a glance that this is the old man of the Wu clan, Wu Yuan.

As the old man's body solidified, his eyes gradually recovered from their original dullness.

When the old man woke up, he was shocked to find that he was standing at a height of 10000 meters, and the city's Wuzhu and two other strangers were standing beside him.

The old master saluted quickly and said, "I'm Wu Yuan. Wuzhu Helan, and the other two masters, what can I do for you?"

Such sober behavior made the expressions of Gu Zhou and Helan Zhen more subtle.

After an ordinary soul appeared, it must be in a state of confusion. It would just wander around in a muddle, suffering from the wind and the sun, but wouldn't evade until his soul completely dissipated.

This is the soul state of normal mortals after death.

But the old man in front of them was conscious and even able to speak. He was no different from a living human.

If a soul can do this after death, it must at least achieve something in the way of cultivation. But the old master Wu Yuan is obviously not a cultivator.

But his soul can be so clear...

Gu Zhou and Helan Zhen both silently looked at Lu Heng and stopped speaking.

They had an intuition.

Tonight, they might be able to see something unforgettable in their lives...

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Chapter 116: Wu Chonggu

Staring into the night sky, the old master Wu looked very worried.

These two cultivators besides Wuzhu Helan, who he didn't know at all, made him worried.

Fortunately, Wuzhu Helan of Fushan city was also here, which made him feel a little relieved. At least her presence was proof that the two cultivators were not evil people.

When Lu Heng saw that the old man had regained consciousness, he smiled and said, "Mr. Wu, do you remember what happened before you woke up?"

"Huh? Before I woke up?" Wu Yuan was stunned and subconsciously recalled.

Then he looked frightened.

"I... I'm dead?!"

Old master Wu was shocked to see his translucent hands and the strange situation of floating in the night sky. He immediately remembered everything he had experienced in his lifetime.

"I... I was poisoned by my son, and ... died..."

Recalling the pain before his death, and the proud laughter of his son, Wu Yuan could not help shivering, hating and hurting.

Lu Heng sighed when he saw the old man's appearance.

The information provided to him by Helan Zhen, it was mentioned that the cause of death of Mr. Wu was doubtful.

Before the sudden death of the old man, he was healthy, without any hidden diseases, and was not supposed to die. But he died suddenly a few days ago. The cause of death was strange.

Now, according to what the old man said, there really was another reason for his death.

Lu Heng asked, "Mr. Wu, what's the name of the person who murdered you? I may be able to get justice for you."

The old man looked at Lu Heng and hesitated. "Master... how can I call you?"

Lu Heng smiled and said, "I'm Lu Heng from Hanyu mountain, your father and I were friends eighty-nine years ago. Now I'm going down to the world to take care of his children... Don't worry, Mr. Wu. I'm not an evil spirit. Wuzhu Helan can guarantee for me."

After Lu Heng's words, Helan Zhen, who was beside him, said solemnly.

"The Wolf God is the God of Hanyu mountain. He is noble and upright. Since he has spoken, you can speak directly to the Wolf God without any concealment."

Helan Zhen's promise gave Wu Yuan a sigh of relief.

However, after he was relieved, he began to be confused about what Lu Heng said.

"My father's old friend... 89 years ago..."

The old man frowned and thought for a while, then he suddenly realized, "Master, are you Brother Wolf that my father always remembered before he died? Is the story my father told that year really true?"

The old man's startled reaction made Helan Zhen and Gu Zhou somewhat curious.

Lu Heng said that he came to Fushan city to meet his old friends, they all thought that the Wu clan should know something about this. But now it seems even the old man of the Wu clan doesn't know the existence of the Wolf God?

Lu Heng was also curious and asked with a smile, "I wonder how Brother Wu Chonggu mentioned me in those days."

Lu Heng could see that the Wu clan's people were not aware of his existence. Maybe Wu Chonggu didn't mention their agreement in those days? Or the people of the Wu clan didn't think a wolf demon could help them?

Mr. Wu thought about it for a while and then he said.

"When my father died, I was only six or seven years old. I was the youngest of all the brothers."

