

## **Myth Beyond 2051**

### Chapter 2051 The Chasm of Uncreation

Standing in the starry expanse of the Nine Heavens Realm, Yun Lintian cast a brief survey around him before asking, "Senior, what has transpired here?"

Lin Yitong offered him an ancient scroll. "Take a look at this."

Yun Lintian grasped the scroll, his brow furrowing at the surprisingly warm touch of the aged paper. The inscription predated even celestial script, a language woven from the very fabric of existence.

As Yun Lintian unfurled it, the air crackled with primordial energy. Images danced before his eyes – not landscapes or figures, but swirling chaos, a maelstrom of raw potential that defied understanding.

"The birth of reality," Lin Yitong said, her voice filled with awe. "This scroll, passed down through generations of Heavenly Palace Guardians, whispers of a time before time – the era of the Primal Chaos."

Confusion etched itself onto Yun Lintian's face. "Before the Primordial Gods?"

"Before everything," Lin Yitong confirmed. "The scroll speaks of the Creator, a being of unimaginable power who birthed existence from the void. This chaotic soup, the Primal Chaos, held the potential for everything – from the grandest celestial planes to the tiniest speck of dust."

"The Creator, in an act of unparalleled will, began to weave order from chaos," Lin Yitong explained. "The scroll depicts a celestial dance, a symphony of creation. Galaxies swirled into existence, celestial planes formed, and the first sparks of life ignited."

Yun Lintian's mind reeled. Once focused on protecting a single realm, he now grappled with the origin of everything. "But what does this have to do with the Nine Heavens Realm?"

"Watch carefully," Lin Yitong instructed.

Yun Lintian focused intently on the unfolding images. Amidst the void, a silhouette gradually solidified – the Creator.

Yun Lintian's eyes widened as the figure coalesced from the swirling chaos. Composed entirely of pure energy and light, the Creator pulsed with unimaginable power. Unlike anything he'd ever encountered, it possessed no corporeal form, radiating a presence that resonated with the very essence of existence.

As he watched, the Creator raised a hand, and the chaotic soup began to take shape. Galaxies swirled into existence, celestial planes materialized, and within them, the first sparks of life flickered. Yun Lintian felt a surge of awe and vertigo – this was the birth of reality, a spectacle far grander than anything he could ever have conceived.

Suddenly, the image convulsed. A tendril of darkness, thick and menacing, snaked through the newly formed tapestry of existence. It writhed and pulsed with raw, destructive energy, a stark contrast to the Creator's brilliant light.

"The Chasm of Uncreation," Lin Yitong murmured beside him, her voice heavy with dread. "A fragment of the Primal Chaos that refused to succumb to order."

The darkness grew bolder, coiling around the celestial planes, its influence corrupting and twisting their nascent forms. The Creator, its form shimmering with celestial light, met the Chasm head-on. A colossal battle ensued, a clash between creation and uncreation, order and chaos. The very fabric of reality trembled under the strain.

The image flickered and faded, leaving Yun Lintian reeling. "The battle... what happened?"

Lin Yitong sighed. "The scroll doesn't depict the outcome. But here we are, aren't we? It implies the Creator prevailed."

Yun Lintian frowned deeply. "I still don't see the connection to the Nine Heavens Realm."

Lin Yitong retrieved another ancient scroll, revealing a detailed star map.

Yun Lintian examined it, recognizing familiar realms like the Celestial Realm, the Heaven Realm, and the Divine Realm. But something caught his eye – the location of the Heaven Realm. It was situated directly next to the northern part of the Divine Realm.

With a rough calculation, Yun Lintian realized that the original Nine Heavens Realm must have seamlessly connected to the Divine Realm.

"This..." Yun Lintian was speechless with surprise.

"As you can see," Lin Yitong explained, "all realms in the Primal Chaos were originally interconnected, with the Divine Realm at the center."

"Over the past few days, I investigated something and discovered that all areas close to the original Divine Realm are remarkably well-preserved.

Yun Lintian furrowed his brow. "If I recall correctly, the Primordial War ravaged the Divine Realm. Logically, areas closest to it would be most affected. Yet, here, everything is intact, while the other parts of the Heaven Realm have disappeared."

He turned to Lin Yitong. "Senior, what are you suggesting?"

"Let me ask you this," Lin Yitong began, not offering an answer right away. "How powerful do you think the Primordial Gods were?"

Yun Lintian pondered briefly. "Based on the level of power you and the other True Gods have displayed, I imagine the Primordial Gods could obliterate an entire realm with a flick of their finger."

Lin Yitong raised an eyebrow. "What if I told you they couldn't even destroy half of the original Divine Realm?"

Yun Lintian was stunned. "That shouldn't be possible, right?" he stammered.

"Your abnormal strength has skewed your perception," Lin Yitong explained. "You consistently overestimate your enemies' power when, in reality, they weren't your true challenge."

"Let me put it this way," she continued. "At full power, I could only destroy the current Central Region of the Divine Realm. And, as you can see from the map, the original Divine Realm was several times larger. Even with two or three hundred True Gods, destroying the original Central Region would be a monumental task."

She met his gaze with a deep look. "Based on the records I've found, the individual power of the Primordial Gods might only be roughly equivalent to a hundred or two hundred True Gods. Therefore, I doubt the Primordial War caused the separation of all the realms in the Primal Chaos."

Yun Lintian's gaze darted back to the images, a thought seemingly striking him.

"The Chasm of Uncreation," Lin Yitong intoned in a deep voice, "this entity might hold the key to the separation of all realms and the Creator's disappearance."

She paused for a moment before continuing. "The Creator's disappearance, the true purpose behind the Primordial Gods' creation, and the enigmatic Chasm of Uncreation – these are the mysteries we must unravel."

"The final boss..." Yun Lintian muttered under his breath. All this time, he'd been grappling with the concept of a final boss, and here it seemed, he had his answer. The Chasm of Uncreation undoubtedly fits the bill. The problem, however, was how to combat such a force.

The weight on Yun Lintian's already burdened shoulders intensified. The situation felt akin to discovering an even loftier mountain to conquer while still struggling to ascend the one before him...

## Chapter 2052 Move Forward

A frustrated sigh escaped Yun Lintian's lips. The revelations from the scroll and Lin Yitong's deductions painted a far more intricate picture than he'd ever conceived.

"Senior," he said, his voice thick with worry, "the Chasm of Uncreation... how do we even begin to contend with an entity like that?"

Lin Yitong mirrored his sigh with a helpless shake of her head. "I confess, I have no answer."

Yun Lintian opened his mouth, words failing to form on his tongue. The weight of the situation pressed down on him, leaving him speechless.

Lin Yitong met his gaze. "But giving up isn't an option. We simply take things one step at a time. Whatever the ultimate outcome, we can at least say we tried."

"Yes," Yun Lintian inhaled deeply, willing himself to calm. Life had to go on.

Lin Yitong dropped another bombshell. "I've detected recent activity from the Primordial God Tribe. They're heading for the God Tomb, apparently drawn by something within."

Pausing briefly, she added, "The treasury holds scant records on the God Tomb. Aside from the ancient gods, who know what they're after."

Yun Lintian nodded slowly. "I'll investigate the God Tomb upon reaching the Lower God Realm."

Lin Yitong studied him intently, then offered a smile brimming with hidden meaning. "The technique seems remarkably effective. Perhaps you'd consider another addition?"

Yun Lintian grasped the underlying message instantly. "No, Senior," he replied swiftly. "I've never harbored romantic feelings for Fifth Sister. Please, let's not revisit this topic."

