

Timescape 461

Chapter 461: Godly Power of Infinite Resurrection!

After initially being stunned, Xu Qing's expression turned somber. Something strange was definitely going on. The reason he had been going all out a moment ago was that the uneasy feeling from the bluegreen dragon had only been getting more intense, to the point where he felt like his heart was full of trepidation.

He just didn't believe that he could resolve such a deadly situation so quickly. Waving his right hand, he sent all the poison in the area toward Chu Tianqun's corpse. It gathered around both the head and the body, which began to rot. After barely more than ten breaths of time passed, they became a black sludge that soaked the sand beneath it.

However, the sealing in the dome of heaven was still there. What was more, his feeling of unease also remained. Expression unsightly, he flew straight up into the sky and unleashed a powerful attack, hoping that he might be able to just break free. Just as he unleashed the attack, a sense of deadly crisis erupted in his heart.

Swiveling, he looked back down at the ground.

Golden light shone brightly in the area where Chu Tianqun had died. It rippled and distorted, seemingly changing the magical laws in the area. Apparently it was influencing time itself, as something unbelievable was happening.

It was as if time... was flowing in reverse!

As Xu Qing watched, the black sludge seeped out of the sand and formed Chu Tianqun's head and body. Then, the head flipped back up onto the neck. All of the wounds Chu Tianqun had sustained vanished. His eyes opened, and he looked grimly at Xu Qing up in the sky.

"I underestimated you," he said in a raspy voice, golden light swirling around him. "I never would have guessed that you also have god power..."

Chu Tianqun rolled his shoulders and took a step forward. At the same time, his cultivation base power surged. This time, it wasn't in the early Nascent Soul stage. It went directly to mid Nascent Soul.

Although that was an increase in one section of a larger realm, Xu Qing knew that after Foundation Establishment, every such upgrade created a massive difference. Usually, someone in a higher level could easily kill someone a single level below them. The sensation of deadly crisis continued to bubble within him. He knew he had to be wary of this power of resurrection. It was not some ordinary magical technique or divine ability. Nor was it a magical technique that could substitute for someone in death. Xu Qing got the sense... that this really did contain the power of a god!

"This experimental god body of mine is different from the other ones," Chu Tianqun said coolly. "And it's even more different from Yun'er's. My godly power is that of resurrection. Infinite resurrection."

The truth was that if Chu Tianqun hadn't run into the great bird Qingqin, who had miraculously injured him, then his cultivation base would have been immeasurably close to peak Nascent Soul. Qingqin was an ancient mutant beast that possessed godliness. In other words, he was a high-level

godly entity. His life force god light couldn't interrupt Chu Tianqun's godly resurrection, but the injuries inflicted had forced his cultivation base to a lower level. And the effects lingered even after he resurrected. The recovery process was slow, and the effect on his cultivation base was massive. That was why he normally revealed an early Nascent Soul cultivation base.

Looking at Xu Qing, he narrowed his eyes. "I was kind enough to explain some things to you. Now... why don't you tell me what your god power is?"

Xu Qing didn't reply. Eyes glittering with killing intent, he tapped into the fleshly body power provided by the Shadow Fusion Secret Magic to shoot with incredible speed toward Chu Tianqun.

He arrived in an instant.

However, Chu Tianqun was also a lot faster than before. In one movement, he was 300 meters away, his expression calm as he lifted his right hand, then pushed it toward the ground.

"Yun'er used some sword moves on you," he said coolly. "But they weren't complete, thanks to his low cultivation base. Since we have plenty of time on our hands, allow me to show you a secret magic of the Soaring Cloud Sword Sect... it's the Twelve Swords of Heaven and Earth!"

The sand below him for 3,000 meters in all directions rose and fell, and the ground trembled, as if subterranean dragons were stirring beneath. It almost looked like it was a sea with waves rolling across it. As the fluctuations grew more intense, the sand floated into the air, blotting out the evening sun and making it seem like night had fallen.

Then, a host of enormous swords appeared around Chu Tianqun. There were twelve in all. Each sword was fully 3,000 meters long, and emanated terrifying power. They caused the air to vibrate and crack, and the sword energy that pulsed out had killing intent that made the burning desert seem icy cold.

Then the swords slashed toward Xu Qing.

Xu Qing struggled to control his breathing. Those twelve swords surpassed anything he had faced when dealing with Master Shengyun. It wasn't just the might they exuded. They were different on a substructural level. However, there was no time to think about it right now. Just as he was preparing to dodge, the twelve enormous swords shifted directions, closing off all avenues of escape. They slashed into him, causing blood to ooze out of the corners of his mouth. Dazzling light glittered atop his head, creating a protective barrier in all directions. That was the Supreme-Limitless Crown. Then, the hellspirit bloodwing lamp boosted his speed, causing a single wing to appear on his back.

With his current fleshly body power and the boost to speed, he could pierce through the air in what was almost a teleportation. As he dodged out of the way, he launched a fist strike that hit one of the swords. Backed with the fleshly body power of ten heavenly palaces, he was capable of devastating power. This secret magic backed by a Nascent Soul cultivator was extraordinary, but when hit by Xu Qing's fist, it cracked.

There were few things in existence that had fleshly body power like that.

Chu Tianqun's eyes shone with cold light as he extended his right index finger.

"Wind!"

Before Xu Qing could proceed to destroy the twelve swords, they collapsed on their own, turning into innumerable grains of sand that swirled around Xu Qing in the form of a tempest. From a distance, that tempest actually resembled a sword in shape. It swirled around with astonishing speed, slashing and cutting, all while slowly shrinking around Xu Qing. Numerous small wounds opened up on Xu Qing, like tiny cuts from blades. Seeing the danger, Xu Qing shot straight up. The wing on his back flapped, giving him a boost of shocking speed that got him out of the tempest. The countless grains of sand pursued him, but they weren't quite as fast.

Chu Tianqun frowned, then thrust his right arm to the side.

“Assimilate!”

The moment the words left his mouth, the grains of sand spread out in all directions, filling a 3,000-meter area over Xu Qing. There, they formed into a giant bottle gourd made from swords!

As for Xu Qing, he was inside the bottle gourd.

The power of assimilation erupted inside the gourd. Flames burst out, covering Xu Qing. But then, the cry of a golden crow rang out, reaching to the highest heaven. The image of the golden crow appeared, growing larger and larger. 300 meters. 1,500 meters. 3,000 meters. 9,000 meters.... Eventually it reached 15,000 meters.

It seemed to overshadow everything else. And as the golden crow grew, Xu Qing appeared atop it, still using the Shadow Fusion Secret Magic.

He was covered in blood, and his eyes radiated killing intent. He looked like a killing machine, and when he burst into action, the golden crow cried out, causing a 3,000-meter sea of flames to spread out as it dove toward Chu Tianqun from above. Taboo poison power erupted, along with intense mutagen. At the same time, the shadow also rose up, and Patriarch Golden Vajra Warrior came in with the iron skewer. The Emperor's Sword appeared in the golden crow's mouth as it shot toward Chu Tianqun.

A rumbling like heavenly thunder echoed out everywhere. The ground shook, and the sky changed color as a golden beam of light appeared around Chu Tianqun. It expanded rapidly, becoming a covering that surrounded Chu Tianqun protectively.

Meanwhile, Xu Qing shivered, coughed up blood, and kept backing up.

The golden crow howled in anguish. Patriarch Golden Vajra Warrior nearly collapsed into pieces, and the shadow grew dim. The Emperor's Sword also faded. However, at the same time, that golden covering surrounding Chu Tianqun trembled, and cracking sounds rang out as it began to break up.

Taboo poison power covered everything, and Xu Qing made sure that it seeped in through those cracks. Chu Tianqun frowned as his body again started to rot. He had godliness, as well as god power, which meant that though he was difficult to injure with poison, he wasn't impervious to it!

“This is the same type of god curse that you infected Yun'er with.... Now that I've personally felt it, I can tell how terrifying it is! Sadly for you, you don't have perfect control of it. You can only use its external shell of power. Therefore, the methods I've prepared to deal with it are sufficient!” Chu Tianqun stared at Xu Qing as the golden

light around him collapsed. Then he performed an incantation gesture and pointed up with his right index and middle finger.

“Calamity!”

The air above him distorted as nine vortexes appeared. As they spun, black coffins emerged from all of them.

Nine coffins dropped from above and slammed into the ground.

There, they split open to reveal nine zombies. All of them looked mangled in some way, but they had all died in different ways. One had been drowned, one had burned to death, one had been disemboweled, one had bled to death, and one had died after their blood vessels all exploded.... All had died grisly deaths of torment. And if you looked closely at their faces, it became obvious that they were all Chu Tianqun.

Especially noteworthy was the fact that all nine of the grisly zombies were surrounded by countless souls. They howled in grief, their voices spreading out everywhere. They were the souls of men and women, young and old. They came from nine small human nations that Chu Tianqun had exterminated. Then he assimilated their souls and put them into nine ‘calamity zombies.’

The nine zombies slowly looked at Chu Tianqun, then inhaled, causing the taboo poison in him to sweep out and into them.

“I nourished these zombies with the blood of countless of your fellow humans. I filled them with innumerable souls of your fellow humans. Coupled with a prayer to my god, they can share the calamity of an external god curse. Xu Qing, you have no idea the extent to which I prepared to kill you.”

Chu Tianqun looked at Xu Qing as he performed an incantation gesture with his right hand and pointed up with two fingers. At the same time he performed an incantation gesture with his left hand and pointed down. Finally, he pushed both hands in Xu Qing’s direction.

“Attack!”

The nine calamity zombies turned to look at Xu Qing, then became nine blurs that raced toward him!

Chapter 462: Embodied as a God

Rumbling sounds echoed out everywhere. Blood sprayed out of Xu Qing’s mouth, and his expression was unsightly as he continued to fall back. It was the first time anyone had ever dispelled his taboo poison power, or at the very least, delayed it significantly. If it wasn’t for Chu Tianqun’s powers of infinite resurrection, then the poison would have been effective eventually.

Regardless, Xu Qing could sense... that his poison was still at work. Although Chu Tianqun could reverse time and resurrect himself, the poison had still seeped deep into his bones. That was one terrifying aspect of Xu Qing’s poison. It had only been delayed. That said, if things kept going as they were, he wouldn’t have time to wait for the poison to take effect. What was more, the nine

zombies had undying bodies. Whatever blows Xu Qing landed on them seemed to have no effect. From the look of it, the souls absorbed the force of the attacks.

This was Chu Tianqun's method of delaying the poison. He sent the poison from himself into the zombies, and from the zombies into the countless souls. Although the souls wept and howled, Xu Qing could sense that they were pleased with what was happening.

It was as if Chu Tianqun was what they put their faith in. It was as if Chu Tianqun was their god! In fact, that was one of the powers of a god!

The nine zombies were not only eternally indestructible, they also pulsed with early Nascent Soul fluctuations. One wouldn't have been too difficult to deal with, but nine was pushing Xu Qing to a deadly limit.

Seeing the danger he was in, his eyes flickered with cold light. He still had two trump cards he hadn't used. Both were most effective when they were first used. What was more, he would only have one chance to use the projection of the Ghost Emperor mountain.

The most important thing to deal with are those souls. Simply suppressing them won't do any good. I need to either destroy them... or subjugate them!

With such thoughts on his mind, his eyes shone with determination as he reached out with his right hand and activated his Gruegloom Daoseizing Art. His hand immediately became semitransparent as he shoved it deep into the pit of his own stomach. The icy hand entered him and stretched to his sea of consciousness, where he found his fourth heavenly palace, and within it... the violet moon!

He could use the power of the violet moon by activating his heavenly palace. But that was like a small pony pulling a big chariot. Though the violet moon was a part of him, his power and control over it was limited. If he wanted to release its true potential, he had to do so directly. He had to take it out!

As Xu Qing gripped the violet moon, veins bulged on his forehead, and pain filled his body. However, he didn't frown. Cool calmness filled his eyes, along with killing intent, as he pulled it out.

