

Myth Beyond 2061

Chapter 2061 The Tomb Protector

Bang!

A tremor ran through the earth as Si Junyi approached the ruined temple, the air crackling with a sudden energy. From the shadows that clung to the broken pillars, figures emerged. Clad in dark grey robes, their faces obscured by ceremonial masks depicting skeletal visages, they stood shoulder-to-shoulder, forming a stoic barrier between Si Junyi and the temple.

The leader, his mask etched with intricate bone patterns, stepped forward. His voice, a dry rasp that seemed to emanate from the very stones, boomed across the desolate landscape. "Halt, trespasser! This sacred ground is under the protection of the Tomb Protectors Clan. No defiler enters the God Tomb!"

Si Junyi stopped, his crimson eyes narrowing at the figures. A sardonic smile played on his lips. "Tomb Protectors? How quaint. Have you forgotten your purpose in the face of oblivion? Or perhaps you serve a new master now, one content to see the legacy of the gods rot away?"

The leader's mask remained impassive. "We serve the balance, outsider. The God Tomb holds powers beyond your comprehension. Disturb its slumber, and you unleash a calamity that will consume all!"

Si Junyi threw back his head and laughed, a chilling sound that echoed through the ruins. "Calamity? You speak of calamity when the very essence of divinity lies dormant, waiting to be claimed! I am the inheritor of the God of Death, the rightful heir to this power. Step aside, or face the consequences."

A tense silence descended. The Tomb Protectors exchanged glances, their hands tightening around the hilts of their spectral blades. The weight of Si Junyi's presence, the aura of the unleashed Hell Asura just behind him, pressed down upon them.

The leader of the Tomb Protectors held Si Junyi's gaze for a beat longer. Then, to the surprise of both the Asura and Si Junyi himself, a hint of amusement flickered in his shadowed eyes.

"Inheritor of the God of Death?" His voice, though still dry, lacked the earlier urgency. "Very well. The God Tomb does not simply relinquish its secrets. It tests those who claim its power. You shall face the Trial of the Ancestors."

With a wave of his hand, the ruined temple before them shimmered. Cracks snaked across the stone, revealing an entrance bathed in an ethereal, bone-white light. The air crackled with a palpable energy, a challenge issued from the very heart of the tomb.

Instead of vigilance, Si Junyi's smile widened, a predator presented with a worthy hunt. "A trial, you say? Excellent. Lead the way."

He strode towards the entrance, the Hell Asura lumbering behind him, its hunger momentarily sated by the promise of imminent carnage.

The leader remained rooted to the spot, his voice ringing out as Si Junyi disappeared into the light. "The Trial is not what you expect, inheritor. The God Tomb judges not by brute force but by the spirit. It will test the very core of your being. Be warned, even a God of Death can be consumed by his own ambition."

The entrance pulsed once, then solidified, leaving behind a smooth, featureless wall. The Tomb Protectors, their expressions unreadable, formed a silent vigil around the sealed passage.

Inside the tomb, Si Junyi found himself in a vast chamber. Eerie murals depicting scenes of creation and destruction adorned the walls, each stroke imbued with an ancient power that tugged at his consciousness. Yet, the most striking feature was the absence of any enemies.

A low, melancholic hum resonated throughout the chamber, a lament for a bygone era. Si Junyi, ever cautious, advanced slowly. This wasn't a test of strength but something far more insidious. He could feel the tomb probing his mind, sifting through his memories and motivations.

Images flickered before his eyes - the faces of those he'd lost, the hunger for power that gnawed at his soul. The God Tomb was a master manipulator, twisting his past into a weapon, attempting to drown him in a sea of regret and despair.

Si Junyi gritted his teeth, forcing the memories back. He wouldn't be swayed. He was the inheritor, the chosen one. The hum intensified, turning into a cacophony of whispers, bombarding him with doubt.

"You are not worthy," they hissed. "Your heart is filled with darkness. You will only bring destruction."

Si Junyi roared in defiance, his voice echoing through the chamber. "Silence! I will not be broken! The power of the God of Death is mine by right!"

But the whispers continued, insidious and relentless. The tomb, it seemed, wasn't interested in a fair fight. It was exploiting his deepest flaws, attempting to turn him into a puppet king, a harbinger of chaos wielding the power of the gods.

Si Junyi stumbled, his resolve wavering under the relentless assault. Just as he was on the verge of succumbing, a new voice cut through the din. A deep, resonant voice, filled with an ancient wisdom.

"The inheritor walks a tightrope. Power without control is a curse, not a blessing."

The voice wasn't coming from within his mind but from somewhere deep within the tomb itself. Whether it was a fragment of a god's consciousness or a guardian spirit remained a mystery.

But its words struck a chord within Si Junyi. He gritted his teeth, focusing on the voice, using it as an anchor against the tide of despair. Slowly, the whispers receded, the chamber returning to its eerie silence.

Si Junyi stood panting, sweat beading on his brow. The Trial had been a brutal test of his will, a stark reminder of the corrupting nature of power. He had emerged victorious for now, but the true challenge, he realized, lay not in conquering the tomb but in conquering himself.

Si Junyi emerged from the white light, blinking against the sudden gloom. The air hung heavy with the scent of dust and decay, a stark contrast to the ethereal glow of the Trial chamber. Gone were the ornate murals; instead, jagged obsidian walls pressed in on him, their surfaces etched with cryptic symbols that pulsed with a faint, malevolent light.

The cavernous space stretched before him, seemingly endless. The only sound was the ragged echo of his own breathing. He raised a hand, a ball of crimson flame erupting from his palm, casting flickering shadows across the treacherous landscape.

The trial may be over, but the true test, he knew, had just begun...

Chapter 2062 Godhood

Buzz—

A tremor, sharp and sudden, ripped through the fabric of reality at the tomb's entrance. The air above the desolate plains surrounding the God Tomb shimmered, warping and distorting like a desert mirage caught in a swirling wind. Then, with a deafening crack that echoed across the wasteland, the shimmering distortion tore open, revealing a scene of celestial grandeur.

Floating amidst a swirling vortex of nebulae and stardust were figures that defied mortal comprehension. Clad in shimmering robes woven from the very fabric of the cosmos, these were the True Gods of the Primordial God Tribe, their presence warping reality itself.

A crown of swirling galaxies adorned the head of the lead deity. His beard cascaded down like shimmering constellations. His eyes, burning with the fires of a thousand supernovae, swept across the desolate landscape, taking in the crumbling remnants of the once-mighty God Tomb.

Beside him stood a woman, her form radiating a luminescence that rivaled a million suns. A shimmering nebula swirled around her outstretched hand, crackling with chaotic energy. Her gaze, piercing as a neutron star's core, scanned the tomb, searching for any sign of disturbance.

Others followed, each an embodiment of a celestial principle: a being of thunderous storms, another crackling with the fury of lightning, a third radiating the serene calm of a cosmic ocean. Their arrival sent tremors through the very earth, a silent symphony of power announcing their presence.

The God Tomb's once-all-encompassing silence felt heavy now, charged with anticipation. These beings, who had witnessed the birth and death of stars, had come to this desolate place for a reason. Whether it was to reclaim a lost power, prevent an ancient evil from awakening, or simply observe the audacity of a mortal attempting to breach the tomb's defenses, only they knew.

"Someone has arrived before us," the woman spoke calmly.

A frown creased the thunderous being's face. "This aura... The Netherworld?"

"Si Junyi," another man, with a serene demeanor, said gently. "It seems he couldn't wait."

"Unfortunately," the windstorm figure sighed. "Our big fish hasn't arrived yet."

"Let's meet the Tomb Protectors," the crowned deity declared calmly.