Lin Yitong let out a gentle laugh. "Think of it as mutually beneficial. Are you truly opposed to the idea?"

Yun Lintian met her gaze. "Senior, I always thought you were a gentle and reserved individual."

Lin Yitong chuckled. "Appearances can be deceiving, young one. Many around you might surprise you."

Yun Lintian rose. "I'll take my leave now," he announced. With a resolute turn, he launched towards Earth, his distant form shrinking into a speck against the vast expanse.

The smile on Lin Yitong's face faltered, replaced by a solemn frown. While disclosing this information to Yun Lintian had caused her hesitation, ultimately, she believed it was the right course of action. After all, there were many secrets he wasn't yet privy to.

His reaction, however, had been far better than anticipated. He had handled the revelation with surprising composure. Lin Yitong found a flicker of relief – she had made the right call.

However, the truth about the entity – rivaling the Creator itself – was undeniably explosive. To claim she wasn't experiencing a surge of paranoia would be a lie.

Lin Yitong exhaled a long breath. There was room for improvement for her as well.

"Hmm?" A sudden prickling sensation snagged her attention, a feeling akin to unseen eyes boring into her.

Swish!

Her spiritual sense flared, encompassing a radius that instantly stretched ten, then a hundred, a thousand, ten thousand kilometers. Yet, a frown creased her brow.

One breath... two breaths... three!

Her confidence in her senses was absolute. But still, she detected nothing.

Who could it be? The question gnawed at Lin Yitong. She lingered, her gaze fixed on the vast expanse before her for a long time. Finally, with a silent shake of her head, she vanished from the spot.

Several kilometers away from Lin Yitong's original position, a faint purple glow flickered into existence. It lingered for mere seconds before vanishing without a trace...

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"You're back!" Inside the Cloud Haven Orphanage, Ye Ling's eyes widened in surprise as she saw Yun Lintian standing before her.

"Yes, I returned to check on things," Yun Lintian offered a warm smile as he pulled her into a gentle hug. "How have you been?"

Ye Ling was momentarily taken aback by his unexpectedly intimate gesture but dismissed it quickly. Perhaps he simply missed her.

She returned the smile. "It's only been two months since your departure. Not much has changed, though the recent shift in air quality has become a major talking point."

"I see," Yun Lintian acknowledged with a smile. Leaning closer, he whispered in her ear, "It's been a while since I've seen you.

Let me check if there's any difference in your cultivation

progress."

A blush crept across Ye Ling's face. She playfully swatted him

on the arm, her voice barely a whisper. "What's gotten into you?

You've become... a pervert?"

For Yun Lintian, however, ten years had passed since leaving

Earth. It was natural for him to feel this way after such a long

time apart.

Without further comment, Yun Lintian scooped her up amidst

her scream and vanished from the orphanage.

Two hours later, Yun Lintian gazed down at the sleeping Ye Ling

cradled in his arms. He placed a gentle kiss on her forehead. "I'll

have to leave now, but I'll visit often."

"Mhm..." Ye Ling mumbled a drowsy response, too tired to fully

comprehend his words.

Gently tucking her back into bed, Yun Lintian returned to the



Land of Beyond Heaven to find Long Qingxuan.

Long Qingxuan regarded Yun Lintian with a knowing look.

"Perhaps acquiring a few additional sisters wouldn't hurt."

Yun Lintian sheepishly rubbed his nose. "I blame it on the

Dragon God bloodline."

A smile played on Long Qingxuan's lips before she deftly

changed the subject. "I'm taking them over there. It'll benefit

them to learn how to socialize with others."

Yun Lintian followed her gaze, spotting a group of children in

the distance – the new generation descendants of the Dragon

God Clan.

"That's a wise decision," he readily agreed.

"Let's depart," Long Qingxuan declared, whisking everyone

away to Nine Firmament City.

With matters settled, Yun Lintian and Long Qingxuan retreated  
back to the training chamber, resuming their cultivation  
session.

A desolate wind howled across the shattered landscape,  
whipping Ren Yuan's robes around him like spectral dancers.

Once thick with divine energy, the air now felt heavy and  
stagnant.

He crested a crumbling hill, his gaze falling upon a sight that  
sent a tremor through his soul – the ruins of the Heavenly  
Court.

Once the glorious seat of power in the Nine Heavens, the  
Heavenly Court now stood as a monument to a bygone era.

Crumbling palaces, their facades adorned with faded murals  
depicting celestial battles and mythical beasts, stretched out  
before him like the skeletal remains of giants. Jagged spires,

once reaching for the heavens, clawed at the sky like broken

fingers.

Since the Primordial War, the Heavenly Court had been rebuilt in

a new location, for the original one lay heavily sealed by an

unknown power.

Ren Yuan drew a deep breath and touched the invisible barrier

before him.

Buzz—

Chapter 2053 Heir to the Heavenly Throne (1)

Bang!

A jolt of electric power surged through Ren Yuan's arm, flinging him back several paces. He landed hard on the cracked stone ground, the air knocked from his lungs. A metallic tang filled his mouth. He coughed, spitting out a mouthful of blood, his gaze hardening with a newfound resolve.

This barrier, unlike anything he'd encountered before, hummed with chaotic energy. It was a twisted reflection of the divine power that once flowed freely through the Heavenly Court. It was a scar upon the very fabric of the heavens, a testament to the destructive might unleashed during the Primordial War.

Ren Yuan, his body throbbing with the aftereffects of the shock, traced the barrier with his hand, feeling its contours. It wasn't a simple wall but a complex web of enchantments layered upon one another like

the scales of a monstrous beast. Each layer pulsed with a different kind of energy, some familiar—wards against demonic incursion—others alien and unsettling.

Closing his eyes, Ren Yuan delved into the sea of his consciousness. He called upon the inheritance of the God of Heaven, the very essence that now flowed through his veins. Images flickered behind his eyelids—swirling galaxies, celestial bodies birthing and dying, the raw power of creation itself. This was the power he needed.

Focusing on a specific memory, a forgotten technique from the God of Heaven's arsenal, Ren Yuan raised his hand. A ball of pure white light, condensed from his own divine energy, materialized above his palm. It crackled with an intensity that rivaled a miniature sun. This was the Star-Forging Technique, a method for manipulating divine energy with pinpoint precision.

With a deep breath, Ren Yuan hurled the ball of light at the barrier. It struck the chaotic energy head-on, the two forces canceling each other in a blinding flash. The ground trembled, and a shockwave rippled outward, scattering dust and debris from the ruined palaces.

When the light subsided, Ren Yuan squinted through the haze. A small section of the barrier flickered, the chaotic energy momentarily disrupted. It wasn't much, but it was a start. A single, determined smile split Ren Yuan's face. The secrets of the Heavenly Court awaited, and he, Ren Yuan, the inheritor of the God of Heaven, would unravel them.

"Hmm?" Ren Yuan suddenly sensed something. His eyes flickered slightly as he spoke. "The Heavenly Guardian?"

A tense silence stretched between Ren Yuan and the unseen entity. The disrupted section of the barrier pulsed erratically, a testament to the audacity of his attack. Finally, the booming voice of the Heavenly Guardian echoed once more, its tone laced with a chilling indifference.

"A trial," it rumbled, the words vibrating through the very stones beneath Ren Yuan's feet. "Very well. But be warned, mortal. The trials of the Heavenly Court are not for the faint of heart. Failure will not be met with mere denial. It will be met with oblivion."

A wave of dread washed over Ren Yuan. Oblivion. It wasn't just death; it was the complete erasure of his existence, the snuffing out of the very spark of the God of Heaven's lineage he embodied. Yet, there was

no turning back. The secrets within the Heavenly Court were too vital to ignore, the potential evil it held too dangerous to leave unchecked.

"I understand," Ren Yuan declared, his voice firm despite the tremor in his heart. "Lead the way. I am ready to face your trial."

Swish!

The chaotic energy within the barrier writhed, coalescing into a swirling vortex. It pulsed with an otherworldly light, beckoning Ren Yuan forward. This wasn't a physical entrance but a portal, a gateway into an unknown dimension where the trial would unfold.

With a deep breath, Ren Yuan steeled himself. He raised his hand, channeling the God of Heaven's inheritance. A divine shield, shimmering with an ethereal light, materialized around him. He had no idea what awaited him on the other side, but he wouldn't enter defenseless.

Stepping into the vortex, the world dissolved into a swirling kaleidoscope of colors and sensations. When his vision cleared, he found himself standing on a desolate plain. A blood-red sky cast an eerie glow over the cracked and barren landscape. In the distance, a colossal, obsidian monolith pierced the crimson heavens, its surface etched with cryptic symbols that pulsed with malevolent energy.

A cold wind howled across the wasteland, carrying whispers of forgotten nightmares. Ren Yuan gripped the hilt of his sword, his heart pounding a fierce rhythm in his ribs.

The whispers grew louder, morphing into distinct, chilling moans. From the cracked earth, shadowy figures began to rise. Humanoid in form, their bodies were twisted and warped, their skin a sickly gray, and their eyes burned with an unholy red light. These weren't demons, Ren Yuan realized with a jolt but corrupted celestial beings, their forms twisted by the malevolent energy that seeped from the monolith.

A dozen of these spectral figures surrounded him, their moans morphing into a single, unified growl. Ren Yuan knew this wasn't the true trial, merely the first hurdle. The Heavenly Guardian was testing his resolve, his ability to navigate the corrupted landscape before even reaching the heart of the challenge.

With a deep breath, Ren Yuan channeled the God of Heaven's inheritance. Divine energy surged through him, pushing back the oppressive aura of the corrupted beings. He wouldn't waste time on empty threats. These creatures were husks, their power a mere shadow of what they once possessed.

BOOM!

Drawing his sword, Ren Yuan unleashed a flurry of attacks. His blade, imbued with divine energy, cleaved through the spectral forms with ease. Their moans turned into screams of anguish as they dissolved into wisps of dark energy. Yet, for everyone he cut down, two more seemed to rise from the cracked earth.

Frustration bubbled within Ren Yuan. He couldn't keep fighting an endless wave of enemies. He needed to find a way to bypass them, to reach the monolith itself. He focused on the memories he inherited, searching for a technique that could manipulate the fabric of the battlefield.

An image flickered – the God of Heaven weaving a path of celestial light through a chaotic storm. With newfound determination, Ren Yuan closed his eyes, picturing the technique. When he opened them again, a trail of shimmering white light materialized before him, stretching towards the distant monolith.

The spectral figures hesitated, their mindless rage momentarily replaced by confusion. It was their first encounter with such a power, a power that resonated with the very essence of the heavens they had once served...

#### Chapter 2054 Heir to the Heavenly Throne (2)

Seizing the opportunity, Ren Yuan stepped onto the path of celestial light. It pulsed with warmth, a beacon of hope amidst the desolate landscape. As he walked, the corrupted beings remained frozen, their forms flickering in uncertainty.

He continued his journey, the monolith growing larger with each step. The whispers returned, but this time, they were laced with a different emotion – fear. The path of celestial light was a stark reminder of the power Ren Yuan wielded, a power that could potentially cleanse the corruption plaguing the Heavenly Court.

The monolith loomed before him, a jagged scar against the blood-red sky. As Ren Yuan reached its base, the whispers morphed into a single, chilling voice that echoed from within the obsidian structure.

"You have overcome the first hurdle, mortal," it boomed, the voice devoid of any emotion. "But the heart of the trial lies within. Are you prepared to face the consequences of your actions?"

Ren Yuan gripped the hilt of his sword tighter, his gaze fixed on the cryptic symbols etched onto the monolith's surface. The Heavenly Desolate Orb, safely tucked away in his robes, hummed with a faint warmth, a silent reassurance.

"I am," he declared, his voice ringing with conviction. "I will see this through, no matter the cost."

The monolith pulsed once, and a section of its surface dissolved, revealing a swirling vortex of inky blackness. It emanated an aura of pure, unadulterated chaos, threatening to consume everything in its path.

Taking a deep breath, Ren Yuan steeled himself. This was it. The true test. He raised his hand, channeling the God of Heaven's inheritance. A divine shield materialized around him, shimmering defiantly against the encroaching darkness.

With a resolute nod, Ren Yuan stepped into the vortex. The world dissolved into a chaotic kaleidoscope of colors and sensations. He tumbled through a void, the roar of the divine storm deafening. When his vision finally cleared, he found himself standing on a desolate platform, suspended amidst an endless expanse of swirling darkness.

In the distance, a lone figure stood silhouetted against the churning chaos. It was humanoid in form, but its features were obscured by a swirling mist. As Ren Yuan approached, a wave of dread washed over him. This entity emanated an aura of immense power, a power that rivaled even the God of Heaven himself.

"Welcome, inheritor," the figure boomed, its voice a cacophony of whispers that echoed through the void. "You have come far. But can you withstand the burden of truth?"

Ren Yuan stopped a few paces away, his divine shield flickering under the strain of the entity's presence. "Who are you?" he demanded, his voice unwavering despite the tremor in his heart.

The figure chuckled, a sound like wind whistling through a graveyard. "I am a reflection," it rasped. "A fragment of a power far older than creation itself. A power the Heavenly Court sought to control but ultimately failed to contain."

Ren Yuan frowned, the entity's words sparking a flicker of doubt within him. A fragment of a power far older than creation? Why would it appear here? And what was the relationship between it and the God of Heaven?

A spark of curiosity ignited within Ren Yuan, battling the tide of suspicion churning in his gut. "A reflection, you say?" he echoed, his voice cautious. "A reflection of what?"

The entity pulsed with an unsettling hunger. "Of creation itself," it boomed, the voice swirling around Ren Yuan like a tempest. "Before the Primal Chaos took form, there was only chaos. Pure, unbridled potential. I am an echo of that primordial state."

Ren Yuan's mind raced. Through the memories of the previous inheritor of the God of Heaven, there wasn't such a thing who could be rivaled of the Creator... Who was this?

If Yun Lintian were here, he would immediately recognize this. It was undoubtedly a remnant of the Chasm of Uncreation he had just seen.

"And what do you seek from me, then?" Ren Yuan pressed, his voice laced with suspicion.

The entity's form solidified further, revealing a grotesque mockery of a humanoid figure. Yet, a strange reverence flickered in its burning eyes.

"You, inheritor," it boomed, its voice a seductive purr. "You possess a unique spark, a lineage touched by both order and chaos. You are the key. With your help, I can break free from this prison and usher in a new era. But first, you must acknowledge me as your true master."

The entity extended a tendril of darkness, its touch promising unimaginable power. But Ren Yuan recoiled, the Heavenly Desolate Orb pulsing warmly against his chest, a beacon of truth amidst the entity's deception.



"Master?" Ren Yuan scoffed. "I serve no master. You may be powerful, but your words reek of manipulation. You speak of freedom, yet your power is all-consuming."

The entity's form contorted in rage. "Insolence!" it roared. "Do you not see the shackles the Heavenly Court has placed upon you? Their order is a gilded cage, stifling your true potential!"

"The Heavenly Court may have its flaws," Ren Yuan countered, his voice ringing with conviction. "But they have also protected this realm for millennia. Order and chaos are two sides of the same coin. One cannot exist without the other."

The entity shrieked, the platform trembling with its fury. "Foolish mortal! You cling to the shackles of a dead empire! Join me, and together, we will reshape reality in our image!"

But Ren Yuan stood firm, his resolve unwavering. He had come too far, faced too many trials, to be swayed by the entity's twisted promises. He raised his hand, channeling the God of Heaven's inheritance.

"The fate of the Primal Chaos rests on my shoulders," Ren Yuan declared, his voice echoing through the void. "And I will not be a pawn in your game. You, whoever you are, prepare to face the true inheritor of the God of Heaven's legacy!"

The entity surprisingly fell silent. Its body was distorted as if it could disappear at any moment. "Foolish mortal. You can lie to everyone but not yourself. The darkness in your heart has long consumed you... Kekeke..." The entity spoke slowly before its figure dissolved completely.

A tremor shook the platform as the entity's form rippled and dissolved. The swirling darkness receded, revealing only the desolate platform suspended in the void. A wave of exhaustion washed over Ren Yuan, the divine shield flickering and fading.

Ren Yuan furrowed his brow. It was true as it said, he had merely pretended to be righteous to pass the trial...

Chapter 2055 Heir to the Heavenly Throne (3)

Ren Yuan stared down at his hand, the Heavenly Desolate Orb nestled comfortably within his palm. Its warmth offered a fleeting solace, a constant echo of the path he'd forged.

Memories flickered across his mind, transporting him back to a time when he was a frail youth, his talent hovering at best in the realm of mediocrity. To survive that harsh reality, he adopted a ruthless pragmatism, deploying any means necessary without a flicker of moral hesitation.

One fateful day, while traversing the depths of the Heavenly Desolate Realm, Ren Yuan stumbled upon an ancient secret long buried. This revelation, the very legacy of the God of Heaven itself, bestowed upon him the unprecedented power to manipulate the fates of others.

From that transformative moment, a singular ambition took root within him: to ascend to the absolute zenith of the Primal Chaos.

The Beyond Heaven King served as his initial target for surpassing. Through a cunning, albeit dishonorable, strategy, Ren Yuan delivered a crippling blow that sent the Ruler of the Divine Realm hurtling towards his demise. Despite the disgraceful tactics employed, Ren Yuan had secured his objective.

His hand might look very clean right now, but it was stained crimson with the blood of countless innocents and held no weight upon his conscience.

The victor, in his unwavering belief, claimed absolute dominion. This was the law he lived by.

As he contemplated his experience, the platform beneath him shuddered. A blinding light erupted from the center, engulfing him in its brilliance. When the light faded, Ren Yuan found himself deposited back at the base of the monolith. The desolate landscape was bathed in the gentle luminescence of the celestial path.

He had no idea how much time had transpired, but the air vibrated with a renewed energy. The whispers that had once tormented him were absent, replaced by an unsettling silence. The monolith seemed to radiate a sense of satisfaction as if acknowledging his success.

Yet, the victory felt hollow. The entity's words resonated within his mind, a constant reminder of the darkness it alluded to residing within him.

A formidable enemy wouldn't have caused him such unease, but an unknown threat was a different beast entirely. He clutched the Heavenly Desolate Orb tighter, seeking solace in its comforting warmth.

Suddenly, a booming voice resonated from above, shaking the very foundations of the Heavenly Court. Infused with otherworldly power, the voice boomed, "Mortal, you have passed the trials. The Heavenly Guardian recognizes your strength and potential. Now, rise and claim your reward."

Ren Yuan looked up, his heart a frantic drum in his chest. A colossal figure materialized in the blood-red sky, its form shrouded in celestial light. The Heavenly Guardian itself.

He took a deep breath, the weight of the entity's words and the Guardian's pronouncement settling upon him like a crushing mantle. This was his moment of truth. The path ahead remained shrouded in uncertainty, but one thing was clear: he had successfully taken a significant step forward.

Ren Yuan steeled himself with newfound resolve and reached towards the celestial light emanating from the monolith. As his hand touched the shimmering surface, a surge of power coursed through him, awakening something ancient and dormant within his very being.

The world around him dissolved into a kaleidoscope of light and energy. When his vision finally cleared, he found himself standing in a magnificent chamber of the Heavenly Court, the air thrumming with divine energy.

The Heavenly Guardian loomed before him, its form now solidified, radiating an aura of immense power and wisdom. In its hand, it held a gleaming sword, its blade etched with intricate symbols that pulsed with an otherworldly light.

"This," the Heavenly Guardian boomed, its voice echoing through the chamber, "is the Heaven's Might, a weapon forged from the very essence of the Heavenly Court. Wield it wisely, Ren Yuan, for you are now ruler. The fate of the Primal Chaos rests upon your shoulders, and the darkness within you... that too, shall be tested."

A flicker of surprise crossed Ren Yuan's face... Ruler. The weight of the title settled on his shoulders, a heavier burden than the darkness he harbored. He grasped the hilt of Heaven's Might, the power coursing through him a potent temptation.

A smile appeared on his face. He had finally obtained the complete legacy of the God of Heaven!

Buzz—

A slow hum, barely perceptible at first, emanated from the heart of the Heavenly Court. It was a sound of awakening, a tremor that ran through the very foundation of the once-

shattered realm. The divine energy, stagnant for millennia, stirred sluggishly at first, then with increasing vigor.

Ren Yuan, newly crowned ruler and still cloaked in the afterglow of his trials, watched from a vantage point overlooking the ravaged landscape. The once-majestic structures, their facades marred by cracks and scars, stirred from their slumber. Jagged spires, reaching for a blood-red sky that was slowly regaining its lost vibrancy, pulsed with a faint luminescence.

Fractured jade tiles, scattered like fallen teeth across the celestial path, slowly mended. The intricate carvings adorned the path, depicting forgotten battles, shimmered back into existence. The air, heavy with the stench of decay, was gradually replaced by a sweet, ethereal fragrance, a harbinger of renewal.

Ethereal spirits, wispy figures that had cowered in the shadows for countless years, emerged tentatively from their hiding places. Their translucent forms, once dull and despondent, shimmered with renewed life force. They flitted amongst the ruins, their melodic voices weaving a tapestry of joyous hymns that echoed across the recovering realm.

From the depths of the Heavenly Palace, a colossal statue of the God of Heaven, its face weathered and its arm outstretched in a broken gesture of blessing, began to emit a soft, celestial light. The cracks that marred its surface began to knit themselves together, slowly revealing the god's once-

imposing majesty.

The change wasn't instantaneous. It was a slow, painstaking process, a testament to the deep wounds inflicted upon the Heavenly Court. Yet, with each passing moment, the hum grew louder, the divine energy surged stronger, and the once-

desolate realm bloomed with the budding promise of revival.

Ren Yuan, his gaze fixed upon the awakening giant, felt a surge of power course through him. It was the power of the Heavenly Court itself, a responsibility that weighed heavily upon him. He, the man who embraced the darkness within, was now tasked with leading this fractured realm back to its former glory.

A cruel smile played on his lips. It would be a challenge worthy of his ambition...

#### Chapter 2056 The Return of the Heavenly Court (1)

A tremor, subtle at first, rippled through the very essence of the Nine Heavens Realm.

In sacred celestial gardens around the realm, High Gods cultivating beneath blossoming spirit trees paused, their eyes snapping open in surprise.

High atop snow-capped peaks, meditating hermits stirred from their trances, brows furrowed in confusion. Even within the bustling marketplaces of mortal cities, a hush fell over the crowd as an unfamiliar energy thrummed through the air. Follow current novels on [n/o/v/3l/b\(\(in\).\(co/m](http://n/o/v/3l/b((in).(co/m)

The source of the commotion was unmistakable. A faint luminescence began to bloom from the desolate expanse beyond the celestial wall. It was a hesitant glow at first, like a candle flickering back to life after a long slumber. But with each passing moment, the light grew brighter and stronger until it became a beacon visible across the entire realm.

In the celestial abodes of the Nine Heavens Realm, many lower gods flocked to their balconies, jade railings teeming with curious onlookers. Whispers erupted into a cacophony of excited speculation.

"The Heavenly Court... it can't be!"

"The light... it's returning after millennia!"

Disbelief gave way to awe as the once-faint glow morphed into a magnificent spectacle. Jagged silhouettes, long shrouded in darkness, began to emerge from the celestial dust. The ruins of the Heavenly Court, once a grim testament to a bygone era, were slowly regaining their former glory.

Shock coursed through the halls of power. In the opulent palace of the Jade Emperor, ruler of the Eastern Heaven and the newly-rebuilt Heavenly Court, advisors scrambled to interpret the celestial omens.

Murmurs of unease coursed through the court of the Western Emperor, whose rivalry with the Jade Emperor had spanned eons.

Even in the remote northern reaches, where the enigmatic Demon Lord resided, a flicker of curiosity ignited within his crimson eyes.

The revival of the Heavenly Court was a monumental event, a shift in the celestial balance that had remained stagnant for millennia.

Speculation ran rampant. Who had reignited the divine flame? What power had brought about this miraculous transformation? And most importantly, what did this portend for the future of the Nine Heavens Realm?

The only thing everyone was certain of was that the heir of the God of Heaven had ascended the Heavenly Throne!

As the light from the Heavenly Court intensified, bathing the celestial expanse in a vibrant glow, one thing became undeniably clear: a new era had dawned.

The power vacuum left by the Heavenly Court's demise was about to be filled, and the Nine Heavens waited with bated breath to see the new ruler of the Heavenly Court.

A tremor of unease settled upon Ren Yuan as he witnessed the celestial light emanating from the recovering Heavenly Court pierce the blood-red sky. It wasn't just the light. It was a pressure, a subtle pushback that felt undeniable against his newfound power.

He raised his hand, the Heaven's Might humming faintly in his grasp. Glancing towards the source of the disquiet, he saw it – a swirling vortex of obsidian clouds gathering above the celestial wall. Within the vortex, crackling bolts of violet lightning danced with an unsettling hunger.

"The Heavenly Tribulation," a voice, a mere rasp at the edge of his consciousness, echoed from his forgotten trial. "They will not allow the Heavenly Court to return. They fear order, for it stifles chaos."

Ren Yuan's grip tightened on the sword. He'd conquered trials, embraced the darkness within, and ascended to this position. Was this another hurdle, a final test before true dominion? A flicker of defiance sparked within him. No, this was not a test. It was a challenge.

Below, the celestial spirits, sensing the gathering storm, huddled together, their luminescence flickering with fear. The once-joyous hymns died on their lips, replaced by trembling whimpers. Even the newly restored sections of the Heavenly Court seemed to recoil, cracks appearing in the mending jade tiles.

But amidst the terror, there was another reaction. From the distant corners of the Nine Heavens Realm, figures emerged, drawn by the swirling vortex like moths to a flame. They were practitioners, clad in simple robes, their faces lit with a fanatic gleam. These were the Heavenly Tribulation Cult, a fringe sect worshipping the chaotic power of the Heavenly Tribulation.

Their leader, a wizened old man with eyes crackling with violet energy, stood at the forefront. "The tribulation descends!" he roared, his voice tinged with reverence. "The old order crumbles! A new era of chaos dawns!"

His followers echoed his cry, chanting in a language that sounded more like a primal scream than words.

Ren Yuan watched them with cold indifference. Fanatics clinging to a power that would consume them as readily as it empowered. They served no purpose in his grand scheme.

"Looks like it's time for a coronation ceremony they won't forget," he uttered, a cruel smile twisting his lips. He raised the Heaven's Might, channeling the divine energy surging through the recovering court. With a mighty roar, he split the air, sending a shockwave that shattered the silence.

"Hear me, denizens of the Nine Heavens!" he boomed, his voice amplified by the celestial power. "The Heavenly Court returns, not as a relic of the past, but as a harbinger of a new era! An era of order, of justice, of prosperity!"

His words resonated through the realm, a stark counterpoint to the chanting of the Heavenly Tribulation Cult. His gaze locked on the leader, and the fanatic gleam in his eyes was irritating. With a flick of his wrist, a bolt of divine energy, pure and white, erupted from the Heaven's Might.

It pierced the vortex of the tribulation, a defiant challenge to the chaotic lightning within.

BOOM!

The clash was instantaneous. The white bolt of divine energy met the churning mass of black tribulation lightning head-on. A deafening roar filled the heavens, the sound splitting mountains and vaporizing clouds. The air crackled with raw power as the two forces battled for dominance.

But unlike any tribulation faced before, the white bolt held firm. It pulsed with a steady rhythm, unwavering in its resolve. Slowly, ever so slowly, it began to push back the encroaching darkness.

The fanatics of the Heavenly Tribulation Cult watched in disbelief as the chaotic energy they worshipped began to retreat. Murmurs of doubt rippled through their ranks, their faith shaken by this unforeseen development.

Ren Yuan, eyes blazing with power, stood resolute amidst the celestial storm. Each pulse of the white bolt felt like an echo of his will, his defiance against the supposed order of the heavens.

BOOOM—

With a final, explosive surge, the white bolt engulfed the remaining tendrils of dark lightning.



Silence descended, heavy and unexpected. The vortex in the sky slowly unraveled, leaving behind a vast, star-studded expanse...

## Chapter 2057 The Return of the Heavenly Court (2)

A collective gasp of awe echoed through the crowd gathered below. The tribulation, the very embodiment of the heavenly judgment, had been vanquished. Never before had such a feat been witnessed. The murmurs of the crowd rose to a crescendo, a mixture of awe and a tremor of fear at the power Ren Yuan wielded.

The leader of the Heavenly Tribulation Cult, his face contorted with a mixture of rage and terror, let out a defiant scream. "This is blasphemy! You defy the natural order! The heavens will not tolerate this!"

Ren Yuan's cold gaze settled upon him. "The natural order? What order is that?" he boomed. "An order that allows for chaos and destruction? An order that punishes those who strive for a better existence?"

He lifted the Heaven's Might even higher, the celestial blade radiating an otherworldly light. "I offer you a choice," he declared, his voice cutting through the tension-filled air. "Join me in forging a new era, one of unity and progress, or face the consequences of clinging to a broken system.

The once-zealous leader stood speechless, the conviction draining from his eyes. The other cultists, their faith shattered by the spectacle they had witnessed, began to waver. Their faith, the very foundation of their beliefs, had been shattered.

Ren Yuan, with a single act of defiance, had not only subdued the Heavenly Tribulation but had also challenged the established power structure of the Nine Heavens.

His voice echoed through the realm, a beacon of hope for those who yearned for change and a stark warning for those who resisted it. The coronation ceremony he had promised was just the beginning.

The Nine Heavens were about to witness the rise of a new order, one built not on the whims of the Heavenly Tribulation but on the unwavering will of Ren Yuan!

The silence stretched thick with the weight of Ren Yuan's words and the shattered remnants of the Heavenly Tribulation Cult's belief. A single cough broke the tension, sending ripples of nervous energy through the crowd. It was an elder from the Celestial House, his weathered face etched with a mixture of awe and apprehension.

"We... we have witnessed an extraordinary display of power, Your Excellency," he stammered, his voice barely a whisper. "A power that defies what we thought possible."

A low murmur of agreement rose from the gathered officials, their eyes flickering between Ren Yuan and the shattered remnants of the tribulation vortex.

Ren Yuan lowered the Heaven's Might, the divine energy crackling around the blade slowly subsiding. A hint of a smile curved his lips, a flicker of amusement at their trepidation. "Extraordinary times call for extraordinary measures," he said, his voice calm and powerful.

"The Heavenly Court has returned," he continued, his gaze sweeping across the crowd. "Not to rule with an iron fist, but to guide and protect. To usher in an era where cultivation flourishes, and all beings can strive for a better existence."

His words hung in the air, a promise laced with an implicit warning. He knew there would be resistance, those who clung to the old ways, who feared the disruption he represented. But he was prepared.

The Heavenly Court, reborn under his leadership, would be a force for change, an unstoppable tide reshaping the very fabric of the Nine Heavens.

"Those who choose to join me," he declared, his voice ringing out, "will find a place in this new order. Together, we will build a future worthy of our potential."

A hesitant cheer flickered through the crowd, scattered claps echoing through the celestial court. It was a cautious start, but a start nonetheless. The officials, sensing the shift in power, began to step forward, offering their allegiance. One by one, they pledged their loyalty to Ren Yuan, their voices growing stronger with each declaration.

Even within the remnants of the Heavenly Tribulation Cult, there were those who saw the truth. Practitioners who yearned for a purpose beyond blind faith, who saw the potential for a brighter future. They knelt before Ren Yuan, their faces etched with a mixture of shame and hope.

As the sun peeked over the horizon, casting an ethereal light on the celestial court, Ren Yuan stood tall. The coronation ceremony, though unplanned, had served its purpose. He was no longer just a cunning weakling; he was now a symbol and herald of a new era. The era of the Heavenly Court, reborn under his will, had begun.

But Ren Yuan knew the challenges were far from over. The power he wielded was undeniable, but wielding it wisely would be a different story. He had to forge alliances, quell dissent, and prove that his vision was not just about power but creating a future where all beings could wholeheartedly serve him.

The road ahead would be long and arduous, but Ren Yuan, with the Heaven's Might in his hand and the embers of a new order burning in his heart, was ready to face it.

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"He... has succeeded." The Jade Emperor watched the events unfold before him. Ren Yuan wasn't the first heir of the God of Heaven, but he was the first one who successfully rebuilt the Heavenly Court and ascended to the ruler position.

In normal times, the Jade Emperor was subordinate to the God of Heaven. By tradition, he should submit to Ren Yuan. But how could he, the mighty Jade Emperor, submit to a young man barely out of the Lower God Realm?

However, as someone who had overseen the Heavenly Court for eons, the Jade Emperor was fully aware of the true power it held. As long as Ren Yuan continued to stay inside the Heavenly Court, no one could possibly harm him.

"He is fortunate," Erlang Shen uttered with a cold expression. "The Chaos Goddess has been missing for years. Otherwise, he wouldn't stand a chance."

The Jade Emperor turned to look at a white-haired old man in a plain robe and inquired, "What do you think?"

The old man, the Kitchen God, Zao Jun, raised his head and replied evenly, "The choice is yours, Your Majesty. The return of the God of Heaven is inevitable, as are the other Primordial Gods. It is time for us to choose a side. It would be unwise to hedge our bets."

The Jade Emperor fell silent. He was fully aware of the upcoming calamity. No matter how unwilling he was, he must make a choice today...

### Chapter 2058 The Return of the Heavenly Court (3)

The crimson sun dipped below the horizon, painting the sky in a bruised purple and fiery orange gradient. High atop Mount Meru, in his palace carved from living jade, the Western Emperor, Bai Ze, surveyed the celestial spectacle. His ageless face, etched with the wisdom of eons, remained impassive. But a flicker of surprise danced in his amber eyes.

From the corner of his vision, a spectral advisor materialized—a wizened crane with feathers like spun moonlight. Its voice, rustling like dry leaves, said, "Your Majesty, a tremor seems to have shaken the Nine Heavens."

Bai Ze turned his gaze, his eyes piercing the veil of reality. He saw the once-dormant Heavenly Court ablaze with celestial light. A figure, radiating power so potent it almost seemed to warp the fabric of existence, stood at the heart of it all – Ren Yuan.

The Western Emperor's hand tightened around the armrest of his jade throne. A faint tremor ran through the mountain, a testament to the sheer power emanating from the newly revived Heavenly Court.

"The God of Heaven," Bai Ze breathed, the name heavy on his tongue. He hadn't expected the inheritor, Ren Yuan, to successfully revive the Heavenly Court and receive recognition from the Heavenly Guardian. It seemed the return of the God of Heaven was inevitable.

"He has defied the tribulation," the crane rasped, a hint of awe lacing its voice. "He has not only conquered the Heavenly Tribulation but also subjugated the remnants of the Heavenly Tribulation Cult. He now stands as the undisputed ruler of the Heavenly Court."

Bai Ze remained silent, his thoughts a whirlwind. The power vacuum left by the God of Heaven's demise and the Chaos Goddess's disappearance had created a volatile situation. Now, it seemed, Ren Yuan had filled that void with a force unlike any seen before.

"A new era dawns in the Nine Heavens," the crane continued, its spectral form shimmering faintly. "The question, Your Majesty, is where will the West stand in this new order?"

A wry smile touched Bai Ze's lips. The West, with its focus on harmony and balance, had always maintained a delicate neutrality in celestial power struggles. But this time, things were different. Ren Yuan's rise, so sudden and potent, threatened to upset the celestial equilibrium.

"We shall observe," Bai Ze finally declared, his voice resonating with power. "We shall observe how this new ruler wields his newfound authority. Only then will the West decide its course."

Deep down, Bai Ze still held a flicker of faith in the Chaos Goddess. Since the God of Heaven's demise, the Heavenly Realm had been shattered, fracturing into a chaotic struggle for dominance among the remaining forces.

The Chaos Goddess's emergence halted everything, restoring peace to the Nine Heavens Realm. Bai Ze, the Jade Emperor, and the other powerhouses who survived the Primordial War had been wholly convinced by her leadership. Now, Ren Yuan's arrival cast uncertainty. No one could guarantee he would maintain the peace the Chaos Goddess had established.

Bai Ze rose from his throne, his gaze fixed on the vibrant image of the Heavenly Court. A new game had begun on the celestial chessboard. The Western Emperor, a silent but powerful player, was prepared to make his move when the opportune moment arrived.

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The obsidian veins of the Shadow Palace pulsed with a tremor like a discontented dragon stirring in its slumber. Ying Xue, her once-ethereal beauty marred by the harsh lines of forbidden knowledge, sat upon her throne carved from a fallen star. The bioluminescent fungi, casting an eerie glow across the cavernous throne room, couldn't quite mask the simmering tension.

A hush fell over the court as a lone figure materialized from the shadows – a skeletal messenger wreathed in wisps of inky smoke. It bowed low, its voice a raspy whisper. "My Queen," it rasped, "troubling news from the Nine Heavens."

Ying Xue remained impassive, but a flicker of dark amusement danced in her eyes. "Speak," she commanded, her voice a silken rasp.

"The Heavenly Court," the messenger continued, its voice laced with dread, "has been revived by the new inheritor of the God of Heaven, Ren Yuan. He hails from the Divine Realm. Not only has he vanquished the Heavenly Tribulation, but he has also subjugated its followers."

A collective gasp rippled through the court. The power vacuum left by the God of Heaven's disappearance had been a boon to the Shadow Court, granting them a newfound freedom. But the rise of a new ruler, wielding such potent divine might, cast a long shadow on their future.

A hulking demon with horns the color of dried blood slammed his fist on the obsidian table. "This upstart! Does he think he can dictate the affairs of the entire Nine Heavens?"

A sly grin split the face of a hag, her voice a cackle that echoed through the chamber. "Perhaps this Ren Yuan is not so different from us. He too defied the established order, carving his own path to power."

Ying Xue held up a hand, silencing the chamber. Her gaze, sharp as a viper's, swept across her court. "This Ren Yuan," she finally spoke, a dangerous glint in her voice, "is a wild card. Unlike the previous inheritor, his methods are unorthodox. We must tread carefully."

A ripple of agreement ran through the court. The Shadow Court thrived in chaos, but unchecked celestial power could prove disastrous.

"Dispatch scouts to the Divine Realm," Ying Xue declared, her voice hardening into a cold command. "We will gather information, learn his strengths and weaknesses. Only then will we decide our next move."

A murmur of assent rose from the court. The game had changed, but the Shadow Court, masters of manipulation and deception, were not ones to shy away from a challenge.

Ren Yuan's rise might have upset the celestial balance, but the Shadow Court, lurking in the unseen corners of the realm, was prepared to exploit the chaos for their own gain.

Unlike Ren Yuan's bold display of power, their move would be a whisper in the darkness, a calculated strike from the shadows, a testament to their forbidden prowess.

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The tremor in the Nine Heavens Realm sent shivers down the spines of various lurking forces. Lin Yitong, who occasionally returned to monitor the situation, was no exception.

"Ren Yuan," Lin Yitong muttered, her expression solemn. "How did he manage it?"

It wasn't that she underestimated Ren Yuan, but the method he employed to revive the Heavenly Court, undetected by the numerous powerhouses here, was beyond her comprehension.

"Who!?" A sudden shift in the atmosphere, eerily similar to a past experience, made Lin Yitong freeze. Someone was watching her, unseen.

"Relax," a gentle female voice soothed.

## Chapter 2059 A Warning

Lin Yitong whipped around, her spiritual sense expanding outward like tree roots. Finding nothing but the silent, starry expanse, she demanded, "Who are you?" Her voice echoed through the vast emptiness.

A figure shimmered into existence a few paces away, solidifying from the starlight itself. The woman, impossibly young with eyes that held the wisdom of eons, was unlike anyone Lin Yitong had ever encountered. Her attire seemed woven from moonlight, shimmering with an ethereal glow.

The woman looked at Lin Yitong and spoke gently. "The True Wood Spirit Lord has chosen a worthy successor."

Lin Yitong furrowed her brow deeply. The woman in front of her exuded an ethereal presence, as if not truly here but a projection from another time and space.

Moreover, this woman's concealment technique far surpassed Lin Yitong's capabilities. She couldn't comprehend someone perfectly masking their presence from her perception.

"Are you the Chaos Goddess?" Lin Yitong ventured a bold guess, unable to think of anyone else at that moment.

"No," the woman shook her head. "However, you must have heard my name."

"Your name?" Lin Yitong frowned.

The woman spoke calmly. "My name is Yun Wushuang."

Lin Yitong was momentarily stunned, then recovered. "Yun Wushuang... The Misty Cloud Sect Founder Yun Wushuang from the Azure World?"

"Yes," the woman, Yun Wushuang, responded gently. "I am the founder of the Misty Cloud Sect."

A flurry of questions threatened to drown Lin Yitong. It was unbelievable. According to her knowledge, Yun Wushuang shouldn't be more than a few thousand years old. How could she have become a True God so quickly?

Yun Wushuang's gaze softened. "The True Wood Spirit Lord is an ancient entity, its consciousness intertwined with the fabric of this world. It recognized your potential, your connection to nature, and most importantly, your unwavering loyalty to Yun Lintian."



Lin Yitong remained confused. "I don't understand. What do you mean? And who are you exactly?"

She refused to believe the person in front of her was a mere mortal who, having grown up in the lower realm, possessed knowledge far exceeding their years. Lin Yitong herself had spent millions of years meticulously gathering ancient knowledge. Perhaps...Yun Wushuang was an inheritor of some ancient god.

Furthermore, Lin Yitong couldn't grasp the latter part of Yun Wushuang's sentence. How could the True Wood Spirit Lord choose her based on her loyalty to Yun Lintian, who didn't even exist at that time?

Yun Wushuang's ethereal form flickered subtly. "Time often obscures the truth," she said. "Explaining everything to you now would be difficult. Trust me, the knowledge you seek will soon be revealed."

Lin Yitong pondered this, a flicker of realization dawning on her. "So... you've been watching over him all this time? Protecting him in secret?"

Yun Wushuang offered a cryptic smile, neither confirming nor denying. "Let's just say, circumstances necessitated a more subtle approach. But fear not, your arrival marks a turning point. The era of shadows is over. It's time for you to openly embrace your role as his protector, wielding the power bestowed upon you."

Since becoming a True God, Lin Yitong had never felt such confusion. A multitude of questions swirled in her mind.

"Are you working with Yun Tian?" she inquired. "The moment I met him, I knew my destiny was intertwined with his successor. However, I still don't understand why it has to be me. And what is the relationship between the True Wood Spirit Clan and the God of Fate?"

Yun Wushuang's amethyst eyes locked with Lin Yitong's. "The True Wood Spirit Lord recognized the purity of your spirit, a deep connection to the natural world – a quality that resonates with Yun Lintian's own lineage. You were chosen not just as a protector but as a kindred spirit, someone who will understand him on a deeper level."

Lin Yitong's heart swelled with a complex mix of emotions: responsibility, purpose, and a hint of something more. Perhaps the True Wood Spirit Lord had seen not only her loyalty, but a potential she hadn't even recognized in herself.

"As for your final question," Yun Wushuang said softly, "let's just say the True Wood Spirit Clan owes a debt of gratitude to the God of Fate."

Lin Yitong furrowed her brow further. A debt of gratitude? During her time with the True Wood Spirit Clan, she hadn't learned anything about the God of Fate. It seemed there was a complete disconnect between the clan and him.

Pushing these doubts aside for now, she focused on the most pressing question. "What is your purpose in coming here?"

Yun Wushuang had concealed her identity for a long time. It was clear that her appearance wouldn't be without significant reason.

"I've come to offer a crucial warning," Yun Wushuang said. "With the Heavenly Court's return, the God of Heaven's appearance is inevitable. The animosity between him and the God of Fate is irreparable. His first target upon attaining full power will be Lintian."

Lin Yitong listened intently. The grudge between Ren Yuan and Yun Lintian was no secret to her.

"Secondly," Yun Wushuang continued, "the ancient gods are destined to return. It will be a difficult struggle, but you and Lintian must do everything in your power to prevent it."

"Why?" Lin Yitong frowned deeply. In her opinion, the risk didn't justify Yun Lintian's involvement if it was such a daunting task.

"The threat isn't just from the enemy faction's ancient gods," Yun Wushuang clarified. "Our side is in danger as well. The Soul Scepter is the key. If the God of Death's inheritor acquires it, things will become even more dire for us."

Lin Yitong fell silent for a moment before asking solemnly, "Can you offer some insight? What is the grand scheme here? Who are we fighting with? Is it the Chasm of Uncreation?"

"Yes," Yun Wushuang replied gently. "But that's the ultimate consequence... Remember this. The return of the thirteen Primordial Gods is fated. History is destined to repeat itself."

Lin Yitong's expression changed. "The Primordial War?" she blurted, the realization hitting her like a blow.

"Indeed," Yun Wushuang nodded gravely. "Preventing it is one of our objectives."

Lin Yitong latched onto the key detail. "One of your objectives?"

"Regrettably, you're not yet ready for the full truth," Yun Wushuang spoke softly. "Seek out the inheritor of the God of Life and you will find a way to improve your strength."

She paused, her gaze lingering. "And Lintian... keep my presence a secret from him."

Then, with a shimmer, Yun Wushuang's ethereal form dissolved, vanishing as if she had never existed...

#### Chapter 2060 Identify

Lin Yitong remained rooted to the spot for a long time, Yun Wushuang's revelations exploding in her mind like a bomb.

Everything – being chosen by the True Wood Spirit Clan, learning about the Primordial Era, encountering the enigmatic Yun Tian, and now, the knowledge of Primordial God inheritors – it all coalesced. Her path, it seemed, had been predetermined. She was fated to be a player in this grand scheme.

Peaceful by nature, Lin Yitong wasn't naive. The world harbored no true peace. Her desire for vengeance against the True Wood Spirit Clan's attackers had already shattered any illusions of a tranquil life.

Without further deliberation, Lin Yitong returned to Earth and made a beeline for the Tower of Fate.

Frowning deeply, she stared at the thirteen glowing paintings before her. Their sudden illumination, particularly the previously dimmed portraits of the God of Mortals and the God of Time, remained a mystery.

"What happened?"

Just then, Hongyue entered the room, having returned from the Primordial God Forsaken Land with news of Yun Lintian's recent situation. Her destination was Nine Firmament City, but Lin Yitong drew her attention first.

Lin Yitong's gaze shifted from the Primordial Moon God's painting to Hongyue. "Have you made any progress in understanding your powers?"

Hongyue's brow furrowed in confusion. Her eyes drifted to the glowing paintings, a flicker of surprise crossing her face. "What's going on? How did they all light up?"

"All thirteen Primordial God inheritors have emerged," Lin Yitong explained succinctly. "Ren Yuan has just revived the Heavenly Court, solidifying his future path."

Shock flooded Hongyue's features.

"We need to locate them all," Lin Yitong continued. "Now that the inheritors of the God of Heaven, the God of Death, the God of Darkness, and the God of Fate are confirmed... The Moon God's inheritor should be you."

Hongyue's frown deepened. While all signs pointed towards her inheriting the Moon God's power, she couldn't sense it within herself at all.

Hongyue took a deep breath and said truthfully. "I have no idea. I couldn't feel anything."

"Could it be Lin Xinyao?" Lin Yitong raised an eyebrow in contemplation.

Lin Xinyao's existence was already peculiar. Her reincarnation with a newfound tie to moon power made her a strong candidate for the Moon God's inheritance.

"It's a possibility," Hongyue agreed, a frown etching itself on her face. "Senior Lan mentioned the Moon God's power being fragmented across the Primal Chaos, perhaps divided into five parts. Maybe each of them inherited a portion."

Hongyue paused, her voice laced with concern. "What would happen next?"

Lin Yitong held nothing back, recounting Yun Wushuang's unexpected appearance.

Hongyue, having witnessed Yun Lintian's growth firsthand throughout their time together, was utterly floored. The revelation of Yun Wushuang's immense power far exceeded her expectations.

Moreover, the possibility of a second Primordial War was a staggering blow. Back then, such a notion wouldn't have even crossed her mind.

Meeting Lin Yitong's gaze, Hongyue asked solemnly, "Do we aim to destroy them?"

Lin Yitong shook her head. "Preventing their growth is likely impossible. Our priority should be identifying them definitively... The past relationships between the Primordial Gods are too cryptic to serve as a reliable guide. We can't know who might be an ally."

A thought struck Hongyue. "Do you think the Primordial God Tribe has discovered them yet? They wouldn't exactly welcome the Primordial Gods' return, would they?"

Lin Yitong offered a slow nod. "Based on what I've observed, their sentiments wouldn't align with a Primordial God resurgence."

A heavy silence descended upon them, lingering for a long time.

"Speaking of," Hongyue finally broke the quiet, "I checked the cliff where Yun Tian and the others fell. Surprisingly, there's nothing down there."

Lin Yitong's brow furrowed. "You went down there?" Her voice betrayed a hint of disapproval.

"My spiritual sense can reach the bottom," Hongyue explained. "That's what gave me the courage to try."

A flicker of confusion crossed Lin Yitong's face. "What did you find?"

Hongyue shook her head, a bewildered expression mirroring Lin Yitong's.

Lin Yitong exhaled deeply. "For now, prioritize strengthening yourself and understanding your power. I'll be departing shortly. If anything arises, contact me immediately."

Hongyue readily agreed. "Understood."

Lin Yitong cast one last, lingering glance at the paintings before turning and taking her leave.

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The air, thick with the oppressive silence of ages, hung heavy as Si Junyi stepped through the shimmering portal. The God Tomb loomed before him, a skeletal titan against a bruised, blood-red sky. Jagged mountains, once vibrant with life, now jutted from the cracked earth, their peaks scraping the heavens. A palpable sense of desolation vibrated in the very air, a graveyard for forgotten gods.

Si Junyi surveyed the scene with cold detachment. His eyes, embers burning defiant against the pervasive gloom, swept across the desolate landscape.

Beside him, a colossal figure materialized from the swirling remnants of the portal. The Hell Asura, a behemoth forged from obsidian and bone, loomed even taller than the jagged mountains, its six crimson eyes glowing with an infernal hunger.

The stench of decay and ancient magic assaulted Si Junyi's senses, a putrid miasma that clung to the very fabric of reality. Yet, he remained unfazed, his expression a mask of steely resolve. This desolate realm, once the final resting place of divine beings, was now his hunting ground.

A dry, rasping wind scoured the wasteland, whipping at Si Junyi's crimson robe and sending dust devils swirling across the cracked earth.

In the distance, a desolate ruin, once a magnificent temple, crumbled against the relentless assault of time. It was a stark reminder of the power that lay dormant within these hallowed grounds – power Si Junyi craved.

**BOOM!**

With a single, imperious gesture, he unleashed the Hell Asura. The colossal being let out an earth-shattering roar, the sound echoing through the desolate canyons like a death knell to a forgotten era.

The ground trembled beneath its immense weight as it lumbered forward, its obsidian claws scraping against the cracked earth.

Si Junyi followed in its wake, his boots leaving silent imprints on the desolate ground. His gaze remained fixed on the crumbling temple, a singular purpose burning with an unholy intensity in his fiery eyes.

He had come to claim the legacy of the fallen gods, and no tomb, no guardian, no curse would stand in his way...