As his fourth heavenly palace trembled, he extracted the violet moon and held it aloft. Boundless violet light spilled out from his hand, becoming like a sea of violet that spread in all directions. Wherever it went, everything turned violet, making it seem like the area had been separated from the rest of the world. In fact, it made it seem... almost like a god domain. Within that god domain, violet light was god power, and the source of it, the violet moon, was the god!

As the violet light erupted, Chu Tianqun's expression flickered. His heart started pounding.

"Godly authority! That's impossible!"

Golden blood sprayed out of his mouth, and tears of blood poured out of his eyes, which bulged like they might fall out of his skull. He began to shake violently, and his hands dropped to his sides. It looked like he was just on the verge of averting his face and dropping to his knees to prostrate.

At the same time, he twitched and convulsed, as if his flesh and blood had their own will, and wanted to detach from him. However, he was an experimental god body, and the god power within him exerted a suppressing force that forced his body back into equilibrium.

Given how Chu Tianqun reacted, it almost wasn't necessary to mention the calamity zombies. The zombies' eyes exploded, and they dropped to their knees, trembling. Howls of grief erupted from their mouths, and the mutagen within them soared to such heights it looked like they might mutate at any moment.

At the same time, the mutagen invaded the souls attached to them, causing them to cease their shrieking and wailing. Instead, their expressions became that of unprecedented piety, filled with fanaticism and even faith. One by one, they began leaving the zombies and flying toward the violet moon in Xu Qing's hand. As the souls flew into the violet moon, the nine zombies lost their main support, and began shaking so hard it looked like they might collapse.

Chu Tianqun didn't seem like he could hold out against the taboo poison much longer. As the poison surged within him, he started rotting again.

Killing intent filled Xu Qing's eyes. However, even as he prepared to continue with his current strategy, ripples spread through the dome of heaven, and a sensation of deadly crisis filled him. This sensation surpassed anything from before, filling him with an extremely disturbing sensation of inauspicious terror.

Xu Qing's face fell.

Up above, his heavenly dao bluegreen dragon emitted an anxious shriek. It was as if an indescribable entity had taken note of the aura of the violet moon, and was waking up to come search for it. The sky then began to change color, gradually becoming red. An image of a red moon appeared in Xu Qing's mind, along with a terrifying statue of a god. He also heard the same breathing he had heard back at the Supreme Beginning Netherflight Pillar. This was what Xu Qing had always worried about. After all, he was well aware of the origin of his violet moon.

As the heavenly dao bluegreen dragon wailed, he unhesitatingly put the violet moon back into his heavenly palace. He also retracted his taboo poison pill power and used it to cover up any traces of god power.

Having done that, he burst into motion, heading with stupefying speed toward Chu Tianqun. In the blink of an eye, he arrived, and the dagger in his right hand slashed toward Chu Tianqun's not-completely healed neck.

A moment later, blinding golden light erupted from Chu Tianqun's skin to block the dagger. It also created a backlash attack that sent Xu Qing flying backward, trembling and coughing up blood. At the same time, the rotting Chu Tianqun opened his eyes, looked at Xu Qing, then reached up and smashed his palm into his own forehead. A thump rang out as his head exploded and he died.

Xu Qing scowled as he backed up, all the while looking up into the sky.

The red light above was fading, and the heavenly dao bluegreen dragon was no longer wailing in anxiety. That caused Xu Qing to breathe a sigh of relief, as it was now obvious this taboo poison power had effectively concealed the aura of the violet moon.

Next he flew up into the air, reached out, and directly ripped open the sealing barrier. The barrier was immensely powerful, but his bluegreen dragon existed at a higher level and had finally worn down the barrier. It ripped apart.

However, the result didn't leave Xu Qing feeling very pleased. If his heavenly dao bluegreen dragon was as amazing as it was supposed to be, why had it taken such a long time to break through the barrier? Even though the barrier contained god power from Chu Tianqun, the process had still taken much too long.

The bluegreen dragon seemed a bit embarrassed.

However, Xu Qing wasn't paying attention to that. After ripping open a section of the barrier, he was about to try another teleportation when he looked outside. That was when his heart dropped.

The outside world... did not look like a desert! The area beyond the barrier was a world of ever-present mist.

The bluegreen dragon let loose a cry that seemed to be an explanation, as if it were telling Xu Qing that this was why the process took so long.

Xu Qing's eyes narrowed.

Down below, time flowed backward and Chu Tianqun appeared again, just like before. That said, there were some portions of his face that hadn't recovered after his resurrection, and were still rotting. Other areas glowed with violet light. That was the result of the god power Xu Qing wielded. Even after being resurrected, Chu Tianqun couldn't wipe out those things. That said, all it did was make this resurrected Chu Tianqun look more vicious.

"You actually broke through the barrier," he said. "Sadly... I prepared for that too. You really thought you were still on the Revered Ancient mainland? This place is the Smoke World, a place fully controlled by the Smokewights. It's not a minor world. Rather, it's a chunk of a major world from antiquity that was second only to Revered Ancient. The Smokewights made it their own.

"It's a precious treasure that surpasses even taboo treasures! I paid a hundred drops of god blood to earn the right to enter it. And only one of us will exit. Either I die and you get out, or the other way around."

Xu Qing looked down at Chu Tianqun. "In that case, I have no choice but to kill you!"

He blurred down toward Chu Tianqun.

"Kill me?" Chu Tianqun chuckled viciously, then dropped to a cross-legged position and performed a double-handed incantation gesture. Golden light sprang up around him, and at the same time, golden light shone from his eyes. Everything about him seemed golden, even his hair.

A holy sensation emanated from him, and his expression was no longer vicious. It seemed apathetic, as if he had risen to a higher level of life, and no longer needed any emotions. Then he closed his eyes, faced Xu Qing, and started chanting something that sounded like a sutra.

"Follows the dark reversal dao underworld surpasses god first period until supreme spirit darkness yang hop...."

As he chanted, the surrounding world started to tremble. This was no sutra. This was the chanting of a god!

Chu Tianqun existed as an experimental god body, therefore, he could take words he had heard chanted, then use his god power to imitate them and transmit them to the world. Everything around him rippled and distorted, and then erupted with boundless mutagen. It invaded everything, mutated everything, and even created something from nothing by causing mutant beasts to appear.

Xu Qing reeled as he was also affected; a mutagen that was not his own flowed through him.

“Yin conceals yang heights essence virtue suppress pennant yellow watchtower...”

Rumbling sounds echoed out of Xu Qing as he fell from the sky, his eyes bloodshot as he stared at the chanting Chu Tianqun. Chu Tianqun already seemed blurry, as if numerous variants of himself were superimposed on each other. It made him seem like a god being embodied, that couldn't be seen properly. Xu Qing's mind reeled, and he gasped for breath. His body wasn't under his control. It was as if his enemy's voice had become corporeal. It was in his sea of consciousness, his mind, his dharma force, his flesh. Everywhere.

Splitting pain filled him. It was the exact same sensation he had experienced in the ghastr hollow beneath the Supreme Beginning Netherflight Pillar, when that god's eye opened.

Chapter 463: A Box in a Heart

There was a big difference between this situation and the ghastr hollow!

Back in the ghastr hollow, when Xu Qing saw a real god, the invasion created by that eye affected the entire ghastr hollow. That type of might was impossible to resist, impossible to sustain, and impossible to fathom. It didn't just break apart the fleshly body, it also affected the internal dharma force as well as one's thoughts. It was as if it broke apart the entire living being. During that event, Xu Qing had felt like his entire being was collapsing. If it weren't for that centipede lady appearing and saving him, then he would have been in an unimaginable crisis. Even if he had somehow managed to get into that pentagonal log cabin to gain protection from the song that pacified the god, the time it would have taken would have involved severe injury to Xu Qing. And even if he survived, he would have experienced mutation and become like the ghastrs that inhabited the ghastr hollow. [1]

However, this situation with Chu Tianqun, though similar in some ways, was actually poles apart. Chu Tianqun's chanting was being channeled through his god body, and thus it resembled the chanting of a god. But in the final analysis, he was not a true god, only an imitation. Even though the illusory projection of a god existed behind him, based on what Xu Qing had experienced in the ghastr hollow, the situation was fundamentally different.

Beyond all that, Xu Qing was a very different person than he was back in the ghastr hollow.

Xu Qing looked up, his eyes bloodshot but shining with a strange light. He looked at Chu Tianqun sitting cross-legged and emanating golden light. He ignored the way his body was distorting, with fleshy appendages sprouting out from him everywhere, swaying back and forth. His thoughts were clear. He had ways of fighting back against the god power of Chu Tianqun.

They included his heavenly dao bluegreen dragon and the Ghost Emperor mountain, as well as that bottle he had purchased in the ghost ward with the voice of the singing woman inside. All were tools he could use. And of course, he still had his taboo poison and violet moon. [2]

That said, killing intent flickered in Xu Qing's eyes; he wasn't interested in fighting back against this opponent. He wanted to devastate him! He would use god power to crush god power! Or at the very least, he would try. And that was because seeing Chu Tianqun use the power of a god had given him some inspiration.

Can I do the same thing?

Although this fragmented world of the Smokewight seemed like a place full of danger, it was also a destined opportunity.

The power of the red moon had sought him earlier, making it clear to Xu Qing that if he used the power of the violet moon out in the open, he would be discovered.

What if I just use a little bit, and keep it concealed within my taboo poison? If you add in the fact that I'm in this Smokewight world fragment.... Xu Qing's eyes lit up with determination as he struggled to look up at the rift in the sky.

He exercised a thought, and his bluegreen dragon, which was still able to move freely despite Chu Tianqun's chanting, swished its tail and hit the rift. A boom rang out as the section that Xu Qing had ripped open subsequently closed, returning the barrier to its original state.

Next, Xu Qing's gaze shifted back to Chu Tianqun, and he activated his third and fourth heavenly palaces at the same time.

The mysterious and unfathomable taboo poison, which had originally come from a god domain, swept through Xu Qing, reaching every bit of his blood and flesh. All of the appendages which had started growing out of him rotted, turning into black gore that splattered on the ground. The sounds which had been boring into his flesh were also poisoned out of existence. They had no way to flee. They vanished, any resistance on their part absolutely pointless.

Then the poison seeped out of him, flowing through the air and making the area surrounding him even more turbid and distorted. What was more, because the taboo poison power also contained his own mutagen, that mutagen flourished around him, spiraling out and making him seem like he had the very same type of unique life force as a god.

Things weren't over yet, though. Next, Xu Qing sent the power of the violet moon spreading through his body. Where it passed, his flesh turned violet, until he was that exact color from head to toe.

As a result, he began to glitter with scintillating violet light. With that violet light radiating out, another type of mutagen unique to Xu Qing was born. It was formed by the violet moon, and after invading living things, they became linked to Xu Qing.

As all of these things swirled endlessly around Xu Qing, they became like a tempest that connected to the dome of heaven and devastated everything around him.

Within that tempest, it was just possible to see the projection of a violet moon hanging in the sky. That was the embodiment of godly authority; it was the true power of a god. Behind the violet

moon, within the violet world that now existed, there was a pair of black eyes that could not be invaded by any mutagen. The pupils of those eyes contained boundless taboo poison.

There were two types of godly authority erupting from within Xu Qing. Though they weren't fused together, neither were they separated. Though they resisted each other, they also coexisted. And right now, both were emanating godly might that was uniquely their own.

As Xu Qing emanated godly might, his expression was indifferent, and he exuded a supreme level of majesty, every aspect of which caused heaven and earth to shake violently.

Eventually, thanks to the blessing of those two types of godly authority, he rose to an astonishing level. It was as if... he had become the embryonic form of some new god.

His shadow trembled, and Patriarch Golden Vajra Warrior shivered. Without any hesitation, both of them appeared in the open and prostrated in front of Xu Qing. The patriarch seemed profoundly reverent, while the shadow was filled with incomparable piety and fanaticism.

