

Carefree 1001

Chapter 1001: Invitation

"You'll pay for destroying my Holy City and killing my people!" Sacred Lord Fresh Flowers's magnificent voice boomed toward the sky.

At the same time, golden flowers bloomed in the sky, gorgeous and bright.

Under the shine of these golden flowers, the dark clouds dispersed, and the vortex disappeared. The illusionary world was quickly dissipating as well.

"Realm channel, seal!"

Heavenly flowers filled that world's gate of light, thoroughly sealing it.

"Sun Shengru! You will die here today!" Sacred Lord Fresh Flowers shouted.

From the center of the city, giant vines broke out of the ground and shot into the sky like pillars. A huge flower bloomed on top of each.

It was as though a celestial fairy was scattering flowers. Every pink petal had amazing powers that sealed the sky and blocked the earth.

Finally, Sun Shengru could not hold on any longer, and a petal fell onto his back.

Poof!

Drops of purple-gold blood floated in the air.

"Ha! Righteousness endures forever!"

Sun Shengru's mouth sprayed blood, but his entire being turned into a rainbow and disappeared.

"Pass my order. Lockdown the Holy City and disable all teleportation arrays. I want to see where he can hide... Demon Masters, he has already been severely wounded by me, so why aren't you giving chase?" Sacred Lord Fresh Flowers roared.

"Understood!"

The Demon Masters who were lucky to be still alive could only grit their teeth and give chase in the direction of the rainbow.

"That Sun Shengru is done for!"

Seeing this, Fang Yuan closed his eyes.

The other party had amazing powers, and under the blessing of his world, he does not lose to Netherheaven. However, the suppression in the Mental Demon Realm was simply too horrible.

Otherwise, it was unlikely that he would not have been a match for only Sacred Lord Fresh Flowers.

Moreover, Mental Demon elemental force was different from the elemental forces of other worlds. There was no chance of recovery.

Coupled with other dangers, that Sun Shengru would probably fall in the Mental Demon Realm!

After the Demon Masters gave chase, Sacred Lord Fresh Flowers came over to appease the Demon Gods. "Once we capture Sun Shengru, the teleportation arrays and the Holy City will reopen. Please rest assured!"

"Haha... No need to stand on ceremony, Sacred Lord."

"Since outsiders invaded, we should face the common enemy..."

The other Demon Gods responded one after another. Some of the more impatient ones even chased after the light, wanting to see if there was anything they could gain.

"This gentleman... may I know your name?"

A spiritual will swept through and found the expressionless Fang Yuan.

There was no way around it. Those surviving in the Holy City after the righteous cleansing either had special protection or cultivation above Demon Master.

The strong ones were all exposed.

Fang Yuan's unfamiliar face immediately attracted attention, not to mention that he had taken the world coordinates earlier. Although his method was covert, Sacred Lord Fresh Flowers was the master of the land and could still feel it.

"My name is Li Hun! I'm just passing by..." He gave an alias without any change in expression. "Greetings to Sacred Lord Fresh Flowers!"

"I was negligent as a host. I'll be hosting a banquet in my mansion now, and I hope you will attend." Sacred Lord Fresh Flowers's voice became gentler than before.

"It would be my pleasure!" Fang Yuan smiled, walked out of the empty restaurant, and came onto the streets.

A thick layer of ash had accumulated on the ground, sending creeps down anyone's spine.

After all, the streets were full of Demons not long ago.

Such was the cruelty of the Mental Demon Realm!

But since they plundered other worlds, they had to be prepared for retaliation at any time!

Fang Yuan was silent as he followed the spiritual will's guidance and arrived at a mansion in the middle of the city

There, a few Demon Gods had already gathered. They frowned when they saw Fang Yuan, casting questions with their eyes.

"Hmph!" Fang Yuan snorted and secretly uttered the Heaven Extermination Truth.

The spiritual will around him dissipated, and the other Demon Gods were taken back in surprise, evidently receiving a small loss. "Netherheaven? No... it seems to be some secret technique!"

A purple-haired old man stared at Fang Yuan, his dark eyes containing a bit of interest.

Fang Yuan knew that he was the only Netherheaven Demon God here other than Sacred Lord Fresh Flowers.

"Thank you all for coming from afar. I can only meet in person after I stop my power, so I apologize for my rudeness. Everyone, please come in and enjoy the banquet!" Sacred Lord Fresh Flowers's voice came.

"Hehe... We were just helping out. Moreover, we all have some gains..."

The purple-haired old man smiled and took the lead with his hands behind his back. The other Demon Gods followed behind.

This mansion was structured exquisitely, as though weaved with huge vines, and numerous small flowers bloomed on the sides of the path.

Fang Yuan raised his head and saw that enormous plant from before slowly retracting and shrinking into the building.

Not long after, a gorgeous woman in a sacred flower robe walked out, swaying with an unspeakable charm. "Thank you all for your help!"

"It's not worth mentioning!"

Sacred Lord Fresh Flowers was a Netherheaven Demon God, so how could those in the Void Amalgamation and Myriad Transformations realms dare to be arrogant?

"It was fate for us to fight against a strong enemy today. We must have a drink together!"

Sacred Lord Fresh Flowers came to the main seat of the banquet and waved her hand slightly. Vines started spreading, forming tables and chairs.

After everyone was seated, flowers bloomed fully, fruits produced automatically, and glasses of nectar wines emerged, dazzling everyone.

It was a full-fledged flower feast as far as anyone was concerned. Everything was self-sufficient.

"Hmm? Not bad!"

Fang Yuan took a sip of the nectar wine. It was worlds apart from ordinary stores. As expected of a Demon God.

"Good stuff. These fruits and fine wine seem to have an enhancing effect on the divine spirit. It might be weak to Demon Gods, but the accumulation over time is no small matter."

The eyes of the other Demon Gods lit up as well.

"This wine is known as Thousand Flower Brew. Please have more. You'll be able to increase your chances of success when you form Great Daos relating to water and wood in the future!"

Sacred Lord Fresh Flowers smiled. The actions of the other Demon Gods accelerated upon hearing this piece of information.

Fang Yuan snickered in his heart.

It seemed that even Demon Gods could not escape from emotions and desires.

With this thought, his heart turned solemn.

Emotions and desires could not escape the range of the Dao of Dream Master. The Abominable Lord dared to call his territory the Original Sin Demon Territory, which meant that his control over the power of emotions exceeded his own.

“The beginnings might be the Dao of Dream Master Dao, but I use the power of creation, while the Abominable Lord uses the power of emotions. Just like the different fruits on a vine, we need each other to reach the peak!”

...

“Thank you, Sacred Lord Fresh Flowers!”

While Fang Yuan was lost in thought, the rest of the Demon Gods were not polite and gobbled up everything before finally thanking Sacred Lord Fresh Flowers together. “Sacred Lord, don’t worry. We’re part of the Mental Demon Realm and will naturally work together. That Sun Shengru won’t be able to run away!”

“This person might be powerful, but since he’s entered the Mental Demon Realm, he’s as good as dead!” Sacred Lord Fresh Flowers looked indifferent. “I invited all of you here today for a banquet and also to discuss something! It isn’t about Sun Shengru, but it is of great benefit to you!”

“Oh? What benefit?” the purple-haired old man asked playfully.

“This must be Sacred Lord Purple Crow? I’ve long heard about you...” Sacred Lord Fresh Flowers smiled. “How does Your Excellency feel about the world just now?”

“It has rich energy, and the nomological rules are strange... It is actually based on the cultivation of righteousness!”

Sacred Lord Purple Crow stroked his beard. “Hmm... The soul power in those people is rather high as well... Sacred Lord Fresh Flowers, did you open a realm channel there so that you could occupy it and harvest the power of the souls?”

It was natural for people of their level to know that the most common and inconspicuous Demon Spirits were the true foundation of the Mental Demon Realm.

Whenever they encountered new worlds, these Demon Gods were not willing to let them go, and they would almost always harvest them.

Implanting the plundered soul power in the nearby area would greatly increase the number of Demon Spirits, which was of great benefit to the Mental Demon Realm.

They might even obtain a reward from the Mental Demon Realm if it could devour the new world they encountered.

“That’s right!” Sacred Lord Fresh Flowers nodded. “I named this world the World of Confucian. This world is very powerful, and its nomological rules are strange. To be honest, two of my subordinate Demon Gods died there. It was my mistake to let that Sun Shengru into our Mental Demon Realm!

“However, it’s impossible for another such guardian to be born within such a short period of time, and I also damaged the Heavenly Dao of that world last time... Therefore, I would like to ask everyone here to cross over to that world and plunder as much as you can. It would be best to ruin that world so that the Mental Demon Realm can devour that world!”

“What?” Even Fang Yuan was surprised. Sacred Lord Fresh Flowers was really going all out. “But... it’s not without risk, right?”

“With so many Demon Gods, it’s enough even if that world suppresses us to more than fifty percent of our usual strength.”

The Sacred Lord Fresh Flowers did not hide anything.

In fact, even without her invitation, these shameless Demon Gods would have gone on their own with their secretly obtained coordinates.

Why not cooperate since that was the case.

“Good!” Sacred Lord Purple Crow smiled. “Give me the details. I’ll do it if there isn’t too much risk!”

“Me too!”

“Me too!”

...

The reactions of the other Demon Gods were more enthusiastic.

After all, why not rejoice when someone was down on their luck?

“What about you, Mister Li Hun?” Sacred Lord Fresh Flowers nodded with a smile and put her focus on Fang Yuan.

Chapter 1002: Invasion

“I will naturally advance with everyone!”

After seeing the gazes of Sacred Lord Purple Crow and Sacred Lord Fresh Flowers, Fang Yuan shuddered in his heart.

He knew that he did not manage to deceive the eyes of these two Netherheavens.

Moreover, he would attract too much attention if his opinion was from the others.

“Great! We shouldn’t delay further. Let’s start now!”

Sacred Lord Fresh Flowers was a decisive person and would not suffer a loss easily. She was going to take revenge immediately.

Even Fang Yuan could not help praising her in his heart. Her timing was rather good.

First of all, Sun Shengru escaped with serious injuries, and it would be impossible for that world to have a second guardian in such a short period of time.

Moreover, the vitality of the World of Confucian was greatly damaged now. It was absolutely the best time to go!

Since Sacred Lord Fresh Flowers is willing to give up most of the power of souls in that world, it seems like she's truly determined to have it devoured!

"Wait!" A Demon God suddenly shouted as the Demon Gods reached the gate. "After opening the seal, is Sacred Lord not afraid that Sun Shengru will take this opportunity to escape back to the World of Confucian?"

"Hehe... If Sun Shengru can escape under the watchful eyes of so many Demon Gods, then that is his ability!"

Sacred Lord Fresh Flowers said arrogantly, "I'll personally guard this gate!"

"In that case, I have nothing else to say!"

The other Demon Gods exchanged gleeful glances, exploded into various energies, and rushed through the gate.

This is the standard way for a Demon God to descend. Open a channel and enter with their true body. Much more dangerous than Dream Master techniques! Fang Yuan thought in his heart as he chuckled and followed.

...

Poof!

A strange space passage appeared after crossing the gate.

This was a secret method that twisted the endless distance in the chaos like a wormhole to connect directly to the World of Confucian.

After walking through the passage, a strange world appeared before Fang Yuan's eyes.

The entire world seemed to be enveloped by a layer of white light that exuded a weak feeling at this time.

"It was first plundered fiercely before losing its guardian. There was also the destruction the Sacred Lord Fresh Flowers caused. Now, it finally has to face the attacks of many Demon Gods... This world is as good as dead!

"Keke..." Sacred Lord Purple Crow laughed. Taking the lead, he transformed into a weird purple bird and utterly destroyed the membrane of the World of Confucian with a flutter.