"My father didn't mention the story of you in detail with us. I just know that after he was seriously ill, he wanted to go around and visit his sister who had been married for many years in Flint city in the north."

"More than 90 years ago, an aunt of mine married far away to Flint city, the northernmost city in Fire Pass Country. Because of the distance, my aunt seldom went back to her mother's home to visit her relatives after she married."

"Later, Flint city was placed under the ownership of the Youxiong State. Separated by state borders, it was now even more inconvenient to enter and exit."

"My father missed his sister and wanted to see her again in Flint city before he died. Under the protection of the guards, he went to Flint city. But on the way back, he was attacked by monsters. All the guards died. Only my father managed to escape."

"Although he met a southbound caravan in Luoye city and went home with a group of merchants, his illness was getting worse by that time."

"He was already suffering from a serious disease, his body reached its limit from the back and forth turbulence and fear of monster attacks."

"When my father got home the next day, he was in a coma. He was out cold and would not wake no matter how much I stirred him. It was as if a lamp had run out of oil."

"Although I asked the witch doctor of Fire God Temple to take care of him, they couldn't reverse his illness. In my father's last days, he was sometimes lucid and sometimes confused, and his words were always mixed up."

"When I waited in front of my father's bed, I occasionally heard my father calling you."

"But I could hardly hear what he called..."

The old man said this with a melancholy look. Recalling the past, he saw the scene of watching his father die when he was a child.

At that time, he was young and ignorant, and was not sad.

However, he was now an old man, who had experienced the pain of illness and death, and was no longer an innocent child.

Thinking of his father's ill and miserable appearance before he died, the old man's heart was sour.

After a long silence, the old man regained his consciousness and quickly braced himself and apologized to the people in front of him.

"Sorry, I was distracted..."

Lu Heng sighed and said, "Nothing. Mr. Wu can continue, I'll listen."

The old man was slightly frightened and hurried to perform the younger generation's ceremony.

"Master, you're an old acquaintance of my father. Just call me Wu Yuan."

After seeing that Lu Heng really didn't blame him, the old man continued, "On the last day before my father died, he also recovered his sobriety for a short time. On that day, my father called our brothers and two aunts to the bedside to explain the future to us."

"At the end of the day, my father told me about his encounter with the White Wolf in the mountain. He said that you came forward and saved his life when he encountered the evil tiger in Hanyu mountain."

"In order to repay you for saving his life, he took it upon himself to build a temple and ancestral hall for you so that you could enjoy the incense. But when he told this story, he was already a little confused and sluggish, and he could not even hear us call him."

"He just looked at the north side dully, calling you and said something about the horror of monsters. His words made people unable to understand what he meant."

Speaking of this, the old man looked sad and couldn't help sighing, saying, "All the old people and elders in the family said that my father was already confused at that time, and what he said was hysterical nonsense, so we didn't take what my father said before he died seriously."

"But I didn't expect you to actually visit our clan today... If my father was still here, he would be happy to see you come to Fushan city."

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Chapter 117: A Man of the Right Disposition, The Second Young Master Wu

The old man's narration was soft and gentle, and didn't carry much personal emotion. He only told the story of his father's death in those years with a slight sadness.

But on the contrary, such a calm narration is even more impressive.

After Lu Heng listened, even if he was not the wolf demon that Wu Chonggu was concerned about, he could not help feeling sour and sad, and he felt a kind of regret for missing.

He sighed and said, "Brother Wu was sick when we parted, but I didn't expect his body to get worse so quickly... Alas..."

With a long sigh, Lu Heng said, "Now that I'm here. According to the agreement with Brother Wu, I should take care of the Wu clan and give his clan wealth."

Speaking of this, Lu Heng smiled a little helplessly and said, "But the Wu clan is now already rich and famous. Under your management, the Wu clan has become famous in Fushan city."

"It seems superfluous for me to come only now."

Lu Heng sighed and thought about it, and then said, "Well, if you have any unfinished wishes, please tell me. As long as it's within my ability, I will do it for you to repay your father's favor of that year... How about it?"

After Lu Heng opened his mouth with a smile, Helan Zhen and Gu Zhou both looked at old man Wu Yuan with sighing eyes.