Xu Qing slowly opened his eyes, which now glittered with golden light that spread around him and made him seem truly holy.

“The shadow bans, the ghost commands; the immortal declines, the world is mine.”

This was the fake mnemonic created by Patriarch Golden Vajra Warrior to disguise Xu Qing's use of the Shadow Fusion Secret Magic. Right now, it didn't have any specific meaning or function; Xu Qing just said it because he felt like it.

The shadow was briefly stunned, and then extremely excited.

At the same time, Xu Qing's voice imparted the vague and indistinct sensation that the words spoken contained vast amounts of profound information and blessings. They had another, deeper meaning, and as they echoed out, winds swirled and strange colors flickered everywhere.

The surroundings began to ripple and distort as the transformations caused by the chanting of a god appeared thanks to Xu Qing.

The ground shook, causing even the sand to vibrate and collapse. All sorts of supernatural phenomena sprang up around Xu Qing, and howling echoed out that seemed to originate from countless years in the past. Cracks spread out on the ground, and gory tentacles rose up. The entire world was changing, transforming, turning into something grisly and inauspicious. All living things were invaded, thrown into chaos, causing everything to shake and distort.

The source of it all was none other than Xu Qing.

The blessing of the two types of godly authority was not complete, only embryonic. But at that moment, Xu Qing had truly reached an astonishing level down to every fiber of his being. That was why, to some extent, his voice was actually a godly voice.

Chu Tianqun's chanting was an imitation. But on a substructural level, what Xu Qing was saying was the real chanting of a god.

Although it was not on the level of other gods, it was more than enough to crush Chu Tianqun.

Chu Tianqun's chanting suddenly faltered, and what had previously been incomprehensible suddenly became easy to understand.

“The god first follows the dark path; the underworld surpasses the supreme spirit... yang virtue conceals yin essence....” [3]

As he inhaled, his eyes opened and he looked in shock at Xu Qing. Although he had continued speaking, the golden light around him had already collapsed.

Because of that, a boundless mutagen suddenly erupted within him. His body started to collapse and his thoughts became isolated. Thanks to the words coming from Xu Qing, and the mutagen, his chanting suddenly turned into a bloodcurdling scream. In that moment of crisis, Chu Tianqun reached up and stabbed his fingers into one of his eyes, then wrenched it out of the socket. Golden blood sprayed out in a mist, spreading out around him to stave off Xu Qing’s godly voice.

Unfortunately, Xu Qing was also in bad condition. The sudden influx of shocking power was more than his fleshly body could sustain, and even as his voice rang out, his body started to collapse.

That said, the experiment he had just carried out had given Xu Qing a clear understanding that the two types of godly power within him had much more to unveil. At the same time, they were extremely dangerous. Unless he became a lot stronger, then when he used them, the slightest misunderstanding on his part could lead to him perishing.

Therefore, after crushing Chu Tianqun’s chanting, Xu Qing unhesitatingly retracted the violet moon and the taboo poison. The violent tempest vanished, and heaven and earth returned to normal.

Chu Tianqun’s golden blood faded away along with his scream. As he struggled to get the mutagen within him under control, his expression turned vicious. Floating up into the air, he shouted, “You’re obviously just a cultivator. A cultivator! How did you do that? How did you overcome me?? I refuse to believe this!”

Chu Tianqun’s face was splattered with golden blood. His expression was one of insanity as he glared at Xu Qing. Then he suddenly jabbed his right hand into his chest, grabbed his own heart, and ripped it out.

Blood sprayed everywhere as he held the golden heart aloft and then crushed it. As the blood and flesh spurted out, a box was revealed in the middle of the heart!

If Master Seventh were here, he would recognize it immediately. It was very similar to the box that the Crown Prince of Violet and Cyan had revealed, although close examination would reveal that it was much cruder. [4]

As soon as Chu Tianqun had it in his hands, he crushed it, causing a beam of light to appear!

It was the gaze of a god! [5]

When Xu Qing felt that gaze, a tremor passed through him, and he immediately felt his taboo poison and violet moon being suppressed.

The beam of light didn’t spread out in all directions. Instead, it materialized in Chu Tianqun’s right hand, causing that hand to glitter with dazzling light. Then he shoved that hand in Xu Qing’s direction and bellowed, “God Magic: Leave Emptiness in the Future!”

During this fight, Xu Qing had always been acutely aware that he was dealing with an experimental god body that surely had mysterious abilities. For example, Master Shengyun’s experimental god

body had released an astonishing magic that, though it was ultimately defeated, had left a lasting impression on Xu Qing.

The moment words left Chu Tianqun's mouth, Xu Qing felt his surroundings transforming. Images sprang up around him, hundreds if not thousands of them. And every single one depicted him. In some, he sat quietly in meditation. In others, he was fleeing for his life. He saw himself taking his last breath or wailing in anguish... The images seemed never-ending.

They were...Xu Qing's current future.

As the images gathered, they formed something like a picture book. Chu Tianqun waved his hand, and the pages of the book blurred by. He seemed to be looking for an image of Xu Qing's future death, which he would then pluck out into the open and make a reality.

This was 'God Magic: Leave Emptiness in the Future.'

It was a very similar scene to what Xu Qing had experienced with Master Shengyun. [6]

The way he had dealt with that situation was to interfere with the future by taking his fate into his own hands.

That said, Master Shengyun's experimental god body had been incomplete, and therefore, that god magic hadn't been successfully employed. Furthermore, no box appeared at that time.

Chu Tianqun was obviously holding nothing back. He had taken out the box and fused his hand with the gaze within, to Xu Qing's utter shock.

However, there were two sides to every coin. Although this complete god magic was fully terrifying, to Xu Qing, it was also something of a benefit. At the very least, he was now able to sense what a god magic could do. And right now, boundless information was flowing into his mind.

Chapter 464: The Ghost Emperor Arrives

It wasn't that he wanted to absorb the information. It began pouring into his mind because of the beam of light and the god magic. It was as if the bits of information were contained in the god magic and the gaze of the god. Xu Qing had no choice but to accept the information, and thus veins bulged on his forehead, and his head filled with intense pain. His eyes turned bloodshot, and then bulged as if they might explode. As Xu Qing was wracked with pain, and as the information filled his mind, he suddenly came to understand something about the world.

To the eyes of gods, the lives of all living things were like a picture book open for perusal. What happened when they looked at you was that your past, future, and everything about you were like countless pictures that could be flipped through, combined, or changed. Your every action, including the tiniest step forward, acceleration, or pause in movement, could affect the future by creating countless branching possibilities.

Because of that, the pictures of the future contained countless variations. They were like a majestic river that formed the picture book of life. That picture book was so massive that mortals couldn't even sense its existence. Not even cultivators could do that, unless their cultivation base reached an extremely high level.

And only someone at an apex level could possibly see the entire thing. That was because even just the pictures of one life contained information that most existing entities couldn't sustain, much less the collective picture book.

When considering all of the living things in an entire world, and the world itself, it was simply too 'weighty' to even imagine. The nearly infinite amount of information that would erupt out every single instant would create different levels of destruction based on the level of the cultivation base involved. That was one reason why gods couldn't be looked straight in the eyes.

Gods had such picture books which contained, not just the future, but countless other pieces of indescribable information. The more information, the greater the weight. In some cases, a god might not even have any destructive intentions, but if a living thing looked at them, the unbounded information would be too much to sustain. It would affect that living thing's body, causing mutation and, ultimately, death.

But as for the broken face of the god in the dome of heaven... hē was different. When hīs eyes were closed, it was possible to look at hīm. Only when those eyes opened did an explosion occur.

Perhaps compared to other gods that would seem like a weakness. But when hīs eyes opened, that gaze encompassed all of the Revered Ancient mainland, and could invade anything and everything. In fact, even other gods could be invaded. After all, when hē gazed at something three times, it was called a god domain. It was very contradictory, and was seemingly incomprehensible.

Such information inundated Xu Qing's mind, and that contradictory nature caused blood to spill out of his eyes, ears, nose, and mouth. He shook from head to toe, and his blood vessels started collapsing.

The hand fused with that light was absolutely terrifying. This was a godly authority that was completely different from that of the taboo poison and the violet moon. It was purer.

A sense of deadly crisis sprang up within Xu Qing. He gasped for breath as he sent the power of the taboo poison and violet moon through himself, both to sustain himself and also resist the terrifying god magic.

The surrounding pictures blurred, with some of them turning dark. It looked like the flipping of pages was slowing down. But the pictures didn't disappear. There was a deadlock between the two types of power, as they contended with each other.

Up in the sky, Chu Tianqun looked down, his expression turning more vicious. He was putting his life on the line in his attempt to kill Xu Qing. And he was tapping into his very core essence to do so.

The gaze within that box came from the heart of his experimental god body. And that body had been specifically designed for that box. Based on what he knew, the other four experimental bodies had been crafted similarly, yet none of them had boxes in their hearts. His was the only one. And that was also why he had been able to maintain his faculties in the experimental god body.

Furthermore, when his essence exploded out in this manner, it would influence his resurrection ability. But he didn't care about that right now. What he cared about was that the picture book he had paid such a price to unleash was now turning blurry. Worse, it was becoming much more difficult to flip the pages. That was what he cared about the most, and it was also causing him to devolve into madness.

He couldn't accept an outcome like this, and thus, he inhaled deeply. In doing so, he caused everything beneath his waist to wither up. All of the flesh and blood there disappeared. The bones melted. In the shortest of moments, his lower half turned into ash.

As they vanished, the god power essence within them swept up into the top half of Chu Tianqun's body, converging in his throat, where it turned into a second beam of light that erupted from his mouth and fused into the god magic in his right hand.

Instantly, his hand shone with blinding, dazzling light. At the same time, it surged with unprecedentedly powerful godly might. It was so bright it made everything else seem dim, and made him the only source of light in heaven and earth. The ground quaked. The world blurred. Everything twisted and distorted. And at the same time, Chu Tianqun extended his hand toward Xu Qing and then slowly clenched it into a fist.

"Die! Die! Die!"

Xu Qing had just stabilized himself, only to suddenly feel himself reeling out of control. Countless pictures appeared around him, and instead of being blurry, they were extremely clear.

Chu Tianqun's expression turned into one of wild hatred, and he let loose a hoarse howl. Swishing his right hand, he caused the pictures around Xu Qing to start flipping rapidly. He wanted to quickly find the perfect image.

Xu Qing's pupils constricted as his organs, his flesh, his blood, his bones, and even his soul filled with indescribable pain. It was as if a red-hot poker had been plunged directly into his abdomen and then maliciously wrenched back and forth. Xu Qing spasmed. Blood sprayed out of his mouth. And his face turned pale white as he staggered backward. He felt death looming over him as he looked at the pictures around him and saw innumerable futures, all of them turning clearer and clearer. It looked like, within moments, one of them would be extracted.

It was a picture of him shattering into pieces, losing everything, leaving behind only a head and bitter grievance. Then Chu Tianqun took that head to a grave in the Supreme Arbiter Salvation Mountains. There, he placed the head as a sacrifice in front of the grave. There was a name on the gravestone, clearly visible.

Master Shengyun.

There were some other branches of possibility attached to this future. In some of them, Chu Tianqun died. In some cases, he was killed by Arch-Immortal Plumdark. In others, it was Sir Bloodsmelter. In yet others, he died at the hand of Master Seventh. Sometimes he died at his own hand, and in other cases, he was killed by the Crown Prince of Violet and Cyan.

In that critical moment, Xu Qing's eyes turned bloodshot. The gaze contained in that shattered box was full of boundless godly might. Beyond that, Chu Tianqun was obviously going all out. It was a deadly scenario. The only thing Xu Qing could think to do to resolve the situation was to crush his own future, and thus make it impossible for his enemy to change those pictures.

Taboo poison and the violet moon aren't enough. In that case, let's see how you tamper with my future when I show you a Smoldering God shouldering two major worlds!