The other Demon Gods followed closely behind with all kinds of powerful auras!

...

Outside a town.

The original beautiful scenery was no longer what it was.

Fires were everywhere, the ground cracked open, and even the well water became muddy.

This was the result of a series of natural and man-made disasters.

“Quick! Stop it!”

“It’s the last demon! It can’t run!”

A few determined guards cooperated with tacit understanding and forced a Demon Spirit to a dead end.

“Hurry up and invite the Confucian scholar!”

Martial arts could only be considered ordinary in this world, but there was a magical power known as Righteousness, which could also be called the Righteous Qi of Heaven and Earth. It was a direct manifestation of the power of heaven and earth.

Humans were the supreme beings. If they could open the light of wisdom in their heart, they could cultivate Righteousness and use it for their own purposes.

These types of people were known as Confucian scholars, and they were the top class of people in this world.

Confucian scholars were divided into Confucian Students, Confucians, Confucian Teachers, Grandmasters, and Confucian Saints.

Even the lowest-ranking Confucian Students could activate their Righteousness and perform all kinds of incredible feats. The legendary Confucian Saints even had the power to change the world!

This time, when the Mental Demons had invaded the World of Confucian, all of the Confucian scholars had united together under the leadership of Sun Shengru. Finally, they took advantage of a certain opportunity to hold the Grand Festival of Heaven and Earth to destroy two great demons, ending the disaster.

At this point, it was nothing more than cleanup.

Even so, each team had a Confucian student at the very least.

“Roar!”

The demon looked like a black dog larger than a calf, and it had a mouthful of sharp fangs.

It lunged forward in an aggressive attack as soon as the guards spoke.

Swoosh!

Light flashed, and three black moon arcs glided across.

Pupu!

Even with their armor, the first few guards split into pieces. Blood and organs sprayed out.

“Don’t risk it!” a guard shouted. “Flying Geese Formation!”

Although they might not be Confucian scholars, they had trained their martial arts to the highest level. Their armor was also enhanced with the Qi of Righteousness, attracting the greatest amount of the Demon Spirit’s firepower, and could hold out for a period of time.

Even so, it was still dangerous.

Bang!

After another collision, their weapons shattered, and desperation appeared in their eyes.

“It really... is a demon!” At that moment, a young voice came. “There is righteousness in heaven and earth, and it is awe-inspiring!”

Buzz!

Suddenly, a layer of white light appeared on the armor of the guards. The light was almost substantial.

“Ha! Seven Slaughter Array!”

He burst out, drew a long blade, and flew forward with six other armored guards. “Kill!”

“Roar!”

The demon dog pounced as well, but this time, the white light blocked its sharp claws and teeth. Several steel blades slid into its body without hesitation.

“Back!”

The team moved back but still guarded against the giant hound lying in front of them.

The fresh wound on the demon dog had no blood oozing out. Instead, it had a trace of black gas with a weird smell floating out.

“The vitality of the demons is extremely strong, and it is difficult to destroy them completely. They also often have the ability to possess things... They will attach themselves to the people around them if we kill them directly. This was the painful lessons we learned previously!”

A seemingly talented young man in a blue shirt came forward. “Only Righteousness can completely destroy it!”

He held an ancient scroll in hand and flicked his sleeve up gently. A white light containing impressive Righteousness appeared.

The black demon dog screamed under the white light. Its body was shrinking while the black gas dissipated.

In the end, there was no trace left except for a dark shadow on the ground.

“All right. After this demon dog, all the Demon Spirits in this area should have been wiped out!”

The leader sighed and bowed toward the Confucian scholar. “Thank you for saving us!”

“No problem. We have the duty to help too!” The young Confucian scholar smiled with the temperament of a gentleman.

In this world, Confucian scholars were the noblest professions. They were truly the best. They were widely respected as long as they were scholars. Once they passed the exams to become formal Confucian scholars, their status would be extraordinary, and they would have many privileges.

Those Confucian scholars upheld the Sage’s words and deeds. They were noble gentlemen, and their morality was widely praised.

“The demons won’t be able to lay a finger on my world as long as righteousness persists!”

The Confucian scholar looked firm.

However, a terrible shock came before the guards showed any expressions.

Everyone swayed unsteadily in the severe earthquake. The sky dimmed as though the end of the world was coming.

“This is...” The young Confucian scholar raised his head and looked up at the sky. “The Tengu eats the sun. A great ominous sign! Hasn’t my world suffered enough, Heavens?”

Unfortunately, the will of all the Demon Gods would not change because of him.

All the Grandmasters of the World of Confucian looked up in that instant. Some even vomited blood.

“The Heavens want us to perish!”

“The Confucian Saint has yet to return from his battle, but there’s another wave of demons invading!”

“Hold on! We have to hold on until the Confucian Saint returns!”

...

In a certain academy, a few old men with white hair and child-like faces gathered, looking dignified.

“Even if we exhaust our cultivation, we can not let a second wave of demons appear!”

Rumble!

White pillars of light rose straight to the sky and actually raised the black cloud covering the city by a meter!

No ordinary Grandmaster could do this. It had to take a half-Saint!

Whoosh!

Countless lightning emerged, forming a portal in the black cloud.

Numerous bulges appeared, as though various beings were striking from behind.

With each impact, the black cloud lowered, causing the Confucian Teachers' and Grandmasters' faces to lose color.

"Impossible... This seal was personally strengthened by the Confucian Saint himself before he left, and it has our support... Our Righteousness can draw upon the power of heaven and earth. This is a seal on the world, so how can it crumble this way?"

The Grandmasters and half-Saints could not believe it.

The invasion last time was totally unexpected. Countless Demons had poured in once the channel opened, and it was too late when the Confucian scholars had reacted.

This time, however, the opponent rushed in along the channel to break the seal forcibly. The difficulty was incomparable.

"Let's do it! Emerald Blood Heart Pill!"

A half-Saint thumped his own chest and spat out aquamarine blood. He then submerged into white pillars.

"Everyone must die, but let me leave a loyal heart shining in the pages of history!"

The other half-Saints followed suit. At that moment, the Righteous Qi of Heaven and Earth slowly pushed the black cloud back a bit.

Chirp chirp!

A strange cry came just then.

The sealed realm gate seemed to have encountered a terrifying impact, and the white chains above it disintegrated.

The next moment, a huge, strange bird rushed out with a hint of excitement in its eyes while flapping its wings.

Whoosh whoosh!

Black wind howled, and countless saber light fell.

The entire academy died out instantly. Several Grandmasters turned into minced meat at the same time.

Chapter 1003: Black-Hearted Demon

Kaboom!

The seal shattered, and the world trembled.

With a might capable of extinguishing the world, numerous meteor smashed all over the continent.

Sacred Lord Purple Crow did not hesitate at all to choose the direction of several academies with half-Saints.

In merely a few moments, everything within hundreds of kilometers pulverized.

“The power of suppression in this world is a little strong.” Sacred Lord Purple Crow fell onto the ground that was flushed with red magma and frowned slightly. “Fortunately, it was already severely damaged. Ha! Dark Heavenly Dao!”

In that instant, the Heavenly Dao’s nomological rules within tens of thousands of kilometers changed.

Weird purple birds emerged from the bushes, fishes, insects, birds, and even from the corpses on the ground, instantly becoming a troop of thousands that began spreading.

“Hehe... This old man isn’t a Demon God that specializes in group destruction after all. These derived demons don’t have strong combat power either... I wonder what that Li Hun can do?” Sacred Lord Purple Crow had his hands behind his back and pondered with a smile. “He might have concealed his aura, but it’s impossible not to see that he was a Netherheaven nonetheless!”

“This time, we two Netherheavens came to wipe out this world. There’s also another Netherheaven outside. It won’t escape its fate!”

...

“The power of the natural source in some strange worlds should be rather powerful...”

Fang Yuan, who Sacred Lord Purple Crow was thinking about, had also turned into a meteor and landed somewhere.

His body slowly rose out of the crater, and his magical energy seeped out. “As expected, the suppression is strong. Even if I immediately release my Great Dao and obtain the jurisdiction of a Creator in the surroundings, I can only restore to around fifty to sixty percent of my peak!”

This was the initial number. If he were to stay in this world for a longer period of time, he might be able to recover to ninety percent.

This was the horror of a Netherheaven Demon God!

They could adapt to any world given enough time.

Fang Yuan pursed his lips and thought casually. “The other Demon Gods should be worse off than me. However, they should be able to do quite a few things with their true body!”

The cultivation of Dao by this world’s Confucian scholars could not be regarded as strong. The Grandmasters earlier were about the level of Demon Generals.

With the Righteous Qi of Heaven and Earth, their strength was comparable to that of Demon Masters.

That Sun Shengru was the convergence of this world’s Qi of Righteousness. He could only temporarily resist a Netherheaven Demon God because of this blessing.

“Strictly speaking, a Demon God can easily destroy this world with its current foundation.”

Fang Yuan had no use for the power of this world’s souls. It was hard to say if he was even interested in this world’s natural source.

Sacred Lord Fresh Flowers wanted the power of its souls only to increase the birth of Demon Spirits.

At best, having the Mental Demon Realm devour the World of Confucian and become more powerful.

“Of course... if the devouring is successful, the Mental Demon Realm will reward Sacred Lord Fresh Flowers, which is much better than simply devouring the World of Confucian’s natural source. In any case, it isn’t easy even for a Netherheaven Demon God to refine a high-dimension world!

“However... the direction this world moved in is a little particular, as though... it has been influenced by that civilization!”

Fang Yuan had been in hot pursuit of the advanced Huaxia civilization world, hoping to obtain some information about Earth, where he originally lived.

He found some clues in this World of Confucian.

Be it the unique Righteousness nomological power or the local customs, it was clear there were traces of that Huaxia civilization affecting this place.

“It can actually affect such a high-level world. That Huaxia civilization world should at least be at the same level as the Mental Demon Realm... Is this possible? Is there a large world comparable to the Mental Demon Realm in this universe?”

...

Just as Fang Yuan was pondering...

Numerous figures with the Righteous Qi of Heaven and Earth arrived in front of him.

“Demon... we will seal you even if it means we die!”

The one in charge was a middle-aged man with an elegant bearing. He must have swept away thousands of girls when he was younger. He was full of grief and indignation as he glared at Fang Yuan.

Obviously, even the most optimistic Grandmasters did not think that they could eliminate Fang Yuan and the other demons without Sun Shengru presiding over the Grand Festival of Heaven and Earth. They only wanted to seal them.

“Oh? Really?” Fang Yuan stood tall with his hands behind his back. “So... how are you going to seal me?”

“I, Wang Qiankun, the president of the Qiankun Academy, would like to seek the help of the academy-guarding magic artifact!” Wang Qiankun said softly.

A white jade-like city emerged behind him with determined Confucian scholars on it. Some of them were just teenagers.

“The White Jade Capital in the sky, the fifth city on the twelfth floor!”

“Thousand Worship Array!”

Two loud voices sounded.

The city flew up, landed above Fang Yuan’s head, and started expanding continuously.

“Don’t be fooled by his appearance. He’s just a demon!”

“Seal!”

The White Jade Capital was evidently a flying and space magic artifact to better protect the Confucian students inside.

They were all sitting cross-legged, silently reciting sage verses.

Some disciples were curious and impatient, but they were immediately suppressed by the teachers.

Righteousness shot up into the sky, arousing the Qi of heaven and earth and turning it into a powerful force.

Swoosh!

Pure white chains appeared, entangling Fang Yuan’s whole body.

Upon close inspection, the chains were made of extremely subtle Chinese characters, and the sound of constant chanting resounded.

“So easy?”

The ease astonished Wang Qiankun.