The look in their eyes clearly said that you gained a lot!

Although Wu Yuan didn't know the details of Lu Heng, when he saw Wuzhu Helan's eyes, he understood the value this promise was.

Although the old man was a little caught off guard.

But the three people in front of him are all people of noble status. If it is not necessary, why waste time amusing him?

He immediately saluted and thanked him. "Thank you, but I just woke up and I still have a little confused consciousness. If I want to say a wish... I'm afraid I can't remember it for a while."

The old man looked pale.

Since such a superior elder is willing to take care of him, he will naturally think deeply before deciding what to ask Lu Heng to do.

But if he thinks too long and leaves the three noble people aside, it will be too offending..... the old man was worried.

Lu Heng said with a smile, "It doesn't matter, don't worry and think carefully. With me, you won't disappear as quickly as an ordinary soul."

With Requiem Seal, Lu Heng can even keep the soul of old man Wu Yuan for decades.

But in that case, he needed to give the old man a bit of his power - to put it simply, he needed the old man to stay in the netherworld as a ghost messenger.

But now the netherworld was still empty.

It would be too hard to live there at this time.

The souls of ordinary people are not strong enough. Even if they are living in the netherworld, they will only have a lifespan of a few decades.

When the time comes, they will dissipate. Even Lu Heng can't hold their souls at that time.

Only those with excellent qualifications or cultivators can cultivate their souls after death and live for more than a hundred years or more.

For a soul with ordinary qualifications like Wu Yuan, even if he stays in the netherworld, he will disappear after a few decades.

What's more, the netherworld was empty now, and he couldn't enjoy anything there.

Therefore, Lu Heng intended to send the old man in front of him into the reincarnation channel, so that he could be reincarnated and live another life.

As for the construction of the netherworld, Lu Heng plans to find another candidate.

This time, Helan Zhen was invited here, which was related to this matter.

One Wuzhus can control the order of one city and the life and death of its citizens. If Lu Heng wants to run the netherworld in the future, he will have to ask Wuzhus from all over the world for help.

In fact, if Lianshan Jing had not gone, the person Lu Heng wanted to invite to the nether world would be her.

However, it's ok to invite Helan Zhen to go with us now. Anyway, Helan Zhen will definitely find a way to report it to the emperor after she returns.

Therefore, Lu Heng said with a smile, "Come with me, old master. I will take you to a quiet place, so that your soul can stay for a long time."

After that, Lu Heng looked at Gu Zhou and Helan Zhen beside him and invited them to go with him.

Of course, Helan Zhen and Gu Zhou agreed.

Actually, they were waiting for this - they all realized that the place the Wolf God wanted to take them was unusual.

So, above the night sky, Lu Heng in white smiled and waved his sleeve, saying, "Follow me to the netherworld. There is no need to resist."

Although it was useless to resist, Lu Heng politely informed them so as not to scare them.

After that, Lu Heng launched the power of Requiem Seal, and the four shadows in the night sky disappeared.

In the crowd by the river, Lianshan Jing, who had been paying attention to the situation above her head, almost stared out when she saw this scene.

Although they were at a high altitude, they didn't deliberately hide their voices, so Lianshan Jing in the crowd clearly heard the conversation in the air that night.

She knew that Lu Heng was going to take the old master of the Wu clan to a mysterious place, and she also knew that the place must be unusual.

But... But he just left?

Just disappear? Not even giving her a chance to track?

Lianshan Jing regretted it a lot. She regretted that she should have just appeared directly just now...

Her plan was to follow Lu Heng when he left with the old master Wu Yuan.

Although she has a strong ability to hide spirit Qi, she knew that she could not hide her tracks in front of the Wolf God.

When the time comes, she will catch up with the Wolf God, and then be found by the Wolf God. So that she could say, "Ah, what a coincidence! I didn't expect to meet the Wolf God again" so that she could naturally walk with the Wolf God.

But now because of her hesitation, the Wolf God had disappeared directly.

Moreover, not only the Wolf God, but also Helan Zhen, Gu Zhou, and Wu Yuan in the sky disappeared at the same time.

That kind of disappearance is not a high-strength evasion skill, nor is it concealment of the body shape, but it really disappears directly from the world.

The smell sensed by Lianshan Jing was directly interrupted in the night sky. It was impossible to tell where Lu Heng and they had gone.

It seems that from that moment on, the four people in the sky no longer existed in this world, and even the breath of existence was erased.

This extraordinary phenomenon made Lianshan Jing complain and regret it.

Did the Wolf God want to take old master Wu Yuan to another world?

Ah... I care! I really want to go!

Lianshan Jing was both regretful and angry - angry with herself.

At this time, the Wu clan's second young master was kneeling beside the fire and crying loudly. The cry was so fake that it made people sick.

"Father!"

Lianshan Jing, who was already depressed, was even angrier when she heard this hypocritical cry.

Her eyes stared and her right hand pulled slightly in the void...

Click!

With a muffled sound, Wu Zhiyuan's jaw in the crowd suddenly dislocated and his tongue was strangely tied into a knot.

The intense pain immediately scared Wu Zhiyuan into shouting.

But this time, he could not even cry and howl, and he could only cry in agony.

The Wu clan people around Wu Zhiyuan were startled and hurried to check Wu Zhiyuan's situation. They didn't know what had happened.

While the crowd was surging, more people could not see the situation besides the fire. The cry of the second master of the Wu clan suddenly changed from hypocrisy to grief and pain.

The shrill howl made everyone along the river talk about it.

"Wow... Why did the second young master suddenly change? The crying is too sad..."

"He cried so falsely just now. Was he brewing emotions?"

"I think young master Wu Zhiyuan was too frivolous. He didn't know the pain of bereavement before. Now he suddenly reacts, so he cries and tears..."

"Tut, tut... He cries so sadly. He is really a filial son."

"That's it. You see, he now can only howl... It's too sad..."

There was much talk among the crowd.

Everyone was deeply moved.

Although the truth about tonight may not be long before it was completely spread.

But at least at this time, many people could not help sighing at the sad and painful howls.

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Chapter 118: The Oldest Tourists in the Netherworld (1)

Lu Heng, who had already left, naturally didn't know about the riots along the river.

After using the power of Requiem Seal, Lu Heng directly left the world with three people including the old master Wu.

In the perception of Gu Zhou and Helan Zhen, they only felt that everything in their field of vision disappeared in vain.

Subsequently, their bodies and souls seemed to fall into the abyss of darkness, shuttling rapidly through the absolute dark world.

Involuntarily.

Because Lu Heng informed them in advance, neither of them panicked nor tried to resist.

Although they know in their hearts that even if they want to resist, it will be useless.

Gu Zhou has personally experienced Lu Heng's thunder power and "Knows" that the Wolf God is a strong demon cultivator.

However, Helan Zhen was a little nervous.

Because she realized that if even she could not control the Wolf God, who in the Fire Pass Country could control the Wolf God's power?

Although there are great differences in strength among Wuzhus in different cities, they are almost in the same realm. She can't resist. It's the same for other Wuzhus from other cities.

And the most important thing is, can the emperor of the country control the divine power of the Wolf God?

If even the emperor can't resist this, isn't it that as long as the Wolf God waves his sleeve, no one in the Fire Pass Country can resist him and will be dragged directly into this dark and weird space?

This...

Helan Zhen felt awestruck and stressed.

Even though she had known that the Wolf God was powerful and extraordinary, Lu Heng's magic power still made Helan Zhen uneasy.

A powerful being and an invincible being have two completely different meanings.

However, before Helan Zhen had time to think about it, the people's feet once again stepped on the ground, breaking away from the general feeling of twists and turns.

Then, everyone's vision was restored again.

However, Gu Zhou and Helan Zhen were shocked by what they saw.

—What appeared in front of them was a broad avenue surging with dark, yellow and turbid spring water.

The incomparably spacious yellow road leads nowhere. Even if you peep with your magic eyes, you can't see the end, let alone the way.

It seems that this yellow road extends indefinitely in the dark.

And the dark yellow spring water surging on the Yellow Road. When they touched it, both felt the cold, and their souls were slightly affected.

But the old man beside them was different. Standing on the Yellow Road, the old man, who had only his soul, was immersed in the dark yellow and turbid spring water. Faintly, there were even wisps of sinister cold Qi spreading into his body.

Visible to the naked eye, the old man's spirit was more clear and tough.

It is obvious that the dark, yellow, spring water surging on the yellow road is of great benefit to wandering souls like the old man!

Seeing this scene, Helan Zhen felt a little shocked and suddenly remembered a place.

"The water of the deep spring in Youtian Valley?!"

Helan Zhen looked at Lu Heng.

But Lu Heng smiled lightly and in a light tone assured, "The spring here is indeed the same source as the spring water in Youtian Valley, but it is much milder than the spring water."

"Even if the body of a living person touches it, the flesh will not disappear and the bones will not corrode. If the soul of a mortal touches it, the soul can absorb the cold and evil Qi in it, so as to condense the soul and not dissipate quickly."

"This place is called Yellow Spring Road. This water is called Yellow Spring Water... Please, this is just the starting point. Our destination is still ahead."

With these words, Lu Heng in white headed for the front of Yellow Spring Road and led the way.

The old man Wu followed him, feeling his soul become more and more solid, knowing that he would not disappear quickly.

The yellow spring water, which is full of cold and evil Qi is a great tonic for souls like him.

Helan Zhen and Gu Zhou looked at each other and quickly followed.

They were cultivators, so although their feet were in the yellow spring water, they were not afraid of the cold Qi in the spring water.

But if an ordinary living person comes here and steps into the yellow water, his soul will be swept away by the cold and evil Qi and die on the spot.

This 'netherworld' called by the Wolf God is indeed a dead place and a forbidden place for living people.

Even for cultivators, unless there have great powers, ordinary cultivators can't bear to stay here for a long time.

They followed behind Lu Heng, stepping on the cold Yellow Spring Water, walking on the endless Yellow Spring Road.

Helan Zhen was worried and couldn't help asking, "The Wolf God, where does this Yellow Spring Road start and end?"

Lu Heng didn't hide anything and said bluntly, "The Yellow Spring Road is the only way to the netherworld, and also the only way to enter the netherworld from the human world. If you step on the Yellow Spring Road, you can only advance, not retreat."

Lu Heng said with a smile, "But don't worry, I can bring you back to the human world at any time, and you won't be trapped in this netherworld."

Lu Heng's candid account, however, made Helan Zhen feel more and more worried.

She asked again, "Then... Without the help of the Wolf God, we can't return to the human world after entering the netherworld?"

This problem is what Helan Zhen is most worried about.

She has experienced it personally and realized that the supernatural power of the Wolf God to pull people into the netherworld... seems irresistible.

Even the emperor probably can't resist it.

And if you are dragged into the netherworld where life is forbidden...

Lu Heng smiled and didn't hide it. "Without my help, you can't return from the netherworld."

This sentence made Helan Zhen's worry come true... Sure enough.

Just as she guessed, once you stepped into this eerie dead space, there was no way back to the human world.

But if so, doesn't it mean that no one in the world can disobey the Wolf God?

Not to mention the power of the Heavenly Thunder, this dark and weird netherworld is not a place for living creatures.

Even those cultivators who have great powers can survive in this netherworld for a long time, but there is no spirit Qi here. After hundreds of years without any spirit Qi...

After the spirit Qi in their bodies is completely exhausted, no matter how powerful they are, we will die in the end...

This netherworld is simply a terrible Inferno!

Once you fall here, life and death are no longer under your control. If there is no mercy from the Wolf God, you will not be able to see the sun again until you die.

Such a miserable ending...

Helan Zhen was awestruck and felt the pressure more and more.

The Heavenly Thunder, the netherworld... to control one at will is enough to be invincible in the world.

But the Wolf God actually controls both...

Helan Zhen looked at Lu Heng's back with some awe, and felt hesitant.

The supernatural powers the Wolf God has shown are so terrible. Are there any more terrible abilities he hasn't shown?

[I'll Quit Being a God](#)

Chapter 119: The Oldest Tourists in the Underworld (Part 2)

Lu Heng clearly felt the shocked emotions of Helan Zhen and Gu Zhou.

However, he didn't open his mouth or interrupt their thoughts, but allowed their shocked emotions to ferment.

... because he did it on purpose.

To start creating the netherworld in the future, he needs the help of Wuzhus from every city.

Although it is not the emperor Lianshan Jing who came here, the more shocked Helan Zhen is, the better the effect will be when she reports her experience here to Lianshan Jing.

In this way, when inviting the Fire Pass Country to open a convenient door in the future, the emperor would consider Lu Heng's words seriously.

This netherworld has no access to the human world. Unless it is a high-level ghost king, ordinary ghost guards can only enter and cannot leave.

In the future, to build a large-scale netherworld and receive souls from all over the world, he must set up hell institutions like the Town God's Temple on earth.

Otherwise, if the ghost guards take the souls of the dead into the netherworld, then they can't go back, and can only go to the reincarnation tunnel to be reincarnated... Where can he find so many ghost guards for such a one-time use method?

But if he wants to set up a netherworld Town God's Temple on earth, he must get the permission of human cultivators and emperors.

The emperor Lianshan Jing is not only distinguished but also has the strongest cultivation in the Fire Pass Country.

And Wuzhus are the strongest people in the cities.

Although they are good people.

However, it doesn't mean that good people are willing to cooperate with you unconditionally.

Therefore, if you want to build a netherworld, you should properly show the benefits of building a netherworld and show some muscles... In this way, you can get attention.

Therefore, Lu Heng didn't hide anything. He directly took Helan Zhen and others into Yellow Spring Road. He then came to the end of Yellow Spring Road, the huge pass between the two mountains.

At this pass, Helan Zhen and Gu Zhou both saw that the dark mountain could not be crossed.

Because it is not an ordinary mountain, but a kind of existence formed by rules and order. The road will be completely blocked if it lies there.

Lu Heng said with a smile, "This place is called the Ghost Gate... Although there is no ghost or gate at present."

"But if we build the netherworld in the future, a majestic pass will be built here to separate the human world and the netherworld. Only by stepping into this pass can you really step into the netherworld... Everyone, please keep moving forward."

After that, Lu Heng used his power. With one step, they disappeared into the distance.

This empty ghost gate is magnificent and vast. If you walk, you may have to walk for half a day to get out of this valley.

After Lu Heng used his power, the people just walked forward for a while, then left the empty ghost gate behind and saw a vast and desolate plain.

On the plain, there was silence and gloom.

At this point, the cold and dead air is richer than that on the Yellow Spring Road.

The gusts of overcast wind and negativity made old master Wu happy. For the dead, such a gloomy and horrible place is heaven.

The dead air in the air made him feel like a spring breeze.

Standing in the middle of this desolate world, Lu Heng said, "This place is desolate and empty. Follow me to the end of this ghost world."

After the voice fell, Lu Heng's power was activated, and the scene around the people quickly regressed.

After a few seconds, they passed through the vast netherworld and came to the bank of the Weak Water River that flows silently.

The scarlet flowers on the other side of the river were in full bloom. They were the only color in the dark ghost world.

Gu Zhou looked at the confluence in front of her with surprise. As a river god, she could more clearly perceive the danger of the river.

She looked at Lu Heng and asked curiously, "The river seems untouchable?"

Gu Zhou's inquiry moved Helan Zhen's mind.

Lu Heng still didn't hide it and said with a smile, "This river is called Weak Water River. Of course, it can also be called the Forgotten River."

"As you said, the river can't be touched. Cultivators can't fly on the river, and the river is heavy and has no buoyancy. Even goose feathers won't float on the water surface."

"And once you sink into the river, you will sink constantly in the weak water, but you will never touch the bottom of the river."

"In this weak water, there is hidden the whirlpool of reincarnation. That is the purpose of our trip."

With this, Lu Heng waved his sleeves and flew with the crowd.

Although it is impossible to fly over weak water, Lu Heng, who has the Requiem Seal, is not included.

He took the people flying quickly over the dark and silent weak water, and soon flew to the center of the river.

Here, the cold and silent weak water without the slightest wave and spray showed a vortex. The center of the vortex was dark and had no light, leading nowhere.

But even with this whirlpool rotating rapidly, there was no sound at all. It seems that the weak water was a silent field.

Lu Heng said with a smile, "This is the whirlpool of reincarnation. If the spirits of the dead enter this whirlpool of reincarnation, they can reshape soul, reincarnate and live another life."

"Mr. Wu," Lu Heng said, looking at the old man beside him, "If you like, I can escort you to this reincarnation tunnel and live in the world again."

After a pause, Lu Heng said, "Of course, after reincarnation, the memory of this life will disappear. It is a new beginning."

Lu Heng's words made the old master Wu's eyes wide open.

"Reincarnation? Another life?"

In the stories he had heard, even those who had advanced cultivation bases would disappear after they died.

But can I live for another life? Won't I dissipate?

Over the weak water, the old man was overjoyed. He knelt down toward Lu Heng and kowtowed vigorously. "Thank you, thank you for your kindness!"

Wu Yuan was delighted, but Helan Zhen had a complicated look.

She looked down at the whirlpool of reincarnation under her feet and thought a lot.

In this world, there is the so-called Soul-Dissociation.

When many babies are born, for various reasons, they can't conceive a soul. After leaving the womb, they don't cry or make noise. They don't have any mental spirits, but are living bodies.

In such a situation, even if parents are heartbroken and desperate, they can't think of anything but to cremate and burn the soulless baby, so as not to attract evil spirits.

But the Wolf God can lead the souls of the dead through this reincarnation tunnel to be reincarnated in the world.

If every baby suffering from Soul-Dissociation can get a complete soul and no longer be sluggish, how many families will be happy because of this?!

[I'll Quit Being a God](#)

Chapter 120: Helan Zhen's Thoughts

On the weak water, Helan Zhen looked complicated.

As the leader of Wuzhu, she also has to take charge of many affairs of Fushan City in addition to cultivating.

In the world, Soul Diffusion is the disease that most parents fear.

Every year, countless parents come to the Fire God Temple monthly to pray for the safe growth of their unborn babies.

But the gestation of souls can't be interfered with by external forces.

Normally, a child born from the womb has a 70% probability of giving birth to a soul, and can grow up healthily after birth.

However, about 30% of newborns are unable to form souls.

After such a fetus is born, it has no soul, no intelligence, and is dull and ignorant. It has only the body of a living person, but no soul of a living thing.

As a Wuzhu, whenever she sees those parents who gave birth to soulless fetuses crying, her heart often turns sour.

However, even if her cultivation base is strong, she still cannot create souls out of nothing.

Even though she saw the grief of those parents, she couldn't do anything.

But what she saw and heard tonight made her see the dawn of changing all this.

If the Wolf God can guide the souls of the dead to reincarnate and let the reconstructed souls occupy the babies who can't conceive souls, wouldn't there be no sorrow in the world?

Helan Zhen was excited at the thought of this.

If she can find a way to persuade the Wolf God to open this reincarnation tunnel so that all the dead in the world can have a place to go and be reincarnated, wouldn't it be a good thing?

This way, we can avoid the pain of soul dissipation after the death of those good people and also save the lives of those soulless babies. It is simply a good deed!

Although she was excited, Helan Zhen didn't dare to speak recklessly.

Because she realized how difficult it was.

This netherworld is a secret place controlled by the Wolf God. Maybe it is a magic power that the Wolf God has cultivated hard for many years.

How could the Wolf God open this place to all people so easily?

Helan Zhen doesn't think that as long as she asked, the Wolf God would agree.

Even though the netherworld is beneficial to ordinary people... she can't ask him to open it, because that would become moral blackmail.

Such an act, even if it is intended to be good, can never be called goodwill.

What's more, even if the Wolf God is willing to open the netherworld to all living beings for free, there are countless people in the world, and countless people are born and die every year.

In order for every soul to enter the netherworld and go to the reincarnation tunnel in an orderly way, it takes a lot of manpower to maintain this process.

Unfortunately, the netherworld world is so deathly that living people can hardly survive and can only rely on the souls of the dead to maintain it.

Such a matter is no ordinary trivial matter. The spirits selected for the job must be upright and good people, and put an end to those devious and evil people. Only in this way can the normal operation of the order be maintained.

Otherwise, once someone gets in the way, the consequences will be bad.

There are not many good people. In a hurry, where can we find so many good people's souls to maintain the reincarnation order?

Moreover, the operating rules of this reincarnation tunnel are not clear. If you want to achieve this, you need to find the Wolf God to discuss it in detail.

However, such an important event has a bearing on all people in the world. Helan Zhen thinks she is not qualified to talk about it.

Therefore, although she was excited, she could only hide the matter in her heart silently and planned to send someone to find the emperor immediately after she returned.

In the whole Fire Pass Country, there is only one person who is qualified to negotiate such a big event with the Wolf God.

After making up her mind, Helan Zhen stopped thinking about it.

Lu Heng has been observing the reaction of Helan Zhen since he led them to watch the existence of this reincarnation channel.

Although Helen Zhen is silent, she is also willing to fight for the interests of the people.

This is not only her nature, but also her instinct as a good cultivator.

The more they cultivate, the more Wuzhus attach importance to people's livelihood.

Those Wuzhus who can make achievements must be upright and good people.

So Lu Heng guessed that Helan Zhen was attracted to this reincarnation tunnel when he saw Helan Zhen's reaction.

Because Lu Heng has long known the existence of Soul-Diffusion and the world doesn't have a netherworld reincarnation system. The existence of Soul-Diffusion is the pain of all living beings.

After all, not only humans, but also ordinary beasts, as well as demons. Any sentient beings in the world may give birth to soulless babies.

Now Lu Heng is relieved to see Helan Zhen's reaction. He knows that he doesn't need to do anything next. He just needs to go back and wait for the emperor of the Fire Pass Country to come and talk about cooperation.

This is much better than taking the initiative to ask them to do things for him.

If he takes the initiative, it will make people wary and uneasy, and doubt whether there is any conspiracy.

But if the other party takes the initiative to find him, there is no need to worry about being suspected and guarded by the other party.

Therefore, Lu Heng was in a happy mood and said with a smile, "In that case, please leave with me. There is nothing I want to show you now."

After that, Lu Heng waved his sleeve lightly, and the power of the Requiem Seal was activated again.

People on the surface of the weak water only feel their bodies sink, and it would seem to them that they have fallen into an endless abyss. Their bodies and souls shuttling rapidly.

After a few breaths, they felt the breath of the human world again.

Helan Zhen and Gu Zhou looked around and found that they had reappeared above the Pangjiang River and returned to their previous positions.

At this time, in the human world, it was already late midnight.

The moonlight was cold in the dark night.

The originally bustling riverside was now deserted.

The Wu Clan people completed the main ceremony of cremation. The ashes of old man Wu have been poured into the river and flowed down the river.

The originally burning fire had been extinguished long ago, and only several wizards with several people in sackcloth cried at the riverside to see the old man's soul off.

This ceremony will last all night, the ritual wizards will read different scriptures, and the people of the Wu clan will rotate until dawn.

Although there were still many white banners hanging on the riverside, many of the Wu Clan's people stayed.

However, compared with the bustle of the crowds at the beginning, it was now much more deserted.

Standing in the void, Lu Heng said goodbye to Gu Zhou with an arch of his hand, "I will take away the soul of the old master Wu. Sorry for making you go all the way in vain, and I feel uneasy."

Gu Zhou said with a smile, "I'm satisfied that can see the netherworld. It's just..."

Gu Zhou hesitated slightly.

When Lu Heng saw this, he said, "Please, you can speak frankly."

Gu Zhou hesitated for a long time before saying, "This matter is very relevant. Let me go back and think about it. If you agree, I will visit you again in a few days."

Lu Heng was a little surprised - judging from the situation, it seems that the river god also wants to contribute to the construction of the netherworld.

He couldn't help laughing and said, "In that case, I'll be waiting for you in Fushan city."

Free coolies, of course, the more the better!

Since the river god is willing to help, naturally, Lu Heng will agree.