Xu Qing gritted his teeth and lifted his right hand. Instantly, thirty pact symbols from the Supreme Void World appeared in front of him. As they burned, an enormous mountain suddenly manifested

behind Xu Qing. It started out blurry, but as the demonization symbols burned, it became clear. As it superimposed over Xu Qing, the mountain gradually came to resemble a humanoid form seated cross-legged in meditation.

Hē wore a pitch-black suit of armor, and had an enormous blade resting in his hands. In front of hīm was the Supreme Beginning Netherflight Pillar, and two major worlds were on hīs shoulders. It was an image that seemed like nothing other than a wretched god. Every bit of the armor pulsed with destructive power, and the blade looked like something that could slice worlds apart. Endless animosity spread out from the mountain, creating spectacularly brutal fluctuations. They contained mad fury as they spread out to devour everything.

The entire world trembled. The desert started to collapse, and even the air seemed to shatter.

What was more, the facial features of the Ghost Emperor were about eighty percent similar to Xu Qing!

Xu Qing was no longer visible. He had fused with the Ghost Emperor. And as that Ghost Emperor floated up into the air, a pair of eyes opened and locked onto Chu Tianqun. That godly gaze was like that of the sun or moon. It was dazzlingly brilliant, making the world brighter, and also causing waves of incredulity to batter at the shocked Chu Tianqun.

Th-this... this.... This is freaking Gold Core?? Chu Tianqun was in a state of madness, but he was so astonished that he suddenly gained a bit of clarity. He looked completely flabbergasted. Never could he have possibly imagined that Xu Qing would be able to produce something as terrifying as this. Two types of godly authority... plus the projection of a Smoldering God with two worlds? Is that the Ghost Emperor??

As Chu Tianqun reeled, the Ghost Emperor Xu Qing had summoned descended with crushing power toward the ground, and Chu Tianqun!

A disdainful aura erupted from hīm, sweeping out everywhere, causing the ground to shatter. A miserable shriek erupted from Chu Tianqun's mouth, along with a spray of blood, as he was shoved downward.

As the Ghost Emperor descended and blood erupted from Chu Tianqun's mouth, the countless pictures that had appeared around Xu Qing went from clear back to blurry. They went from bright to dark. And then they started vanishing.

Winds screamed, picking up the rubble in the world around them. Chu Tianqun laughed bitterly as he looked up at the shocking figure dropping toward him. Sensing Xu Qing inside, he said, "You're using two types of godly authority plus a projection of the Ghost Emperor to crush me.... Very, very impressive! Xu Qing, I might not be able to do anything about your future, but what about your past? If I erase your past, then the world will forget you!"

Chu Tianqun had already burned half of his body into ashes. And now he could sense that if he wanted to continue to use his god power essence, he would have to lose his power of infinite resurrection. But he was ready to use his god power to kill Xu Qing.

Pointing downward with his hand that radiated godly light, he said, "God Magic: Leave Nothing of the Past!"

Chapter 465: What Did I Just See...?

The future exists in the imagination. But the past exists in memories. Therefore, if all vestiges of a person's past were to be wiped out, and if those who cared about that person chose to forget them, then it would be the same as if that person never existed. There would be nothing left behind. At that point, would that person even have existed? And even if they did exist, what would it mean if no one knew about them and no one remembered them? Perhaps they would really disappear. They would have no name, no past, no future, no anything.

That was another ability of gods. The power over the past.

Forgetting.

As Chu Tianqun yet again burned his essence, the ancient world fragment of the Smokewights went absolutely still, like it had been paused. Chu Tianqun's fleshly body also stopped moving, as did the descending Ghost Emperor mountain.

Everything went quiet, as if it had frozen in place. Only Chu Tianqun's soul, which was surrounded by godly light, could do anything. It flew out of his forehead, becoming the only moving entity in the world. In that form, he looked up at everything, his expression one of reverence.

“This... is ‘leaving nothing behind?’”

Chu Tianqun murmured. This was his first time using the apex-level god magic. In his view, this version of heaven and earth looked different from the real version. The dome of heaven didn't exist. The land didn't exist. Nothing existed. Even the Ghost Emperor mountain was nothing. Not even his fleshly body seemed like it really existed.

There was only a wisp of fog, floating there... which was Xu Qing's previously held location.

When Chu Tianqun saw that wisp of fog, he knew that was where he needed to go. All he had to do was find the ‘memory doors’ of people there that remembered Xu Qing, and close them. Then this god magic of ‘Leave Nothing of the Past’ would be a success.

Without any hesitation, Chu Tianqun in soul form rushed toward that fog and then entered it.

Within that boundless fog, he found innumerable doors. Some were large, some were small. Some were round, some were square. There were all types. Some were new, some were old. They all seemed to be made from different materials. They were densely packed, and almost resembled a long tunnel.

“This is the place!” Chu Tianqun threw out both his hands, and his soul erupted with godly light that became numerous sealing marks. Those sealing marks then flew toward the doors to close them.

Most of the doors started to fade beneath the sealing marks. They blurred. But other doors weren't willing to be sealed. After fading briefly, they became clear. But the godly power was so immense that they had no choice but to darken.

Every single one of these doors represented memories of Xu Qing related to some living being. As they blurred, Chu Tianqun's soul flew faster, following the tunnel of doors, emanating godly light to seal them. The process seemed to be going smoothly, causing visible excitement to appear in Chu Tianqun's eyes.

But then, Chu Tianqun encountered one particular door that was round. As the sealing mark of godly light reached that door, it didn't blur at all. In fact, when the godly light touched it, the door slowly opened wider.

Inside was a blood-red eye that, once the door was open, stared at Chu Tianqun.

At the same time, the entire path rippled and distorted. Godly power erupted out, causing Chu Tianqun's soul to let loose an agonized shriek. In that critical moment, his soul's right hand exploded, causing scintillating godlight to defend him as he shot backward.

When he reached safety, his eyes flickered with lingering dread.

He knew full well that the eye... was that of a god.

This was one reason why he had waited until the most critical juncture to use God Magic: Leave Nothing of the Past. The effects of the magic were far-reaching; some people might be more than willing to forget what they knew about that person, while others would be unwilling. The latter... would be obstacles to Chu Tianqun.

At the same time, it made him susceptible to notice from the outside world, which could cause big problems. Furthermore, it was also possible to provoke heaven-shaking, earth-shattering misfortune. After all, he knew quite a bit about Xu Qing, and he knew that if he encountered some terrifying entity by using the magic, it could cause a major backlash to him. He had to put all his trust in his godly essence, and hope that if Xu Qing did exist in the memories of some terrifying entity, that it wouldn't influence his own god power.

After all, he didn't need the effects to be permanent. He just needed the world to be temporarily bereft of anyone who remembered Xu Qing. That would give him the opportunity he needed to cut Xu Qing down permanently.

Xu Qing does have god magic, so it would make sense for his memory doors to link to a god. Thankfully, my godly light... helped me deal with it. Besides, I don't need to seal all the doors. As long as I don't fail with more than ten of them, my god magic will be complete, and I can inflict a grievous blow.

Eyes shining with determination, he continued on his way, sending out seals of godly light in all directions. But this time, he hadn't even sealed thirty doors when, all of a sudden... he reached another door that slammed open.

Chewing sounds echoed out from inside.

The sound was nightmarish, to the point where those who heard it might turn insane, as if they were hearing themselves being devoured. An agonized shriek erupted from Chu Tianqun, and he instantly detonated one of his soul's legs, turning it into dazzling godly light.

It's fine! He has two types of godly authority, so it only makes sense that two of his memory doors would lead to gods!

Chu Tianqun trembled, but managed to break free. However... fifty doors later, there was another door, the color of blood, that slammed open.

Boundless redness erupted from inside.

How could there be another??

Astonished, Chu Tianqun detonated another of his soul's legs. He was now starting to wonder if he should continue. Then, just up ahead, another door slammed open.

Breathing sounds echoed from within, causing Chu Tianqun's soul to tremble. His eyes widened as he noticed something unimaginably large inside the door. It radiated might, and provoked a shrill scream from Chu Tianqun as he considered detonating his arm to defend himself.

H-heavenly... heavenly dao!

Chu Tianqun's soul was now half gone. It had no limbs. In his terror, he looked at the tunnel and realized that he had barely progressed down ten percent of it. The portion beyond that almost seemed endless. It was hard to see what lay in the depths, but he was fairly certain he could see a huge chair.

What's a chair doing there??

Trembling, Chu Tianqun decided he couldn't continue onward.

Something's off about this Xu Qing. Something's very off!

Even as Chu Tianqun reeled in intense shock, another door up ahead opened of its own accord, and a gory hand stretched out, surrounded by blurry distortions. Chu Tianqun screamed as he detonated more of himself to flee. But then, something happened that filled his mind with a heavenly tempest of astonishment. Banging sounds echoed within the tunnel ahead, and they were coming from countless doors. They were... coming from the insides of those doors! It was as if there were terrifying entities behind those doors who had smelled something delicious, and were now going mad with the desire to emerge into the open.

Th-this... this....

Chu Tianqun in soul form trembled violently, and he looked over his shoulder, contemplating if he should flee or not. He reacted slightly too slowly, as... those countless doors slammed open. An agonized scream echoed from Chu Tianqun's soul as he instantly exploded!

A moment later, Chu Tianqun returned to reality. A bloodcurdling scream escaped his lips as the other half of his body collapsed. The godly light couldn't stop it from happening, and a moment later, all that was left behind was his head, which tumbled to the ground.

His expression was one of terror, shock, and disbelief as he screamed and screamed.

At the same time, everything that he had paused before... went back to normal.

Xu Qing shivered as he recovered, and then his face turned dour. He wasn't sure what had just played out, but the sight of Chu Tianqun's screaming head caused his eyes to turn icy. Then he sent the Ghost Emperor mountain smashing down toward Chu Tianqun again.

Chu Tianqun began to laugh bitterly. He knew he'd been defeated. He had lost his resurrection powers. He had lost his life. He had lost everything. All of the doors he had sealed with his god magic had been restored. His previous actions had done nothing.

I can't fight back? I can't win...? As Chu Tianqun's vision began to blur, he yet again laughed bitterly. Then he cried out, "Xu Qing, you should know that I'm actually... just a vessel. When hē appears, you'll still end up dead!"

Xu Qing's eyes narrowed, but the Ghost Emperor mountain continued to descend, rumbling loudly. But then, Chu Tianqun's withered forehead suddenly split open, and a semitransparent hand stretched out that did not belong to him.

The hand was as white as snow, and had no hairs on it. It almost looked like it was carved from white jade. It abounded with holiness, but was also completely gruish. That sensation of two things mixed together caused wild colors to flash in heaven and earth, and make the entire world tremble.

The hand waved toward Xu Qing three times, causing three gusts of wind to appear.

“God Magic: Always Cherish This Life!”

It was a calm yet unfamiliar voice. It contained boundless might, and it echoed from Chu Tianqun's forehead. And after the hand waved three times, it dissolved into ashes.

Chu Tianqun's head listed to the side, leaving him gasping. As for the three waves of the hand, they unleashed a devastating might that was difficult to put into words.

The first gust of wind noiselessly brushed against Xu Qing's Ghost Emperor mountain. The Ghost Emperor mountain rumbled, and its energy consumption skyrocketed. In the blink of an eye, the demonization symbol was drained, and the mountain vanished, revealing Xu Qing sitting there cross-legged.

The second gust of wind caused Xu Qing to shiver. Inside of him, the taboo poison and the violet moon slowed down, and all of the color of life faded from him. He became only black and white. It wasn't just him. Everything in the area lost its color, and turned completely black and white. It was like a painting. And Xu Qing himself looked like he was part of that painting.

An intense sensation of deadly crisis erupted in him, leaving him feeling extremely alarmed, as if death were approaching him. After becoming a part of that painting he began to wither. In the blink of an eye, he became skin and bones, as if his life force were about to be eradicated.