“Not a bad move...” Fang Yuan praised. For the Demon Gods who had just descended, even if they broke free of the chains, it would inevitably consume a lot of energy.

“Hmph, the demon sure can talk big!” Beside Wang Qiankun, several Grandmasters snorted. “President, let’s destroy this demon to let the world know that our Qiankun Academy isn’t worse than Sage Confucian Academy!”

“No... Retreat quickly!” Wang Qiankun cried out as his expression changed abruptly.

“Unfortunately, it’s too late!” Fang Yuan shook his head. Below his body, something seemed to extend.

Crack! Crack!

The chains around him shattered.

Roar! Roar!

Behind him, an indomitable giant wearing dragon armor appeared, with Earth, Fire, Wind, and Water surrounding it. It roared and grabbed at the White Jade Capital in the air.

Bang!

With merely a swipe, the academy-guarding treasure of Qiankun Academy sent out overwhelming sorrow and began to disintegrate.

Countless Confucian students screamed and fell from the air.

“Terrible. Is this the power of a demon? I thought they would be the safest in the academy-guarding treasure and called upon it to display the array...”

The eyes of Wang Qiankun and several great Confucians were red.

After all, they were most of the elites of Qiankun Academy.

The explosion of this magic artifact and the fall would kill at least half of them!

"Their bodies are unexpectedly this frail?" Fang Yuan's eyes flashed and grabbed one of them. "Hmm... the power of your blood isn't strong... It seems like even after cultivating Righteousness to higher levels, it is still difficult to strengthen their bodies..."

"Your name... is Huo Qingtian?"

He looked at the Confucian scholar in his palm, and after doing a soul search on him, he asked wickedly, "Do you want to die or live?"

Many Righteousness attacks had fallen on him as he questioned.

Unfortunately, the illusionary giant expanded and enveloped Fang Yuan within, negating all kinds of powers, even Wang Qiankun's Qi of Righteousness.

"I'm a scholar who would rather die than surrender!" Huo Qingtian squeezed a few words out of his lips.

"Really?" The corner of Fang Yuan's mouth slightly arched as though he thought of something amusing. "I hope you'll be able to say this later!"

"What do you want to do? Release him!"

Wang Qiankun and the other scholars became more urgent and even activated their secret method: "Green Sky Green Blood!"

Poof!

They spat out blood mists, dipped their brushes in it, and wrote large characters in the air. Dragons and phoenixes danced with anger, burning mountains and rivers.

"Hehe... I have to say you people are worthy of admiration, but unfortunately, this is hitting a rock with an egg!"

Fang Yuan pressed his left hand on Huo Qingtian's head. "Who dreams of big dreams, past through life in the world of dreams, activate reincarnation!"

He looked at Wang Qiankun and wrote a singular rune in the air with his right hand. "Heaven Extermination Truth!"

Bang! Bang!

Strange words emerged, ruthless and overbearing. Any heaven and earth Qi of Righteousness instantly disappeared.

Several characters combined and smashed toward the floating words of the Sage.

Poof!

The expected horror did not arrive.

Every last one of the blood-red words dissipated under the Heaven Extermination Truth.

“The Confucian Righteousness is just to draw upon this world’s power, which is the Righteous Qi of Heaven and Earth... However... my Heaven Extermination Truth can even destroy the nomological rules of a Heavenly Dao. What is a mere Righteous Qi of Heaven and Earth?”

Fang Yuan was not the least bit surprised.

“Ah! Ah!”

At this moment, the Huo Qingtian who had endured thousands of simulated reincarnations through the Dream Master technique came to his senses. Although his appearance might not have changed, his temperament contained extreme vicissitudes.

“What is good? What is evil?

“I’ve read all of the Sage’s books. Why does the Heavens still treat me so?

“What am I seeking...”

...

His eyes turned red, and like knives, his hands dug his chest open.

Thump! Thump!

There was originally a red heart with a righteous aura, but the next moment, a dark ink-like color spread. This atmosphere changed even Wang Qiankun’s expression.

“Turning from good to evil. Henceforth, you are the first black-hearted demon of this world!”

Chapter 1004: Sweep

“Ah... What have you done to my student?”

Wang Qiankun and the others were so enraged their eyes seemed to pop out.

The feeling from this black-hearted demon was very different from the previous Demon Spirits they had encountered.

It seemed like it could even use the power of the Righteous Qi of Heaven and Earth, which was terrifying!

“Nothing much. It was only a test. It’s a pity that he didn’t pass!” Fang Yuan said regretfully.

Just now, he had used Dream Master techniques to make Huo Qingtian experience thousands of reincarnations and taste the pain of life and death, love, hatred, hunger, and so on. It could also be considered an alternative refinement of the heart.

He could have become a Bodhi, and nothing would have been able to deter him. In the future, he would have definitely become a great Confucian in the future, perhaps even a Confucian Saint.

Obviously, Huo Qingtian's mentality was not strong enough to overcome it, and he was tortured into madness by those dreams.

But this insane black-hearted demon was of value as well.

Fang Yuan released Huo Qingtian, whose eyes were sparkling weirdly. "Sure enough... power is power... There is no good or evil!"

According to the nomological rules of this world, only the scholars could condense their Qi of Righteousness and use the Righteous Qi of Heaven and Earth as their own power.

However, after research, he realized that there were Yin and Yang in everything. Since Confucian scholars could use the Righteous Qi of Heaven and Earth, what if these scholars with a broken heart took the initiative to turn toward darkness? Then they would be drawing upon the Demonic Qi of Heaven and Earth!

The Demonic Qi of Heaven and Earth was just the other side of the coin of the Righteous Qi of Heaven and Earth. They were both manifestations of the power of the world!

"Haha... Kill! Kill! Let everything turn to nothingness! Let the world return to its former purity!"

The black-hearted demon's appearance was no different from other scholars except that his chest was open, revealing a pitch-black heart.

At this time, he was roaring with laughter and vomiting words of the Sage.

Black characters emerged in the midair, condensing terror onto his former classmates and teachers.

"What... is this power?"

"Huo Qingtian! Wake up!"

"He is no longer our classmate but a contaminated demon. Kill him!"

...

Those lucky enough to be still alive made a commotion.

Immediately, a few Qi of Righteousness transformed into weapons and fell on Huo Qingtian.

The long swords condensed from the Qi of Righteousness would have been powerful against demons, but there was no effect on Huo Qingtian. Instead, they bounced off a layer of black light without causing any damage.

"This is... protection from the Qi of Righteousness?" The other Confucian scholars were dumbfounded.

"Why can a fallen demon still draw upon the power of heaven and earth?"

Compared to the others, Wang Qiankun and some of the more enlightened ones had some clues, but they would rather not have guessed it. "Evil thing... He wants to dig the seed of our foundation!"

Demons and Confucian scholars were originally incompatible.

However, Fang Yuan had artificially created a differentiation in a Confucian student and spawned the black-hearted demon!

This demon did not belong to the Mental Demon Realm, but transformed from a Confucian scholar!

This provoked the beginning of a crack between the Confucian scholars. This method of causing internal fighting was simply vicious.

Even without the demon invasion, the appearance of a black-hearted demon would inevitably become a cancer of this world that was difficult to eliminate.

Fang Yuan casually dropped a trick and brought Wang Qiankun into a dilemma. This was the wisdom and bearing of the Demon God.

“Seal it at all cost!”

After a moment, the red-eyed Wang Qiankun went mad and ordered, “Qiankun Academy, destroy the black-hearted demon immediately!”

“Why bother?”

Fang Yuan sighed as a black and red mist emanated from his body.

He might have specialized in the power of Dream Master Creation, but he also had similar foundations in the power of emotions. Not to mention, he had devoured the nomological rules of the Abominable Lord’s Seven Emotions and Six Desires Great Daos previously.

Whoo! Whoo!

A dense mist spread out and enveloped dozens of kilometers in an instant.

Confucian scholars were shouting out at the beginning, but it soon became cries of suppressed pain.

Poof!

Fang Yuan snapped his fingers after some time. The black and red mist dissipated.

Black-hearted demons stood in the field, yelling toward the sky.

Wang Qiankun and a few of the more accomplished scholars were seriously injured and could hardly stand. Their hearts bled at this scene. “Demon! We’ll fight you to the end!”

“What can you fight me with? Your lives?” Fang Yuan shook his head, teleported to Wang Qiankun, and pressed his right hand on top of his head. “Bring me to your academy now!”

Wang Qiankun’s eyes were dull as he muttered, “Understood!”

Just when Fang Yuan was about to move, the cloudy sky finally roared and thundered.

“The wrath of heaven?!” A taunting smile played on his lips. “Heaven Extermination Truth!”

Mysterious characters flew out, forming a composition facing the sky.

A shocking scene happened.

The lightning that contained the power of destruction disappeared without a trace once they were within ten meters of the words.

"I might need to worry about this world's backlash if it was still in its heyday, but the World of Confucian has lost its guardian and was hit hard by Sacred Lord Fresh Flowers. It'd be a wonder if I dreaded it!"

Fang Yuan shook his head, flicked his sleeve, and immediately brought Wang Qiankun away to the academy.

...

Qiankun Academy.

It was also a well-known institution in the eastern part of the continent. Although it was not as good as Sage Confucian Academy, it was equally well-known.

At this time, it seemed a bit deserted.

During the first wave of demon attacks, all Confucian scholars who had completed studies were sent to battle and suffered heavy casualties.

In the second wave, Wang Qiankun took away the White Jade Capital and all the teachers and students with cultivation.

Now, it was almost empty in the academy.

"I'd dirty my hands if I were to kill the pathetic few that remain!"

Fang Yuan clapped. "You, go and clean out this academy. Bring all the ancient books regarding foreign worlds out! Also, bring out any treasures!"

"Understood!"

Wang Qiankun's face was wooden, as though he had turned into a puppet, and he strode into the academy.

A few cries came not long after.

Wang Qiankun stepped out with a blood-stained wooden box in hand.

Fang Yuan took it unceremoniously, looked at the bones, wood slips, and the like in it, and nodded slightly. "As expected of a place that imparts extraordinary strength. It stored up quite a number of good things over the thousands of years."

Most of them were methods to cultivate the Qi of Righteousness. Fang Yuan threw these away at once.

The rest were strange records, which was the knowledge he was after.

"In ancient times, the appearance of an auspicious and mysterious bird brought six hundred years of..."

Suddenly, Fang Yuan found a record, causing his hand to shake. "It's true... This world was also affected by that Huaxia civilization! What a pity... there are no world coordinates!"

While he was feeling sorry, his stats window shook slightly, and Fang Yuan's eyes entered into a strange comprehension.

"Haha... Li Hun, you are really slow!"

Thump! Thump!

Thump! Thump!

Earthquake-like footsteps came, and a shadow-like mountain drew near.

It was a black ape with a third eye between its brows and a bizarre pattern on its back.

The ape lowered its head and looked at the Fang Yuan deep in thought. An ugly smile appeared on its ugly face as it suddenly lifted its foot.

Rumble!

It stomped down hard, and all of Qiankun Academy instantly turned into ruins.

"Hey... Are you courting death?"

The sudden shock made Fang Yuan break away from his enlightenment, and he stared at it with his eyes narrowed.

"We are both Demon Gods. I've already wiped out my area, so I came here especially to help you..." The great ape growled. Its eyes were silver now, perhaps because it had devoured too many souls.

Fang Yuan sighed softly. A horrible aura suddenly exploded. "Scram!"

The surrounding area trembled, and the sky changed.

The aura of a Dark Heavenly Dao descended. "A small Myriad Transformations dares to make noise in front of me!"

Splash!

In the sky above, lightning converged into a dragon that pounced at the great ape.