Without waiting for a response, he strode forward, heading towards the ruined temple in the distance.

The other four exchanged a brief glance before following suit.

Within the training chamber, Yun Lintian resembled a storm about to burst. Beads of sweat, charged with crackling lightning sparks, rolled down his face.

His ragged breaths fanned miniature cyclones that swirled around him, threatening to tear the chamber apart. Days of relentless channeling had pushed him to the precipice. His divine core, a churning vortex of raw energy, hung on the brink of a breakthrough.

Standing at the corner of the room, Long Qingxuan watched Yun Lintian attentively, prepared to rescue him at any moment.

A century had passed since they returned to the training chamber. During this period, Long Qingxuan and Yun Lintian continued to practice without stopping. Their strength grew tremendously. Long Qingxuan had successfully reached the peak level of the Middle God Realm without any hindrance, while Yun Lintian was on the verge of achieving godhood.

Long Qingxuan lamented in her heart. Had she known earlier, she would have chosen this method a long time ago. The progress speed was terrifying, beyond anything she had ever known.

Rumble—

Above the Nine Firmament City, the twilight hues of the setting sun typically painted a breathtaking canvas across the sky. But today, a colossal vortex materialized directly above the city's central plaza, swirling with the primal energies of the world.

Miniature storms raged within, lightning danced in chaotic patterns, and tendrils of earth and fire snaked through the churning mass. The very air crackled with unseen power, sending shivers down the spines even of the most seasoned practitioners.

BANG!

A century. A hundred years trapped within the sterile confines of this chamber, his only solace was the companionship of Long Qingxuan and the relentless pursuit of power. Yet, as Yun Lintian unleashed the final, earth-shattering roar, the weight of that time seemed to melt away. The chamber trembled, the air itself warping under the strain of his breakthrough.

Long Qingxuan, ever vigilant, remained rooted by the corner. A flicker of concern crossed her eyes before being masked by stoicism. Years of shared solitude had forged a silent understanding between them. She wouldn't intrude on this pivotal moment, but her hand hovered near a shimmering portal, a failsafe in case the raw power spiraled out of control.

BOOM—

Then, the dam broke. A torrent of energy, a maelstrom of wind, fire, earth, lightning, water, metal, wood, spatial, light, and darkness erupted from Yun Lintian's body.

The inscription runes, glowing desperately like a drowning man, strained to contain the burgeoning power. Cracks snaked across the chamber floor, the earth groaning like an overburdened beast. Even the air shimmered and distorted, unable to bear the raw power of a nascent god.

As the storm subsided, leaving behind an aura of crackling energy, Yun Lintian opened his eyes. No longer the color of mortal brown, they now swirled with the chaotic energy of a nascent storm.

A spark of lightning danced between his pupils, and a faint scent of ozone clung to him. He flexed his hand, and a miniature fireball materialized above his palm, pulsing with an infernal heat. With a

thought, the fireball dissipated, replaced by a swirling vortex of wind that whipped around his form, mimicking a miniature tornado.

A century of relentless channeling had not just granted him godhood, it had forged an unprecedented connection with the fundamental forces of the world.

Fire danced at his command, wind obeyed his will, earth responded to his touch, and lightning crackled with his every breath. He was no longer just a practitioner but a god, a weaver of the very fabric of reality.

"Congratulations, husband," Long Qingxuan said, a hint of awe lacing her voice. "You've achieved what many spend millennia striving for."

Yun Lintian turned to her, a smile splitting his face. The raw power that radiated from him was both exhilarating and terrifying. He raised a hand, and a miniature storm cloud materialized above him, crackling with nascent lightning.

With a flash, Yun Lintian materialized before Long Qingxuan and pulled her into his embrace. "It wouldn't have been possible without you," he replied, his voice echoing in the chamber.

Long Qingxuan leaned against his chest, listening to the heartbeat of her beloved man in silence.

"I think I need to consolidate my power," Yun Lintian whispered in her ear with an evil grin...

Chapter 2063 Prosperous

A year. Three hundred and sixty-five rotations of the celestial bodies. For the practitioners of the Nine Firmament City, it was a blink in the grand tapestry of immortality. Yet, for Yun Lintian and Long Qingxuan, who had retreated into the depths of the city's training facility for a hundred years, it was an eternity condensed into a singular focus.

With a synchronized exhale, the double doors of the training chamber rumbled open. Yun Lintian, in a clean white robe, emerged first. His eyes, usually sparkling with mischief, were veiled with a faint mist, the aftereffects of breaking through a monumental barrier.

Long Qingxuan followed, her fiery presence a stark contrast to the composed demeanor of her partner. A year of isolation had only honed her elegance, her every movement imbued with a subtle power that sent shivers down the unseen observers' spines.

Yun Lintian, a smile gracing his lips, spoke, "Has a year truly passed already? I wonder how everyone is doing." He then proceeded towards Linlin's room.

However, he soon discovered that many of the training rooms were occupied.

"It seems they haven't slacked off," Yun Lintian said with a gentle voice. Though he didn't know who these people were, it was encouraging to see everyone diligently practicing.

Arriving at Linlin's room, Yun Lintian cautiously observed any movement from within. Realizing that Linlin was likely engrossed in training, he decided not to disturb her further and turned to leave.

Creak!

Suddenly, the door swung open, and a white figure leaped out, launching itself into Yun Lintian's arms.

Stunned for a moment, Yun Lintian's expression softened into a smile. He returned the hug and spoke softly, "You've worked hard."

Linlin buried her face in Yun Lintian's chest, inhaling his scent with deep breaths. It had been a hundred years since she'd last seen him. It was undoubtedly the longest separation they had ever endured.

"Hmm?" Yun Lintian's eyes widened in shock as he caught something unusual. "You've... broken through to the Middle God Realm?" he spoke.

Linlin's aura undeniably emanated from the Middle God Realm. While Yun Lintian was aware of Linlin's rapid improvement, this progress was truly extraordinary.

One had to consider that Yun Lintian employed a "cheating" technique to cultivate, yet his progress paled in comparison to Linlin's. What could be happening here?

Linlin tilted her head towards him, her voice innocent. "I have no idea."

Yun Lintian was rendered speechless.

"Well, that's certainly positive," he finally managed, a smile gracing his lips. "Congratulations."

Linlin remained silent, nuzzling further into Yun Lintian's neck.

Long Qingxuan's eyes flickered with a hint of intrigue. It seemed she detected something about Linlin, but she kept it to herself.

"Let's head out," Yun Lintian said, leading the way out of the tower.

Still reeling from Linlin's unexpected breakthrough, Yun Lintian emerged from the tower to an unfamiliar scene. The once sparsely populated streets of Nine Firmament City were now teeming with life. Grand, new structures had replaced the open fields that once dominated the landscape.

"The place is crawling with people," Yun Lintian uttered in surprise.

Long Qingxuan smiled. "Welcome back to civilization, it seems."

As they navigated the cityscape, Yun Lintian couldn't help but be overwhelmed by the sheer number of practitioners he encountered. Many wore unfamiliar robes, signifying their affiliation with sects or organizations he hadn't heard of before.

The air crackled with vibrant energy, a stark contrast to the quiet solitude they had grown accustomed to during their seclusion.

Suddenly, a booming voice echoed through the streets, momentarily silencing the bustling crowd.

"Greetings, esteemed citizens of the Nine Firmament City! Today marks a momentous occasion – the official opening of the Grand Arena!"

The voice belonged to an elder with a long, flowing beard, his aura radiating immense power. He stood atop a newly constructed platform, overlooking the gathered crowd.

Yun Lintian exchanged glances with Long Qingxuan, both equally curious. A Grand Arena? What on earth happened here?

As if sensing their thoughts, the elder continued, "For the past year, under the wise leadership of City Lord Yun, the Nine Firmament City has undergone a period of unprecedented growth. New profound techniques have been unearthed, resources have flourished, and most importantly, our population has expanded!"

A cheer erupted from the crowd, their voices echoing through the streets.

Yun Lintian was dumbfounded by the bustling scene. He didn't know where these people came from. The Divine Realm? Or the Azure Realm?

The elder gestured towards the imposing structure behind him. "The Grand Arena is a testament to this growth. It serves not only as a training ground for our aspiring practitioners but also as a platform for friendly competition and cultural exchange between the newfound sects and organizations within our city walls!"

As the elder explained the purpose of the Grand Arena in detail, a wave of realization dawned on Yun Lintian. It seemed that while he and the others had been focused on training, Yue Hua and the others hadn't been idle. They had been actively recruiting new members, fostering the growth of both the city and its inhabitants.

Yun Lintian naturally had no objections. He granted full authority to Yue Hua and Li Shan, allowing them to manage the city as they saw fit. Since they believed that bringing new people would benefit everyone, he certainly respected their decisions.

"This is good," Yun Lintian said with a nod of satisfaction. While the city's current atmosphere differed significantly from what he had once experienced, it was no longer a desolate place.

Yun Lintian spent the entire day exploring the city before returning to the tower.

Yue Hua and Li Shan were already waiting for him upon his arrival.

"Congratulations on your breakthrough, Young Master Yun," Li Shan greeted him with a smile.

"Thank you, Senior," Yun Lintian responded politely. "Is everything in order?"

"Indeed," Li Shan confirmed. "Miss Yue and I have brought trustworthy individuals from the Divine Realm and the Azure Realm. We have meticulously screened them to ensure their loyalty."

"They are our people," Yue Hua added. "These people will be valuable assets in the face of the coming calamity."

"I understand. Thank you both for your diligent efforts," Yun Lintian said sincerely.

Suddenly, several figures materialized in the room. Yun Lintian turned around, stunned by the sight before him.

"We're back," Lin Xinyao spoke softly, her gaze filled with longing and tenderness as it met Yun Lintian's.

Yun Qianxue, Han Bingling, and the other women shared their emotions. They had spent a thousand years within the secret realm, a thousand years of separation from their beloved...

Chapter 2064 Incredible Improvement

The reunion was bittersweet. Yun Lintian's heart ached for the lost years, the countless moments he'd missed with his women. Yet, seeing them again, their auras stronger, their eyes gleaming with newfound depth, sparked immense joy within him.

He pulled Lin Xinyao into a tight embrace, his voice thick with emotion. "You're all finally here," he whispered.

Unable to contain their excitement, the other women surrounded him in a warm hug, a tangle of limbs, and whispered greetings. Tears welled up in Yun Lintian's eyes, a mixture of relief and longing washing over him.

After a tearful reunion, Yun Qianxue stepped forward, her voice laced with curiosity. "It seems much has transpired during our absence."

Yun Lintian agreed gently. "Indeed, many things have happened."

He turned and was momentarily stunned by a beautiful woman standing behind Yun Qianxue. At 175 cm tall and statuesque, Yun Lintian could still recognize her as Ning Yue despite her vastly changed appearance.

"Brother," Ning Yue cried softly, tears glistening in her eyes. Though she longed to embrace him upon arrival, she held back, respecting his reunion with his wives.

Yun Lintian approached and gently patted Ning Yue's head. "Our Yue'er has blossomed into a beautiful woman."

Ning Yue laughed and wrapped her arms tightly around him.

"It's been hard on you," Yun Lintian said softly. A thousand years in seclusion would undeniably be a harsh experience for a young girl. Even Yun Lintian couldn't imagine enduring such isolation.

"I wasn't lonely," Ning Yue reassured him, understanding his concern. "I had everyone with me."

"Mmm," Yun Lintian responded softly.

Suddenly, his expression shifted. He touched Ning Yue's back, his brow furrowing in concentration.

"This..." Yun Lintian discovered something extraordinary within her. "The tree has grown considerably."

Ning Yue had already ascended to the tenth level of the Divine Emperor Realm. Her progress was nothing short of phenomenal. However, the most extraordinary aspect was the World Tree within her. Yun Lintian could even sense a trace of the Great Law of Life emanating from it.

Ning Yue, a mischievous glint in her eyes, stepped out of Yun Lintian's embrace. Raising a finger, a tiny green light materialized at its tip.

Witnessing this sight, Yun Lintian was utterly stunned. Ning Yue could actually wield the power of the Great Law of Life!

"What happened?" Yun Lintian inquired, uncertainty lacing his voice.

Ning Yue shook her head. "It's a mystery to me. As the tree matured, I began to understand this power. Now, I can activate it at will."

Yun Lintian's brow furrowed deeply. Could Ning Yue be the inheritor of the God of Life?

Unfortunately, there was no way for Yun Lintian to verify this. While Ning Yue's display of the Great Law of Life was impressive, he could sense a significant gap between her power and his own.

According to Yun Lintian's knowledge, only Primordial Gods possessed a complete understanding of the Great Laws. In this regard, Lin Yitong and Ning Yue were similar to him. They could grasp a portion of the Great Law of Life but not its entirety.

With this in mind, Yun Lintian turned to Yue Hua. "Senior, do you know where Senior Lin is right now?"

"She left," Yue Hua responded. "Her destination remains unknown."

A flicker of confusion crossed Yun Lintian's face. "Did something transpire during my absence?"

Yue Hua smiled. "Focus on reuniting with your people for now. We can discuss this later... Don't worry, it's not a pressing matter."

Despite his curiosity, Yun Lintian set it aside for the moment. He turned his gaze to several familiar faces standing nearby.

"Senior Sisters, Master, everyone. Congratulations on your breakthroughs," Yun Lintian greeted them with a bright smile.

Jiang Yingyue, her elegance and charm accentuated, smiled and said, "It's good to see you again, Junior Brother."

"You've certainly matured into a handsome young man, Junior Brother," Murong Xue remarked playfully. Her appearance had softened, now exuding a more mysterious aura.

"I sense a formidable aura emanating from you, Junior Brother. Let's have a sparring match later." Long Feiyan spoke softly. Her golden draconic eyes shone with greater brilliance than when Yun Lintian last saw her, a testament to the significant improvement in her Golden Dragon bloodline.

Wu Qingcheng playfully curled her lips. "We've narrowed the gap, Junior Brother. Don't think you can avoid us again."

Lin Zixuan offered a gentle smile without uttering a word. Her aura was extremely profound.

Yun Lintian continued his greetings, his gaze moving to Yun Ruanyu, Yun Qingrou, Yun Lingwei, and Yun Huanxin. However, a peculiar expression washed over him when his eyes met Yun Huanxin's. Unlike the others, her appearance hadn't changed in the slightest.

"What are you staring at?" Yun Huanxin snorted, clearly displeased. "Have you grown so bold in our absence?"

Standing beside her, Yun Linwei struggled to stifle her laughter. A thousand years of seclusion had brought noticeable changes. She had grown taller, her once prominent belly now toned and slender, enhancing her overall beauty.

In stark contrast, Yun Huanxin remained unchanged. Her height hadn't increased a single inch, a fact that Yun Linwei relentlessly teased her about, often leading to playful battles between the two sisters.

Yun Ruanyu's eyes held a deeper wisdom. As Yun Lintian met her gaze, he felt vulnerable, as if his very being were bare before her. Evidently, her comprehension of the music profound art had reached extraordinary heights.

She smiled warmly. "It seems you've encountered many trials. I would love to hear about your experiences."

"Absolutely," Yun Lintian readily agreed. He had always been transparent with Yun Ruanyu and the others.

Meanwhile, Yun Qingrou's appearance remained unchanged, yet her aura had softened considerably. When one stood near her, it felt akin to being enveloped by the peaceful beauty of a lush forest.

Yun Qingrou's gaze softened, filled with maternal tenderness, as she looked upon Yun Lintian. "You must have endured many hardships," she said gently.

In stark contrast, Yun Meilan presented an enigma. Though clearly present, Yun Lintian couldn't detect her aura at all, indicating a profound mastery of the Shadow God Scripture on her part.

Yun Lintian smiled, his gaze sweeping across everyone present. Except for Ning Yue, they all had ascended to the Lower God Realm. It was a truly remarkable achievement, and Yun Lintian felt genuine happiness for their progress.

On a larger scale, over a thousand disciples of the Misty Cloud Sect had also reached the God Emperor Realm. Several exceptional talents, like Yun Chan, had even broken through to the Lower God Realm.

Yun Lintian found himself struggling to articulate the complex emotions swirling within him...

Chapter 2065 Step Down

Yun Lintian's heart swelled with pride as he surveyed the gathered disciples of the Misty Cloud Sect. Their progress in his absence had been nothing short of phenomenal. A thousand years was a long time, even for practitioners, and their ability to utilize that time so effectively spoke volumes about their dedication and talent.

"It appears I was the laziest one here," he boomed with a hearty laugh, his voice echoing through the vast hall.

A wave of amusement rippled through the crowd. They all knew of the trials Yun Lintian had faced; he hadn't even had a proper chance to train in seclusion for a long period. Yet, here he stood, stronger than ever before.

Yun Lintian's expression turned serious as he spoke. "Congratulations, everyone. I've always dreamed of this moment, where our Misty Cloud Sect stands atop the world. And it's happening now... It's happening not because of me but you."

"Since I took over the leadership position, I've always doubted myself. Am I good enough to be the leader?... I can tell you right now, without a doubt, that I feel incompetent. I haven't always been there to guide or support everyone."

"You are not an incompetent leader, Headmaster!" Yun Chan, who was usually quiet, took the initiative to speak.

"You are the best, Headmaster!"

"Who says you haven't supported us?"

Yun Lintian raised his hand to silence them and said, "Calm down, everyone. I appreciate your kind words. However, the truth remains the same."

Everyone quieted down.

Yun Lintian looked at them and continued, "Whether I remain in this position or not doesn't change anything. It doesn't change the fact that all of you have worked so hard to reach this level. Therefore, I've already made a decision."

He paused briefly and continued in a deep voice, "I will be stepping down from the leader position. The new sect master will be handed over to Yun Ruanyu."

Before anyone could react, Yun Lintian quickly added, "Don't worry. This doesn't mean I'm leaving the sect."

Only then did everyone calm down, waiting for his explanation.

Yun Lintian smiled warmly and said, "My resignation this time is intended for the sect to take a further step. As you all know, I am destined to be busy. I cannot be there to guide everyone constantly... The Misty Cloud Sect is, and forever will be, my home. I hope everyone will continue to work hard."

"Headmaster..." Yun Chan and the others cried out. To them, Yun Lintian was a symbol of hope. Without him, everyone here would have been buried on Misty Cloud Peak long ago. Accepting this was difficult.

However, they could understand Yun Lintian's feelings. He definitely felt burdened by his inability to be present all the time. Even though he provided them with the best environment and resources, it couldn't erase the guilt in his heart.

"Lintian..." Yun Ruanyu began to speak, but Yun Lintian interrupted her.

"I merely returned it to the rightful owner," Yun Lintian said softly, his gaze fixed on her. "You've always been the most suitable person to take this position, in my mind, since I was young. My sudden appearance disrupted that plan. Don't refuse it."

The weight of Yun Lintian's words hung heavy in the air. Despite her initial reservations, Yun Ruanyu knew deep down that he was right. The sect needed stability and a leader who could be present. Taking a deep breath, she stepped forward, her eyes gleaming with newfound determination.

"Thank you, Headmaster Yun," she said, her voice ringing with quiet strength. "I accept this responsibility. I won't let you or the sect down."**

The disciples raised no objections. Yun Ruanyu had always taken charge during Yun Lintian's absence. This wouldn't be any different.

Yun Lintian smiled and addressed everyone. "You've all endured a lot of hardship. Take a vacation for a month. Choose to return to the Azure World and visit your hometown, or explore the Divine Realm and its new opportunities."

"Of course, staying here is also an option. While you cannot leave the city, everything you need is available here. You can even participate in the arena over there."

"Understood," Yun Chan and the others responded in unison, a break indeed being necessary.

Yun Lintian turned to Lin Xinyao. "Let's go to the canal."

"Mhm," Lin Xinyao responded softly.

Yun Lintian addressed Jiang Yingyue and the others. "Senior sisters, Master, come with us. I have something to tell all of you."

Lin Zixuan and the others, surprised, quickly followed Yun Lintian to the canal.

The disciples of the Misty Cloud Sect began to disperse. Some chose to visit the Azure World, while many opted to stay and explore their newfound strength.

"He's grown so much," Lei Zhenxiang said emotionally, watching Yun Lintian depart. In his previous perception, Yun Lintian was still struggling against enemies. In the blink of an eye, he had become a prominent figure Lei Zhenxiang had to look up to.

"Indeed," Lei Feifei said softly, her eyes filled with complex emotions. She recalled their first meeting when Yun Lintian was still a young, unproven man. It had been an incredible journey for him.

Unlike Yun Ruanyu and the others, Lei Zhenxiang and Lei Feifei, due to their limited talent, had only reached the early Divine Emperor Realm. These heights were achieved mainly because of the resources and environment they received. The transformed profound veins also played a significant role in it.

"Let's go back as well. I'm curious to see how things are over there," Lei Zhenxiang said gently, walking towards the gate leading to the Azure World.

"Oh my! Brother Yun has become even more handsome." Bai Qingyi stared after Yun Lintian with a radiant gleam in his eyes. A thousand years of training had made him more feminine, almost indistinguishable from a woman.

Qin Yuyan and Qin Yanran watched Yun Lintian silently. Even after a millennium, they still couldn't catch up with him.

Meanwhile, Bai Yun's gaze lingered on Jiang Yingyue. His relentless pursuit over the past period had yielded nothing. Now, he held no further illusions towards her.

Yang Chen, Hua Wanru, Hua Litong, Fan, Fei Mao, and the others all looked at Yun Lintian. They felt that they were lucky to meet Yun Lintian. It could be said that everything they had today came from him.

Yun Lintian turned around abruptly and addressed everyone. "Come with me as well, all of you."

Yang Chen and the others, surprised by the invitation, exchanged brief glances before quickly falling in line behind Yun Lintian...

Chapter 2066 Heavy Atmosphere

Aboard a grand canal boat, Yun Lintian sat around a small table with everyone.

"The scenery here is breathtaking," Shen Liqui remarked, admiring the unique landscapes lining both sides of the canal. It offered her a much-needed moment of relaxation.

Lin Xinyao and the others shared her sentiment. Finally, they had a chance to unwind.

Yun Lintian glanced around at everyone, hesitant to disrupt their peace. However, he had something important to clarify today. Transparency was vital, and the sooner they knew, the better.

Lin Zixuan, as if sensing his worry, spoke up. "Don't fret about us. Though we practiced diligently, we also allowed ourselves breaks. It wasn't as strenuous as you might imagine. In fact, it was a golden age for us, free from burdens."

"It's true, Master. It felt more like a prolonged vacation," Yun Chenyu said with a smile. She had blossomed into a tall, beautiful woman.

Beside her, Jia Shiyu fixed her large eyes on Yun Lintian. Like Yun Chenyu, she too had become a stunning woman.

Yun Lintian glanced playfully at his two disciples. "It seems like you haven't been cultivating diligently."

"No, Master. You've misunderstood me," Yun Chenyu quickly denied, prompting a wave of laughter from everyone.

Observing the lighter mood, Yun Lintian addressed everyone. "I've gathered you all here to discuss a critical matter. It concerns our future."

Everyone's expressions instantly turned serious.

Yun Lintian then proceeded to recount his current situation and the past experiences he'd endured over the years. It took him a full hour to conclude his narrative.

The boat glided leisurely along the canal, yet a heavy atmosphere filled the cabin. Yun Lintian's revelations were like a bomb detonating in their minds. Though they'd been absent from the real world for a few years, so much had transpired for him.

Lin Xinyao reached for Yun Lintian's hand and squeezed it gently. Her eyes brimming with concern, she spoke, "You've endured a great deal."

Yun Lintian shook his head with a smile. "It wasn't that bad. Thankfully, I still managed to squeeze in some relaxation."

Yun Qianxue and the other women mirrored Lin Xinyao's distress, their gazes reflecting their inability to fathom what Yun Lintian had endured.

Meanwhile, Lin Zixuan's brow furrowed deeply. The revelation wasn't what she had anticipated. "A Chasm of Uncreation..." she muttered under her breath, "should it truly return, our resistance would be futile."

Lin Zixuan harbored no illusions of belittling Yun Lintian or anyone present. She approached the situation with a dose of realism. No matter their strength, they wouldn't stand a chance against an entity rivaling the Creator, the pinnacle of power within the Primal Chaos.

A heavy silence descended upon the group, words failing them. The elation from their breakthroughs dissipated entirely. In the face of this behemoth, all their achievements thus far seemed to pale in significance.

"It's just speculation," Yun Lintian interjected, attempting to alleviate the tension. "We have no concrete evidence so far."

Despite Yun Lintian's efforts to quell their anxieties, the weight of his revelation remained heavy in the air. The carefree mood that had pervaded the boat just moments ago had been shattered, replaced by a profound sense of unease.

Lin Xinyao's grip on Yun Lintian's hand tightened, her concern etched on her beautiful face. "Even dire speculation demands our full attention," she said. "What can we do to prepare?"

The other women echoed her sentiment, their voices laced with worry. While they didn't fully grasp the intricacies of the Chasm of Uncreation, they understood it represented a threat of unimaginable proportions.

Yun Lintian pondered for a moment before speaking. "Beyond further strengthening ourselves, we need to secure more allies. I believe some of the Primordial God inheritors should be on our side. Though unreliable, it's better than nothing."

He cast his gaze around the group and continued. "My next destination is the God Tomb. The goal is to prevent Si Junyi from reviving those ancient gods. At the very least, we can't allow him to further complicate the situation."

"It seems that's our only course of action for now," Yun Lingwei said with a frown.

"Consulting the ancient records for information is essential," Yun Meilan, who had been silent until then, finally spoke.

A discussion ensued, with everyone offering their opinions. Ultimately, they concluded there was little they could proactively do in this situation. Their focus, for now, had to be on the immediate threat.

Si Junyi's actions demanded their most urgent attention.

"We'll accompany you this time," Yun Qianxue declared.

Yun Lintian, while hesitant to endanger them, knew his protests would be futile. They'd trained diligently for the very purpose of standing beside him in any situation.

"We'll hold the fort here, preparing for a potential conflict," Yun Ruanyu decided.

"My deepest gratitude to all of you," Yun Lintian said sincerely. While he loathed the idea of drawing them into this vortex, he couldn't face it alone.

"This isn't just your burden, but our future at stake," Jiang Yingyue said softly.

"We fight together," Yang Chen declared solemnly, his eyes blazing with unwavering determination.

Yun Lintian, struck by a sudden thought, turned to Yang Chen. "There's someone I'd like you to meet, Brother Yang."

"Oh? Who might that be?" Yang Chen inquired, surprised.

"Ouyang Feng. He's a God Emperor from the Celestial Realm with a powerful affinity for fire. Based on Senior Bai's words, I suspect he might be an inheritor of the Primordial Sun God," Yun Lintian explained.

"Why me?" Yang Chen's bewilderment deepened. He saw no connection between himself and Ouyang Feng.

"Truthfully," Yun Lintian began with a hint of amusement, "since our initial encounter, I've always held the belief that you possess the mark of destiny. In terms of raw talent, you're certainly Ouyang Feng's equal. Perhaps the mantle of Sun God inheritor could fall upon you."

Yang Chen remained speechless. Despite his confidence, such a prestigious title felt undeserved.

Yang Chen furrowed his brow slightly. "Wouldn't that be problematic? Though I doubt I could wrest it from him, isn't he considered an ally?"

Yun Lintian shook his head. "While Senior Bai vouched for him, we have limited knowledge about Ouyang Feng. In all honesty, I trust you more."

Yang Chen's heart warmed at the sentiment. He gave a resolute nod. "I'll give it a shot."

"I understand they plan to visit the Celestial Realm. You can accompany them," Yun Lintian suggested.

"Understood," Yang Chen replied.

Hua Wanru spoke softly, "I'll go with you."

Yang Chen hesitated a moment before nodding. "Alright then."

Yun Lintian addressed everyone. "Let's take a few days to rest."

Chapter 2067 Changes in Situation

Looking down at the bustling Hangzhou City below, Lin Xinyao's eyes welled with a myriad of emotions. She had died, been reincarnated, and finally returned to her hometown.

Earlier, when she heard Yun Lintian talk about Earth, she was overcome with excitement and couldn't wait to return.

Yun Lintian stepped forward and hugged Lin Xinyao from behind, holding her close without a word.

A gentle breeze ruffled Lin Xinyao's hair as she leaned into Yun Lintian's embrace. The familiar sights and sounds of Hangzhou City, a stark contrast to the fantastical world of cultivation they'd just left, sent a wave of nostalgia washing over her. Yet, a pang of sadness lingered – a reminder of the life she'd lost and the battles she'd faced to return.

Sensing her mixed emotions, Yun Lintian tightened his hold slightly. "We'll go through it together," he murmured.

Lin Xinyao smiled softly. "We will."

Finally, she had a chance to stay by his side.

Yun Qianxue and the others gazed silently at the strange scenery before them. They now understood the source of Yun Lintian's innovative ideas. This novel experience was unlike anything they'd ever seen.

"Lintian," Yang Ningchang, Lynn, Ye Ling, and Lei Hao approached at that moment, just returning from Lan Qinghe's place.

Lin Xinyao released herself from Yun Lintian's embrace and turned to face the newcomers.

"Sister Ningchang, Sister Ye, Sister Lynn," she greeted them with a smile, then turned to Lei Hao. "It's good to see you again, Ah'Hao."

"S-Sister Rain..." Lei Hao's hand trembled. Though Lin Xinyao's appearance differed from the Xia Yao he knew, her aura and demeanor were undeniably hers.

"Welcome back, Sister Yao," Yang Ningchang offered sincerely.

"I was so relieved to learn of your reincarnation," Lynn said gently. "Welcome back."

Ye Ling smiled. "It's good to see you again, Sister Yao." She was genuinely happy for Lin Xinyao and Yun Lintian.

Yun Qianxue introduced herself, stepping forward. "Hello, I'm Qianxue."

"Hello, Sister Qianxue," Yang Ningchang, Lynn, and Ye Ling responded quickly.

Of Yun Lintian's women, Yun Qianxue exuded the strongest sense of oppression, though it wasn't malicious but rather stemmed from her innate temperament.

Smiling charmingly, Han Bingling introduced herself. "You are all very beautiful, sisters. My name is Han Bingling. We will be good sisters from now on."

Yang Ningchang, Lynn, and Ye Ling couldn't tear their eyes away from Han Bingling's seductive figure. It was no wonder Yun Lintian fell for her.

"I'm Shen Liqiu, and this is Sister Mu Qiuxue," Shen Liqiu chimed in.

Mu Qiuxue offered a rare smile to the three women.

"Hello, sisters," Ye Ling said nervously. "Please take care of us." In terms of seniority, she ranked lowest here.

"Don't be nervous," Han Bingling soothed, gently reaching out to touch Ye Ling's buttocks as if inspecting merchandise. "Not bad, but you could use some more exercise."

Ye Ling blushed. She hadn't expected Han Bingling to be so forward.

"Ahem. Let's get something to eat first," Yun Lintian coughed slightly, walking towards the orphanage.

Lin Xinyao squeezed Ye Ling's hand softly. "Thank you for taking care of this place," she said. In her eyes, Ye Ling had sacrificed her own progress to manage the orphanage for Yun Lintian.

Ye Ling quickly shook her head. "It wasn't difficult, Sister Yao. I didn't do much."

"Let's go," Lin Xinyao said. "There's so much I want to ask." With that, she followed Yun Lintian, everyone trailing behind.

A year had passed since Yun Lintian's last visit. Earth had undergone a significant transformation. Except for China and those leading the Hell Church, no one was aware of the mastermind behind these changes.

During this period, scientists and climate activists discovered that all pollution – in air, land, and water – had mysteriously vanished. Pollution levels plummeted to near zero. They couldn't explain the miraculous transformation and could only describe it as the world healing itself.

Simultaneously, deserts around the globe began to see the emergence of new forests and rivers. This change undoubtedly impacted the natural ecology, but the process was gradual enough for species to adapt to their new environment.

Governments worldwide also discovered a dramatic increase in the quantity of various rare minerals. Despite extensive research, they remained baffled by the phenomenon. Some leading scientists theorized a change within the Earth, causing buried minerals to rise to the surface.

Regardless of the cause, a sense of global joy prevailed.

Yun Lintian and his companions spent a full month on Earth before returning to Nine Firmament City.

Startled to see Lan Qinghe waiting by the tower, Yun Lintian greeted her, "Senior?"

Lan Qinghe smiled and explained, "I'm finally free." The restraint placed upon her had vanished unexpectedly early, allowing her to travel freely once more.

"Congratulations, Senior," Yun Lintian said sincerely.

"There's been a change in the Nine Heavens Realm," Lan Qinghe informed him. "The Heavenly Court has returned through the God of Heaven inheritor."

Yun Lintian's eyes widened in surprise. He subconsciously glanced at Yue Hua.

"It's true," Yue Hua confirmed. "Ren Yuan has successfully revived the Heavenly Court and subdued many people. Don't worry, it's not an immediate threat – there's nothing we can do to stop him at this point."

Frowning deeply, Yun Lintian inquired, "The Heavenly Court... What kind of power does it possess?"

"According to our knowledge," Yue Hua replied, "it has the potential to control the entire realm. However, based on Ren Yuan's recent activities, it's clear he hasn't achieved that level of dominance yet."

"I've already investigated," Lan Qinghe added. "The Western Emperor, the Northern Demon Lord, the Jade Emperor, and the Shadow Court haven't responded to Ren Yuan's call so far. These were all former subordinates of the God of Heaven."

Yun Lintian pondered for a moment before asking, "Do you have any suggestions, Seniors?"

Yue Hua silently glanced at Lan Qinghe, deferring to her expertise.

"You have four options," Lan Qinghe explained. "The first is to remain here and continue cultivating to increase your strength. The second involves avoiding the Nine Heavens Realm altogether and seeking refuge elsewhere, perhaps in the Celestial Realm."

"The third option is a direct assault on the God Tomb. However, this carries significant risk, as you could be overwhelmed by enemies. Finally, you could explore the Nine Heavens Realm, seeking a way to eliminate Ren Yuan."

She took a deep look at him and concluded, "Personally, I recommend staying here and focusing on cultivation until you reach True Godhood."

Yun Lintian furrowed his brow deeply, plunging into deep contemplation...

Chapter 2068 The Nine Heavens (1)

Yun Lintian's brow furrowed deeper as he weighed Lan Qinghe's options. Seclusion held a certain appeal, but passively waiting while Ren Yuan consolidated power felt wrong. Seeking refuge elsewhere felt like cowardice, unbecoming of him.

Heading to the God Tomb directly should be the top priority here, but the risk of Ren Yuan sending his people after him, as he likely would based on their encounter in the Divine Realm, was significant. Without a doubt, Ren Yuan wouldn't simply sit still.

Exploring the Nine Heavens Realm to eliminate Ren Yuan sparked a flicker of intrigue in Yun Lintian's eyes. It was an active approach, allowing him to gather information and exploit potential vulnerabilities.

Naturally, he wasn't naive enough to believe he could waltz into the Nine Heavens and eliminate Ren Yuan single-handedly.

He glanced at Lin Xinyao, his resolve hardening. He wouldn't hide. He would face this threat head-on, for himself, his loved ones, and the future of the Primal Chaos.

"Thank you, Senior Lan," Yun Lintian declared, his voice firm. "I've made my decision. I'll explore the Nine Heavens Realm first, then head to the God Tomb."

Lan Qinghe, unsurprised, nodded. "Very well. While I can't openly accompany you, I can offer guidance. The Nine Heavens Realm is vast and complex. Be wary of the old fogeys, especially the Shadow Court."

Her return would undoubtedly cause a stir, so remaining here until Yun Lintian reached the God Tomb was best.

Yun Lintian, engraving her words into his memory, acknowledged her advice with a nod. The journey wouldn't be easy, but he was prepared. With his companions by his side and a heavy responsibility on his shoulders, careful planning was crucial.

He turned to face Lin Xinyao and the others, ready to speak, but Yun Qianxue interrupted.

"Trust us," Yun Qianxue said calmly. "We're no longer weaklings."

"Didn't you promise to take us?" Han Bingling pouted, a hint of displeasure flickering in her eyes.

Yun Lintian swallowed his rebuttal. Though he'd promised to bring them, knowing the situation now, he couldn't bear the thought of putting them at risk. Ren Yuan, he knew, would stop at nothing to achieve his goals.

"I'll stay back," Mu Qiuxue surprised everyone with her gentle declaration.

Catching the confused stares, she explained, "Traveling to the Nine Heavens Realm in such a large group is unwise. Splitting up isn't an option either."

"I'll stay as well," Shen Liqiu reluctantly agreed.

Yang Ningchang and the others were naturally out of the question. Given their current strength, focusing on cultivation was the most prudent course of action.

"Alright," Yun Lintian sighed in relief.

After a brief discussion, they finalized the team: Yun Qianxue, Lin Xinyao, Han Bingling, Long Qingxuan, Yun Meilan, and Yun Huanxin would accompany him on this journey. The rest would stay here and continue their training.

"Brother Yun," Yang Chen approached at that moment, accompanied by Ouyang Feng, Hua Wanru, and Master Bai.

Yun Lintian acknowledged him with a glance. "Are you leaving now?"

"Indeed," Yang Chen confirmed.

Ouyang Feng stepped forward and cupped his fists respectfully. "Thank you for everything, Brother Yun. I plan to visit my hometown first, but I will definitely return to assist you."

"Take your time," Yun Lintian replied with a smile. "Safe travels."

Ouyang Feng offered a grateful nod. Without Yun Lintian, he would have still been rotten in the Netherworld.

"Don't worry, boy," Master Bai said with a deep look at Yun Lintian.

Yun Lintian readily understood the unspoken message behind Master Bai's gaze. The revelation of Ouyang Feng as a potential inheritor of the Primordial Sun God hadn't escaped Master Bai's notice. He would undoubtedly keep an eye on Ouyang Feng's development.

Yun Lintian produced several golden cards and presented them to Master Bai and his companions. "Please, accept these."

"Gold Class membership cards for the Ten Thousand Treasures Group?" Ouyang Feng exclaimed, aware of their immense value.

Master Bai, however, looked confused. "What is this?"

"These cards grant access to a teleportation service," Yun Lintian explained succinctly. "They'll expedite your travel to the Celestial Realm."

"Oh, I see," Master Bai's surprise was evident.

"Thank you once again, Brother Yun," Ouyang Feng expressed his sincere gratitude. "We'll be on our way now."

"Very well," Yun Lintian nodded, watching as Ouyang Feng's group departed.

With goodbyes exchanged and their team finalized, a mix of anticipation and apprehension crackled in the air. Yun Lintian, his expression resolute, addressed his companions.

"Remember, we're entering the heart of Ren Yuan's territory. Discretion is key. We'll travel incognito, posing as ordinary cultivators."

He gestured towards Yun Qianxue, who stepped forward. Her form shimmered subtly, replaced by a woman with fiery red hair and piercing emerald eyes – a stark contrast to Yun Qianxue's usual icy demeanor.

"This is our new appearance," Yun Qianxue explained, her voice slightly altered. "These disguises not only mask our features but also dampen our auras to a certain extent."

Han Bingling, now appearing as a petite woman with an air of innocence, twirled playfully. "What do you think, Lintian? Does it suit me?"

Yun Lintian chuckled. "Definitely different."

"I heard those men on Earth loved something called cosplay," Han Bingling winked at him.

Yun Lintian's blood boiled instantly. He took a deep breath to quell the fire of desire and cursed inwardly. This damn Dragon God bloodline!

Clearing his throat, Yun Lintian turned to Lin Xinyao, whose features had softened with a touch of earthly charm.

"Ready, everyone?" he asked.

"Let's go," Yun Qianxue said calmly.

The disguised group followed Yun Lintian through the gate, first to Earth. From there, they boarded the Fleeting Cloud Profound Skyship and made their way straight for the Nine Heavens Realm.

"This is too slow," Qingqing complained as she sat on the deck, gazing at the vast expanse of stars.

"It can't be helped," Yun Lintian sighed helplessly. The Cloud Dragon Ark would attract too much attention. He had no choice but to resort to his old skyship.

"The atmosphere here feels several times better than the Divine Realm. No wonder there are so many gods here," Yun Huanxin remarked.

Yun Qianxue looked at Yun Meilan. "Have you found anything?"

Yun Meilan shook her head. "No new methods to locate the other inheritors so far."

She'd buried herself in ancient records for the past month, but nothing related to the Primordial God inheritors had surfaced.

"It's alright," Yun Lintian said gently. "They'll make themselves known eventually."

"Hmm?"

Suddenly, everyone noticed a group of profound ships approaching in the distance...

Chapter 2069 The Nine Heavens (2)

A tense silence descended upon the Fleeting Cloud Profound Skyship. Yun Lintian narrowed his eyes, his gaze piercing the vast emptiness separating them from the approaching vessels.

Unlike the ragtag collection of ships they'd encountered in the Divine Realm, this group exuded an air of chilling order and power. Each ship, sleek and menacing in its design, seemed to radiate a faint, oppressive aura.

"They are no ordinary pirates," Yun Qianxue said calmly. Her keen senses picked up the faint hum of powerful formations woven into the hulls of the approaching ships.

"Indeed," Yun Lintian agreed, a flicker of steel flashing in his eyes. This is a pirate fleet, but a very well-equipped and well-coordinated one."

Qingqing, ever the impulsive one, scoffed. "Hmph, a bunch of glorified robbers daring to show off in front of us? Let's teach them a lesson, Big Brother Yun!"

"Let's wait and see first." Yun Lintian, however, held up a hand, silencing her.

He wasn't about to underestimate these pirates. Their very presence in this desolate expanse of space, far from the usual trade routes, hinted at their ruthlessness and disregard for authority. Perhaps they were a notorious group known for preying on unsuspecting travelers in these uncharted territories.

As the pirate fleet drew closer, Yun Lintian activated the Fleeting Cloud's defensive formations. A shimmering barrier of azure light enveloped the ship, deflecting the prying gazes of the pirates' soul senses. He wanted to be as low-key as possible but wouldn't mind fighting these people here.

A booming voice, laced with arrogance, echoed across the void. "Halt! This is Captain Bloodfang of the Crimson Gale! Identify yourselves and state your business in our territory!"

Yun Lintian's lips curled into a faint smile. It seemed these pirates operated with their own sense of dominion in this lawless sector. He decided to have a little fun with them.

With a theatrical flourish, he stepped onto the deck, his presence radiating a subtle pressure that made even his closest companions take a step back.

"Captain Bloodfang?" he boomed back, his voice carrying across the void. "We are humble travelers, merely passing through on our way."

On the flagship, Captain Bloodfang, a hulking figure with a blood-red beard, stared at Yun Qianxue and the others with a greedy glint. This group of women was definitely the best he had seen in a long time.

"Hahaha! We are lucky today. Boys, prepare for boarding!" he shouted loudly.

The oppressive aura intensified as the pirate ships maneuvered into attack positions. Yun Lintian's smirk widened. It seemed a peaceful passage through this sector was no longer an option. A thrill of anticipation coursed through him. He hadn't faced a real challenge in a while, and these pirates, arrogant as they were, might just provide some much-needed entertainment.

As the pirate ships swarmed towards the Fleeting Cloud, a cold glint flickered in Yun Lintian's eyes. He raised a hand, silencing the worried gasps emanating from his companions. "No need to interfere. Consider this a warm-up."

With a flick of his wrist, a wave of azure energy erupted from his palm. It wasn't the full might of his power, but a mere fraction, condensed into a precise and devastating attack. The seemingly innocuous wave rippled outwards, engulfing the approaching pirate vessels.

A startled roar erupted from Captain Bloodfang as the azure wave slammed into his flagship. The ship, pulsating with defensive formations, shuddered violently under the assault. With a sickening crack, the formations shattered, and the hull vaporized in a blinding flash. The shockwave from the explosion propagated outwards, tearing through the smaller pirate ships like flimsy paper dolls.

Chaos erupted. Alarms blared, screams echoed through the void, and desperate scrambling filled the space as the surviving pirates attempted to evade the expanding wave. However, Yun Lintian's attack had been calculated.

The azure wave, imbued with the power of his Great Law of Death, not only destroyed but also devoured. It consumed the life force of anything it touched, leaving behind only a chilling emptiness.

One by one, the pirate ships met their demise. Larger vessels fared slightly better, their more robust hulls offering some resistance. But even these behemoths were no match for the relentless wave of destruction. They were ripped apart, their crews dissolving into wisps of dissipating energy, their final screams cut short by the encroaching oblivion.

From the Fleeting Cloud Skyship, Yun Lintian's companions watched in awe-struck silence. The battle, if one could even call it that, had been a merciless display of power. The power Yun Lintian unleashed was beyond their comprehension. It made them realize the gap between them and him.

"No!" Captain Bloodfang, his once arrogant voice now filled with abject terror, attempted to steer his crippled flagship away from the destructive wave. But it was too late. The azure energy engulfed the vessel, devouring it whole. A brief, agonizing scream pierced the void, then silence.

The relentless wave continued its march, scouring a vast swathe of space before finally dissipating. Only an empty expanse devoid of life or debris remained where the once-

proud pirate fleet hovered.

Only the wreckage of the Fleeting Cloud Skyship's defensive barrier, shimmering faintly in the aftermath, hinted at the battle that had transpired mere moments ago.

Yun Lintian lowered his hand, his expression calm and serene. Captain Bloodfang, clearly at the peak level of the Middle God Realm, couldn't even put up any resistance against the Great Law of Death.

Since breaching the Lower God Realm, Yun Lintian could no longer measure his own strength. The power of the Great Law had become significantly stronger, as had his control over divine bloodlines and the elements.

He was certain he could now fight any practitioner in the God Ascension Realm with no problem.

"This is too powerful," Han Bingling exclaimed in amazement.

"The power of the Great Law reigns supreme indeed," Yun Meilan said calmly. She had recently read about the Great Law in ancient records. It explained the unparalleled strength of the God of Death, the God of Time, and the God of Life.

"Learning it would be incredible," Yun Huanxin said with envy.

Yun Meilan looked at her and said, "There's the Great Law of Time and Space. Perhaps you'll have a chance to comprehend it someday."

"I hope so," Yun Huanxin responded casually.

Yun Lintian turned around, facing everyone, and said, "Sorry. I was too eager to test my strength and totally forgot to check out their identity."

"It doesn't matter." Yun Qianxue said gently. "At least, no one will notice this... Let's go."

Chapter 2070 The Nine Heavens (3)

According to Lan Qinghe and Dongfang Hao, the Nine Heavens Realm was typically operated by the Shadow God, the Heavenly Tribulation God, the Crimson Demonic God, the Ghost Lantern God, the Jade Mountain God, and the Plum Blossom God.

Meanwhile, the Western Emperor, the Northern Demon Lord, and the Jade Emperor remained behind the scenes, rarely intervening in worldly affairs.

The territories of the Jade Emperor and the Western Emperor were naturally the best places to find information related to the Heavenly Court and the God Tomb. However, to avoid attracting unwanted attention, Yun Lintian opted to visit the Jade Mountain God Realm instead.

The Fleeting Cloud Profound Skyship, its defensive barrier faintly shimmering after the display of raw power, entered the jurisdiction of the Jade Mountain God Realm.

Lush greenery carpeted the vast landmasses below, while majestic mountains, their peaks scraping the heavens, dominated the landscape. Here, under the benevolent rule of the Jade Mountain God, a sense of peace and tranquility pervaded.

Yun Lintian knew a direct approach wouldn't yield the desired information. The Heavenly Court, shrouded in secrecy, wouldn't be easily revealed through basic inquiries. He needed a strategy.

Unfortunately, Lan Qinghe's long absence from the Nine Heavens Realm left him out of touch with the current situation. Otherwise, Yun Lintian wouldn't need to be here.

"We need to find a discreet way to gather information about the Heavenly Court and the God Tomb," Yun Lintian announced to his companions gathered in the ship's main hall. "The Jade Mountain God herself wouldn't necessarily be forthcoming with such knowledge."

"We should also try to find a trace of the Chaos Goddess. Her disappearance is too timely. Perhaps it was intentional."

The group formulated a plan. Utilizing his ability to alter his appearance, Yun Lintian would disguise himself as an ordinary practitioner. The others, leveraging their own skills and charm, would gather information through various means.

Their first stop was a bustling market town nestled amidst the foothills of a majestic mountain range. Disguised as a young man with average cultivation, Yun Lintian haggled for local delicacies with a jovial vendor.

As he munched on a succulent skewer of meat, he casually inquired about the Jade Mountain God and any rumors surrounding a powerful entity known as the Heavenly Court.

The vendor, a stout man with a booming laugh, scratched his beard thoughtfully. "The Jade Mountain God, eh? She's a benevolent being, alright. Protects us from demonic practitioners and maintains peace in these lands. As for the Heavenly Court... Now that's a hot topic. However, I don't know much about it."

"Some say they're a celestial organization that oversees the affairs of the Nine Heavens Realm. Others whisper they're a tyrannical force that controls everything from the shadows."

"Demonic practitioners?" Intrigued by the vendor's mention of demonic practitioners, Yun Lintian raised an eyebrow. The succulent meat suddenly lost its appeal as a sense of foreboding settled in his stomach.

The vendor's jovial demeanor vanished, replaced by a grimace. He lowered his voice to a conspiratorial whisper. "They are those who dabble in the forbidden arts, young man. They draw power from chaotic energies, twisting the natural order for their own selfish desires. Ruthless creatures, devoid of empathy, who revel in destruction and suffering."

The jovial twinkle in the vendor's eyes dimmed, replaced by a flicker of something far older, a tremor of fear that resonated with the passage of time. Leaning closer, his voice dropped to a conspiratorial whisper.

"The Nine Heavens, young man," he began, his voice heavy with the weight of generations of whispered warnings, "is a tapestry woven with two threads, as different as night and day. On one side, we have the righteous practitioners, those who cultivate their essence, harnessing the power of the heavens and the

earth for good. They strive for balance, for harmony, and to protect the innocent from the encroaching darkness."

He gestured dramatically, his gaze nervously flickering towards the bustling marketplace. "Then there are the others... the demonic practitioners. They are the antithesis of everything good, a blight upon the land. They twist the natural order, drawing power from chaotic energies that lurk in the deepest corners of the cosmos. These energies are like a siren's call, promising immense power at a terrible cost."

The vendor shuddered, his face contorting in disgust. "They become twisted parodies of their former selves, their bodies warped and mutated by the malevolent forces they commune with. Their hearts turn black, consumed by an insatiable hunger for destruction and suffering. They revel in chaos, leaving a trail of devastation in their wake."

Yun Lintian nodded slowly. The Nine Heavens Realm, despite the clear division between righteous and demonic practitioners, seemed no different from other places.

"Are there many of these demonic practitioners?" Yun Lintian inquired.

The vendor shook his head vigorously, relief flickering across his features. "Thankfully, no, young man. Not since the Jade Mountain God, bless her name, purged the last one from these lands countless years ago. Her power keeps them at bay, ensuring our safety. But the stories are passed down through generations, a constant reminder of the darkness that lurks beyond the light."

"However, you may find many of them in the north," the vendor added. "Just don't go there."

Yun Lintian immediately thought of the Crimson Demonic God and the Ghost Lantern God. According to Lan Qinghe, they resided in the Northern Region, likely connected to the Northern Demon Lord.

"Thank you, Uncle," Yun Lintian smiled and gave the vendor a few high-grade Divine Stones before leaving.

As the group continued their investigation, visiting various taverns and tea houses, they encountered similar sentiments. Some spoke of the Heavenly Court with reverence, while others harbored a deep-

seated fear. It became clear that the organization wielded immense power and influence, yet its true purpose remained shrouded in mystery.

Unfortunately, their investigation regarding the Chaos Goddess' disappearance yielded no results. It seemed no one was aware of her existence.

Inside their room, Yun Lintian and the others gathered around a table, enjoying a hearty meal.

"Does it strike a chord?" Yun Qianxue asked Yun Lintian.

"The way the Chaos Goddess disappeared, you mean, compared to the sect founder and the mysterious woman?" Yun Lintian responded. "There are indeed similarities in their methods."

The disappearance of the Chaos Goddess mirrored almost perfectly that of Yun Wushuang and the mysterious woman who created the mythical realms in the Azure World.

"Could the mysterious woman and the Chaos Goddess be the same person?" Lin Xinyao interjected with a surprising question.