He couldn't form the Ghost Emperor mountain. He couldn't release taboo poison or the violet moon. His life lamps and everything else about him were part of that painting. The only thing that remained was his heavenly dao bluegreen dragon, which anxiously rose into the sky and transformed into a falling saber. Unfortunately, it was too small to do much, and was shoved away, screaming.

The third gust of wind landed on Xu Qing in the painting. And it began to spread through him like water spreading through canvas.

Xu Qing couldn't move. His thoughts moved slowly. With great effort, he looked down and saw that the third gust of wind was spreading out, slowly turning him into nothing but a blotch of random ink. The piece of life-saving jade his Master had given him shattered. Yet it couldn't stop him from slowly dissolving. The feeling of death filled him.

Xu Qing was absolutely silent. He had used all the tools at his disposal. The current situation didn't seem overly desperate. Yet he had exhausted his god magic. His other divine abilities were simply too weak to deal with something of this level. Taking everything into consideration, the fact that he could end things in mutual destruction with this enemy went to show how deep Xu Qing's assets were.

Am I going to die now?

He was losing consciousness. His body was fading into nothing. Except right then, in that black and white painting, a thread of golden light flickered on his wrist. The golden light glittered as it grew brighter and brighter. Normally speaking, it wouldn't have been so dazzling. It was hidden too deeply. But the painting contained only black and white, so it became extremely prominent. It was the third color in the painting.

The painting suddenly trembled. Golden light spread out over Xu Qing's right arm, and in the blink of an eye, had covered his entire body. During that moment of extreme crisis, it dispelled the third gust of wind from him.

Then there was a dull thud. The golden light darkened. The painting ripped open, and an emaciated figure stumbled out, coughing up blood. The golden light faded as it returned to his wrist. Eventually, it disappeared from sight. However, just before it was gone, if you looked very closely at it, you would see that there were innumerable cracks in the golden thread.

Xu Qing gasped for breath. He had been severely injured. He was incredibly weak. But he still forced his head up and looked at his right wrist. His heart was pounding, and his face was a mask of complete confusion.

A moment passed, and his expression became extremely cold. He looked at Chu Tianqun.

Chu Tianqun was like a lantern flickering with its last bits of oil. As death neared, he forced his eyes open.

“You're not dead yet?”

Xu Qing strode up to him. Standing over him, he sensed that Chu Tianqun had lost his ability of infinite resurrection. Looking very tired, Xu Qing lifted his foot high, then let it drop!

Chapter 467: Ling'er's Life Essence Thread (part 2)

Lightning also illuminated the mountainous jungle habitat of the Wood Spirits. The wind raced through the trees, causing them to sway back and forth. Then the rain started falling, pattering onto the leaves in the huge basin.

Within that wind and rain, an anguished howl echoed out, piercing through the sky, causing anyone who heard it to feel their scalp tingling. It was a cry of deep anguish and heart-rending grief. As it rose from within the Wood Spirit's basin, neither the thunder, nor the wind, nor the rain could stifle it.

A bolt of lightning fell, revealing a figure with disheveled hair racing frenziedly out of Wood Spirit territory.

It was an old man. His eyes were bloodshot and tears streamed down his cheeks. A bitter smile twisted his face, and he struggled to stop himself from trembling as he sped toward the county capital with all the speed he could muster.

The rain fell in torrents all night. Around dawn, it let up a bit. A haze of water vapor obscured everything. It was almost as if the light of dawn was sick, making it seem more like evening than morning.

Some distance from the Corrections Division was Xu Qing's sword pavilion. Inside, he opened his eyes and ended his nighttime session of cultivation. Getting to his feet, he walked out of the sword pavilion and into the rain.

I'll go to the Library Hall first and see if I can find out anything about the golden light. It's too bad I can't communicate with that boy from D-132. I bet he could give me some clues. Although, if I can at least get some clues in the Library Hall, maybe I can ask him for confirmation.

Floating up into the air, he headed toward the Swordsage Palace. Before long, he landed on the soaked limestone tiles of the Swordsage Palace. Just as he was about to head into the Library Hall, his expression flickered, and he looked off into the distance.

An anguished old man with bloodshot eyes was currently racing toward the Swordsage Palace. As he flew, he shouted in a mournful voice.

"Xu Qing, Xu Qing, Xu Qing!"

Not only was he shouting as loud as he could manage, he was boosting his voice with his cultivation base.

He was none other than the innkeeper from Plankspring Way. He didn't know exactly where Xu Qing was, but he did know that Xu Qing was a swordsage. Therefore, as soon as he got close enough, he just started shouting at the top of his lungs. His heart and mind were in such chaos that he had lost control, and was hardly himself. Before he could get very close to the Swordsage Palace, numerous beams of divine will locked onto him and prevented him from moving forward.

The disheveled innkeeper hadn't spotted Xu Qing off in the distance. As he hovered in midair, he looked around at the unfamiliar county capital and screamed in a voice that mixed rage with desperation and sorrow.

"Xu Qing! Get out here, right now!"

His cries echoed out so loudly that quite a few swordsages looked over and frowned. What was more, some of the swordsages on patrol flew in his direction. Arriving in front of the innkeeper, they noticed the crazed look in his eyes, and kept their guard up as they stood in his path.

"Explain this ruckus!" one of them said.

"I'm looking for Xu Qing! Please, I beg of you, help me find him! I have an extremely urgent matter to discuss with Xu Qing!"

"Calm down. Wait there for a moment and we'll forward your request."

Inside the Swordsage Palace, Xu Qing looked at the old man being blocked by the guards. He recognized him immediately. His sudden arrival was unexpected, and beyond that, he and Xu Qing had something of a complicated history.

As Xu Qing tried to decide what to do, the innkeeper shrieked, "There's no time! We don't have time for this!" The old man seemed to be losing his mind. "Xu Qing. Xu Qing! Where are you? You have to help! You really have to help!!! That golden thread on you—"

The innkeeper was shaking, and he looked like he might begin to weep tears of blood at any moment. However, before he could rave any further, the sound of a rushing wind emerged from the Swordsage Palace.

A moment later, Xu Qing was there in front of the old innkeeper. He waved his hands to tell the guards to back up.

The surrounding swordsages clasped hands respectfully and made way for him. Xu Qing had no time to return their salutes. Eyeing the innkeeper, he said, "What did you say about a golden thread?"

The innkeeper rushed forward as if to grab Xu Qing. "Xu Qing! Xu Qing, you have to come with me. You have to save Ling'er!"

Xu Qing avoided his grasp and looked at him coldly. "Explain yourself!"

The innkeeper looked haggard and extremely stressed, but he managed to pull himself together. He was aware that Xu Qing had no idea what was going on with Ling'er. What was more, given how cautious Xu Qing was, there was no way he was just going to run off because the innkeeper asked him to.

"Xu Qing, that golden thread on you is some of Ling'er's life essence! She's almost dead now, just because she wanted to save your life! There's no time to spare. You have to come with me. I'll explain along the way!"

The innkeeper turned and started racing away.

Xu Qing just stood there, stunned.

The golden thread on his wrist was a secret that only he knew about. It was an incredible gift that he had never explained to anyone. All of a sudden, he was having trouble breathing steadily. He wasn't sure how the innkeeper knew about the golden thread, or what other elements to the story there were. But right now, Xu Qing just couldn't keep calm.

He took a step forward and then shot after the innkeeper. As he sped along, he asked, "Ling'er's life essence? Ling'er? The girl from the Merfolk Isles?"

The name Ling'er was vaguely familiar to Xu Qing. He remembered that incident in the Merfolk Isles in which a young woman had given him some living mutagen. However, after that one chance meeting, he'd never seen her again. [1]

"You don't even know who Ling'er is..." the innkeeper said bitterly. Sorrow filled his eyes, and incredulity in his heart. "You foolish girl. Silly, foolish girl. How could a girl as foolish as you exist in this world...?"

Xu Qing wasn't sure why, but the innkeeper's words caused his own heart to sting. He was about to ask more questions when the innkeeper turned and glared at him. His eyes were so bloodshot that they glowed red.

Gritting his teeth, he said, "Ling'er is my daughter! She's that white snake you saw with me. You met her when she took human form the first time in the Merfolk Isles! That golden thread on you is

some of her life essence. She blessed you with destiny aura, to help you forestall calamity. If you die, she dies! But if she dies... nothing happens to you!!”

Xu Qing’s mind spun.

“Ling’er already suffered injuries three times because of you! Three times! If you don’t believe me, search your memories. The first time was over two years ago! The second time wasn’t very long after the first time!”

Xu Qing’s mind reeled under a barrage of astonishment, and he found himself breathing heavily. He remembered all of it. The first time that golden light appeared was two years ago when he was in the Seazombie ancestral land, and used Seven Blood Eyes’ taboo treasure to find a spot between life and death. That was when he’d found his 121st dharma aperture. During that moment of life-or-death crisis, he’d noticed a flash of golden light. [2]

Not long after that, after he and the Captain went to the Three-Spirits Dao-Suppressing Mountain, he’d inserted the taboo poison pill into his third heavenly palace. During that near-death experience, golden light had again flashed on his wrist, giving him a new lease on life. These were all seemingly random destined opportunities that had resolved dangerous situations. [3]

“And there was a third time!” the innkeeper shouted, his eyes shining with grief. “It was only a few days ago. I don’t know what happened to you, but you must have been in some sort of deadly crisis. How do you think you survived all those things? Well? It was Ling’er! And now, in the middle of trying to accept her legacy, she gave her life for you!! Last night... she failed at her legacy!”

The innkeeper started sobbing.

Meanwhile, Xu Qing was trembling from head to toe, and was reeling mentally. It felt like he was being hit by hundreds of thousands of lightning bolts. No, millions or possibly even billions.

As a youth, his life had been one of bitterness, and he had struggled to survive in a brutal world. That was why he never felt safe until his enemies were dead, and it was also why he sought revenge over the smallest grievance.

But at the same time, he never forgot the kindness shown to him. That was why he cared so deeply about Sergeant Thunder, Grandmaster Bai, Master Seventh, and also Master Sixth. And now, out of nowhere, he was suddenly coming to realize that he owed a massive debt.

“She... gave her life for me...?” Xu Qing’s heart pounded harder than he ever remembered as he turned and looked at the innkeeper. Grabbing the weeping old man, he said, “What happened to her?”

Xu Qing’s grip was so forceful the innkeeper’s arm emitted cracking sounds. However, the old man didn’t seem to notice the pain. In fact, it seemed to give him a bit of hope that Xu Qing might agree to help. After all, it seemed to show... that Xu Qing cared.

“Her legacy failed, so her soul fell into the abyss....”

Umbrellas suddenly appeared above Xu Qing's head. The hellspirit bloodwing lamp manifested on his back. His heavenly dao bluegreen dragon roared beneath his feet. His shadow spread out to cover him, causing him to pulse with fleshly body power that surpassed the ten-palace level.

"Point the way!" Xu Qing said in a hoarse voice. Keeping a firm grip on the innkeeper, he shot off at top speed.

He moved so quickly it was almost like a teleportation. An ear-piercing boom filled the air as Xu Qing moved as fast as he possibly could. As he passed, the sky trembled, the ground quaked, and shockwaves rolled out.

Because the Wood Spirits isolated themselves from the rest of the world, they did not build teleportation portals. That said, they didn't live very far from the county capital. That was why it only took the innkeeper about half a night of travel to reach the capital.

But Xu Qing was capable of much greater speed than the innkeeper. Less than an hour later, the Wood Spirit's basin... was just ahead!

Chapter 468: A Major World on Emperor Ancient Spirit's Corpse (part 1)

Within the basin, the tree-form Wood Spirits opened their eyes and looked at Xu Qing. On countless tree leaves were the young Wood Spirits, who looked sorrowful as the rain fell everywhere. They didn't block Xu Qing's path. They just allowed him to proceed to the enormous tree in the middle of the basin, carrying the innkeeper with him.

The temple door there was open. Inside, Xu Qing glanced at the statue but didn't study it closely.

The innkeeper led him to the secret tunnel, and they started down the stairs. In the dark tunnel, the innkeeper's labored breath echoed out. The innkeeper was racing as fast as he could, but it seemed slow to Xu Qing. Xu Qing shoved him forward, adding a burst of speed so that they soon reached the end of the stairs, and the altar above the abyss.

As soon as Xu Qing was on the altar, he looked around and spotted the cave 3,000 meters away, and the cross-legged figure in white.

She was a beautiful young woman with a flawless face. She seemed peaceful and innocent, except at this moment, her face was pale and she wasn't moving. Dried blood was caked on her mouth, chin, and garment. The sight caused Xu Qing's heart to flip-flop, and filled his face with mixed emotions. He recognized her immediately. This was indeed the naive, innocent young woman he'd met in the Merfolk Isles. He remembered how she'd skipped up to him and asked a very strange question.

"Elder Brother, do you A) like snakes in general, or B) like eating snake gallbladders?"

Xu Qing thought back to what the innkeeper had told him along the way. This young woman was that very same white snake.... He could still remember the last time he saw her, back at that inn in Seven Blood Eyes. That little white snake had wrapped around his wrist. [1]

"Right wrist..." he murmured. "Golden thread.... Life essence...." He looked at the young woman in white, who lacked any sort of life essence. He thought about the price she had paid for him, and suddenly felt guilt deep in his heart. This was too great of a kindness. And yet, Xu Qing couldn't understand why she would do

something like this for him, considering she had only been in his presence a few times.

He had experienced wonderful things in his life, but they all had a reason. For example, Sergeant Thunder had seen him gathering corpses to cremate them, and had felt it represented warmth in a chaotic world. Later, after Xu Qing saved his life, Sergeant Thunder treated him like a son. Grandmaster Bai had noticed how much Xu Qing was interested in plants and vegetation, and how he thirsted for knowledge. Thus, he had passed on his own wisdom to him. Master Seventh had admired how Xu Qing acted, and thus gave him a chance to prove himself. He had watched as Xu Qing walked the long path to stand in front of him. That was how Xu Qing had won Master Seventh's approval.

But there was no explanation for Ling'er's actions. Xu Qing had never once met a person like this before.

"Why?" he whispered as he looked at her.

The innkeeper stood next to him, his eyes full of sorrow as he looked at Ling'er.

"Because she loves you."

Xu Qing didn't say anything.

The innkeeper sighed, and his face full of wrinkles made him seem even more bitter.

"Xu Qing," he continued softly, "there are some things in life that you can't explain in just one way. There are things you can't judge by a single standard. I know you don't understand what I mean, but believe me, if you think that all good things in life need a logical reason to back them up... well then, Xu Qing, you're locked into a very dead-end way of thinking.

"There are many types of love; there's not just one uniform way it happens. Sometimes love is about being devoted to someone. Sometimes it's about cherishing someone. It can be about admiration or sometimes mutual pain and sorrow. Occasionally love is about being attracted to someone, while other times it's about chasing the past.

"There are all types of people in this world, and all types of things. Thinking that your way of living is the only correct one, well, that's narrow-minded. Only when you can accept other ways of living can you really grow up."

The innkeeper was deeply anxious, but at the same time, felt he needed to explain things clearly. He needed Xu Qing to understand that there were things in the world that didn't have a good explanation. They happened without a sound reason to back them up. After all, that understanding would be critical to rescuing Ling'er from the Spirit Abyss.

Xu Qing listened to the innkeeper, and it struck a chord deep within him. He started trembling with emotion.

Looking at Ling'er, he said, "How do I save her?"

“She has to be saved within seven days!” the innkeeper said, trying to remain calm despite his anxiety. He looked at Xu Qing. “After Ling’er’s legacy failed, her soul fell into the Spirit Abyss below. Soon, her flesh and blood will start to wither until she’s nothing but a corpse. Using my sealing abilities, I’ve locked her flesh and blood in place, but it won’t last more than seven days. And one day has already passed! You have to bring Ling’er’s soul back from the Spirit Abyss before the time limit is up.”

The innkeeper looked at the abyss beneath the altar. “Outsiders can’t enter the Spirit Abyss without a spirit abyss talisman. Unfortunately, the last known talisman was used years ago, and the person who went inside with it never came out.

“What’s more, I’m not Ling’er’s birth father. I’m not even an Ancient Spirit. That’s why I can’t go inside. The only people who can enter are Ancient Spirits or people whose life force is connected to one. That’s why you’re the only one who can go find her.”

“Ancient Spirits? Spirit Abyss?” Xu Qing had heard about the Ancient Spirit species before, but knew that now wasn’t the time to ask for details about them. [2]

There was a seven-day time limit, and one day had already passed. Xu Qing looked at the innkeeper. “Do you have jade slips with information about the abyss? If so, give them to me. I’ll study them shortly.”

The innkeeper took out a handful of jade slips and handed them to Xu Qing. Indicating one in particular he said, “That will get you back here.” He went on to explain briefly how to use it. Then, it was with pleading eyes that he said, “Please. Ling’er gave her life for you, so... you must save her.”

Xu Qing looked over at Ling’er and thought back to the three times she had saved his life. He nodded. Then he walked to the edge of the altar and, without the slightest hesitation, jumped off. In the blink of an eye, he disappeared into the abyss. Cold air swirled past him, into him, making him feel like his flesh and soul would be frozen solid.

Looking down into the abyss, Xu Qing tapped into his cultivation base, sent his shadow stretching out in all directions, and released the power of his taboo poison. Only then did he examine the information the innkeeper had given him.

Information poured into his mind as he dropped down, giving him a clear understanding of everything related to Ling’er and the Spirit Abyss.

Countless years in the past, long before the time of Ancient Emperor Dark Serenity, there was another species that conquered the Revered Ancient mainland.

They were the Ancient Spirits. In his later years, Emperor Ancient Spirit gathered the collective power of his species as well as destiny aura to do something that shook all of Revered Ancient. It was related to heavenly daos.

Emperor Ancient Spirit was unlike the later Woe-Immortals, or any of the more than 3,000 species that came earlier. Instead of trying to create a heavenly dao, he wanted to become one. And the way he did it was to try to possess an existing heavenly dao.

Creation was a virtue. Possession was a rebellion.

Emperor Ancient Spirit failed, and thus the Revered Ancient mainland suffered a backlash from the heavenly dao. The bloodline of his species was cursed. In the final critical moment, Emperor Ancient Spirit used his terrifying cultivation base power to transport most of his people to another major world, in an attempt to avoid complete catastrophe for his species as a whole. Despite his efforts, his people failed to avoid the curse.

Emperor Ancient Spirit perished. His major world withered, becoming a world of death. The Ancient Spirits within it all died. However, there was more to the curse than just simple death. The power of the curse caused all of the dead Ancient Spirits to be transformed into deceased souls that howled in anguish day and night. That withered world of death became the deceased Ancient Spirit world, where the effects of that curse caused endless torment. And that kingdom was forever buried in the depths of Revered Ancient.

The Spirit Abyss in the Wood Spirit lands was only one entrance that led to the major world originally created by Emperor Ancient Spirit. There were other entrances in other locations.

Although the Ancient Spirit species as a whole was cursed, their bloodline still existed in scattered places in Revered Ancient. And thus, descendants of Emperor Ancient Spirit would occasionally pop up.

As Xu Qing descended into the abyss, he occasionally spotted skeletons stuck in the walls, other descendants of the Ancient Spirits who had attempted and failed at seizing their legacy. There was a good reason for such descendants to make such attempts. After the Ancient Spirit species was transformed into snakes, the curse to their bloodline made life difficult. They lived in a state in which their blood vessels could collapse at any moment.

Thus, they would eventually go to the nearest entrance to the deceased Ancient Spirit world, where they would attempt to use the power from that world to suppress the curse in their blood. Only then could they assume human form. Sadly, the Ancient Spirit species were a pitiable lot. Throughout their lives, they would have to come back to the Ancient Spirit world to renew the suppression of the curse. Every single time they did that, they faced great danger.

Those who failed would have their souls devoured by the Ancient Spirit world, and they would become deceased souls there.

After studying the information, Xu Qing looked at his right wrist and sighed. Then his eyes glittered with determination, and he accelerated downward.

He was like a shooting star that picked up speed as he entered the icy depths of the abyss. He felt a force of expulsion pushing against him, but because that life essence thread was from an Ancient Spirit, it didn't affect him. He held nothing back as he sped to the bottom of the abyss.

Eventually, he noticed some colossal creature below, surrounded by mists. It was a gargantuan, decomposing snake that pulsed with a strong aura of death. Resting atop the head of that dead snake was a major world. It wasn't possible to see the world clearly, but howls of grief echoed from it. As those howls pierced through the mist and reached Xu Qing's ears, he felt a powerful gravitational force latch onto him and drag him toward the major world.

The closer he got, the larger the snake became, until it was so big he couldn't even tell it was a snake. All he saw was that world, filled with screams of anguish that got clearer and clearer.

Eventually, he slammed into the greater world, causing a rumbling sound to echo out in all directions. A crater appeared on the ground. A moment later, Xu Qing strode out of it and looked around.

Chapter 468: A Major World on Emperor Ancient Spirit's Corpse (part 2)

Mist floated everywhere. There was no sun or moon, only ghost fire that resembled starlight. Because of the faintness of the light, everything was murky. The ground resembled rotting flesh, with no mountains, rivers, forests, or anything like that. It was endlessly desolate and filled with an aura of death. The aura was cold, and it constantly tried to invade Xu Qing's body and cause his flesh and blood to rot. Apparently, it was endlessly malicious toward living beings. Within moments, black blotches sprang up all over Xu Qing's body.

A major world created by Emperor Ancient Spirit. Xu Qing activated the power of the taboo poison within him.

Sizzling sounds could be heard as maggot-like entities with ghost faces were forced out of the black blotches on his skin. When they landed on the ground, they transformed into black mist that dissipated quickly. Eventually, the blotches were gone, and Xu Qing's skin was back to normal.

How am I supposed to find her? He could sense the malevolent nature of the major world around him. A thoughtful look appeared in his eyes, and then he looked at his right wrist.

The Ancient Spirit species and destiny auras are related....

Xu Qing exercised a thought, and his sixth heavenly palace shivered as the heavenly dao bluegreen dragon sent some of its aura to his wrist. Nothing happened.

Xu Qing didn't give up. He continued to send his heavenly dao aura to his wrist, until it got hotter and hotter. Then, the golden thread that was connected to his bones finally appeared through his skin. Xu Qing's pupils constricted at the realization of how deeply cracked the thread was. He sighed and felt guiltier than ever.

Lifting his hand, he paid close attention, swiveled, and then pointed straight ahead. He could sense his wrist getting hotter when it shifted in that specific direction.

She's that way! Eyes glittering with determination, he started moving. He knew this major world was filled with dangers, but he couldn't spend time worrying about that now.

Tapping into his cultivation base, he started moving as fast as he could, all while keeping taboo poison power swirling around him. After enough time had passed for an incense stick to burn, Xu Qing suddenly extended his left hand and pushed it down in front of him. Instantly, the golden crow appeared behind him. It released its piercing cry, and raged with fire as it dove downward.

At the same time, an enormous ghost hand appeared below. Previously, it had been about to grab Xu Qing, but instead, the golden crow slammed into it. The ghost hand was greenish-black and covered with disgusting pustules, each of which contained countless screaming souls that stared at Xu Qing with greedy hunger. Rumbling sounds echoed out as the golden crow slammed into the ghost hand. The ghost hand immediately collapsed, causing the souls to scatter. Only a moment later, though, they reconverged and rushed toward Xu Qing.

Before they could get close, the golden crow sent flames sweeping out, and the screams of the souls intensified as they rushed into the flames and disappeared.

Xu Qing was already back to focusing on the tug of the golden thread. He moved onward. However, not much time had passed when a vicious ghost face appeared in front of him, lunging forward with mouth wide open.

Xu Qing's concern was finding Ling'er, so he dodged past it and sent his shadow back to deal with it. The shadow appeared next to the ghost face, opened its mouth, and devoured it. However, only a moment later, the shadow shivered and started vomiting. Xu Qing frowned. The reason for the shadow's reaction was that the deceased souls here contained a curse. Right now, there wasn't time to ponder that, so Xu Qing just kept speeding on his way.

About an hour later, when the heat from the golden thread was getting particularly intense, the situation Xu Qing had been fearing would happen occurred.

He heard a loud crack from his wrist! Face falling, he looked down. The golden thread was crumbling off of his wrist. A sense of deep disappointment filled him. That feeling changed into one of uneasiness, and then piercing pain.

He anxiously reached out to try to keep hold of the crumbling golden fragments, but they were already fading into nothing. There was no way to preserve them.

It suddenly felt like a blurry figure in his memories was getting further away....

In that critical moment, Xu Qing's eyes glittered with an aggressive light. The bluegreen dragon in his sixth heavenly palace suddenly emerged from his head, exhaling heavenly dao power in the direction of the crumbling golden thread. The bluegreen dragon could sense Xu Qing's anxiety, and was going all out with its heavenly dao power.

It wasn't a bad idea. However, not all things can be reversed in such a simple manner. With the addition of the heavenly dao power, the golden threads stopped disappearing so quickly. But it was obvious the process couldn't be completely halted. The power of the bluegreen dragon wasn't sufficient to stop the golden thread from disappearing.

Xu Qing felt even more stinging pain as he saw the golden thread vanishing. He closed his eyes for three breaths of time, then opened them. His left eye was now violet, and in his pupil was a powerful violet moon. His right eye had also changed. It was now black, and it contained boundless poison. At the same time, a violet moon manifested behind him, and behind the moon were two indifferent black eyes. The surroundings blurred as godly authority erupted within Xu Qing, spreading out everywhere.

Staring at the dissipating golden thread, he said, "Stop!"

The moment the words left his mouth, everything around him shook.

After Xu Qing's battle with Chu Tianqun, he'd come to a basic understanding of how to use godly powers. By using his two types of godly authority, he himself was like a new god, and his words were like that of a godly voice. Xu Qing hoped that, if his bluegreen dragon wasn't strong enough, maybe adding in a godly voice would tip the scales....

The moment his voice echoed out, the crumbling golden thread shivered. And then, underneath the combined power of the bluegreen dragon and the godly voice, it stopped dissipating!

It was about half gone, but there was still some of it left behind.

Xu Qing nervously clenched his hand into a fist. Sensing the heat within it, he suppressed his anxiety and followed the direction indicated.

The main thing he was focused on now was finding Ling'er's soul. As for how to leave this place, the key lay in the jade slip the innkeeper had given him. If he crushed that jade slip, the innkeeper could borrow power from the Wood Spirits to employ a special magical technique to extract him.

I still have six days left.

As Xu Qing sped along, rumbling sounds echoed out everywhere. To this world of the dead, and the deceased souls therein, he was like a bright, shining torch. As he moved, deceased souls emerged everywhere and lunged at him viciously. Then the ground erupted, and withered hands reached out toward him. Rotting zombies lurched in his direction with madness and avarice.

“Screw the hell off!” Xu Qing would speak in a godly voice, causing rippling distortions to spread out that dissipated the deceased souls.

Because those dead souls contained a curse, all a mutagen invasion could do was destroy them. It couldn't force them into subservience. What was more, they seemed to form without ceasing.

Xu Qing continued until he found himself in front of a sea of souls.

He glowered as he realized he couldn't sustain two types of godly authority for very long. Therefore, he temporarily dispelled the violet moon and focused on unleashing the full might of his taboo poison core. This time, the poison he released was even more intense than what he had sent against Chu Tianqun. What was more... this place was a sealed major world, which was a perfectly suitable place for Xu Qing to use his taboo poison in.

A moment later, the release of poison caused a tempest to spring up around Xu Qing. It rumbled out, reaching 30 meters, 300 meters, 1,500 meters and finally 3,000 meters!

Within that area, Xu Qing's poison power covered everything. Any deceased souls and evil ghosts that appeared screamed shrilly as they rotted into nothing. It was the same with the zombies that burst out of the ground. It didn't matter that they weren't alive; Xu Qing's poison reduced them to ashes anyway.

After all, this was power from a god domain, which made it like the curse of a god!

Killing intent swirled in Xu Qing's eyes. He didn't have to slow down a bit; he just kept his poison spread out around him. He sped forward, leaving behind screams of agony and flourishing mutagen that made the poison even stronger.

Eventually, the extent of the poison moved past 3,000 meters to 3,900 meters.

However, there seemed no end to the deceased souls. They just kept popping up nonstop. At the moment, this dead world actually seemed alive!

Although an individual soul didn't have much killing power, with so many together, they formed a terrifying force.

When Xu Qing saw the obstacle he was facing, he gritted his teeth and once again released the power of the violet moon. Boundless violet mist spread out from him. Then he shoved his hands down, and the mist clung to the ground, spreading out and turning everything violet! The zombies

climbing out of the ground shivered as the violet mist washed over them, crumbling them into ashes.

As Xu Qing moved onward, the golden crow appeared again. He stepped onto its back, and it threw its head back and let loose a piercing cry. Its tails of flames spread out and it flew onward.

From a distance, it was a very shocking scene.

As Xu Qing moved, the violet mist on the ground crumbled countless zombies into nothing. However, there were still endless zombies beyond that violet mist. The air was full of evil souls, and though they crumbled into nothing when reaching his poison tempest, there were always more behind them.

There was no end.

In that dark world, the golden crow was the only thing that brought light with its sea of flames. It was like a pillar of light. That pillar of light was surrounded by evil souls and zombies that howled endlessly. Filled with madness and greed, as well as hatred for life, they tried to extinguish the fire by covering it.

Time passed.

That pillar of light rose high above the world.

A day later, blood oozed out of the corners of Xu Qing's mouth, and his clothing was soaked with gore. He was riddled with wounds, but had finally passed through the sea of souls. Eyes bloodshot, he looked ahead to find a great black river.

It was mighty and bubbling, like the fabled Underworld River.

Floating within it were endless skeletons who wept as they were swept along by the waves.

At the far end of the river, Xu Qing noticed a red palanquin with eight carriers. [1]

Atop each of the carrying poles, front and back, was a jug. Each jug was a different color, and they swayed with the motion of the palanquin's movement.

Soul shadows escorted the palanquin. Most had serpentine heads and humanoid bodies, and wore red clothing.

The piercing music of a suona horn accompanied the procession as it moved along. [2]

A sinister wind blew over the Underworld River, causing more waves to form. The same wind lifted the screen of the palanquin, revealing a young woman in a bridal gown sitting there, her face pale white.

Xu Qing's expression turned serious. However, what he was looking at wasn't the young woman in the palanquin. Instead, he was looking at one of the four jugs, which was the color white. The golden thread on his hand was now unprecedentedly hot!

Chapter 469: Coo. Coooo.

The bridal procession moved along the Underworld River, accompanied by the piercing suona music, which sounded like a dirge of the dead. The four jugs on the palanquin rods were each a different color. They were blue, black, red, and white respectively. They appeared to be some sort of tribute.

Xu Qing hovered in midair taking in the scene, his eyes glittering coldly. Then, he moved toward the palanquin.

His arrival immediately attracted the attention of the line of escorts. Eight of the snake-headed humanoid soul shadows turned in his direction, their gazes full of malice.

Xu Qing's expression didn't change at all, and his eyes were fixed on the palanquin alone. As he neared, the Underworld River rumbled, its aura spreading out like countless sharp blades to slash at him.

The eight soul shadows flew toward him, yet as they neared, the wind blew taboo poison over them, and they screamed as they started melting. However, before they could completely dissolve, they merged together, turning into a gigantic three-meter-tall soul shadow. Stretching its arms wide, it lunged toward Xu Qing.

Then a rumbling boom echoed out as the soul shadow lurched to a stop in front of him. Cracks spread out rapidly over its form, and then it exploded. Chunks of countless soul bodies rained down onto the Underworld River.

Xu Qing expressionlessly retracted his fist and continued on his way.

However, just as he was about to reach the bridal procession, it suddenly popped like a bubble, completely disappearing. A moment later, it reappeared in the distance, where it continued onward without a pause. However, a fair hand reached out and pulled aside the palanquin curtain. Then the young woman inside looked out, her eyes as cold as a viper's as she stared at Xu Qing.

This was the first entity Xu Qing had encountered that didn't seem crazed. That said, the young woman was clearly off in some way. Her expression was pure coldness as she looked at Xu Qing. Meanwhile, a few dozen of the snake-headed soul shadows turned and rushed maliciously toward Xu Qing.

He ignored them. Keeping his eyes on the palanquin, he lifted his right hand and pointed toward the sky. Rumbling echoed out as a tempest of poison descended, landing right in front of the palanquin, blocking its path.

Xu Qing stepped onto the Underworld River, and a violet mist spread out from him, seeping into the river and changing its color. At the same time, it locked down everything it touched.

The wedding procession blurred as if it might vanish again, but thanks to the taboo poison and the violet moon, its teleportation failed. A shrill cry echoed out, and the procession stopped in place. All of the soul shadows then turned, glared at Xu Qing, and charged toward him. The Underworld River seethed as a horde of zombies climbed to the surface, as well as a host of malicious souls.

Xu Qing ignored all of that. Instead of slowing down, he continued onward. The black iron skewer appeared next to him, glittering with lightning as it shot toward the souls. It closed in on one, pierced it through the forehead, and sent lightning exploding out. The soul detonated. The shadow also spread out in vicious fashion and devoured the nearest souls. Because of the patriarch and the shadows, the souls that were rushing toward Xu Qing let loose piercing screams as they were either exploded, destroyed by poison, or devoured.

At no point did Xu Qing stop or slow down. As masses of souls were destroyed, he got closer to the palanquin. Occasionally he would reach out and grab a nearby soul, then crush it. As he proceeded, his aura became increasingly terrifying.

All the while, the piercing suona song continued, becoming a penetrating soul power that formed an attack against Xu Qing.

However, a power like that counted for little to Xu Qing considering he could chant like a god. As his black umbrella appeared overhead, he ignored the suona and continued forward. The suona music then changed, shattering. An agonized shriek rang out.

Souls were being destroyed constantly around him as he proceeded forward like a fiendish god, completely unstoppable.

Finally, the palanquin curtain flipped open as the young woman in the wedding dress flew out, her expression cold. She pulsed with fluctuations very close to the Nascent Soul level as she flexed her fingers, which had long, sharp nails almost like talons. Her eyes were fixed on Xu Qing. But then patches of black appeared on her face, which became like rotting snake scales. She moved with incredible speed, and was surrounded by a powerful aura of death. [1]

However, as she closed in on Xu Qing, he suddenly disappeared from in front of her. Before the snake woman could react, a hand shot toward her from the side, latching onto her neck like a vice.

It was Xu Qing's hand.

The snake woman shivered as the hand unleashed astonishing strength. A loud cracking rang out as her neck was shattered.

Xu Qing tossed the snake woman off to the side. She didn't vanish. She just screamed as she flew through the air, struggling. Before she could land, the taboo poison tempest swept her up. At the same time, the violet mist wrapped around her, locking her in place, sealing her. All of this takes some time to describe, but it happened at the exact moment the snake woman neared Xu Qing.

Xu Qing had no time to pay attention to the screaming snake woman. As he strode up to the palanquin, and specifically the white jar, the crumbling golden thread in his palm emitted incredibly intense heat.

Xu Qing carefully reached out and took the white jar into his hands. He opened it.

A soul floated out of the jar, like mist, which swirled into the shape of a tiny white snake. It was somewhat blurry, as if it wasn't complete.

Xu Qing looked at the white snake and could envision the young woman in the white gown, seated in meditation in the cave by the altar.

The little white snake looked very weak. She struggled to open her eyes, but didn't have the strength. Xu Qing carefully reached out.

The little white snake sensed him. Though she couldn't open her eyes, she shivered and instinctively settled onto his palm. She rubbed his hand amiably.

Xu Qing's heart softened. He carefully closed his hand over the snake, then looked at the other three jars. They also had souls in them, just not Ling'er's soul. He could only assume that they were other

Ancient Spirits who, like Ling'er, had experienced legacy failure and had fallen through the spirit abyss into this major world.

That said, Xu Qing didn't want to leave anything to chance. He waved his hand to open the three jars, and saw souls of three different colors emerge. After closely examining them, he confirmed that none of them were parts of Ling'er's soul. Finally, he looked toward the area that was locked down by the violet mist and his poison.

Then he thought back to what he had seen with the snake woman and the palanquin.

She must have been absorbing the souls....

That was one reason why Xu Qing hadn't just wiped the snake woman out of existence. He'd had the distinct feeling that the jugs on the palanquin were some sort of offering.

Eyes radiating icy cold, he walked toward the snake woman. His shadow spread out behind him, and the black iron skewer followed at his side. Taboo poison rolled to the side to create a path for him, and the violet mist did the same.

The snake woman's soul body was in a state of collapse, but her expression was still one of cold indifference. It was as if she only had a bit of emotion in her, and nothing resembling thinking ability.

As Xu Qing looked her up and down coldly, the golden crow appeared. Flames raged as the golden crow looked at the snake woman and inhaled deeply. Her soul body shivered, then collapsed and turned into a soul mist.

Within that soul mist were a few soul strands of various colors. One of them was white.

Xu Qing used the Gruegloom Daoseizing Art to turn his hand transparent. Then he reached into the soul mist and carefully extracted the white soul strand. He put it onto the little white snake.

The white snake shivered and became a little less transparent. Then she slowly opened her eyes. Looking confused, she said, "Coo. Coooo...."

Xu Qing's heart stung with pain as he realized that Ling'er's eyes were filled with nothing but confusion. She clearly was still incomplete, and it looked like she was about to fall asleep again.

Xu Qing focused his senses on the golden thread, and quickly realized that it was pointing toward the depths of the Underworld River.

That was where he would find the next piece of Ling'er's soul.

Xu Qing looked toward the depths of the river. He heard a deep, rumbling growl from that direction, something that caused his soul to shiver. It also caused the entire Underworld River to vibrate, making it seem almost like there was a god deep in the river, breathing. He felt a sensation of endless danger within him, growing stronger by the moment. It caused him to tremble. It was almost as if every inch of his flesh was warning him... that there was something very dangerous there. The sensation became like a haze surrounding his heart and mind.

Xu Qing looked down at the little white snake sleeping in his hand, and then looked back into the depths of the Underworld River.

After a long moment, he used the Gruegloom Daoseizing Art to gently put his right hand into his own chest. When he reached his sea of consciousness, he opened his hand, depositing Ling'er's

sleeping soul there. That was currently the safest place for her. Having done that, he started moving further down the river. Maybe there was danger there, but he would face it. He would never let down anyone who had treated him with kindness.

As he proceeded, the growl from the river echoed around him. After listening carefully for a while, he raised his hand and pointed to the dome of heaven. Suddenly... a violet moon appeared in the darkness above the major world. It was surrounded by a mist of poison.

As it shone, violet filled the lands below. This was the first time for countless years that any moonlight had shone onto this major world!

Chapter 470: An Eye Hidden in the Canopy of Heaven

The Underworld River water was pitch black. As it flowed, countless faces could be seen floating within it, letting loose eternal howls of grief. In life, they had been members of the Ancient Spirit species. But they had been cursed, thus making it impossible for them to rest in peace after death. Instead, they wallowed in endless anguish. They had long since lost any form of intelligence, and only had their instincts left. That was their tormented existence.

Their cries were piercing and mournful. Most who heard that cry would feel extremely uncomfortable, to the point where it would eventually destabilize their mind. But Xu Qing got used to it after about a day.

Right now, he was on the river looking up at the dome of heaven. In the misty, evening-like sky, his violet moon sent out violet moonlight. Surrounding the moon like a veil was a cloud of poison. As he looked at the moon, the corresponding heavenly palace within him operated at full force, causing a violet light to glimmer in his eyes that was like a reflection of the moon.

Eventually, he looked back toward the depths of the Underworld River, which pulsed with terrifying fluctuations. Although the source was far away, he still felt deep apprehension. Only gods could create a feeling like this within Xu Qing.

Is Emperor Ancient Spirit... actually not dead? Xu Qing thought back to when he'd descended to this major world, and the gargantuan snake he'd seen.

There had only been a single major world on that snake, which made it very clear that it was in only the first stage of the Smoldering God level. There was no way someone in that level could have conquered all of Revered Ancient.

Such doubts didn't cause Xu Qing to slow down. Instead, he accelerated.

Three days passed.

During that time, roughly ten percent of the sky over this world had become violet. As a result, the lands below looked increasingly violet. And as Xu Qing continued on his way, his own mutagen built up around him. Gradually, a violet mist surrounded him, spreading out continuously. From a distance, it looked like an inauspicious entity was arriving surrounded by an insidious cloud.

This was the first time Xu Qing had used the violet power in this way. Because of the violet moon, the deceased souls in this major world began to behave differently. They were increasingly crazed.

The invasion of the violet moon was provoking the curse within them.

During the three days that passed, Xu Qing encountered many strong zombies and vicious souls. The souls in the Underworld River were different from the ones he had encountered on his journey through the wastelands before.

They had personal territories, and as long as they didn't leave them, they were completely undying. But what that meant was that as long as Xu Qing kept his distance, they wouldn't chase him. After coming to realize that, he didn't waste time tangling with them. He just avoided them.

Thus, he got closer and closer to the true depths of the Underworld River.

On the eve of the fourth day, Xu Qing's expression suddenly flickered.

The river water ahead of him suddenly seethed as a Nascent Soul aura erupted from within. As the water sprayed everywhere, an enormous face rose from the river. It was fully thirty meters in size. Many parts of it were rotting, and those that weren't were covered with gray scales. As the water poured off of it, the face's eyes locked onto Xu Qing as if examining him. Apparently, it sensed something it was looking for, as the face distorted, letting loose a howl of grief and indignation that caused the water to explode.

A foul wind swept across Xu Qing, causing his swordsmage uniform to ripple loudly. Frowning, he turned to avoid the area, except that a second face emerged from the river, just to the left of the first face. It was also thirty meters in size, and looked very similar to the first face, and was connected to it by a thin stream of black mist. As it rose from the river, it blocked Xu Qing's path. Things weren't over yet. A third face appeared, then a fourth.... Eventually eleven faces had risen from the Underworld River, creating an arc that completely blocked Xu Qing.

The howls of the eleven faces shook heaven and earth, and also sent Xu Qing tumbling backward a few dozen meters. Then, the water beneath him exploded as the massive head of a decomposing bird appeared. Next came its wings, stretched out on either side, dripping water.

After flying up into the air, it shot toward Xu Qing.

Xu Qing's pupils constricted as he took in the zombie bird. Its body alone was 300 meters long, and it vaguely resembled a phoenix. It was in a state of deep decomposition, and was stabbed through with all sorts of nasty weapons. As for the eleven faces, they were its tail feathers. What Xu Qing took the most seriously was that hanging around the huge bird's neck was a necklace of black flesh, holding up a humanoid zombie. Apparently, this phoenix was a physical manifestation created by the zombie.

The zombie wore a dilapidated red robe, and though his face was decomposing in many places, he had obviously been a young man. He was glaring at Xu Qing, his face twisted with rage.

He let loose a howl as he blurred into motion. Appearing right in front of Xu Qing, he waved his hand, causing his cultivation base to flare to life. Instantly, a cloud of black snowflakes shot toward Xu Qing.

At the same time, the phoenix released a piercing cry. Opening its mouth, it released a noxious aroma as it lunged forward to devour Xu Qing. The eleven faces that made its tail belched out a poison mist filled with horrendous maggots.

Xu Qing's eyes narrowed. Backing up, he launched a fist strike with his right hand, creating a wild wind that blasted apart the snowflakes. Simultaneously, a sea of flames formed above him. The

golden crow appeared in those flames, which then launched toward the phoenix. Xu Qing's shadow appeared behind him in the form of a massive tree with many eyes, all of them focused on the faces belching poison.

In the blink of an eye, the two parties clashed, causing a string of deafening booms to fill the air. Over the course of the next few moments, they slammed into each other dozens of times.

As that happened, Xu Qing's taboo poison spread. However, the zombie noticed, reached toward the Underworld River, and caused the water there to spiral up and surround him. The countless souls within the water then fought back against Xu Qing's poison.

It was similar to the method Chu Tianqun employed, except in comparison, there were far more Underworld River souls. What was more, the river water was also the source of the zombie. Again, the zombie waved his hand, and the water formed a black python which swept toward Xu Qing.

Xu Qing staggered backward several dozen meters, his pupils constricting. There was something extremely gruish about this zombie. He seemed capable of drawing power from the Underworld River. From what Xu Qing could sense, he had the strength of the early Nascent Soul stage, similar to Chu Tianqun.

As Xu Qing fell back, the hellspirit bloodwing appeared behind him. With its dramatic boost of speed he tried to circle around the zombie. Considering the zombie's immense strength and gruish abilities, Xu Qing didn't want to waste time fighting him. Besides, he had the feeling he would need the power of the violet moon later, and didn't want to waste it too soon.

However, as Xu Qing tried to speed past, the zombie turned and looked at him. The phoenix flapped its wings, giving it a burst of astonishing speed. It shot directly in front of Xu Qing like a lightning bolt.

Xu Qing frowned as he again circled around and then sped on his way. However, the zombie wasn't ready to give up, and chased after him, howling as he prepared a deadly attack.

Xu Qing's eyes flickered coldly. He waved his hand, causing thirty demonization symbols to fly out. He also activated his seventh heavenly palace. The symbols burned, and the Ghost Emperor rumbled into existence. The mere presence of the Ghost Emperor caused everything to tremble in the area. Water exploded and massive pressure weighed down.

"Screw off!" Xu Qing said, his eyes as cold as ice. He really didn't want to be entangled with this opponent, but it looked like he would have to waste some time to destroy him.

The zombie sensed danger and suddenly stopped in place. Then it dropped down into the Underworld River, where it glared up at Xu Qing. The water seethed around the zombie.

Xu Qing looked at it coldly, then turned and sped off.

The zombie watched Xu Qing go, hesitated for a moment, then sank back down into the water.

That zombie must have been a top chosen when he was alive! Xu Qing put away the Ghost Emperor mountain, then blurred further along toward the depths of the Underworld River.

A day later, which was his fifth in this major world, he finally reached the end of the river. There, he saw an enormous black palace. It was bigger than the county capital! Despite being dilapidated and

falling apart, it emanated shocking pressure. Xu Qing got the sense that it was something from the profoundly ancient past. It was like some imperial palace that had existed in forgotten times.

Boundless soul fluctuations emerged from within it, and it pulsed with an incredibly strong aura of death. What was more, in the depths of the palace there were mounds of black flesh that formed something like a mountain. Atop that mountain of flesh hovered a group of a few hundred souls, which were apparently some sort of offering.

Beyond the souls, on the horizon, was a rift some several thousand meters wide. From the look of it... it was an eye hidden in the canopy of heaven. Though the eye was closed, it emanated godly might that caused everything in the area to ripple and distort.

Waves of shock filled Xu Qing as he looked at the mountain of flesh in the imperial palace, as well as the hundreds of souls. He was still a great distance away, but from the tug of the golden thread, he knew for a certainty... that Ling'er's soul was right there!