"Ah... You are Netherheaven realm Sacred Lord! Forgive me! Forgive me!"

The great ape screamed as it tried to flee.

After all, this was Netherheaven!

Once a Demon God entered Netherheaven, it was almost two completely different levels compared to Void Amalgamation and Myriad Transformations, thus the title of Sacred Lord.

They were at the top of the food chain. A small Myriad Transformations Demon God was nothing to them.

As such, this Demon God did not dare to clamor but chose to run away immediately.

"So... I've obtained the coordinates to the Huaxia civilization?"

Fang Yuan caressed his chest, looking pensive.

Chirp chirp!

A strange purple bird flew past, and Sacred Lord Purple Crow's voice came. "Li Hun, your actions are really slower than mine... Sacred Lord Fresh Flowers has notified us to destroy a few pillars of this world. Then she'll coordinate with us from the outside to let the Mental Demon Realm devour this entire world. This'll turn that Sun Shengru into a dog without a home. Hehe..."

There were definitely dependencies whenever a world was made.

In other words, these were existences equivalent to pillars.

The world would suffer a huge blow to its vitality if they were destroyed.

Of course, it would make things even worse for the World of Confucian at this time.

As long as they accomplished this, there would be no difficulty for the Mental Demon Realm to devour this world, and all the participating Demon Gods would inevitably obtain joy and rewards from the Mental Demon Realm.

"What pillars?"

"This world runs on the Righteous Qi of Heaven and Earth. Its vitality stems from those scholars and the academies. Once we destroy this network, and the suppression disappears, the earth dragon will appear!"

Sacred Lord Purple Crow obviously understood this well. "The end will be near once we destroy the earth dragon veins! However, only the two of us can do it!"

Netherheavens could change heaven and earth and had superb combat power. It was difficult for the other Demon Gods to recover to this point in such a short time.

Chapter 1005: Grand Festival of Heaven and Earth

The World of Confucian was ablaze.

A strange three-headed bird flapped its wings and spewed out flames, cold currents, and venomous poison, turning an army into corpses.

Black smoke shrouded the city, hiding the sky and covering the earth.

One-by-one, skeletons climbed out from the earth and killed everything within range.

These corpses would stand up again after a while, becoming new zombies and joining the slaughter.

The entire city transformed into a ghost city before long, containing no trace of the living.

...

If you were to look at it from the sky, you would see that with the release of energy from that giant monster, many academies were destroyed all at once. The power of the human Confucian scholars was so fragile and vulnerable when the end came.

A wisp of yellow Qi rose from the earth and slowly condensed. In accordance with the mountains and rivers, it flowed toward the earth veins to form a dragon vein!

This dragon vein was very thick, with the mountains as its ridge, two claws out at sea, and two large lakes as its eyes. The dragon head was facing the country that was now a dead land.

“Good... This is the aggregation of all the smaller dragon veins. Perhaps it should be called the... Ancestor Dragon? Once it breaks, the land will really sink...”

Fang Yuan followed the weird purple bird to a spot.

The terrain was shattered here, with deep criss-crossing ditches and trickling streams converging. It was obviously the starting point of a great river that ran east-to-west.

It would be where the dragon tail was going by the structure of the dragon vein!

“Great... I didn’t think this Dragon Searching Acupuncture Technique of yours was this good, Li Hun. You actually found the node in such a short time...” The weird purple bird groomed its feather. “Listen to my command later. We’ll do it together. I’ll lock down the dragon head while you nail down for the dragon tail. It’s as good as done once we suppress the dragon vein!”

“...” Fang Yuan did not reply and found a cave.

Unlike other caves that were damp, the surrounding stone walls had a dry feeling to them.

He went deep into it and saw a spring with water pouring forth.

“The dragon is where water is. The tail of the so-called Ancestor Dragon must be here!”

Fang Yuan’s smile broadened.

“All right. My true body has found the dragon head and the dragon eye, and it’s starting. Li Hun... hurry...” urged the weird purple bird.

But the next moment, it was grabbed out of the air.

“What are you? Daring to order me around?”

Smack!

Fang Yuan smiled, and his hand squeezed hard.

That weird purple bird shattered into pieces after a soft noise.

“Much easier on my ears now...”

He let out a deep breath and stared at the spring in front of him.

Kaboom!

A huge earthquake suddenly rumbled, spreading far and wide.

“That purple bird must have started attacking the Ancestor Dragon!” Fang Yuan showed a strange smile.

“Well... I’ll help you. Water from the dragon vein!”

He used a Dharmic formulation to make the water undulate.

Lightning struck, and the dragon roared.

It was as though a giant dragon was struggling in the void.

“I can only do so much. The rest is up to you...”

Fang Yuan did feel a bit of affinity toward this world due to the familiarity, but he was not going to go against all the Demon Gods just for that.

Therefore, he did not nail down the dragon tail but instead helped it to fly.

This was enough to annoy Sacred Lord Purple Crow.

Of course, something of this level was merely small trouble for a Netherheaven Demon God.

However, this world might just escape the fate of being annihilated if it grabbed the chance.

“The key to this battle is Sun Shengru!”

Fang Yuan soared up into the sky and watched the earth dragon vein.

Rumble!

A constant vibration plagued the earth, like a dragon turning over.

He could vaguely see the dragon veins of the world converging at the dragon head, ready to make a desperate blow.

In that position, a beam of purple-black light carrying a strong grudge soared into the sky. “Li Hun, you played me! Forget it... I’ll first chop this Ancestor Dragon into pieces before settling the score with you!”

“Hehe...” Fang Yuan laughed coldly and did nothing.

A turquoise dragon head emerged and started battling the purple bird.

Their battle was turbulent, and the rest of the Demon Gods did not dare to get close.

After all, the other Demon Gods were not at the Netherheaven realm, and they were all only relying on the might of their true body.

Under the suppression, they could still die if there was real danger, so naturally no one dared to be careless.

Besides, Demon Gods were a cunning lot. It was good enough for them not to pull each other’s legs. Why would they help out selflessly?

Petals formed a human figure in the sky where the gate was. Sacred Lord Fresh Flowers chided in a strong tone, “Li Hun, you better explain this to me!”

“What’s there to explain? That purple crow is a pain in the ass, so what’s the big deal about creating some trouble for him!” Fang Yuan admitted without hesitation.

“Damn it!” Sacred Lord Fresh Flowers was speechless.

The Demon Gods were an unruly and unrestrained bunch. Fang Yuan’s reason might be nonsense, but it was not unthinkable!

She would have never thought that Fang Yuan might have some feelings toward this World of Confucian.

She became even angrier. “I don’t care what grudges you have with him, but you must give it up and help the Mental Demon Realm devour this world. Otherwise, I will immediately expel you from my Holy City of Fresh Flowers!”

“Do you think I’m afraid of you, bitch!” Fang Yuan was elated. He was hoping for an excuse to fight.

“N-not good, Sun Shengru!” But at this moment, the expression on Sacred Lord Fresh Flowers’s incarnation changed. “Help me seal the gate quickly. I don’t know what happened, but Sun Shengru broke through my seal and used a spell to trap my body. He’s about to return to the World of Confucian!”

“What?!”

This was something unexpected.

At that moment, a fierce Qi of Righteousness pierced through the gate like a sharp arrow.

Rumble!

Feeling this breakthrough, the world jumped for joy.

Sun Shengru, the guardian of this world, actually occupied thirty percent of this world’s natural source and providence.

And he was even more mighty in the World of Confucian.

In the past, he had defeated Sacred Lord Fresh Flowers and her two Demon God subordinates.

“Sacred Lord Fresh Flowers, what are you doing! Why can’t you even guard a door!”

Fang Yuan’s eyes flashed, and he broadcasted his spiritual will. “All Demon Gods, gather quickly and solve this trouble first!”

“I’m at fault for the land being in this sorry state!”

Sun Shengru’s gaze was on the fragmented and fiery continent as he half-knelt in the void with a painful look on his face.

His eyes turned red. “Demons! I might not be able to match you in your world, but this place... is my home field!”

“Sinner Sun Shengru begs the world for help!” Sun Shengru shouted, his voice seeming to travel all over the world.

Hope once again lit ablaze in the eyes of those still struggling. "It's the Confucian Saint! He's back!"

"Great. We will definitely be able to defeat the demons with him!"

"Long live!"

...

Golden fireflies of faith flew out from their hearts and submerged into Sun Shengru's body.

"This is incense forging a god?"

Seeing this, Fang Yuan smiled.

It was the easiest to inspire faith in times of crisis.

In another Divine Dao world, Sun Shengru would certainly have become a god by converging the faith of the people.

The World of Confucian was not a Divine Dao world, but the damage caused by the Demon Gods was rapidly healing. They emitted a pale golden color, somewhat resembling the Golden Body of a God, but the power went far beyond it.

Not only that, but the Righteous Qi of Heaven and Earth appeared from all over the world and entered Sun Shengru's body.

"In the world there is the spirit of righteousness, taking many forms!" he shouted. A white light burst.

"Ahh!"

Sacred Lod Fresh Flowers screamed, unable to withstand this attack. She turned into ashes directly.

This was the might of that blow!

"Hmm?"

"This isn't good!"

"The guardian is back, and the world is blessing him!"

The other Demon Gods were terrified.

Sun Shengru might be only a Confucian Saint, but he was equivalent to Netherheaven in this world!

A Netherheaven Demon God with a world's enhancement!

They were only a hastily put together group with no cooperation at all. When there were benefits, they exuded a shark-like attitude, but none of them dared to take the lead to fight against Sun Shengru at this time.

"Ha! Grand Festival of Heaven and Earth!"

Sun Shengru seemed to have recovered to his peak state with his Golden Body and Righteousness. His giant hand summoned a terrifying sacrificial altar, as though he were offering sacrifice to some incomprehensible existence.

"We are the heirs of Huaxia. How can we suffer disgrace in the hands of evil demons? I hope for the gods above to help me!"

Suddenly, the light from the altar filled the world.

Flash!

Surging light!

It contained unparalleled power from who knows where and spread everywhere in an instant.

"Ah! This... what level of power... Why... do I feel like I'm melting?"

The three-headed bird gave a blood-curdling screech as it became bound by chains of light. Its Demon God body actually began to melt.

"How terrifying. The Grand Festival of Heaven and Earth? It doesn't seem to have obtained power from this world, but... an even greater existence!"

Fang Yuan's Heavenly Eye Seer Spell flashed with faint excitement.

He did not push his luck. He summoned his Netherheaven Demon God Great Dao, burst into light, and went through the gate.

Chapter 1006: Desert

Rumble!

The next moment, a strong Righteousness bombarded the gate, cracking it inch by inch.

Fang Yuan escaped like a bolt of lightning before the passage collapsed and began gloating, "Hehe... Those Demon Gods still in the World of Confucian are going to be unlucky!"

The gate was just a wormhole between the two worlds, not the only passage.

Even if the gate was destroyed, it did not mean that the Demon Gods could not return.

However, if they wanted to return, they could only do so by either breaking through the world's membrane and going through the endless chaos or finding another node in space and opening another channel. There was no other way!

"Sun Shengru's last attack, the Grand Festival of Heaven and Earth, could actually move the entire world. Plus that power from an incomprehensible existence... It was incredible..."

Fang Yuan's pupils glimmered radiantly as he thought back to that scene. "But... this has also proven my guess... The World of Confucian really does have a relationship with the Huaxia civilization!"

...

The other side of the gate was naturally the Holy City.

After Sun Shengru's attack, ninety-nine percent of the Demons had perished. It looked cold and depressing at the moment.

“In theory, the Confucian Grandmasters of that world aren’t too powerful, but why do they become so powerful once they become Confucian Saints?” Fang Yuan rubbed his chin. “Is it really because of the natural source and providence of the world converging on one person? This was also forced by the Mental Demons’ invasion.”

He looked around and found that the most noticeable thing now was not the gate, but a large array next to it.

The array looked like an altar with black and white Qis circulating around it, similar to Yin and Yang, growing without end. There was a Netherheaven Demon God trapped within—Sacred Lord Fresh Flowers!

Fang Yuan went up to it and knocked on the light on the altar. The black and white Qis flashed and leaked some information.

“Hehe... Good move. Is this a combination of Righteousness and Demonism?”

“Not only did Sun Shengru survive the Mental Demon Realm, he unexpectedly comprehended the extremity of Righteousness, the principle of Demonism, and combined the two to complement each other. This was how he broke the seal, and he unexpectedly borrowed that power to trap Sacred Lord Fresh Flowers here?”

He felt a slight pity.

If he could have refined Sun Shengru, he might have obtained a complete Confucian Great Dao, even a Yin-Yang Great Dao or Black-White Great Dao. It would have been invaluable.

“Demon God Li Hun!”

Just then, Sacred Lord Fresh Flowers, who was surrounded by flowers and sitting cross-legged on the altar, opened her eyes. “Where are the other Demon Gods?”

“They are all trapped in the World of Confucian... This channel has been destroyed. If you want to bring them back, you’ll have to find another node!”

Fang Yuan shook his head and punched the altar.

Rumble!

The altar flashed during the rumble while the black and white Qis kept flowing.

Although he had not used his full power, it had still blocked the external attack from a Netherheaven Demon God.

Nonetheless, Fang Yuan was not the only one attacking the altar!

“Ha! Hundred Flowers Bloom Kill!”

The trapped Sacred Lord Fresh Flowers immediately exerted her magical power when she saw Fang Yuan’s attack. Petals were dancing around, and a strange flower emerged in front of her, with a bud waiting to bloom.

Petals spread continuously, displaying a formidable power.

Bang!

The altar finally shattered. The black and white Qis tried to escape, but Fang Yuan captured them and placed them directly into his sleeve.

Sacred Lord Fresh Flowers came out and thanked coldly, "Thank you for your help!"

In fact, even if Fang Yuan had not done anything, she could have broken out of this altar by herself before long.

"The invasion of the World of Confucian this time can be considered a failure. Many Demon Gods are trapped there. In particular, Sacred Lord Purple Crow..." Sacred Lord Fresh Flowers's face was as cold as ice. "This Scared Purple Crow has a vicious reputation. He has two partners, and together they are known as the 'Three Furies of Netherheaven'. I'm afraid there will be a lot of trouble in the future!"

She said so much, but she actually meant one thing. "Sacred Lord Li Hun, please help me save the trapped Demon Gods!"

"It's probably too late for the rest of the Demon Gods!"

Fang Yuan had personally experienced the all-engulfing power of the Grand Festival of Heaven and Earth. It was difficult for even the true body of a Demon God to withstand it. Most had probably become nourishment for that world.

Only Sacred Lord Purple Crow had a chance of escaping.

However, this Netherheaven might not be Sun Shengru's opponent in the World of Confucian.

Therefore, the only opinion was to break open the world's membrane and hide in the chaos before slowly moving toward the Mental Demon Realm.

The time and effort spent on this would be incomparable to that of a wormhole.

Moreover, it would be difficult for him to determine where he would end up in the Mental Demon Realm. The slightest error could mean thousands of kilometers.

In short, Fang Yuan had given Scared Lord Purple Crow quite a lot of trouble this time.

"Is that so?" Sacred Fresh Flowers was also smart. She became more perceptive of the situation just through a few words from Fang Yuan. "Damn... what happened?"

Fang Yuan lowered his head and said nothing.

The most important reason for this failure was because Sacred Lord Fresh Flowers had made a mistake and allowed Sun Shenru to overturn the situation.

Otherwise, they would not have lost so horribly.

Fang Yuan not joining forces with Sacred Lord Purple Crow to suppress the Ancestor Dragon from rising was a relatively trivial matter.

He was not going to admit that instead of nailing down the dragon tail, he had actually helped it escape. The natural source of the World of Confucian had not been crippled, which fueled Sun Shengru's performance.

After a pause, Fang Yuan said, "I'll be leaving first if there's nothing else!"

Fang Yuan directly proposed leaving without minding Sacred Lord Fresh Flowers, leaving her this big mess.

He had only received an invitation to help out this time after all.

Sacred Lord Fresh Flowers could not do anything to him no matter how big the mess was.

"You!" Sacred Lord of Fresh Flowers's brows arched. "Only you alone escaped even though the rest of the Demon Gods are trapped. Don't you think you owe me and the remaining Two Furies of Netherheaven an explanation!"

In fact, she wanted Fang Yuan to stay because of the two Netherheaven Demon Gods that were coming.

"Haha!" Why would Fang Yuan follow her wishes?

"Stay!"

Red flower petals emerged from Sacred Lord Fresh Flowers's forehead.

Whoosh whoosh!

Countless petals fell from the sky and turned into a tornado, layer upon layer. The sea of flowers expanded, trapping Fang Yuan within.

A wonderful aroma spread all kinds of wonderful feelings.

"Flower Great Dao, Heavenly Aroma Great Dao?"

Fang Yuan's eyes flickered, having understood Sacred Lord Fresh Flowers's details.

"Unfortunately... your Great Daos might be different, but you are definitely not my opponent!"

He sighed and clenched his right hand into a fist.

Rumble!

Chaos surged, refining the Earth, Fire, Wind, and Water all around.

"Creation Divine Fist!"

A huge fist rose into the sky and broke through the sea of flowers.

"Ahh!" Sacred Lord of Fresh Flowers changed expressions as she slowly stepped back. "Who the hell are you exactly? Why is there a deviant like you among the Netherheaven Demon Gods?"

Although the Mental Demon Realm might have many hidden old monsters cultivating in seclusion, they occasionally came out to spread their name.

However, it was extremely rare to see someone reach the Netherheaven realm in one shot and have such powerful combat strength.

“So? Does Sacred Lord still want to keep me here?” Fang Yuan sneered.

“I dare not!” Sacred Lord Fresh Flowers smiled bitterly. If she had known that Fang Yuan was so powerful, she would not have acted like that earlier. “I hope Sacred Lord Li Hun will forgive this ignorant girl for being too anxious earlier!”

“Forget it!” Fang Yuan waved his hand dismissively, not giving it much thought.

Sacred Lord Fresh Flowers would probably push all the blame on him when the Two Furies of Netherheaven arrived, but so what?

How many in the Mental Demon Realm knew him?

Instead, he would be increasing the risk if he were to stay and deal with more of these Demon Gods.

Therefore, Fang Yuan left without any hesitation.

Sacred Lord Fresh Flowers gazed at the direction Fang Yuan left in, looking thoughtful.

...

The scorching sun burned in the sky.

Empty desert.

A three-hump demon camel was walking in the desert.

The sand here was corrosive with an innate poison. There was a natural restriction in the sky, making it difficult for even Demon Gods to continue flying.

As a result, the entire desert was a famous perilous land in the Mental Demon Realm.

However, three-hump demon camels lived around the desert and were a very convenient means of transportation.

Its shape was similar to a small mountain with three humps, and each of them stored a lot of water and food.

It had a furry sole, like that of a small boat, allowing it to walk on the corrosive sand as though it were flat land.

Many Demons relied on such camels to form caravans in the desert, thereby earning rich profits.

However, even though three-hump demon camels evolved from Demon Spirits, the probability was extremely low. They had limited numbers and were inherently eternal.

Only when there was one less camel would a fortunate Demon Spirit evolve into one.

As such, most of these demon camels were monopolized by powerful Demons, Sacred Lord Fresh Flowers among them.

The one Fang Yuan was riding belonged to a caravan originally, but they gave the camel to him after seeing him.

After he released his Demon God aura and dropped some compensation, none of the Demons dared to make noise.

The camel's humps were very soft, as though sitting on a sofa, so comfortable that you might just fall asleep.

"The biggest gain from the World of Confucian this time is probably... those world coordinates!"

Fang Yuan laid on the camel as he thought back to those scenes earlier.

"The coordinates of the Huaxia world... was actually hidden on me because I myself have an imprint of that civilization on me..."

"And... the Grand Festival of Heaven and Earth that Sun Shengru used is inextricably linked to the Huaxia civilization. Or perhaps it was simply a sacrifice to that high-level world?"

"It seems like the intrinsic quality of the world I'm pursuing is comparable to the Mental Demon Realm or even beyond it? If that's the case..."

Fang Yuan pondered carefully as a flash of light passed through his eyes.

Chapter 1007: Demon Territory

The scorching sun emanated golden waves.

Even ordinary Demon Spirits would be burnt alive under the searing temperatures.

However, the three-hump demon camel had adapted to this. Its humps were constantly exuding water vapor, forming a kind of cooling protection.

"Qi of Yin and Yang, Qi of Righteousness and Demonism?"

Fang Yuan looked at the black and white Qis in his hands.

Sun Shengru was worthy of having a world's providence. He was extremely talented and equally tenacious. Even after a defeat, he could quickly recover and immediately prepare his counterattack.

The special environment of the Mental Demon Realm seemed to have given him quite a lot of inspiration, making him progress further and break through.

"The extremity of Righteousness is Demonism, and the extremity of Demonism is Righteousness... They give rise to each other, and the two combined is the ultimate truth. This realm can already be called the Yin-Yang Great Dao!"

Even Great Daos had differences in their power.

Among them, the Samsara Great Dao, Space Great Dao, and Time Great Dao were the top ones.

Following them were Yin-Yang and the Five Elements.

Fang Yuan's Creation Great Dao could perhaps place into the second class.

“However, the Dream Great Dao is all-encompassing. Samsara, Space-Time, and the Five Elements can all be assimilated into it. It is absolutely first class... Unfortunately, I have to devour the Abominable Lord to advance it!”

Manipulating time, space, creation, the five elements, and samsara were all but the matter of a mere thought in dreams.

Therefore, the Dream Great Dao had the highest capacity.

Fang Yuan was now sure that he had to devour the Abominable Lord to promote his Creation Great Dao to the next level, proving his Dao Fruit of Dream.

“From these two black and white Qis, I can estimate Sun Shengru’s cultivation. Even if he hasn’t mastered the Yin-Yang Great Dao yet, he must be close... What a pity...”

The Yin-Yang Great Dao was very compatible with the Creation Great Dao as well. If he could have devoured it, it would have surely increased the power of his Creation Great Dao to the next level.

Fang Yuan sighed regretfully. In the World of Confucian, even Netherheaven Demon Gods were no match for Sun Shengru, including him! Devouring his Great Dao was just wishful thinking.

After all, when pressed against a corner, Sun Shengru would hold the Grand Festival of Heaven and Earth and receive an incomprehensible power.

The black and white Qis in his hands gradually separated, differentiated... and eventually turned into strands of silver thread-like nomological power.

“Even if I refine it many times, this is the most that I can do out of such a small amount of Yin-Yang nomological power!”

Fang Yuan paused briefly before devouring the nomological power in one mouthful.

Although he had only condensed a few Great Daos, as a result of having devoured part of a Heavenly Dao, he had the nomological power of numerous Great Daos and an extremely strong foundation.

Otherwise, he would not have been able to break through the bottleneck to Netherheaven so quickly.

The camel suddenly stopped.

“Hmm? Arrived at Black Demon Gorge?”

Fang Yuan looked at a giant valley in front of him. “So I’ll reach the Original Sin Demon Territory after I pass through here? It seems somewhat troublesome!”

The three-hump demon camel clearly sensed the danger and stopped walking forward.

“Rumour has it that many ferocious beasts dwell within this Black Demon Gorge. They are exceptionally cunning and savage, and even Demon Masters find it difficult to resist them...”

Under Fang Yuan’s urging, the camel made a few sounds before finally stepping inside Black Demon Gorge.

The gorge was incomparably enormous and towered up to the heavens. The small mountain-sized three-hump demon camel appeared no different from ordinary camels inside the gorge.

Buzz buzz!

After entering the gorge, numerous strange echoes poured forth, sounding like the buzzing wings of some bug.

Shortly afterward, a dark cloud full of bugs appeared.

“This is... Seven Emotions Zerg?! No, they look similar, but this is different... a subspecies?”

Fang Yuan’s eyes gleamed. Those bugs looked like giant black cicadas, similar to the Seven Emotions Zerg that he had seen in the Mecha Cultivation World.

“So the Abominable Lord wasn’t altered by the Zerg genes, but he had those powers to start with? His aura isn’t present on these Demon Bugs, so they must have evolved from ordinary Demon Spirits. However, they were influenced by his nomological rules to some degree!”

The influence of a Demon God, especially a Netherheaven Demon God Overlord, had over their territory was terrifying.

For example, after Demon God Black Flame had transformed his territory, most of the Demon Spirits in his territory had evolved to become Black Flame Evil Demons.

And these Demon Bugs were the evolution of Demon Spirits that were influenced by the Abominable Lord.

Even so, it should have been unintentional.

One was intentional, while the other was unintentional. This was the huge disparity between Demon God Black Flame and the Abominable Lord.

Upon seeing the bug cloud, the three-hump demon camel immediately stopped and let out cries of fear.

“Scram!”

Fang Yuan’s eyes gleamed, and he unleashed his Demon God aura.

The bug cloud immediately dispersed. Countless bugs could not bear the terrifying aura and fell unconscious, forming a thick layer on the ground.

But immediately after the bug cloud dispersed, a large group of ferocious beasts quickly closed in.

“Eh? That’s...”

Before long, Fang Yuan saw giant green beasts surrounding him.

They all had four legs and a tail hanging down, looking like big green dogs. Saliva dripped continuously from their white teeth.

“Heaven Devouring Beasts?!”

This was a special kind of advanced evolution path for Demon Spirits. They were said to be able to devour everything. If they reached the peak of their power, they could even devour nomological rules and the power of Great Daos.

Legend had it that the Infinite Devourer had evolved from these beasts.

However, Fang Yuan scoffed at these Heaven Devouring Beasts and instead thought about his Heaven Devouring Mystic Technique.

“These beasts are all adults. And this scale... Once they attack, even Demon Gods would find it difficult to fend them off. They must be the masters of Black Demon Gorge!”

Fang Yuan released a hint of the aura of the Heaven Devouring Great Dao.

“Woowoo!”

Immediately, the beasts clipped their tail between their legs and knelt with their forelimbs.

“As expected... this restrains them!”

Fang Yuan could not help smiling.

The Heaven Devouring Great Dao could be regarded as the lifelong pursuit of the Heaven Devouring Beasts. Their king and even emperor were far from this level.

Someone able to do so was their god!

If Fang Yuan wished to, he could even control them.

If other Demons were to see this, they would be utterly astonished.

After all, the best way to deal with the Heaven Devouring Beasts of Black Demon Gorge was to satisfy them by abandoning goods or even fellow clansmen!

As long as they were not unlucky enough to encounter a large beast tide, they could feed them to avoid being attacked.

However, Fang Yuan alone controlled a giant group of beasts!

If it had been other Demon Gods, they might not have been able to do it this well. However, Fang Yuan was an oddity among oddities and could be considered the natural nemesis of these beasts.

“Did Demon God Myriad Thunder and the others obtain the Heaven Devouring Mystic Technique from these Heaven Devouring Beasts? But if so, then these beasts would already have Demon God-level cultivation...” Fang Yuan pondered curiously.

He waved his hand casually, and dozens of Heaven Devouring Beasts guarded the three-hump demon camel, surrounding it like loyal guards.

The Black Demon Gorge feared by other Demons was thus easily traversed through.

Three days later, he exited the gorge and was met with a scarlet land.

“Finally, the Original Sin Demon Territory! The Abominable Lord must be searching all over the Mental Demon Realm for me, but he doesn’t know that I’ve already arrived at his lair!”

Fang Yuan waved, making the three-hump demon camel and Heaven Devouring Beasts return to the Black Demon Gorge, and stepped into the territory alone.

“Major Chiliocosm Illusion Art, cast Illusions!”

He had undoubtedly cultivated the illusion technique that the Heavenly Consort had taught him to its peak. He easily transformed into a Seven Emotions Bug and suppressed all other fluctuations.

“This Original Sin Demon Territory is not simple... There are characteristics of God Nation!”

This was Fang Yuan’s first thought after stepping onto this blood land.

The soil here was very unusual, showing a scarlet color. It was as though you could squeeze a large amount of blood out of it with a simple pinch.

Moreover, the nomological power in the air was very strange, feeling as if the full force of a Netherheaven Demon God’s Dark Heavenly Dao had taken over.

“But... the Abominable Lord shouldn’t be here. Even if he was, Netherheaven Demon Gods can’t maintain this state constantly.”

The feeling this Original Sin Demon Territory gave Fang Yuan was that it had separated from the Mental Demon Realm and became the personal territory of the Abominable Lord.

In other words, a God Nation on land. However, it was definitely more terrifying than a God Nation!

“To open another realm within the Mental Demon Realm... It’s no wonder that it can’t connect with the large teleportation arrays of the outside world...”

Fang Yuan blocked off his entire body with his Great Dao’s power, not allowing a hint of his aura to leak.

The Original Sin Demon Territory was the world of the Abominable Lord. With a mere thought, he could easily count the number of lifeforms within.

He could not reveal any hint that he was here if he wanted to remain hidden.

There was no doubt that the Abominable Lord was the strongest Netherheaven Demon God that Fang Yuan had ever met!

The likes of Sacred Lord Purple Crow and Sacred Lord Fresh Flowers could not even hold a candle to him.

“He has transformed even the Mental Demon Realm...”

Fang Yuan realized that despite trying to overestimate the Abominable Lord as much as possible, he had still underestimated him.

The Abominable Lord had already reached the point where he was only one step away from the Dao Fruit realm. Without the impediment of the Dao of Dream Master, he could have broken through long ago!

"I still have a long way to go if I want to deal with him... It's just nice that he's transformed the nomological rules of this Original Sin Demon Territory. I will delve deep into it and try to analyze his nomological rules and Great Dao..."

With the basis of the previous world, Fang Yuan was among the top few regarding familiarity with the Abominable Lord.

Once he arrived at this thought, the Seven Emotions Bug that he had transformed into immediately flapped its wings and flew deep into the blood grounds.

"Every place belonging to the Mental Demon Realm should have Demons living in it... The Abominable Lord's territory should have more Demon Spirits than that of Sacred Lord Fresh Flowers..."

Fang Yuan flew leisurely, and it was not long before he detected some energy fluctuations. Feeling pleased, he slowly approached.

Chapter 1008: Sacrifice

A bonfire burning.

A group of humans were singing and dancing around the fire, as though they were carrying out a mysterious ritual.

That's right. Humans! Actual humans!

"How the hell are there humans in the Mental Demon Realm? Did the Abominable Lord plunder a world and then bring them here?"

Fang Yuan was high in the air, marveling at the scene.

Below him, at the end of the blood lands, were more than just humans. There were ridges and furrows, towns and cities.

It looked like an entire human civilization had migrated here, full of a sense of wonder.

"In the Mental Demon Realm's environment, ordinary humans wouldn't be able to survive unless they've mutated... But the Original Sin Demon Territory belongs to the Abominable Lord, so he can forcibly change the nomological rules and vitality here, making it habitable for humans..."

Fang Yuan looked at the surroundings, feeling puzzled. "But why did he go through all that trouble?"

As he was thinking, the ritual below him continued.

"The omnipresent Abominable Lord!

"Allow us to leave the endless City of Pain far behind through you!

"Allow us to leave the eternal Pit of Misery far behind through you!

"Allow us to offer you a sacrifice of three men consigned to eternal damnation!

"Revered Creator, Eternal Creator, please protect your people. Expel the demons from our cities and villages, and bless us with a good harvest this year!"

...

A group of people pushed the three sacrifices to the stakes while chanting hymns.

Of the three people, one had their eyes stitched shut, while another had their mouth stitched shut with something squirming in his stomach. The last one had their body covered in sulfur. Immediately after being pushed into the flames, they started howling in agony.

Whoosh!

The fierce flames devoured the three sacrifices.

A few Demon Spirits flew into the flames, and suddenly, a strange transformation occurred.

Three Seven Emotions Bugs flew out from the flames, and the faces on their heads belonged to that of the sacrifices. There was even a symbol on each of their foreheads.

“Envy? Gluttony? And lust?”

“So... is the origin of the Seven Emotions Zerg in the Mental Demon Realm?”

Fang Yuan had a sudden revelation. “The Abominable Lord is raising these humans in captivity merely to provide nutrients... But this breed of Seven Emotions Bugs is different compared to that of the previous world. This isn’t too strange considering one is the fusion with Zerg genes, while this one is an original species. In fact, it would be strange if they were the same!

“Aside from these, would the following be wrath, greed, sloth, and pride? As expected of the Original Sin Demon Territory!”

He had to admit the migration of large amounts of humans by the Abominable Lord was a stroke of genius.

After all, while there were noble humans, when it came to degeneration, they were absolutely the fastest. They could be called the best nourishment for the Seven Sins.

As a result, this Demon God had spared no expense to transplant an entire human civilization here.

Chi! Chi!

The three Seven Emotions Bugs flew onto the ridges, opened their mouths, and inhaled.

A swarm of insects instantly flew out before being devoured. The harvest of wheat would be good this year.

“We thank the Lord’s messengers for your blessing!”

The mortals started cheering excitedly, feeling that nothing was wrong at all.

“A regular ritual involving prayer for Demons and creating Demons, huh?”

Fang Yuan shook his head. The Abominable Lord had arranged all the natural disasters and insect plagues long beforehand.

He remained hidden behind the scene. A slight alleviation of the conditions through using a few Demons had garnered him large amounts of favor and faith. It was sad and lamentable.

“Don’t these humans know that they’re drinking poison to quench their thirst? But even if they knew, there wouldn’t be anything they could do. This is the sad plight of the weak...”

Fang Yuan sighed and ignored them, focusing his attention on the ritual sacrifice’s wording.

“City of Pain? Pit of Misery?”

“Being included in the ritual magic as part of the important incantation means that it must really exist and is rather important... even if they don’t sound like pleasant places...”

He landed, transformed into an ordinary human, and approached the nearest village.

“Who are you?” A patrolling militia found him immediately.

These militiamen were well-built, armored, and equipped with sharp spears.

“I’m just a passing traveler wanting to rest in this village!” Fang Yuan answered casually, but his voice carried a powerful influence.

“Okay, then follow me!”

This type of emotional influence immediately dazed the militia leader, who had wanted to give a stringent inspection. “Outsider, remember not to cause trouble in Ample Favor Village. You wouldn’t want to bear the consequences. Also, we don’t have any more rooms. There’s only a small wood shack available.”

He was in his forties, sported a full beard, and had scars covering his body, clearly an experienced soldier. He led Fang Yuan into the village.

Hmm, the patrol is strong. Is it a precaution against some sort of invasion?

Fang Yuan headed straight for the center of the village.

Normally, the core of the village would be where the home of the chief and the public office were.

However, Fang Yuan only saw a small black sacrificial altar.

The sacrificial altar stood in the center of the public square and appeared to be carved entirely from obsidian.

All kinds of strange and twisted bodies were on it, invoking an evil and demonic charm.

The stone surface was incredibly smooth and covered with a layer of grease. Many people must have rubbed against it over time.

“Actually worshiping an evil god in broad daylight...”

Looking at it, Fang Yuan could not help but be dumbfounded.

This type of sacrificial altar and its blood sacrifice requirements were explicitly prohibited and severely cracked down against in any normal Divine Dao world.

However, in the Original Sin Demon Territory, it was magnificent and presentable.

“Link, why did you carelessly bring an outsider into the village?”

An old man with a head full of white hair was hurrying toward them. He looked like a kind neighborhood grandfather, but he had been the one leading the ritual previously.

“I...” Link froze, finding it difficult to answer.

“Allow me to explain. I’m a traveler from faraway lands and want to go to the legendary Pit of Misery and City of Pain!”

“What?”

“Are you out of your mind? You want to go to that kind of place?”

Link and the village chief were utterly astonished. “The Pit of Misery is a place that only the souls of the dead can go to. If a living person wants to go there, they’d have to pass through the Toxic Marsh, Infernal Grounds, and then eventually lose their life in the Death Undergrounds... As for the City of Pain, it is even harder to get to. Although it lies in the depths of the Pit of Misery, it will never appear in this world unless the Pit of Misery is full of the souls of the dead!”

“Oh? Really?”

Fang Yuan’s eyes brightened. He asked a few more questions and then snapped his fingers.

Link and the village chief were briefly dazed before life filled their eyes once again. “Are you Lin Meng? You wish to go to Vast Sea City?”

“Yes. I didn’t think I would chance upon the village’s sacrifice!” Fang Yuan’s face appeared to be full of fear.

“It was their utmost honor to become sacrifices!” the village head said matter-of-factly with a regretful tone. “Our village is weak. Legend has it that the powerful cities sacrifice tens of thousands of prisoners after capturing cities. They could even draw an incarnation of the Lord into the world...”

Fang Yuan could see that the village chief was full of admiration when he said those words. There was not a hint of pain, regret, or empathy that a normal person would have.

Even the onlookers were accustomed to it.

It was like their morals had been completely distorted.

No... not distorted. It is because of the influence of custom...

The situation was akin to a newborn child being told that the color white was black. After the child grew up, they would naturally take white as black.

From Fang Yuan’s perspective, this was the situation with the people in these cities.

“I wonder if the legend of the Pit of Misery came about this way?”

Fang Yuan suddenly found his direction.

However, in the Abominable Lord's territory, he stuck with his role and set off as a traveler the next day.

...

"Toxic Marsh, Infernal Grounds, Death Undergrounds..."

He hurried toward the center of the Original Sin Demon Territory, passing through one human settlement after another, before eventually arriving at a barren land.

At the end of the barren land, he could feel the intense aura of toxins and flames.

"These three isolated areas and the many monsters within are only obstacles to ordinary humans!"

The Toxic Marsh was brimming with poisonous gas, the Infernal Grounds had fires reaching up to the sky, and the most terrifying Death Underground was full of an omnipresent nomological rules of death.

These three layers of protection were claimed to be impenetrable.

However, they were not much to Fang Yuan. Not long afterward, he arrived at the edge of the Pit of Misery.

No!

This was no longer a pit, but an abyss! An abyss that reached beyond sight! Full of the air of pain and desolation.

At the bottom of the abyss was a layer of light blue fluorescence. It was a sea of souls, yet it only occupied a barely noticeable point.

"The City of Pain is the lair of the Abominable Lord... He must have set special nomological rules for his lair, which echoed throughout the entire God Nation. Besides him, these rules can't be broken unless the entire God Nation is demolished..."

This was obviously impossible. Fang Yuan had sensed the size of the Pit of Misery, and making the City of Pain appear naturally by filling the Pit of Misery was almost impossible as well.

It was just as described in the legends.

The Abominable Lord had set a restriction on his lair, the City of Pain. Besides him and forcibly breaking through, the last option was to fill the Pit of Misery with souls!

"Is a massacre due? But it seems like the number of humans in the Original Sin Demon Territory isn't enough!"

Fang Yuan laughed coldly and jumped down suddenly.

Since he could not infiltrate through normal means, he was planning to unravel the nomological rules of this place.

This was not a forceful attack, nor did he fulfill the requirements. Instead, he was trying to solve the restriction from the ground up. Although it would be incredibly tough, with his familiarity with the Abominable Lord's Great Dao, it was possible!

Chapter 1009: Line of Defense

In the Mecha Cultivation World, Fang Yuan had once defeated the Abominable Lord and used the Heaven Devouring Mystic Technique to devour the nomological rules of the Abominable Lord's Great Dao.

In fact, this was the ebb and flow of destiny.

Through researching the Seven Emotions and Six Desires Great Daos and other nomological rules that the Abominable Lord had left behind, he had gained a deep understanding of his ways.

He immediately began unraveling the nomological rules of the Pit of Misery.

"The Abominable Lord is most proficient with the power of emotions... To satisfy the Pit of Misery, I actually only need the most intense power of emotions. My Dao of Dream Master can provide considerable assistance in this area..."

His Creation Great Dao had developed from the initial Dream Master seed and could be considered to share a common origin with the Abominable Lord's Dao path, so it was a great tool for unraveling the rules.

"If there is a Demon God that can circumvent the restriction set by the Abominable Lord among the Mental Demons, it must be me... He must have never considered this."

Fang Yuan dived into the sea of souls and saw a restriction that looked like a purple electric net.

"Dao of Creation, power of emotions, open for me!" he shouted. The Creation Great Dao appeared and agglomerated the ultimate power of emotions. He cleverly guided this power and silently opened a gap in the net.

Fang Yuan licked his lips and stepped in.

Rumble!

Everything around him suddenly changed!

This place seemed to be a small plane. The sky and earth were grey except for a small city in the center.

Multicolored balls of light filled most of the space.

"As expected, the Abominable Lord went out to hunt me!" His eyes brightened. "But... this lair has some tough defense!"

The multicolored lights outside the City of Pain were obviously a defensive measure.

However, the more that this was the case, the more excited Fang Yuan became because the Abominable Lord must have hidden many good things in his lair.

"Multicolored lights?"

Fang Yuan stepped forward and poked the light gently. Immediately, thoughtfulness filled his eyes. "Dream Projection? Not even Netherheaven Demon Gods could break this silently because none of them are proficient with deciphering dreams."

This dream barrier was clearly designed to resist other Demon Gods.

However, Fang Yuan was its nemesis.

He roared in a low voice and extended his left hand.

Rumble!

The multicolored lights expanded at an incredible pace and then devoured Fang Yuan's figure in an instant.

...

"The tables will turn! Don't underestimate poor youths!"

A youth covered in blood stood tall despite the wounds all over his body and blood flowing from his face. "You robbed my fiancée and damaged my reputation. Do you dare bet that I, Wang Tianming, will surpass you in three years?!"

"Psycho. Go beat him to death!"

Opposite the youth was a rich young master in brocade clothes. He dug his ears. "I don't know why, but that line is rather familiar... You're not the first one to say it to me."

"Understood!"

Two middle-aged lackeys in black lunged at the youth.

While the defiant youth cried out in agony, the young master was lost in thought. "Don't underestimate poor youths... Don't underestimate... Hold on, I-I remember!"

After clearing his thoughts, Fang Yuan broke the mystery of the dream and recovered his memory.

I am Netherheaven Demon God Fang Yuan. In the process of unraveling the Abominable Lord's dream protection... I'm already in the dream now!!!

Upon careful recollection, he remembered his identity in the dream. He was the son of the Noble Mountain Sect Master, Fang Xu! Not only did he have Pugilistic World tycoon parents that doted him, but he was also extremely talented. At the age of eighteen, he had cultivated to the Connate realm and was known by the alias 'Drizzle Sword', having a small reputation.

On top of that, he was born handsome and dashing, indistinctly holding the title of the most handsome man in the Pugilistic World, sweeping countless girls off their feet. Who knew how many fantasized about being with him.

As for the fiancée of the Wang Tianming in front of him, she had come to him on her own initiative. Fang Xu naturally did not reject and cuckolded him.

The youth was so furious that he came to challenge him. However, he ended up beaten like a dead dog.

The standard but overused, melodramatic, face-slapping, engagement-breaking plot... Will this kid suddenly become strong? Or maybe he has a cheat?

Fang Yuan was slightly shocked and then chuckled. *This dream realm protection is really...*

In fact, those lost in dreams often immersed themselves in beautiful things. Even if they knew it was not real, they would not want to escape.

For example, the experience this time for Fang Yuan was a winner in life, the template of a tall, handsome, and rich man.

If his True Spirit had not managed to wake up, then his life would be smooth sailing without a bit of hardship or any setbacks. It would be a joyous ride throughout life.

Only this kind of dream would make people lose themselves within it.

Otherwise, physical and emotional suffering would make it easy for someone to realize that they were in a dream.

But now that I've woken up, the dream will change! Fang Yuan shook his head. *This Fang Xu had a smooth-sailing life, but now that my True Spirit has awakened, the entire world will make me its enemy.*

In other words, his fate as a heaven's chosen would change.

On the other hand, those who opposed him would be able to benefit everywhere and progress swiftly.

Such as... this lucky bastard in front of me!

Fang Yuan's voice raised slightly at the thought. "Zhang Long, Zhao Hu... beat him with all your strength! Beat him until he dies!"

At the same time, he surveyed his surroundings and checked out his new body. "It looks real yet isn't, like a dream... This world is unexpectedly no different from the real world. It has the same strict nomological rules!

"To unravel this dream world, the first method is by force. This obviously won't work in the Abominable Lord's setup. In that case, the only way out is the second method—adapt to the situation and try to find flaws!"

This kind of situation was even more difficult than the crossing over of Netherheaven Demon Gods.

After all, Netherheaven Demon Gods could still use their Dark Side Heavenly Dao to counteract the power of a Heavenly Dao and regain a portion of their strength.

However, there was no such good thing in the Abominable Lord's dream world.

Unless the degree of unraveling the dream world increases, you had to play by the dream's rules.

"But still, this world is way too realistic. I can't detect any false spots even with my abilities!"

Once he found a false spot, he could use that flaw in the dream world to break through directly.

This situation he was in was the most troublesome.

Fang Yuan could only helplessly play the role of Fang Xu and continue with being the son of a powerful family.

"Fang Xu, I'll remember this!" Wang Tianming's voice was brimming with hatred as he rolled on the ground.

"Sorry, I'm always quick to forget the wails of ants. Hurry up and kill him!"

Fang Yuan's expression turned cold and, at the same time, slightly curious.

"Understood!" Zhang Long grinned as he pulled out a steel dagger.

"What are you doing?" Just then, a delightful voice that was as clear as water sounded.

Whoosh whoosh!

A green figure flashed past, and the two lackeys flew backward. "You dare kill in broad daylight?"

With a fragrant breeze, an exquisite and delicate face appeared.

"It's you! Ling Xian'er?" Fang Yuan frowned. Playing his role perfectly, he smiled. "Sister Lin is here! A rare guest! A distinguished guest!"

"I don't dare to accept!"

Ling Xian'er helped Wang Tianming to his feet, her face full of anger. "Daddy always told me that the Noble Mountain Sect is a righteous sect. Who would have thought that their young sect master was such a bully!"

Fang Yuan knocked his brain and recalled a lot of information. *Ling Xian'er's father, the leader of the Great River Alliance, a top expert at Connate perfection?*

There were no magical powers nor spiritual techniques in this world, only martial arts, and the various sects had a strong influence over the world.

This Fang Xu was a genius, but he had only just entered the Connate realm. He was naturally lacking compared to the experts at the perfection stage.

Unfortunately... I can't use much of my true strength yet...

Fang Yuan carefully examined Fang Xu's body. There was a pure energy in the body, which should be the inner force of this world.

However, even if it was enough to deal with the young man and woman before him, he would definitely not stand a chance against her father, the leader of the Great River Alliance.

If you are killed in a dream world, even if it isn't real, dying will make you immerse yourself deeper into the dream and become unable to extricate yourself. After all, this is someone else's dream world!

Fang Yuan pursed his lips. *I'm riding a tiger and unable to get off now. If this girl runs away with Wang Tianming, it will certainly become trouble later.*

Fang Yuan's expression grew cold at the thought, and he started to think about the possibility of murder.

But the next moment, a barely noticeable aura revealed itself, and Fang Yuan had to suppress his killing intent. *There's someone hidden nearby, and he's an expert. Is it Ling Xian'er's father?*

Dream worlds were the home field of Dream Masters, and they were practically omnipotent in them.

However, Fang Yuan's situation was different because this was no ordinary dream world. Even worse, the Abominable Lord had personally set it up.

Before finding any flaws or loopholes, he could use none of his abilities, and he could only fight the enemy using Fang Xu's cultivation.

Although I can kill these two, I'll definitely die in the counterattack...

Fang Yuan looked at Ling Xian'er and cupped his hands. "You two can leave. I wonder why Miss Xian'er has come here?"

She was a renowned Pugilistic World heroine with the backing of the Great River Alliance and rarely interacted with the Noble Mountain Sect.

Chapter 1010: Sheer Cold

"Hmph, you don't need to know!"

Ling Xian'er snorted. But with her looks, even her slightly angry face was overwhelmingly beautiful. If the former handsome dandy saw it, his eyes would have certainly lit up, and he would have been unable to control himself.

"Okay... let's go back!"

Fang Yuan's eyes narrowed and glanced toward the nearby bushes before leaving the scene with his two subordinates.

With eyes full of hatred, Wang Tianming looked at the direction that Fang Yuan had left in. He then cupped his hands toward Ling Xian'er. "My name is Wang Tianming. Thank you for saving me, miss. I will surely repay your kindness in the future!"

"You are also a fellow Pugilistic World member, so there's no need for thanks. However, do you really plan on seeking revenge against this Fang Xu three years from now? He is not only the young sect master of the Noble Mountain Sect but a famous genius in the Pugilistic World as well!"

Ling Xian'er sized up Wang Tianming curiously. "With all due respect... with your potential and cultivation, that will be extremely difficult!"

Wang Tianming trembled.

The Noble Mountain Sect was a first-class sect with countless experts. The sect master, 'Fang Tianhan,' was at Connate perfection and rank forty-nine on the Martial Roll!

Fang Xu reached where he was today with his father's personal teaching, the martial arts of the Noble Mountain Sect, countless magical pills, and his own outstanding talent.

Wang Tianming was behind in every respect, and it would be incredibly difficult for him to catch up.

"Although it is extremely difficult, I must do it!" Wang Tianming clenched his fist. "I will definitely catch up to his cultivation within three years!"

Although he had learned some martial arts, they were basic techniques taught to him by a traveling Daoist. Nevertheless, he made this declaration in a confident tone that was full of conviction and charisma.

"Hehe... this kind of reckless youngster is becoming rare these days!"

A silhouette flashed, and a middle-aged man in green robes appeared on the scene.

Three fluttering strands of beard decorated his elegant features. He had a scholarly temperament, looking like a village teacher.

"Daddy!" Ling Xian'er exclaimed and affectionately attached herself to his arm.

This man was none other than the Great River Alliance Leader, Ling Xian'er's father, Xuan Tianzi.

"Why didn't you come out earlier and teach that dandy a lesson?" Ling Xian'er pouted.

"His father and I are both experts on the Martial Roll, and it wouldn't be wise to start a conflict..." Xuan Tianzi smiled. However, he was still a little puzzled. "That Fang Xu seemed to have sensed my presence before he left. How is that possible for someone on the Hidden Dragon Roll?"

The Martial Dao was popular in this world, and the 'Martial Roll' served to distinguish between the experts.

On the other hand, the Hidden Dragon Roll was for the new generation of young experts. Those on the roll could not exceed thirty years old, and the ones at the top of the roll were at most at the initial Connate realm.

With such a huge difference in power, it should not have been possible for him to sense anything!

"Greetings Alliance Leader!" Wang Tianming greeted respectfully.

"Good! Wang Tianming, is it?" Xuan Tianzi sized up Wang Tianming carefully. For some reason, he felt a sense of joy. "Although you're a bit reckless, that's adorable as well. Would you like to join the Great River Alliance and become my in-name disciple?"

"Disciple is willing. Disciple pays respect to Master!" Wang Tianming knelt without any hesitation and gave Xuan Tianzi eight kowtows.

"Hmm... All right, you will return with us to the Great River Alliance... There's no need to visit this Noble Mountain Sect now!" Xuan Tianzi stroked his beard while feeling slightly shocked.

Even the Ling Xian'er at his side looked at him in astonishment. The stringency that Xuan Tianzi chose his disciples with was well-known.

However, she agreed with not going to the Noble Mountain Sect. "That Fang Xu is so annoying. I don't want to have anything to do with him at all!"

"Not bad..."

With dotting eyes, Xuan Tianzi looked at his daughter. "That Fang Xu is truly not a good match. My Xian'er's ideal husband must excel in both martial arts and academics, and be a person of character... Of course, the most important thing is to catch Xian'er's eyes. Haha..."

...

Noble Mountain Sect.

"This world... is too real... Too real to find any flaws!"

Fang Yuan narrowed his eyes, observed everything carefully on the way back, and could not help feeling shocked. "As expected of the Abominable Lord's arrangements... It almost made me think that he had obtained a world fragment from somewhere and merged it with the dream world... Wait! That's not out of the question!"

"Young Master!"

"Greetings, Eldest Senior Brother!"

He held an extraordinary position within the Noble Mountain Sect, and the disciples and deacons greeted him along the way.

"Mmmm!"

Following the dandy's memory, Fang Yuan walked with an arrogant swagger.

"I must have the power to protect myself if I want to explore this world!"

After returning to his room, he shut the door and ordered that no one was to disturb his seclusion training. He sat cross-legged on a meditation mat and began contemplating. "The rules of this world are strict, and it only has the power of Martial Dao True Qi... Even I can't break through them. How strange."

He became even more suspicious that the Abominable Lord had used a hybrid method to arrange this dream world protection. He had either used a True Spirit Exile Array or had merged a fragment of a Martial Dao world with it, making it feel very realistic.

"Although Netherheaven Demon Gods can break the limitations of worlds... this world is half real and half false, having the qualities of both the real world and a dream world at the same time, making it tough for me to even start doing anything."

Fang Yuan sighed. "Looks like I'll have to play by the rules."

Using this dandy's memory, he knew immediately that the Martial Dao was flourishing in this world, and martial artists were at the top of the world.

However, despite the many sects, true teachings were few. Most in the Pugilistic World were martial artists at the Acquired realm.

Connate experts could easily reign supreme over a region.

“Connate means to return True Qi to its origin. Fang Xu has already passed this level! Within my body is Connate True Primordial Qi... But in the Connate realm, there are the initial, intermediate, peak, and perfection stages. The difference between each stage is even greater than the difference between Acquired and Connate!”

According to his memory, an intermediate Connate expert could easily defeat two or three Fang Xus. The higher the level, the more apparent the difference. After reaching the perfection stage, group attacks were useless, and only those at the same level stood any chance.

“The reason is that all the perfection experts are bound to have mastered intent... be it Sword Intent or Saber Intent. In fact... this is a kind of spiritual pressure or domain... Experts using this would naturally steamroll ordinary people...”

At Connate perfection, the spirit underwent a qualitative change.

And this was the secret to why they did not fear group attacks from lower-level martial artists!

The release of intent would intimate those with evil intentions!

Although this was supposed to be a secret, Fang Tianhan, Fang Xu’s father, had told him a long time ago.

“The presence that I sensed hiding... was it Ling Xian’er’s father, the Great River Alliance Lleader, Xuan Tianzi?”

“Looks like I have to increase my strength as soon as possible. Otherwise, others could casually crush me like a fly, which would be quite unfortunate!”

Although death in this world was not true death, increased immersion of the True Spirit and even damage to the true body were inevitable.

He closed his eyes, and the Connate True Primordial Qi in his body started circulating according to a certain path. He was practicing the Noble Mountain Sect’s number one cultivation technique— ‘Sheer Cold Divine Formula!’

“How strange...” After one cycle, Fang Yuan was even more surprised. “Although this cultivation technique is crude, I can’t find any flaws even with my experience. In other words, I could even cultivate it in the real world...”

Low-level cultivation techniques also had their own merits.

Because the level was low, it was not much different from the nomological rules of Great Daos, and they were very adaptable.

It was like the common combat techniques of ordinary people. As long as the physiological structure was similar, the techniques were usable even in different worlds.

This was the same for the ‘Sheer Cold Divine Formula’. According to Fang Yuan’s estimations, it was directly usable in other similar martial art worlds. The adaptability was frightening.

“As expected... a fragment of a martial arts world has merged with this dream world.”

Fang Yuan was also an expert of the Dao of Dream Master and confirmed his earlier speculation. “The Abominable Lord is sure something!”

He could use his Dream Master methods to unravel simple dream worlds, and the fragments of small worlds were no match for the power of the Netherheaven Demon God.

However, the combination of the two presented a new form, and deciphering it tested Fang Yuan’s abilities.

“‘Sheer Cold Divine Formula’ consists of three chapters, setting Connate perfection as the goal. They are Winter Snow, Endure Frost, and Sheer Cold! Fang Xu had cultivated a dozen or so years before finally finishing the Winter Snow chapter and advancing to the Connate realm!”

In Fang Yuan’s mind, a chapter on an inner force core cultivation technique and the corresponding moves and movement techniques suddenly emerged.

“Cultivation power isn’t something that happens overnight unless you use heavenly materials and earthly treasures, such as a hundred-year vermilion fruit. As for the situation now? Impossible.”

The original Fang Xu was a heaven’s chosen and destined to succeed.

However, after his True Spirit awoke and wanted to break through the dream world, the entire world would stop him by making things as difficult for him as possible.

“The former Fang Xu would be able to obtain any heavenly materials and earthly treasures. However, now it was his enemy’s turn to enjoy providence. Discovering secret martial arts manuals by jumping off a cliff, having old men pass them down personally, and so on were all possible! For instance, that Wang Tianming...”

Fang Yuan shook his head in his mind. “My providence has suffered great damage, and I will face obstacles at every turn. How could I forcefully provoke karma?”

Fortunately, the nomological rules of this world were strict. Even if it was heaven’s will, he would not die from a sudden lightning strike. After all, this was just a mortal world.

“But under heaven’s will, the circumstances will eventually end up unfavorable for me. The only way is to resolve matters by force!” Fang Yuan made up his mind. “I’ll put aside cultivation power for now and focus on trying to master intent!”

‘Sheer Cold Divine Formula’ aimed toward Connate perfection, so it would naturally teach intent as well.

There was an incredible mysterious snowflake pattern on the last page of the martial arts manual. According to Fang Tianhan, if someone could make sense of the pattern, they would have comprehended intent.

It was a shame that only Fang Tianhan could understand the pattern out of all the Connate experts in the Noble Mountain Sect.

Fang Tianhan had also used this to advance directly to Connate perfection and enter the Martial Roll.

“Regarding comprehension... hehe...”

Fang Yuan laughed coldly. He directly skipped the many cultivation techniques and started focusing on the snowflake pattern.