

## Timescape 671

### Chapter 671: Red Moon Authority Cannot Have Two Masters!

Before Crimson Mother reached godly ascension, the Imperial Sovereign of this region removed hēr head with the God Decapitation Altar. On the day of that event, the severed head collapsed into ashes, leaving behind nothing but a headless corpse. That corpse eventually disappeared into the river of time.

Later on, after Crimson Mother somehow became a god, shē came back and conquered the region. Using a god magic, shē fished her mortal husk out of ancient time, then set it up as a reserve power for the Red Moon Cathedral. It was an extraordinary item that, previously, only the godchild had been able to use. Yet here it was, having been summoned by the pontiff.

It shook the entire desert as it descended, causing the desert floor to sink down by hundreds if not thousands of meters.... The quaking ground crumbled and the sky shattered. A never-ending blood rain fell, pooling together to form a huge blood-colored sea. Waves rolled out in all directions. In fact, the desert wasn't even visible at this point. It was only the seething sea of blood.

Converting a desert to the sea was as much of a subversion as changing heaven to earth. And in the middle of it all there was an island formed by the Bitter Life Mountains. The gray wind had collapsed, and now clung to existence in the mountains. Anyone who could see it would be able to tell it lingered on the verge of complete destruction.

In addition to the wind on the sea of blood, there were numerous cathedral cultivators, their faces masks of zeal as they chanted. In the dome of heaven, the pontiff clasped hands and bowed as the headless corpse emitted incredible pressure. The influence spread, filling the Moonrite Region. All living beings trembled. Every life form shook. All areas of the region quaked. Only a god could do something like this.

In the Bitter Life Mountains, both Fourth Vice-Bishop and his subordinates were astonished. All local cultivators felt deep shock. And of course, they couldn't hide their despair. There was no way they could fight back against this, or stop it.

It was the same with the people in the Green Spirit Pharmacy. Ning Yan trembled as he looked outside at the sea of blood, and the mortal husk hovering in the air. His mind was a blank. Wu Jianwu was not spouting any poetry. He was too flustered. In the backyard, the chickens were all hiding in the corners. Li Youfei trembled uncontrollably, and even Nethersprite was having a hard time keeping calm.

The only one who acted differently was Ling'er. She trusted Xu Qing so deeply that it could almost be called blind devotion. She believed that it didn't matter what difficulties came, as long as Big Bro Xu Qing was around, things would work out. And yet, things were reaching a point of extreme danger.

High above, the pontiff of the Red Moon Cathedral looked coldly at that island on the blood sea. Extending his right hand, he pushed out, whereupon Crimson Mother's mortal husk vanished, then reappeared right above the Bitter Life Mountains.

The skin stretched out, quickly becoming a canopy full of mountains, stars, and the anguished howls of living beings. It took hardly any time at all for it to completely cover the Bitter Life Mountains.

“Please enjoy yourself, milady!” the pontiff said, his voice thrumming with piety.

The cathedral cultivators on the blood sea heard his words and echoed them. They all bowed their heads and chanted. One could not simply watch as a god benefited from enjoyment. As they averted their gazes, the mortal husk emanated a boundless sense of evil, as well as a deep hunger. After covering the mountains, the patch of skin twitched and started shrinking down.

It was going to devour the entire mountain range.

Muffled booms rang out. Waves swept out across the blood sea. And the chanting of the cathedral cultivators grew louder.

Meanwhile, the pontiff slowly looked up at Crimson Mother’s mortal husk, which had stretched out to cover the Bitter Life Mountains.

“There’s no point in fighting back here. Food... will always be food.”

He turned to look at the red moon on the horizon, his expression one of deep devotion.

The cultivators in the mountains looked up at the skin stretched overhead. Blood rain fell from the sky, splashing down everywhere. Mutagen levels skyrocketed. Howls of grief spread out everywhere. Mountain peaks crumbled, and mudbrick cities collapsed.

Even the Pill Nine statue started falling to pieces. The Pill Nine followers looked around with bitter confusion. As for the valiant and formidable young woman, she couldn’t bring herself to do anything but look on silently.

The mountains were completely covered over by the wriggling flesh. And as it shrank down, the mountains vanished. They were being devoured and made part of the skin.

It seemed entirely plausible that the mountains, suns, moons, stars, heavenly bodies, and living beings which had previously been visible on the skin had probably been sealed there in this same manner. That said, the speed at which this was happening couldn’t be described as very quick. The storm created by the hair of High God Moonfire was suppressed, but not completely.

Unfortunately, unless a miracle happened, nothing could stop the inevitable. Before long, the storm would die, and then the skin would be able to devour everything. The Bitter Life Mountains would disappear without a trace.

As catastrophe bore down on the cultivators in the Bitter Life Mountains, and they began to fight back futilely, the banging coming from Paramount Temple in the Moonrebel Congregation grew even louder.

The door shook violently, and the banging was so loud it sounded like thunder. It was even louder inside the temple.

Xu Qing and the Captain were going all out. As they burned the godchild blood, the totem on the door grew fainter and fainter. It was now only about ten percent as strong as it had been originally. That final ten percent, however, was the source of its power, and was incredibly tough. Even burning godchild blood wasn't going to get rid of it quickly.

Yet the Captain wasn't ready to give up. Lunging forward in totem form, he took a big bite. A loud crack rang out, and the Captain tumbled backward. The ten percent core had not been harmed.

Seeing that, the Captain sighed. "This crappy thing is just too tough, little Ah Qing. We need more time."

Xu Qing looked tired. Although he wasn't literally inside the door like the Captain was, he was constantly burning godchild blood, which was inherently tiring.

"We're running out of time," Xu Qing said. He hadn't returned to the Green Spirit Pharmacy. But his connection to Ling'er made it so that he knew exactly what was going on right now. "The Red Moon Cathedral has already arrived, and they brought Crimson Mother's mortal husk. The situation is critical."

Xu Qing looked at the Captain.

The Captain looked back at him, stunned. "Mortal husk? That's the Red Moon Cathedral's biggest reserve power. They must be really anxious to be using it already!"

"It doesn't matter why they're using it. It's already here." Xu Qing's eyes shone with determination. "Eldest Brother, I'm preparing my violet moon power to devour the last bit of the totem. Back me up."

The Captain's eyes gleamed. He knew full well that they were in a critical moment. "If you devour it, your body won't be able to take it."

"If I become the Archbishop of Moonrebel, then I can use the power of the Moonrebel Congregation to help me suppress it." This was the only way Xu Qing could think of to speed things up.

The Captain thought about it for a moment, then nodded. "That'll work. Come on, let's do it together!"

Xu Qing didn't hesitate to perform a double-handed incantation gesture. Pointing his palm in the direction of the door, he sent violet moon power erupting out. Blood droplets spread out from all over his body. They quickly created a seething lake of blood with an illusory god totem in it, pulsing with the power of blood authority.

The blood seethed as it raced toward the door. The Captain also held nothing back to assist, causing his small totem form to spin rapidly, creating a vortex to meet Xu Qing's blood. In the blink of an eye, they slammed into each other, and Xu Qing in blood form swept into the vortex and, through it, the door itself. Without pausing, he shot right toward the Crimson Mother totem.

Xu Qing could sense that this core part of the totem was a blood sealing mark. It glittered with red light, and pulsed with godly might. No type of personhood could come close to matching this.

However, Xu Qing's authority came from the red moon, the same as Crimson Mother. And thus, he only accelerated. A huge boom rang out when he slammed into the totem. The door shook. At the same time, the Captain closed in with his mouth wide open.

The massive noise filled the entire Moonrebel Congregation. Meanwhile, Xu Qing in blood lake form was sent spinning backward. The Captain howled in pain. But then the blood lake slammed into the totem again.

The Captain was going absolutely crazy. His totem flashed with blue light as he viciously launched attack after attack.

Godchild blood burned away at the sealing mark, corroding it. As Xu Qing and the Captain went all out, time passed. A few hours later, the sealing mark was still there. However, it had cracks on it.

Xu Qing was exhausted, and the Captain's howls had weakened significantly. Given that they could see evidence of their progress, they didn't slow down. Rumbling booms exploded out over and over again, until finally, the sealing mark collapsed.

As it did, a stream of golden light exploded from within. And it came from an illusory figure. It was just barely possible to see a young woman there, clad in a dilapidated robe, covering her eyes with her hands. Blood flowed from beneath those hands. As for the golden light, it made the woman seem incomparably holy. This was none other than Crimson Mother!

The sound of chanting could be heard as mutagen flowed everywhere, becoming godly might that weighed down on Xu Qing and the Captain. Xu Qing in blood lake form vanished. The Captain also blurred away as if he were about to be erased. At that point, the Captain's craziness truly erupted.

"Let's devour hēr, little Ah Qing! See what happens!"

The blood lake had turned back into Xu Qing, who was now looking at the projection of Crimson Mother. Inside, he felt intense desire rising up uncontrollably within him. There was also a deep hunger. In that moment, his human nature vanished, and godly nature spread out. Xu Qing's balance was about to be disrupted. He didn't do anything to stop it. He let the godliness rise up and take over his consciousness. And then he spoke in a very cold voice.

"Red moon authority cannot have two masters!"

The moment the words left his mouth, blood-colored light exploded off him, slamming into the door and heading toward the projection of Crimson Mother with greed, hunger, and calmness.

Laughing heartily, and eyes burning with a crazy look, the Captain opened his mouth and lunged in for a bite!

Chapter 672: Ranked Seventh

The Moonrebel Congregation was being rocked like it never had been before! Paramount Temple's door shone with dazzling red light that spread out over the entire mountain. From a distance, it looked like this entire world was wearing a garment the color of blood.

The red glow coming from the door was a solid, single color. However, if someone had been able to approach and study it closely, they would get the confusing sensation that they were actually

looking at two colors. And that was because... there were two wills struggling over one type of authority.

Red moon authority. The mysterious red moon was one of the original thirty-seven moons in the Revered Ancient mainland. From ancient times until now there had been stories told about how, after the broken face arrived, twenty-five of the original thirty-seven moons perished, one after another, ultimately leaving behind twelve. [1]

The red moon was one of those twelve! And it was ranked seventh!

In ancient times, it had been called different things. It was the firefly moon, or the blood moon... Nowadays, it was simply called the red moon.

Crimson Mother lived on the red moon like a parasite, constantly devouring its authority, seeking to supplant it. If that happened, there would no longer be a 'Crimson Mother of the red moon'. Instead, there would be a 'red moon of the Crimson Mother'.

Red light shone out from the door as Xu Qing's mind was overtaken by godliness. As of this moment, his human nature was almost gone, leaving behind animal nature blessed by godly nature. In that heightened state, he lunged toward Crimson Mother.

The Captain wasn't in the same position as Xu Qing. He was in a very gruish state, shining with blue light. He apparently had no pure godliness, but at the same time, no human nature. Even his animal nature seemed to be in chaos. His mind was like a mix between a god, a human, and an animal. And they were mixed so thoroughly it was hard to tell the difference between them. Together, they formed a very unique state.

With both Xu Qing and the Captain focused on devouring, the projection of Crimson Mother rippled. And then the projection's hands shifted as though they might drop away from the eyes. The projection began to superimpose over itself, all while the blood-colored light grew brighter. Immense pressure weighed down on Xu Qing and the Captain.

When all was said and done, Crimson Mother was asleep, and what was left behind here was just a bit of divine will. Fundamentally speaking, it was very similar to what happened at the Supreme Beginning Netherflight Pillar. The difference was that what was sealed at the pillar came from one of hēr followers. In contrast, what Xu Qing and the Captain were dealing with came directly from Crimson Mother, and was thus vastly mightier. [2]

If ordinary cultivators were in this position, they would have a very hard time fighting back. It would take an extremely high cultivation base to do that. But Xu Qing and the Captain were not ordinary cultivators. The moment Xu Qing experienced god-glimpsing, he became a god cultivator! And the Captain had his own gruish assets, so naturally he wasn't an ordinary cultivator. [3]

In the blink of an eye, two wills slammed into the projection of Crimson Mother. Xu Qing became a blood sea, pulsing with greed and hunger as he devoured the red moon authority. As blue light shone, the Captain became a blue worm that landed on Crimson Mother's forehead, opened its mouth, and took a vicious bite.

But Crimson Mother was still a god, and as more projected versions superimposed upon each other, creating hundreds, thousands, or even tens of thousands of layers, it became increasingly true and real.

The superimposed versions brought an explosive power of god magic that sent Xu Qing's blood sea form tumbling backward. The Captain in worm form also collapsed. But only a fraction of a moment later, the collapsed blood sea transformed into Xu Qing's emotionless face, which lunged back toward Crimson Mother with jaw snapping. With every bite he took, his red moon authority grew stronger.

However, the reverse was also happening as Crimson Mother tried to assimilate him. If Xu Qing had been operating alone, he couldn't have turned things around.

But the Captain was here! His worm form had collapsed into numerous chunks of flesh. However... each of those chunks formed anew, until there were hundreds of worms shrieking toward Crimson Mother. His vicious bites caused blue light to seep into Crimson Mother's projection, which interfered with her attempt to fight back against Xu Qing and assimilate him. Thus, Xu Qing was able to devour her smoothly. As that happened, Crimson Mother's projected power slowly vanished, which made the Captain's job easier.

The two of them were working together perfectly. If either was missing, it would have made the job much more difficult.

As time passed, the superimposed projections disappeared one after another, and the projection in general started to blur. Xu Qing and the Captain were methodically wiping it out.

Crimson Mother started twitching. And then, for the first time... she lowered her hands from her eyes. Time seemed to go still. Space spun. Godly might swept out in all directions. An immaculately beautiful face appeared to Xu Qing and the Captain. The only thing that marred the beauty was the fact that both eye sockets were empty and bleeding.

She was looking at Xu Qing. His blood sea form exploded. At the same time, a gravitational force erupted from the empty eye sockets, which dragged the blood sea into them. In the blink of an eye, the blood sea was sucked into the eyes, as if it had been devoured.

The Captain's worm forms were sent flying backward. But then, Crimson Mother's projection reached out, grabbed one of the worms, and crushed it. A boom rang out as the worm exploded. And then, the karmic power that had been unleashed caused all the other worms to collapse. It seemed like everything was about to conclude.

After dealing with Xu Qing and the Captain, the projection's hands returned to cover her eyes. But then, something completely unexpected happened.

Massive amounts of fresh blood exploded out of her. At the same time, her face transformed until it looked like Xu Qing. If this had been Crimson Mother's true form or even her doppelgänger, Xu Qing wouldn't have been able to act defiantly. His level of authority wasn't high enough. But he could defy a bit of divine will.

It was the same with the Captain. His worms had exploded, but the flesh that made them up hadn't gone anywhere. And now they clumped back together to make a hand. It was withered and decaying, and even had sealing strips on it. It looked like it was stretching out from the Nine Serenities underworld. Close examination would reveal that there were countless deceased souls grabbing onto the hand, as if they didn't want it to appear, and were trying to drag it back.

The withered hand ignored all of that and pointed at Crimson Mother's forehead. The pitch black fingernail hit the forehead.

A rumbling boom echoed out as Crimson Mother shook from head to toe and then started rotting. Shē tried to negate the effects, except that was when Xu Qing chose to burst into action and start devouring hēr from inside.

Crimson Mother shivered as pressure now built up from inside of her as well. Soon, shē reached hēr limit. A few breaths of time passed, and then a boom drifted out as shē collapsed. The projection turned into a stream of golden light that immediately started fading away.

Xu Qing flew out in his blood sea form. The sea quickly turned into a face that pulsed with red moon authority. However, it was unstable, as if Xu Qing had taken in too much force to control.

The Captain's withered hand faded away, leaving behind some blue light that turned into a worm. A face appeared on it, looking completely crazy.

The exploded remnants of Crimson Mother turned into a river of blood that flowed together and then changed into a blood-red eyeball. As it snapped open, divine will echoed out.

Four words. Eight characters. After being spoken, the blood eye closed and disappeared.

As of this moment, the door of Paramount Temple did not have Crimson Mother's totem on it anymore. Xu Qing and the Captain had succeeded.

However... a cold wind sprang up out of nowhere, containing within it an inescapable power of karma. As it arrived, both Xu Qing and the Captain sensed it immediately. Xu Qing's will collapsed. The blood sea shattered. And then a gruish power forcibly ejected him from the door. Once he was back in his ordinary body, he coughed up a massive mouthful of blood.

Then his body blurred, becoming red, and also paper-like. All of his flesh and blood were affected. It was as if he... was being transformed into a paper person. Not even his soul was able to escape, nor his life force. They were all being transformed.

The same thing happened to the Captain's worm form. The gruish power shattered it, and after it turned back into a little totem, it started turning into paper. The Captain's face suddenly appeared.

"Little Junior Brother, this is the hex of an angry god. A god curse! Hang in there for a moment. I'll figure out how to get free and then help you. This thingy is really fierce!"

The totem glittered with blue light that turned into a vortex. Sounds echoed from within that resembled the wailing of ghosts and howling of wolves, as though countless entities inside were screaming. It was a sound that could shake the mind.

Xu Qing's eyes shone with cold light. It was indeed a very fierce curse. Only a few breaths of time had passed, yet he had already transformed halfway into paper. The blood-colored paper was extremely gruish, and it seemed to completely ignore his red moon authority. Not even his taboo poison did anything to it. Apparently, this type of curse didn't rely on personhood. It was some type of karmic law that led to certain death.

There was at least an upside for Xu Qing. His fluctuations of godliness were being suppressed by the curse, thus allowing his human nature to return and bring balance. Unfortunately, having his human nature back didn't give him a way to break the power of the curse.

He could sense himself transforming. His soul was fading, and he felt unending cold filling him. It was the sensation of death, and he couldn't do anything about it. Given how things were progressing, Xu Qing could tell that before a hundred breaths of time passed, he would be fully transformed into a red paper person.

*Maybe this curse... isn't totally unbreakable.*

In that critical moment, Xu Qing closed his eyes. Inside of him, D-132 rose up, and the domain of amnesia he had been seeking enlightenment of spread out. It covered him, and then it covered Paramount Temple, including the Captain's totem on the door.

"Eee?" Even as the Captain went all out to try to negate the curse, he looked around in surprise.

Amnesia could sever karma. And this curse was fundamentally karmic. As long as the memories of the curse were erased from the soul, then the karma would be severed. This was a case of a will domain fighting against a god magic! During the days of Ancient Emperor Dark Serenity, people in Revered Ancient believed will domains to be the only way to fight against gods.

Time passed.

After enough time had passed for two incense sticks to burn, Xu Qing opened his eyes. "What just happened?"

The Captain's face appeared in the totem on the door. He looked at Xu Qing, seemingly confused. "Yeah, something just happened, didn't it? Weird. It's like I've forgotten something. No! I have to figure out what it was...."

Chapter 673: Archbishops of Moonrebel

Stunned, Xu Qing looked suspiciously at the temple door, then at the Captain in totem form. The last thing he remembered was successfully devouring the Crimson Mother projection alongside the Captain.

*How come I feel like I've been cultivating that will domain of amnesia? Eyes narrowing, Xu Qing scanned himself but didn't find anything out of the ordinary. Don't tell me....*

"No way!" the Captain said from the little totem on the door. "Little Ah Qing, I definitely forgot something. I've been influenced! What's going on here? No way. I have to figure this out. This is terrifying!"

"Don't bother, Eldest Brother," Xu Qing said. Standing, he walked over to the door and prepared to push it open.

However, before he could, the totem flared with blue light, and then innumerable soul-shaking howling sounds echoed out from inside. Next, a stream of bright light appeared on the totem, which began to spread rapidly and turn it into paper.

Voice dripping with immense regret, the Captain anxiously said, "I-I-I, I remember now! I got hit with Crimson Mother's curse! I shouldn't be remembering this. No way! Hurry up, Little Ah Qing, hurry up! Make me forget!!"



Xu Qing's gaze hardened. Quickly sitting down cross-legged, he once again unleashed the will domain of amnesia. About ten breaths of time passed, whereupon he opened his eyes. He looked around for a moment, somewhat confused.

The Captain also opened his eyes in totem form. "What? How come I feel like I've forgotten something? Interesting.... Okay, I have to think hard about this and remember what just happened."

Xu Qing looked around thoughtfully. "Something's off here, Eldest Brother. I suspect I used my will domain of amnesia. However, I wouldn't just randomly do that. There's got to be a good reason. I bet there's something I want the two of us to forget. And if we remember it, something very terrifying will happen. Therefore, I suggest that you not try to remember." With that, Xu Qing got back to his feet and put his hand on the door. "Eldest Brother, let's push the door open together!"

The Captain hesitated as he considered Xu Qing's explanation. After coming to the conclusion that it made sense, he decided that, although he was still curious about what exactly was going on, he would suppress that curiosity.

"Ah, whatever. I'll figure it out later. Let's open this door and become the Archbishops of Moonrebel!"

The Captain took a deep breath and then flared with light. Together, he and Xu Qing exploded with force, pushing on the door of the Moonrebel Congregation's Paramount Temple, which hadn't been opened for an entire epoch. And... they opened it!

The time of the Archbishops of Moonrebel was nigh!

\*\*\*

The Bitter Life Mountains were in a very deadly situation, and the critical moment had arrived. The mortal husk of Crimson Mother, which was now a huge patch of skin, had fully stretched over that mountainous island in the middle of the sea of blood. Every time the patch of skin twitched, it would shrink a little bit, and the boulders, vegetation, and living beings that it touched would be devoured.

Because of that, the mighty Bitter Life Mountains had now shrunk down to about seventy percent of their previous scale.

The meal continued.

The cathedral cultivators on the sea of blood were fanatically kowtowing. The pontiff's face was expressionless. However, the pontiff wasn't actually looking at the situation playing out with the mountains. His gaze was fixed on the horizon.

"Are you coming, Heir Apparent?" The entire point of his operation in the Bitter Life Mountains was to force the Heir Apparent and his siblings into the open. If it weren't for the Heir Apparent, there was no way the pontiff would have personally come with the cathedral's reserve power. "If you don't show your faces, this entire place is going to be food for my lady and mistress."

Chuckling coldly, the pontiff cast his senses about.

As Crimson Mother's mortal husk continued to shrink, the Bitter Life Mountains were reduced to thirty percent of their previous size. All of the surviving cultivators were gathered in that area.

Despair. Exhaustion. Confusion. Hopelessness.... Negative emotions flourished within all of these survivors. Their garments were ragged, their faces wan. Many of them had already drained their cultivation bases, and were now so weak they could do nothing other than wait to die.

No matter how hard they fought back, it didn't do any good. Not even Fourth Vice-Bishop could do anything about Crimson Mother's mortal husk. They had already done everything they could in the gloomy dusk cast by the skin that covered the sky. Magical technique and divine ability had been unleashed in all directions, yet that did as little good as *throwing a stone ox into the ocean*. It was literally impossible for mortals to contend with a god.

Blood rain fell constantly, creating rivers of blood that forced everyone to seek higher ground. Mutagen levels soared. There were even some cultivators who were already heading toward mutation. Eventually, their screams of agony ceased when their comrades-in-arms ended things for them.

Fourth Vice-Bishop looked around in despair. The sensation of fighting back, only to accomplish nothing, had put cracks even in his strong mind.

Grandmaster Saintlowe stood next to the vice-bishop, his face pale as he looked around at the agonized cultivators around him. He heard their cries, and yet, there was nothing he could do to help them. Medicinal pills weren't going to do anything right now.

Also in the crowd were Grandmaster Pill Nine's followers, whose bitterness was overwhelming their faith. They... had never found Pill Nine. Now that the desert was a sea of blood and the Bitter Life Mountains were about to collapse, it meant one of two things: either Pill Nine was already dead, or he had never been here to begin with.

"I hope the grandmaster *isn't* here..." the heroic young woman said. She sighed.

Also present in the crowd were Ling'er, Ning Yan, and the others. The chickens and Nethersprite were there, as was Patriarch Inkrule. The Green Spirit Pharmacy... had been devoured by the mortal husk.

*Big Bro Xu Qing... where are you...?* Ling'er shivered to her core, and her face was as pale as death.

Ning Yan stood there quietly. Wu Jianwu looked alarmed. Every twitch of the patch of skin in the sky caused everyone to tremble with fear.

Rumbling sounds echoed again as the mortal husk shrank down again. More boulders disappeared. More areas vanished. The area left behind was even smaller.

And yet, the fighting continued. Fourth Vice-Bishop flew up into the sky and launched an attack. Everyone else who had even an ounce of strength left followed suit. It didn't do anything. And yet, they still wanted to fight. Some cultivators who were on the verge of mutating chose not to seek help from their comrades. Chuckling bitterly, they flew up into the sky and self-detonated. The booms that rang out seemed particularly desperate.

The skin continued to shrink. Blood rained down. There wasn't much of the gray wind left, only occasional whimpering gusts here and there. Crimson Mother's mortal husk was devouring everything in heaven and earth.

As despair reigned supreme, time passed.

The Bitter Life Mountains grew smaller and smaller, until it was only ten percent of its previous size. The mortal husk wriggled with more intensity. There were even mouths visible now, dripping with crimson saliva and emanating a sensation of incredible hunger. Despair increased.

“Things are almost over,” Fourth Vice-Bishop said. He coughed up a mouthful of blood and smiled bitterly. Looking around at his subordinates, he clasped hands and bowed. “Fellow Daoists, if there’s another life after this one... then I’m going to do the same thing again! *Gods are by no means eternal!*”

“*Hope exists from time immemorial and into forever!*” the surviving cultivators howled defiantly. It was as if they were taking all of the dedication and regret in their lives and releasing them at once. As the sound echoed everywhere, Crimson Mother’s mortal husk shrank again as it prepared to devour the last of the mountains.

And that was when something explosively dramatic occurred!

A beam of light suddenly appeared.

It came without any warning whatsoever. It was golden, and as it appeared in midair, it rapidly expanded. In the blink of an eye it turned into something like a sun that filled the area with brightness. When the blood rain was touched by that light, it was blasted away. The sea of blood began hissing and steaming as it was driven off.

For the first time, the mortal husk couldn’t shrink down. The shapeless light became a very tangible support to the cultivators present.

Everyone was shaken. Fourth Vice-Bishop looked on in shock, as did Ning Yan and the others. Ling’er looked very excited, as her intuition was telling her that her Big Bro Xu Qing was on the way.

As everyone watched in astonishment, the light took the form of a bronze door. It was big enough to prop up heaven and earth, and it emanated mountain-toppling, sea-draining fluctuations.

Crimson Mother’s mortal husk shrieked, causing everything to shake, and sending huge waves rolling across the blood sea. The cathedral cultivators were absolutely stunned. The pontiff was no longer looking off into the distance as he waited for the Heir Apparent. Instead, he was looking at the mortal husk.

“That aura!”

The sudden development was noticed by all of the Moonrebel Congregation cultivators in the Bitter Life Mountains. Their hearts swelled and their eyes went wide. It shook them to the core to realize that they recognized that door.

“Is that...?”

“That’s the door of Paramount Temple!”

“I can’t believe the door of Paramount Temple is right here!”

“Isn’t the Moonrebel Congregation sealed right now?”

“Don’t tell me....”

Gasps, exclamations of shock, and cries of astonishment rang out as the door appeared in midair and stopped Crimson Mother’s mortal husk. And as everyone looked at it... The door slowly opened!

God-like chanting drifted out from inside, causing wild colors to flash in heaven and earth. As everyone looked on with complete incredulity, they saw... that within that opened door, framed by dazzling light, were two figures....

“Archbishops of Moonrebel!” blurted the stunned Fourth Vice-Bishop. His words crashed like heavenly thunder into the minds of everyone present.

As of this moment, the entire Moonrite Region was being shaken to the core, as an awakening will rose from the soil, the mountains, and all living beings!

Chapter 674: A Trove; a World

From the moment Xu Qing and the Captain led the way into this Spirit Garden, until the current moment... two years had passed. During that time period, a lot of things happened. And a lot happened to Xu Qing. Few people could have predicted that the Nascent Soul cultivator who stepped ashore two years ago would end up starting a world-shaking tempest.

Truth be told, that tempest started to build back at the Heavenfire Sea. When the Twofold Alliance collapsed, storm winds started to blow in the north. Wherever those winds blew, things started to change. Later, the dream of a god was interrupted at Mount Heavenly Ox. And events in the Bitter Life Mountains had repercussions far and wide. Pill Nine rose to prominence in the Moonrebel Congregation, and the God Decapitation Altar caused sparks to fly.

And now, after two years of preparation and hard work, the storm winds reached the door of Paramount Temple.

In the Moonrite Region, wild colors flashed in heaven and earth, mountains and rivers trembled and seethed. An awakening will rose in the hearts of the living beings. A door was opening, not just in heaven and earth, but in the hearts of the people.

It was similar to how the images of the God Decapitation Altar also affected everyone. By means of the Moonrebel Congregation, everyone could see the door of Paramount Temple opening. As it did, dazzling light spilled out, driving the despair out of the hearts of the people, and awakening their hope. Sparks again began to fly.

In the east, by the Heavenfire Sea, the same Holy City where Xu Qing had helped the humans relocate was now in ruins. Deep beneath the ruins was a cave where Duanmu Zang had taken the survivors to hide.

The cave was quiet, and it was filled with numbness and despair. Duanmu Zang lay gasping for breath and waiting to die. The curse in him was very strong, and it was already eating away at his skin. But then his eyes snapped open. All the humans in the cave were looking around in shock. Exclamations rang out as... they saw an image in their minds!

Duanmu Zang started breathing heavily. He was a Moonrebel Congregation cultivator, so he recognized that bronze door. He knew what it signified. As he reacted with complete disbelief, he saw the door opening and two figures emerging. One of them was very, very familiar to him.

“Xu Qing!”

In the north of the Moonrite Region, on the endless ice plains, a massive spell formation had everything locked down. It was designed to trap people, and outside of it were innumerable cultivators from the Red Moon Cathedral, all working on powering it. Inside the formation... was an army several hundred thousand strong. And it was being led by someone similar to Fourth Vice-Bishop. It was Third Vice-Bishop!

Thanks to the betrayal of First Vice-Bishop and Fifth Vice-Bishop, the resistance forces in the Moonrite Region were located either in the Bitter Life Mountains or this place. The large army was on its last legs. After the Moonrebel Congregation was sealed, they had no way to communicate with the outside world, or to escape. They could only remain trapped, waiting for the red moon to fully rise.

Their fighting spirit had been just about to flicker out. Their exhaustion had finally surpassed their will to live. But then, an image appeared in their minds, causing them to feel like they were being struck by lightning.

Third Vice-Bishop, a middle-aged man, shot to his feet and blurted, “The Moonrebel Door!!”

Similar scenes played out in locations in the west and south. Cultivators who had gone into hiding, or who had been scattered by the enemy, suddenly felt their hearts racing. In terms of numbers, they vastly outnumbered the armies in the Bitter Life Mountains and the northern ice plains.

After all, the Moonrite Region was massive, and the Red Moon Cathedral would rather the scattered resistance forces be kept around for food. There were cultivators of all species, as well as people that Xu Qing and the others had dealt with on their journeys. For instance, Mistress Rosyclouds, who had taken a liking to Wu Jianwu. And regardless of whether people were members of the Moonrebel Congregation, they were shaken.

That was because this was the first time in the epoch that the door of Paramount Temple in the Moonrebel Congregation had been opened! What was especially noteworthy was how it opened at the most critical moment, allowing its light to drive away the darkness and the clouds. Heaven and earth were being turned upside down.

In the Bitter Life Mountains, beneath Crimson Mother’s mortal husk, dazzling light shone everywhere. All cultivators were deeply moved, especially those from the Moonrebel Congregation, who instinctively dropped to their knees.

Fourth Vice-Bishop struggled to breathe steadily as he looked at the bronze door.

More shocked than them were Ning Yan, Wu Jianwu, Li Youfei, and Patriarch Inkrule. Dazed, they simply looked at the two figures standing in the doorway. Nethersprite frowned, her eyes flickering with revulsion for the Captain. She hadn’t seen him in a while, and had thus been calming down a bit. But now, she was starting to feel irritated again.

And that was because Chen Erniu was speaking.

“Hahaha! I, the Archbishop of Moonrebel, am right on time!”

The bronze door was fully open. Xu Qing and the Captain strode out into the light. And as the Captain's words spread out, Xu Qing's expression flickered.

He had just sensed a blessing. It came from the Moonrebel Congregation, along with a stream of astonishing power. It came out of the door, poured into them, and filled them from head to toe. The power was boundless and majestic, and seemed to contain unfathomable time within it, as well as faith and karma.

All of a sudden, Xu Qing understood. It was a blessing from the Moonrebel Congregation, a boon for becoming the Archbishop of Moonrebel. It could be accepted. It could be rejected. Accepting it would mean shouldering the karma of the Moonrebel Congregation, shouldering its mission, and shouldering responsibility for the entire Moonrite Region.

After sensing that, Xu Qing paused in place. The Captain also sensed the same thing, causing his eyes to glitter. He stopped walking as well.

The two of them looked at each other.

"Should we do it?" the Captain asked.

"We do it!" Xu Qing nodded.

The Captain laughed heartily, and together with Xu Qing, stepped forward to shoulder the karma. The power of blessing flowed into both of them.

Xu Qing shivered as intense heat swept through him. Blessing power that had been building up for countless years in the Moonrebel Congregation rushed into him and toward his golden crow nascent soul. The golden crow appeared in projected form, a piercing cry ringing from its beak. It now had a thousand tails, and had broken through from the four-tribulation to the peak of the five-tribulation level. It was now in the great circle of Nascent Soul.

The black spear appeared inside of it, pulsing with a terrifying aura and a power to destroy worlds. It was like a burning sun that could incinerate anything and everything.

Xu Qing's aura grew stronger. And the breakthrough wasn't even over yet. Next, his Ghost Emperor mountain appeared. It was 3,000 meters tall, its eyes open, and it also pulsed with fluctuations of the great circle of Nascent Soul. After that was D-132. With the blessing power, it broke through. The sealing power within it grew terrifyingly stronger, and the will domain of amnesia more prominent. What was more, the inmates in D-132 also transformed. They were the only living beings that existed within Xu Qing's nascent souls.

Of course, his battle prowess climbed.

A roar erupted from the bluegreen dragon as it swirled in midair with the golden crow, sending out heavenly dao fluctuations. It was also breaking through, resulting in natural and magical laws manifesting around it.

The profoundly majestic power of blessing still had not begun to weaken, and proceeded to Xu Qing's taboo poison nascent soul. Soon, his eyes became pitch black. The power of the taboo nascent soul broke past the four-tribulation level and into the great circle of five tribulations, resulting in a black canopy forming and spreading out in the dome of heaven.

Next came the daybreak light nascent soul, which was capable of unending transformations, and contained a myriad magics. Also, a timescape stream appeared, swirling around Xu Qing as it broke through. His sundial life lamps were next. The gnomons spun as the blessing caused the aura of the great circle to erupt in every direction. Last was his violet moon, which became a sea of blood, out of which rose a red moon. It was very realistic.

Because of all that, Xu Qing's aura skyrocketed to an astonishing level. The blessing of the Moonrebel Congregation ensured that everyone present was watching very closely.

Most terrifying of all was that behind Xu Qing, it was possible to see an illusory secret trove! It was sucking in the power of blessing like a whirlpool, causing the surroundings to shake. The aura from it surpassed everything because of how terrifying it was. And despite being blurry, everyone could see what formed the secret trove. Those things couldn't be described in any other way than unique.

It had the golden crow in its sky as the sun, and the violet moon as its moon. Taboo poison formed the clouds in the sky, and the Ghost Emperor mountain rose up from the ground. Timescape streams were its waters, and the heavenly dao bluegreen dragon exhaled magical laws. Daybreak light formed countless inanimate objects, while D-132 brought the living things. The spinning sundials governed the motion of everything in the secret trove, including the rising and setting of the sun and moon, the transformations of the wind and clouds, and the vicissitudes of time. Although it was all illusory, the general structure of the secret trove was so big that it was almost like a world.

This was the first secret trove Xu Qing had prepared for himself. It was his life essence secret trove! Though it was still in an embryonic form, it was easy to imagine how astonishing it would be when complete. Of course, the nutrients required for such a secret trove would obviously be terrifying.

Xu Qing wasn't the only one to be growing dramatically. The blessing also helped the Captain. With the power of the Moonrebel Congregation, he laughed heartily and removed two of his seals. His aura immediately rose to the great circle of Nascent Soul. There was a third seal that he managed to open halfway, causing Spirit Trove fluctuations to seep out of him.

That was when the blessing finally ended!

It wasn't that the Moonrebel Congregation didn't have deep reserves. Rather, Xu Qing and the Captain had reserve powers that were just too profound, and required far more nutrients than what was ordinary. Furthermore, those nutrients needed to be varied, otherwise Xu Qing couldn't form his secret trove, and the Captain couldn't undo his seals. They needed different types of power to do that, and thus, it wouldn't help them to go overboard in taking the Moonrebel Congregation's power.

Next, as everyone looked on, tribulation clouds formed underneath Crimson Mother's mortal husk. Rumbling thunder echoed out everywhere. Tribulation clouds also appeared in the outside world.

It was the final heavenfate tribulation for Nascent Soul. Once Xu Qing passed it, he would truly be stable in the great circle of Nascent Soul. And because he already had a secret trove, he would be able to skip dao begetting and step right into Spirit Trove!

Chapter 675: Godly Ascension Ceremony

Underneath Crimson Mother's mortal husk, Xu Qing looked up. His gaze locked onto the tribulation clouds forming overhead. They weren't very large, and even with the thunder, they weren't very intimidating. Xu Qing could sense that there were more tribulation clouds forming

outside. Those underneath Crimson Mother's mortal husk were merely illusory projections of the ones outside.

Off to the side, the Captain looked on quizzically. "I've lived a lot of lives, little Junior Brother, and this is the first time I've ever encountered anything like this. You're inside Crimson Mother's mortal husk. So, is the heavenfate tribulation here for you or for the husk? If it's here for Crimson Mother, then the tribulation is going to be terrifying.

"That said, Crimson Mother's mortal husk is also terrifying. If it's here for you, then Crimson Mother's mortal husk will block it, and you won't even be hurt. You'll basically be able to skip the tribulation. This mortal husk showed up just to passively stand in for you during the tribulation! Interesting. I've really never seen anything like this. Of course, mortal husks from gods are rare considering that they're mindless and act on instinct."

Xu Qing's eyes glittered thoughtfully.

Outside, the clouds writhed in the canopy of heaven. The sky was red, but that couldn't block the magical laws of a heavenly dao, and thus dark clouds spread over the blood sea. Deafening thunder boomed in the clouds, and yet no lightning fell. It was as if the tribulation was making a decision.

It didn't take long, though. A huge bolt of lightning emerged from the tribulation clouds, turning into a lightning dragon that shot toward Crimson Mother's mortal husk. The lightning smashed into the skin, exploding into a cloud of sparks. Crimson Mother's mortal husk didn't appear to be damaged.

However, the lightning bolts continued to fall. Nothing happened.

This was Xu Qing's fifth heavenfate tribulation! It wasn't here for Crimson Mother's mortal husk!

For a variety of reasons, Xu Qing's heavenfate tribulations were different from those of most people. His first was driven away by the destiny aura of Sea-Sealing County. The second happened when the tribulation mixed with magical laws. For the third, the Heir Apparent helped Xu Qing fuse with the desert, which made the tribulation even more intense. The fourth was even more terrifying, as it happened at the God Decapitation Altar.

Every one was more shocking than the previous. And that pattern held for the fifth one. The Heir Apparent wasn't around to help him fuse with anything. Nor was Xu Qing seeking enlightenment of the God Decapitation Altar. The tribulation was focused on him alone. After all, he was essentially concealed within Crimson Mother's mortal husk, as opposed to being fused with it.

There was simply no way a tribulation like this could do anything to Crimson Mother's mortal husk. Ninety-nine bolts of tribulation lighting all fell, and the result was the same with all of them. The light of electricity glowed brightly. Meanwhile, the mortal husk wasn't damaged at all.

The tribulation ended quickly, whereupon the clouds dispersed, revealing a brilliant glow. It was the light of heavenfate, which indicated that Xu Qing had succeeded. Things went incredibly smoothly.

However, beneath Crimson Mother's mortal husk, Xu Qing frowned.

Next to him, the Captain's eyes gleamed as he looked at the husk overhead. "Something's not right!"



That was absolutely correct. Although the tribulation was over, and though heavenfate shone brightly, the illusory tribulation clouds inside the husk had not disappeared.

“Crimson Mother ate it!” the Captain said, sounding somewhat bewildered.

“Something’s off here, little Junior Brother. This is too gruish! Let’s get back inside the door!”

“Too late...” Xu Qing said in a hoarse voice, his expression very serious. He had just sensed something lock onto him. It was as if it didn’t matter where he went, the tribulation would find him. It felt like a god was staring at him. He began trembling, his taboo poison seethed, his violet moon godsource erupted, and the god’s finger in D-132 shivered. “Everything inside of me related to a god is being locked onto!”

At almost the exact same instant that the words left his mouth, Crimson Mother’s mortal husk suddenly twitched as the sky it contained started filling with tribulation clouds. Godly might descended, filling the tribulation clouds.

As that happened, the clouds exploded, and then a huge stone stele the color of gold emerged from the shattered clouds. It was 300 meters tall, and it was heading right toward Xu Qing. As it descended, the aura of a god spread, causing all living beings to tremble with astonishment.

Xu Qing’s expression flickered. The Captain’s eyes went wide with surprise. Knowing exactly what he was looking at, he gave a basic explanation.

“It’s a god stele! If you inscribe your name on it with god blood, experience the Five Elements Deaths, and place the god stele inside the body of an ancient god, then you plunder godhood and develop the personhood of a god! It’s one of the main types of god tribulation ceremonies! It’s called Hidden God Reborn!

“Back before Crimson Mother was a god, hēr determination was to reach godly ascension. And to make sure that happened, shē must have used an imitation magic to practice ahead of time. That determination obviously seeped into hēr mortal husk. Later, shē was decapitated, and ultimately lit hēr godfire in Brilliant Heaven to become a god. However, the determination remained in the mortal husk.

“If anyone else went through a tribulation in these circumstances, nothing would happen. But you’re different! Your violet moon power has the same origin as Crimson Mother, and you’re inside her mortal husk.... Therefore, when you summoned

heavenfate tribulation, the mortal husk instinctively activated the god tribulation ceremony!

is your fifth tribulation!”

As the Captain explained these things, the golden stele dropped down in front of Xu Qing, radiating a sea of golden light.

*It doesn't matter if it's good fortune or not. I have to pass this tribulation.*

Xu Qing looked at the stele with determination in his eyes. Crimson Mother's mortal husk had devoured his heavenfate tribulation. As a result, his cultivation base wasn't whole and complete. Therefore, it didn't matter what good fortune was involved, he had to succeed at this tribulation!

“It's a unique tribulation, little Junior Brother. Just follow my directions. Take your god blood and use it to write your name on the stele!”

Xu Qing nodded. As everyone watched, he raced up to the stele, extended his right hand, and sent blood spurting out.

Using his hand as the brush and the blood as the ink, he wrote down the first stroke that made up his name. [1]

The moment the brush stroke was laid down, the stele rumbled, and a tremor passed through Xu Qing. His blood immediately went out of control in his veins, and he started panting for breath. However, he continued to circulate his cultivation base and keep writing. After the third stroke, he shivered from head to toe. He felt like he was withering up, as if incredible weakness were spreading through him. At the same time, water droplets appeared all around him, covering him and then running down him in rivulets.

The water droplets were noxious, like necrotic fluid. Xu Qing... was melting.

“This is the five elements tribulation, little Junior Brother! