

Eight Uncles 1151

[Chapter 1151 Searching for the Truth](#)

Alban, residing within the depths of the underworld, was aflame with intense passion, his heart ablaze with fervor.

The spirit energy in the underworld inherently surpasses that of the mortal world, and after being entrenched in an environment bereft of nurturing resources for an extended period, Alban was like a fish stranded on the shore.

Yet, with a sudden splash, he dove into the water, and an immediate sense of revitalization engulfed his physical and mental being.

One year...

Within such circumstances, even in the absence of effort, merely grant him a single year!

Alban believed that within this span, he could shatter his current limitations, for he sensed something loosening!

Alban remained oblivious to the fact that...

Spending one year in the underworld meant that three years in the mortal world passed. Whenever he left the underworld, he would die.

Serene furrowed her brows, yet Alban ignored her words. She immediately got angry.

The "Fairy" adopted an aloof demeanor, carefully emulating the expression of Emperor Prosper, and uttered nonchalantly, "Can you tell me where the spiritual spring is now?"

It comes to light that, after encountering Serene, Alban's presence was still met with disregard.

Clutching his teeth, Alban offered her a droplet of water from the spiritual spring.

The spiritual spring stood as an awe-inspiring resource throughout the underworld, and it was one of the most treasured assets for those who sought to cultivate their souls within this realm.

How could Serene possibly resist?

A harmonious accord struck. Serene guided him through the underworld, while Alban led her to the spiritual spring.

Alban reins in the fervor within him and imparts, "The spiritual spring is within the depths of the Ghost Abyss."

Serene's gaze darkened with a tinge of murderous intent. "Are you joking?"

Even beings of the stature of the Ruler of Hell dare not venture into the depths of the Ghost Abyss.

Venturing into the ghostly abyss was equivalent to courting one's demise.

Alban shook his head and clarified, "I'm not joking. The spiritual spring is in the Ghost Abyss. Within it, not only is the reservoir of spiritual springs abundant, but due to its inaccessibility, numerous springs converge to form a cascading waterfall."

He recounted his initial encounter and then candidly revealed, "I know how to get down Ghost Abyss, but you need to be patient..."

Serene found it difficult to resist Alban's sincerity and the allure of the spiritual spring waterfall. She agreed, saying, "Alright, I'll trust you for the time being!"

The duo hastened toward the Ghost Abyss.

...

Mount Cape, the cradle of mountains.

Legend had it that Eterna and Gaea once sought refuge on Mount Cape, preserving the world from inundation and peril.

Numerous ancient texts referenced Mount Cape repeatedly. However, when considering the directions outlined in these texts, particularly in mythical accounts, the described location of Mount Cape appeared incongruent with its actual position.

Two theories emerged to address this disjunction. The first postulated a time and space incongruity, suggesting that the Mount Cape described in various records was disparate due to temporal and spatial disparities.

The second theory revolved around enchantment. Some thought that Mount Cape from ancient myths was concealed, hence its vanishing without a trace, leaving behind an ostensibly ordinary towering peak in reality, also christened Mount Cape.

Ivan, upon researching Mount Cape, dismissed these narratives as tales spun by people who seek immortality.

Yet, his perspective changed drastically when he set foot in the underworld and laid eyes on this very mountain.

The "Classic of Mountains and Seas" painted Mount Cape as a pinnacle ascending directly into the heavens, aligning with the constellation Big Dipper, Eterna's capital, and where powerful deities resided. Hera was located in the heart of Mount Cape and held her dominion there.

Ivan gazed at the immense mountain before him, its form resembling a sky-piercing pillar. The mountain's summit was abruptly cut off, somewhat akin to Apex Mountain; it dwarfed him in comparison to the colossal mountain now facing him.

"Considering this description, it ought to be a celestial sacred mountain. How could it possibly reside within the underworld..."

Suppressing the astonishment swelling within him, Ivan embarked on a half-month journey from merely beholding the holy mountain to traversing its terrain.

At the foot of Mount Capes, he could not gauge the distance, which spanned countless miles.

The base of the mountain was smothered in somber mist, and the moment Ivan approached its perimeter, his chest constricted as if a force pressed upon his head, demanding entry as if he were to crawl in.

At the peak of his youthful vigor at 14, Ivan would not bow his back even if his knees gave way. How could he succumb to crawling?

He had toiled covertly for years, occasionally returning to see how Lilly was doing. Yet fate seemed to conspire against him, either by making him miss Lilly by chance or by catching a fleeting glimpse of her as she passed by.

Ivan felt as if he were on the brink of forgetting what Lilly looked like, with only the indelible glow of their time spent in the Ghost Abyss remaining at the forefront of his consciousness.

Resolute, Ivan advanced.

A soft snap resonated as if his bones were being crushed, draining color from Ivan's face and making his agony nearly overwhelming.

Clamping his jaws shut, he raised his head with effort, locking his gaze onto the sacred mountain before him with an enigmatic glint in his eyes!

An intuition seized him, suggesting that upon entering the mountain this time, he could dissolve the haze in his heart...

Who was he, truly?

[Chapter 1152 A Strange Heartbeat](#)

Layers of clouds enveloped Ivan's form, cloaking him one stratum at a time.

The ambient miasma lingered, akin to a malevolent specter brimming with hostility, lunging at him.

Ivan was unaware of the trail of blood he left behind as he ventured and couldn't recall how many times the barbed talons had slashed his body.

Resolutely, he fixed his gaze on the sacred mountain ahead.

Though the sacred mountain was seemingly invisible, Ivan had an epiphany. It was not the mountain that was imperceptible, but rather, he was within the sacred mountain!

The obscuring blood haze vanished from his sight, and suddenly, apparitions surged forth one by one. A woman who met a tragic death, an infant that was charred, a man with a bloodstained visage twisted in horror...

Ivan's fingers twitched slightly, and the long spear at his back unsheathed like a keen blade, resonating with a clang that dispelled all illusions before him.

Undaunted and undeterred, he refused to relinquish his vigilance. As anticipated, in less than half a heartbeat, a more potent malevolence than that of the Ghost Abyss swept over him, intent on devouring him!

Having been to the Ghost Abyss before, Ivan remained calm. He raised his hand to assail, his eyes void of hesitation or sentiment, bearing an indifference uncharacteristic of a typical teenager.

Time passed as Ivan slew the apparitions, sensing that the fixation of spirits at the mountain's base was a hundredfold more terrifying and potent than the apparitions within the abyss.

Had he not clung to his clarity, he might have succumbed to bloodlust, as he had in the Ghost Abyss, even if he resisted.

Ivan's gaze burned bright and unwavering as he scrutinized the depths of the mountain, methodically searching for an escape.

Abruptly, a radiant streak caught his attention. A semblance of a unique path had become apparent. The light possessed an unusual quality, born from the remnants of hostility shed after each successive layer of adversaries fell.

An imperceptible route emerged in a space untouched by malevolence's taint. A passage forged unwittingly amidst the expulsion of each stratum of hostility.

"It's here!"

Ivan muttered under his breath, his voice hushed. The long spear cleaved the air, parting it swiftly as he lunged forward in a single motion.

"Boom!"

The sinister and hostile atmosphere trailing him converged with a resounding tumult, resembling the clap of thunder.

Casting a backward glance, Ivan realized that he had successfully exited the perilous zone, finding himself inexplicably on the mountainside of the sacred mountain.

Lifting his gaze, he saw a colossal shadow engulf the sky, and the mountain stood like a forgotten deity, serenely commanding the land.

Seating himself, Ivan could not help but pant heavily, only then noticing that one of his legs had fractured at some point.

His bones were visible, and it appeared as though some evil force had gnawed and torn through his flesh and blood, leaving nothing but mangled remains.

He had not noticed it earlier!

Indeed, true predators often evade detection.

"I have experience now. If Lilly ever wishes to come next time..."

He mused on how to protect her.

Ivan was convinced that the mystery of Mount Cape ensured that if Lilly wanted to traverse that path, she would inevitably do so at least once.

Ivan rotated the ring dangling from his wrist.

The ring, which was hanging from a red thread, was somewhat smaller and more delicately made than Lilly's red string.

It was what Ivan had brought to this venture. It was a storage ring.

According to science, one might assume that there was a concealed folded space within the ring capable of accommodating objects thousands of times larger than the ring itself.

Upon first seeing the ring, Ivan felt it was suited for Lilly and intended to gift it to her.

Ivan retrieved a piece of fabric from within the ring, tearing it into slender strips. He then applied

medicinal powder to the exposed flesh and bones, procured branches, and smoothed their edges, spreading them on either side of his injured leg.

Having tended to his wound, he gulped down an elixir, propped himself against a rock, and surveyed the surroundings.

To his surprise, the area he had recently exited was the weakest point in the gloomy mist, with the smog around a mile away being tenfold denser than that of his previous location.

His calculations before entering the mountains were correct. This area had a gap.

Ivan marked a distinctive feature, intent on leading Lilly here on a future occasion.

Once his breathing was steady, Ivan had the energy to tend to his remaining injuries. Those on his face, shoulders, and back ranged from superficial abrasions to minor flesh wounds, yet under the influence of the elixir, the skin and flesh regenerated rapidly. At this juncture, such injuries were just scratches for Ivan.

Rising to his feet, he resumed his exploration of the mountain.

Mount Cape loomed with such grandiosity that ascending its summit appeared impracticable, akin to scaling the heavens themselves.

Ivan methodically sought the subtle stirring within his heart, inch by inch...

Abruptly, his gaze froze!

"Thump... thump... thump...:"

Beyond his heartbeat, he noticed the presence of other pulsations!

Undoubtedly, these were the sounds of heartbeats, each rhythm resonating with such clarity that Ivan thought someone stood directly behind him.

Applying pressure to the vitality fire on his shoulder, he swiveled his head sharply, yet his gaze met naught.

The heartbeat escalated.

"Thump... thump... thump..."

Goosebumps peppered Ivan's arms, and his skin broke out in a shiver.

"Whose heartbeat was that..."

Ivan tracked his heartbeat and fine-tuned his senses. After three days of meticulous pursuit, he ultimately detected a minuscule fissure within the mountain's wall.

At first glance, it resembled a common ravine, yet closer scrutiny evoked a sense that this crevice concealed something.

Ivan neared the gap, uncertain of its nature. Uncontrollably, his heartbeat synchronized with the mysterious rhythm, quickening steadily...

[Chapter 1153 The Fall of Gods](#)

Ivan's heart felt as if it were constricting tightly, his heartbeat spiraling beyond his control, nearly catapulting out of his throat!

"Puff!"

Ivan could not withstand the pressure, and a spray of blood burst forth from his lips, his complexion instantly paling to a sickly yellow hue.

Terror gripped him as he pondered whose heartbeat did that belong to? A mere heartbeat had inflicted such grave injury upon him.

How powerful was this being?

Clenching his teeth, Ivan retrieved a fragment from the storage ring.

It was a fragment he acquired during a prior encounter. He remained clueless about its nature. It had not exhibited any fluctuations, and he had considered it mere scrap metal.

Yet, at this moment, an intuition guided him that taking it out could potentially save his life!

He held the scrap iron before him, and with a resounding bang, the rust encasing it was expelled by the rhythmic pulse, unveiling a darkened core.

Amazement surged within Ivan as he witnessed the scrap iron transform into a malevolent artifact of unknown origin, rendering him invulnerable.

"It is useful!" Ivan marveled.

Seemingly, this item could also be given to Lilly if she wanted to venture here in the future.

Leaning against the "scrap iron," Ivan found that this seemingly mundane object possessed the keen edge of a blade, effortlessly slicing through the barrier sealing the gap. He stepped within.

From the age of seven, he had begun encountering the enigmatic mist. At eleven, he had crossed into the realm of the underworld.

Over the years, his fearless nature as a child remained, spurring him to confront danger head-on.

He had grown stronger incrementally, his journey punctuated by life-and-death experiences.

Countless scenarios had traversed Ivan's mind, but the scene before him had eluded all imagination.

In a single glance, there was a single thought in his mind.

Can Gods die?

Where do Gods go after death?

Do Gods get buried in the underworld after death?

Does Mount Cape serve as a resting place for Gods within the underworld?

Ivan's reaction was one of astonishment as he gazed upon an elevated heart being held aloft by a scepter.

Within the cave, a space only suited for one person's height, there was a vast expanse that initially resembled a dungeon. However, a scepter stood prominently within this "city," bearing nothing but the pulsating heart.

An indescribable, radiant illumination filled the dungeon, immediately invoking thoughts of a fallen God.

Ivan stood amidst the encircling mountain ranges encompassing the dungeon.

It took half a day for Ivan to go through the dungeon's depths, revealing that the structures he had perceived as houses from a distance were successive tombs.

As the moments passed, an increasingly somber atmosphere settled in.

How could there be such a place in the underworld... Ivan thought to himself.

Indeed, the underworld was the domain of departed souls, where memorials might be erected in the world of the living but not within the confines of the underworld.

Curiosity piqued within Ivan and he desired to unveil the identities of those interred within these tombs and decipher any inscriptions upon them. Yet, the gravestones stood in silent vigil, bereft of any words.

They were blank gravestones.

Ivan's brows furrowed, and with the utmost caution, he advanced toward the imposing scepter at the center.

The surrounding tombs adjacent to the scepter gradually ascended in stature, almost rivaling the dwellings of the living. If Ivan had not observed the design of these graves, he might have mistaken the present moment for an entrance into an ancient city, ensconced by "houses" that, in reality, were nothing but ghost houses.

Abruptly, Ivan halted his steps, fixating his gaze upon an opulently decorated building resembling an ancestral hall to his right.

He furrowed his brows, and observed the structure intently, his grip tightening around the "scrap iron" in his hand before he ventured into the ancestral hall.

The interior of the hall revealed emptiness, save for a solitary stone book.

Though the stone book appeared substantial in thickness, it seemed to be comprised of loose papers, implying that someone could have done something to it.

Ivan's gaze settled upon the page of the book. From being entirely devoid of text, it had transformed into a canvas laden with words. This sight left him staring in astonishment.

The characters etched onto the page bore a semblance of a forgotten language, yet held nuances that hinted at a profound enigma. Ivan read through its contents for a long time, and it left him astounded.

There were enigmatic truths linked to the underworld in that book.

Notably, the first lines spoke of the five Gods of the underworld, differing from the Five Ghost Emperors and Emperor Prosper he had hitherto known.

Emperor Prosper was mentioned within its pages, but shockingly, he held only the fourth rank.

Until that moment, Ivan had always assumed Emperor Prosper to be the strongest being of the underworld...

[Chapter 1154 The Underworld's Five Gods](#)

Ivan looked down intently as the stone scroll's first page recorded the Three Realms and Six Paths.

The three realms were the Heaven, Earth, and Human Realms.

There was heaven in ancient mythology, but the Heaven Realm in front of them did not seem to refer to heaven...

There was no need to explain the Human Realm, but the Earth Realm referred to the Underworld, which was where he was now.

"The Underworld has five gods. The first is Emperor Eastmount."

Emperor Eastmount was also referred to as the Tarzan God. He was in charge of the birth of all living beings and was the master of the Underworld's Ten Hell Palace Rulers and 18 levels of hell...

Ivan frowned. This statement seemed to be contrary to Emperor Prosper. Most places stated that Emperor Prosper was the Underworld's greatest ruler.

"The second god, Emperor Greenbow, is also known as the king of the Underworld and Emperor Scorpio..."

He was the only one who could open the doors of the Nether, which was the deepest level of hell...

"The third god, Queen Earthen, was in charge of the mountains, rivers, and earth. She also controls the Yin and Yang and nurtures all living beings."

In the legends, Queen Earthen noticed that dead souls had nowhere to go after death and felt it was a flaw in the Manifestation of God's will. She then reincarnated six times to allow countless dead souls to reincarnate and become the Manifestation of God's will.

"The fourth god is Emperor Prosper, also known as Emperor Nothin, who said he was under Emperor Eastmount."

Emperor Prosper governed the ghosts and gods of Ramon Mountain's six heavens. Although he was not the greatest god in the Underworld, he was the one with true power.

The fifth god was King Earthen.

Ivan only looked through this part a little, as not much was recorded. There was only one sentence that said, "entered hell voluntarily".

After reading the first page of the stone scroll, Ivan frowned even more. He felt that the Underworld was very chaotic and had various concepts. However, it also seemed as if there was a clear system within all this.

This system was not a hierarchy but more like a record of those who were once in a particular position. This meant that the positions were not fixed. Perhaps Emperor Eastmount was once the strongest one, but who knew whether another being would stand above him in the future?

Ivan then looked at the second page of the stone scroll.

As he finished reading the second page, Ivan was stunned again.

The first page talked about the previous glory of the Underworld. The one who stood at the top, Emperor Eastmount, predicted that the Three Realms and Six Paths were not the end for humans. They were all trapped somewhere between Heaven and Earth.

It was as if an invisible hand outside the Three Realms and Six Paths was controlling everyone's fate.

The Order of the Underworld only related to the Underworld, while The Order outside of Heaven and Earth was known as the Manifestation of God's Will.

To search for the world beyond the Three Realms and Six Paths and break the invisible shackles, the five gods of the Underworld once worked together to attack the invisible hand controlling their destiny. However, they fell one after another.

Among them, Emperor Prosper's daughter was extremely talented. She was as strong as her father, Emperor Prosper, when she was only 18 years old.

To help his daughter break the shackles, Emperor Prosper joined forces with his daughter to break the restraints of the Manifestation of God's will and fight against the Manifestation of God's will!

Unfortunately, Emperor Prosper's daughter fell in this battle, and her soul was scattered. Emperor Prosper could not accept this, so he tried to sacrifice his Order to save his beloved daughter's soul. However, he later disappeared into the Underworld.

When Ivan read to this point, he was stunned for some reason.

At this moment, he still did not know Emperor Prosper was Blake, while Emperor Proper's daughter was Lilly.

Emperor Prosper hid it from The Order and forcibly kept his beloved daughter's soul, which violated the Manifestation of God's will. He hid it from everyone, including the Ten Hell Palace Rulers who managed life, death, and reincarnation. Naturally, Ivan would never know this.

However, Ivan suddenly felt his heart beating rapidly and immediately wanted to continue reading.

"The five gods of the Underworld were naturally unwilling to disappear, and they..."

The rest was recorded on the next page! However, only the words on these two pages of the opened stone scroll could be seen. One of the thick pages to continue reading.

Ivan held back his breath and grabbed the stone scroll. However, it did not move at all, even after he used all his strength.

Ivan felt the following content would be about how the five gods started over, his identity, and the five god's identities!

He could not continue reading when it was the most crucial point, making him frustrated.

Ivan pursed his lips and snorted.

Since the five gods of the Underworld's secrets were recorded here, this dungeon must be related to one of them. If it were not one of them, they would not know so much about these past events.

He must learn this secret!

Ivan immediately took out his axe and aimed it at the stone scroll!

The stone scroll was probably thinking, "You're the one who wrote me, but now you want to cut me? Isn't this unreasonable?"

[Chapter 1155 The Three of Them Reincarnating!](#)

Since Ivan could not flip through the pages, he wanted to chop it into pieces!

This was what Ivan planned. However, after he struck... He only managed to cut off a corner of a page.

After that strike, Ivan immediately took a few steps back while cautiously observing the stone scroll's reaction.

Realizing that there were no traps or backlashes, he was finally relieved. A sharp light flashed across his eyes as he raised his axe and swung it toward the stone scroll!

However, before his axe landed, the stone scroll automatically flipped to the other page! It was as if it were afraid.

Ivan was confused.

Did this stone have emotions and feel scared?

Ivan had a weird feeling inside because he knew his abilities clearly. The objects here ought to be more potent than he is if one of the five gods of the Underworld sealed this place. How would they be afraid of him?

Ivan's heart beat rapidly as he took two steps forward carefully.

He then quickly read the content on the third page.

As expected, this page recorded the true secret!

Emperor Prosper hid it from everyone and sent his daughter for reincarnation to become a mortal!

For some reason, Emperor Prosper also gave up on the body he had cultivated for tens of thousands of years and decided to reincarnate!

It turned out that both Emperor Prosper and his daughter decided to take the road less traveled and restart as mortals!

Ivan was shocked when he read to this point. It was recorded that Emperor Prosper's daughter was born with a unique physique and unparalleled talents. Many people wished for such talents, but she gave up on them.

A mortal would become an ordinary, wispy ghost when they died. Ordinary ghost spirits could either reincarnate or fade away and cease to exist.

To give up on her talents and become a mortal...

Ivan could not understand this.

The more shocking part of the following records was that Emperor Scorpio, the second Emperor Greenbow, also gave up and reincarnated.

This meant that Emperor Prosper, his daughter, and Emperor Scorpio all reincarnated into the mortal world and became mortals. Moreover, it seemed like they were in the current era...

Besides that, the most mysterious one was Emperor Eastmount, as nobody knew about his whereabouts. Whether he was dead or still in the Underworld was not recorded.

"Emperor Eastmont..." Ivan muttered. For some reason, he felt an indescribable feeling regarding Emperor Eastmont, who was in the top position.

Other than these three emperors and Emperor Prosper's daughter, there were no records of King Earthen or... Queen Earthen. It only said that they still stayed in the Underworld. How they would return was unknown.

The most important point was that it was difficult to break the Manifestation of God's will. The Underworld's five gods and Emperor Prosper's daughter were originally working together to resist the Manifestation of God's will and break the shackles. However, one of them betrayed the rest.

He wanted to monopolize the Manifestation of God's will and be in the top position.

Ivan suddenly felt a strong sense of vigilance in his heart. Since someone had betrayed the rest of them,

there would be danger. If he was standing in the traitor's territory... Wasn't he in danger?

Ivan did not know whether his actions were too much. When he thought of this, he looked at his surroundings carefully.

After considering it, he decided to leave.

Knowing there was a traitor among the five gods and that two of them were still in the Underworld, Ivan felt he might be in one of their territories. How would he dare to be careless?

Ivan wanted to leave immediately. However, he saw a figure floating before him when he turned around.

That person was hanging on the door frame of the graveyard. He wore a cloak, and the large cloak covered most of his body, so his body could not be seen clearly!

The cloak reached his feet, so Ivan could not see his feet either!

Seeing how he could hang on the door frame so easily, Ivan felt he must not be a living person.

Ivan's heart raced as he held the axe tightly and stared at that figure.

Suddenly, that figure moved.

To be more precise, the wind blew him, and the wind also moved his cloak.

Seeing this, Ivan's pupils shrank, and a dense layer of sweat broke out from his palms.

When he broke the boundary and entered the dungeon in this cave, there was no wind. Everything was sealed previously. Since there was wind now, it meant that something came in.

[Chapter 1156 Chosen By The Heavens](#)

The person hung on the doorframe was not where the danger was coming from, but just a gimmick to trick the eye.

Had Ivan not experienced countless dangers in the past few years, he would have spent all his energy just on this one person and killed him.

Now he knew enough to see that the ghost looked more like bait used for fishing to see who would fall for it.

Ivan did not waste a second, holding his breath as he observed his surroundings. He could practically feel all the hair on his body stand up.

Someone seemed to be coming in from outside.

Ivan felt like danger was lurking. He cast a quick glance around him and found that there was no place in the temple for him to hide at all.

Something flashed in front of his eyes all of a sudden, and there seemed to be some space at the base of the rock and stone scrolls. Despite it not being the safest hiding spot, Ivan was certain it was better to hide there than meet whatever was about to come head-on.

Ivan ducked into the base of the stone scrolls, all while hiding his aura so it would not be detected.

What he did not know was that there was a dull wave of energy at the bottom of the stone scrolls as well, completely shrouding his aura.

Just as Ivan was done hiding, someone came in.

"Wait... why isn't there anyone here?" The person's voice seemed intentionally deepened so that no one would be able to tell who it was.

Still, it was clear it was a man's voice.

The person looked around and left.

It was dead silent outside.

Ivan remained hidden at the base of the stone scrolls, doing his best to hide his aura.

He did not believe that the person was gone.

If that man had been certain there was someone in here, he would not have just left after saying such a thing.

On top of that, the stone scrolls were right there. Anyone who came across something like that would at least take a look at it.

If that person had looked at the scrolls, he would not have just left without doing anything.

Which meant that he was still out there and had just pretended to leave.

If that was the case, this person had been here before Ivan and knew what was on the stone scrolls...

Ivan was inclined to believe that this person had followed him here.

Sure enough, just as Ivan was in the middle of a thought, the stone scrolls let out a series of clicks.

Someone was moving the base of the scrolls!

Ivan froze at once.

If the person moved the base away, they would be able to see Ivan!

Ivan did not dare to breathe too loudly, not even blinking his eyes. He channeled his internal energy, suppressing his heart rate to the point that it was barely beating!

The base was half moved, and Ivan's chest sank. He had been found, and he would be dead for sure.

Yet strangely enough, the person stopped after moving the base halfway. They raised a hand, knocking on the bottom of the base.

It was only then that Ivan realized the base of the scrolls was filled!

Wait, how did he hide in here if the base hadn't been hollow?

Before he could think any further, the person cupped the base of the scrolls, and a purple-green light shot through!

Ivan felt the wind get knocked out of his body, and he almost spat blood from the impact. He struggled to hold back, even suppressing his heartbeat to nothing!

The purple-green glow faded, and the person seemed to decide the place was safe. They bent over, looking underneath.

All Ivan could see was the vague outline of a face.

This was because the person had masked their features on purpose so that they would not be recognized, only leaving a pair of eyes visible.

This person had been more cautious than Ivan.

Ivan saw the person's eyes flicker with confusion. They seemed to frown before putting the base back down.

Ivan hardly dared to breathe throughout.

What was happening here? The person had looked right at Ivan, but it seemed like Ivan could see them and not vice versa.

Another fifteen minutes later, the person standing in front of the stone scrolls let out a chuckle. "Three people entering reincarnation... traitors?"

"These four people must have had a death wish, protecting that insolent little thing at all costs! They've made traitors out of themselves because of that, ha!"

Another page flipped over in the stone scrolls with a loud rumble. It seemed like the page had even been crushed.

The person was getting more and more angry. At last, they shook out their sleeves and left for good.

Ivan did not dare make a single wrong move. It was only when he felt like things were safer that he took out his phone.

He opened his camera and checked that there was no one before finally coming out.

Ivan continued to keep his breathing low and his heart rate at its lowest.

He was drenched in sweat, like a fish right out of water...

[Chapter 1157 Sitting Up In Thunder, He Turned Out To Be Boss](#)

Ivan did not dare stay there for a second longer, in fear that the person might realize something was off and come back.

But he did not dare walk around as he pleased either. If he were to bump into the wrong person, he would have nowhere to hide.

Ivan glanced at the stone scrolls and noticed that the scrolls had been flipped to a new page. This was also the last page.

It read: Due to the impossible manifestation of God's will, the five people stayed in the underworld for almost ten thousand years. They had grown old, and their bodies had deteriorated as well.

There was no way to go against the manifestation of God's will.

However, the daughter of Emperor Prosper was a woman of talent. She had a new Order on her, which might be her last hope of breaking free from the shackles.

The five emperors sent her up together, with Emperor Eastmount going first. If there seemed to be the slightest crack in the manifestation, Emperor Greenbow was to rush up and expand this crack.

The remaining three emperors would protect Emperor Prosper's daughter by breaking through The Order. As long as one person made it out, there would be hope.

Unexpectedly, Emperor Eastmount and Emperor Greenbow failed. A faint gap had been broken through the manifestation, and the other three emperors were supposed to follow up by sending Emperor

Prosper's daughter away.

Yet Queen Earthen and King Earthid were nowhere to be found. Emperor Prosper had no choice and was planning to sacrifice himself to send his daughter out... only for both of them to be fair.

"So this was the secret of the emperors... that girl had been chosen by God." Ivan said this in disbelief.

The five emperors of the underworld were going to work together so that she could escape the manifestation of God's will!

All five had worked together to send one person out, and they had still failed...

It was clear what a hard feat this was!

Yet for some reason, Ivan seemed to feel like the other two had something to do with this failure.

Why had the other two emperors disappeared over something they had promised, leaving Emperor Prosper to finish the mission on his own?

Well, that wasn't what he was supposed to be thinking about right now. Ivan cast one last glance at the contents of the scrolls and was about to leave.

Yet just then, he stopped short!

Ivan took a proper look at the corner of the page that the person from just now had crushed and realized that there was a signature on the final page of the stone scrolls:

, Emperor Scorpio.

Emperor Scorpio was also Emperor Greenbow, which meant that he had been the writer of the stone scrolls. Which meant that the beating heart in the underground city would most likely belong to him.

Ivan heaved a breath upon finding out about this. Emperor Greenbow was the youngest out of the five emperors of the underworld, and there seemed to be no record of betrayal in his writings. Besides, he had been the one to open the crack in the manifestation with Emperor Eastmount, making him much less likely to be the betrayer compared to the other two.

Despite this, Ivan was still in a rush to leave. He turned away and kicked one of the crushed pieces that had fallen from the stone scroll by accident. Ivan glanced over and was shocked once again.

The fallen piece was probably supposed to go right after Emperor Scorpio's name, and it looked like a stamp... bearing a picture Ivan was more than familiar with.

It was the picture on his wrist!

This was positively mind-blowing, and Ivan was frozen in disbelief.

Three people enter reincarnation... Emperor Greenbow... the stamp!

The stone scrolls should have been more powerful than him, but it seemed to fear the ax in his hand and flip its own pages...

Ivan had not been discovered hiding under the base of the scrolls because the scrolls had been protecting him...

And that strange feeling he felt at the start!

He sat up in shock. Was he Emperor Greenbow?

Ivan's mind was buzzing. He raised his head to look at the scrolls again, shock and confusion in his eyes.

The stone scrolls thought, Look at the look on your face! You planned all of this, why are you so shocked?

Ivan had planned to leave the cave at all costs, regardless of whether or not that person was still in the underground city. Surely escaping once he had gotten out would be easier than being trapped here.

Now that he knew he was Emperor Greenbow, however, there was no way he was just going to leave like that.

He had to get to that heart on the scepter and make sure it did not fall into the wrong hands!

Yet just then, Ivan felt his chest give a harsh twinge. It was as if a pair of hands had grabbed his heart, hard!

[Chapter 1158 Ivan In Danger](#)

That person had reached the scepter!

Ivan did not dare waste another second, heading for the scepter at once.

This time, he was the one in the dark instead of the other way around.

Ivan gritted his teeth at the pain in his heart, hiding between the wordless graves as he inched closer to the scepter!

The scepter was extremely tall, about the height of three stories.

Ivan finally saw the mystery person. He was clad in greenish gray robes in a strange fashion, making him look even more creepy.

His face was still blurred with his powers, and he looked almost headless from afar. It was definitely impossible to identify what he looked like.

The person was currently making his way to the heart with all his might against the piercing rays of light, but did not seem to be successful at all.

He made a grabbing gesture as he reached out towards the heart, and a pair of hands appeared in thin air to try and crush the heart.

The heart was beating even more loudly and clearly, and Ivan felt his chest thudding along.

The person seemed to sense him, and he looked over all of a sudden!

Ivan got a fright. He gritted his teeth, taking out a small creature from his ring.

This little guy evolved from a ghost beast. It was able to be stored in the ring because it was dead, but it was also 'alive' and had its own conscience and spirit.

Because of how special it was, Ivan had been planning to give it to Lilly the next time he saw her.

Well, there was no choice now.

Just as the creature was set free, it shot out like a bolt of lightning!

It traveled so fast that it was practically the speed of light.

The creature was especially good at escaping and could even hide itself while it was running. This felt similar to that mysterious person when they first appeared, with a strangely terrifying aura.

It was unclear what else the creature was good at, but it was definitely the best at running away.

The little creature had tricked the man above the scepter, who then appeared close to Ivan. The man did not notice Ivan at all, chasing the creature down murderously.

Time was key here.

Ivan used the one and only Sky Leap Amulet, which sent him right up to the scepter. He wasted no time, reaching out and grabbing the heart for himself!

The sensation was extremely strange, both wonderful and ominous, he was holding his own heart.

The next second, the heart in his hands vanished. It turned into a million rays of light and disappeared from the palm of his hand.

The gigantic scepter disappeared as well, shrinking to the same size as the Green Dragon Sword when it reappeared. Ivan opened his hand, and the scepter appeared in his grasp!

Before he could marvel at the sight, the person was already coming back for him.

Ivan did not dare to even look twice, turning to run at once.

Yes, he did just find out that he was a reincarnation of Emperor Greenbow.

The thing is, he also knew well enough that he was no match for this mystery person before him!

"Hey, Thief!" The person's eyes glinted murderously, casting a blow onto Ivan's back!

Ivan was sent flying through the air and was about to fall onto the graves in the underground city.

He knew that if he were to roll down and stop at all, he would be dead.

Ivan gripped the scepter in his hand, letting out a low growl. He flipped over in mid-air, heading straight for the cave.

Such a flip would have impressed even Newton.

Ivan was able to escape thanks to the energy coming from the scepter and got out of the cave from where he came in.

Maybe the barrier would be able to stop the other person for just a while.

Ivan did not dare waste any time. He was going to make a beeline down the mountain before he did anything else.

The foot of the mountain was complicated, with many shields and plumes of fog he could hide behind. This was good for him.

There was definitely a risk that the fog was poisonous too, but it was definitely better than facing that other person head-on!

The barrier did not hold the other person back for very long, only for two seconds. Right after Ivan had finally entered the fog with all his might, a great wind kicked up behind him that radiated with murderous intent.

"Oh, it's just a mortal I'm dealing with..."

The mystery person's gaze flashed with fury.

A regular mortal had been able to find the place where Emperor Greenbow had kept his heart all this time.

This mortal had even stolen my heart!

The mystery person had been in the mountains for ages just to find the heart.

Of course they would be furious at having it taken away just like that!

Thump, Ivan was no match for the powerful force from behind and took a second blow.

He spat out a mouthful of blood, half his energy draining from him.

Still, he did not dare to stop.

To think that he was still running away with one last breath in him...

"Who the hell are you, really?"

The mystery person's gaze narrowed, growing wary. This mere mortal had taken two blows and was still alive.

The person took a look at Ivan's wrist, but it did not give him the answer he wanted.

The mystery person suspected that Ivan was the reincarnation of Emperor Greenbow, seeing as he could take Emperor Greenbow's heart and scepter.

But he had taken two blows, which would be enough for anyone to release their potential. There was no mark on Ivan's wrist to be seen.

It seemed like this young man was not the reincarnation of Emperor Greenbow...

Was he really just a regular guy who got lucky?

The mystery person's gaze flashed with suspicion.

Either way, though, he was going to kill this man.

Despite the fact that the mystery person saw Ivan as extremely weak, he did not go easy at all. A black skull appeared on the mystery person's palm, channeling all his murderous energy.

He pounced towards Ivan, casting the fatal blow against him...

[Chapter 1159 The Waterfall Is Gone](#)

Sensing the danger behind him, Ivan felt like it was all over.

This mystery person was far too powerful. Let alone not being powerful enough to fight back, Ivan did not even have a chance to strike at all.

There was no hiding!

Ivan raised the scepter before him instinctively as sparks flew, and the blow from the mystery person hit the scepter!

The mystery person's eyes flashed with venom. The scepter had been one of Emperor Greenbow's personal weapons, holding an impossible amount of power. There was hardly any other weapon in the underworld that held such power.

A weapon this powerful would require the person who wielded it to be of the same amount of skill and power, even if this guy really was the reincarnation of Emperor Greenbow.

He would have to be strong enough to use the scepter for protection in the first place.

Well, now was the time to see if he was!

The next second, a blinding light shot out that seemed to soak up all the fog at the foot of the mountain.

The ominous-looking fog that Ivan had fought tooth and nail to enter disappeared in a split second...

Ivan shut his eyes. The light coming from it was so powerful that it was protecting him but also hurting him.

No, he was just too weak.

Before he passed out, Ivan saw a faint light coming towards him. It was the little creature he had set out just now.

The creature had been running for its life when Ivan first got it. Why wasn't it doing that now and instead heading right for him?

Before Ivan could think twice, he had grabbed the creature and hurled it into his ring before losing consciousness altogether.

The light faded, and the fog from before appeared again where it had been. It enveloped the entire foot

of the mountain, hiding Ivan from sight!

The mystery person got a shock and rushed up. Yet he checked the entire place, and Ivan was nowhere to be seen!

Even the scepter he had been holding was missing!

The mystery person could not believe it. How had the bastard run away on the brink of death?

"Was he really Emperor Greenbow?" The mystery person stood in shock, his expression ashen and murderous.

Well. Regardless of whether or not Ivan was the reincarnation of Emperor Greenbow, the mystery person was going to treat him like he was.

He needed to find this mortal.

The mystery person cast a glance at the fog around him. He thought of the Abyss of Ghosts and how it had the same fog as this, even though it was unrelated.

He rushed off towards the Abyss of Ghosts at once.

...

Ivan's breathing was faint as he was enveloped in a ball of light, floating at the bottom of the Abyss of Ghosts.

He had lost all consciousness and could not tell that the mystery person was getting closer to him.

Ivan was wrapped in the light, and the light was wrapped in the fog at the Abyss of Ghosts as it floated along.

All of a sudden, a human head floated over. She had childlike features, but they made for a terrifying sight, her mouth seemed to be stitched up.

She floated closer to Ivan, giving it some thought before carefully pushing him upward.

A piercing howl rang from below all of a sudden, and a gigantic hand emerged from the fog to grab at them.

The little girl's head did not stop, charging upwards as she pushed Ivan along with the top of her head. They nearly avoided the hand, soaring higher and higher...

She was going pretty fast, but the abyss was impossibly deep...

Over at the top of the abyss.

Alban and Serene finally made it down and landed above the gap of the waterfall from the spiritual spring before!

Alban got a shock. Where's the waterfall? It indeed was this place!

The spiritual spring did not match what Serene had in mind, either. She had almost fallen into the abyss, only for this to turn out to be a bare, empty cliff. The walls of the cliff weren't even wet, what waterfall was this supposed to be?

"You tricked me!" Serene's gaze narrowed, and she swung the blade of her sword against Alban's neck.

Alban would have fallen into the abyss if he had not ducked in time.

Anger flared in his chest as well. This woman was quite a pain, threatening murder at the drop of a hat. How arrogant!

Serene smirked at the sight of the fury in Alban's eyes. "You should be lucky I wasn't actually trying to kill you!"

Alban was speechless.

He scoffed, turning and heading inside. He refused to believe that a spiritual spring that big could have just vanished!

Aside from Ivan, Lilly was the only person who knew about this place.

Alban knew Lilly was powerful... but surely she was not powerful enough to take the entire waterfall with her!

Serene narrowed her eyes, taking in the look on Alban's face. It did not seem like he was tricking her.

But who would take a whole waterfall away?

The two of them made a round in the cave.

There was no sound of flowing water, not even a water drop. There were moist puddles here and there, holding less than a single drop of water.

Alban decided to make do with what he had. Despite there not being a single drop of water, the place was damp enough.

He lay down, licking the stones. He was going to get as much as he could.

Serene was speechless.

Alban raised his head to look at her. "You should get to it. There won't be any up there."

Serene huffed.

Was he seriously asking her to lick these stones like a dog?

That was impossible!

[Chapter 1160 A Father-Daughter Reunion](#)

Serene turned her jaw away, her expression cool and arrogant.

She was the Emperor's...

She was entangled with the Emperor's fate; there was no way she would do something like this.

Serene scoffed, walking out.

She did not want to see Alban anymore and was nothing but annoyed.

Yet upon getting to the gap in the wall of the abyss, she could vaguely make out a ball of faint light...

To be exact, it was a ball of light enveloped in an ominous-looking fog!

Serene could not really make out what it was, but the light made her feel a bone-chilling pressure for some reason. It was somehow similar to the pressure she had felt from Emperor Greenbow...

Who was it?

Serene saw the ball of light come closer and closer.

She suddenly caught sight of a head right underneath the ball of light, seemingly pushing the ball of light upwards along the walls of the abyss.

All of a sudden, the light disappeared. The fog surrounding it seemed to lose its direction, dispersing into the air.

The head also disappeared into the fog.

Serene stopped short, mumbling to herself, "Who's that... why are they wrapped in such a bright light..."

Before she could finish, a terrifying face appeared in front of her!

The human head had gotten closer out of nowhere.

Serene screamed in terror, stumbling backwards before tripping, and almost falling down the abyss!

She reeled in shock and fury, glaring at the head.

The head's mouth had been sewn shut, but a part of it was cracked open in a bone-chilling smile. The string pulled on her skin, making a line of blood trickle out.

It was terrifying!

Serene shouted, "Get lost! Don't make me fight you..."

The human head did not seem scared at all, coming closer and closer. Serene somehow felt like she was going to get her mouth sewn shut.

Serene was pretty certain... Anything coming from the abyss would definitely be too powerful for her, and she also risked falling down the abyss while fighting.

She gripped her sword, wriggling on the floor. Gone was any of the arrogance from before as she stumbled backwards, wanting nothing more than to get away from the cliff.

Only for the head to stop and disappear again in the next second.

Serene blinked. The next second, a figure shot down from above the cliff, radiating a faint purple-green flow.

Serene could not really tell who it was from the gap, but her chest lurched in fright all the same. She crawled out, peeking beneath her...

The abyss seemed to look back.

Serene felt a wave of nausea and looked away at once. She was terrified that she might actually jump down if she looked any longer.

Alban had licked all the damp patches on the rocks in the cave. After that, he took out a bottle of water and a straw from his bag. He washed every patch before putting the water he used back into the bottle...

At last, he put the bottle of water he had used to wash all the patches in the cave carefully into his back, stowing it away like a precious treasure.

He finally went outside and saw the terrified look on Serene's face.

"What's the matter?" He asked.

He paused and hauled Serene over to sit down.

It was best to stay on her good side; this woman could travel between the mortal realm and the underworld as she pleased.

Serene did not want to talk to him, shuddering in disgust at the image of him licking the rocks just now as she shouted, "Don't touch me!"

Just as she said the words, her vision dimmed!

A figure appeared in front of the gap!

The person's features were blurred, making it hard to see his face. His robes were loose and baggy, covering his figure and making it hard to see his build as well.

Serene's gaze narrowed. "You..."

Alban sensed danger. Before he could let go of Serene, she grabbed his clothes.

D*mn it, he had even been planning to,

If this mystery person who appeared out of nowhere tried to kill them, he would push Serene to the front and give himself a little more time to escape.

The two of them froze, staring at each other in terror.

The mystery person raised his hand, and Serene appeared in his grasp!

She was hanging in the air, supported only by her neck.

Serene struggled with all her might but could only flail around uselessly like a rag doll.

"Who are you? Why are you here?" The mystery person tightened his grasp, his gaze devoid of emotion.

Serene could not speak, grabbing the arm holding her up tightly with her hands...

The mystery person frowned.

He loosened his grasp, repeating his question. "Where did you come from?"

In a fit of panic, Serene blurted out Blake's name.

"I'm... I'm the daughter of Emperor Prosper! Y-You can't kill me..."

The mystery person let go, and Serene fell to the ground!

She almost wept with relief. Thank god that had worked...

Sure enough, Emperor Prosper's name was still useful...

Just as Serene was heaving a sigh of relief, she huffed in indignance. Why couldn't she be the real daughter of Emperor Prosper?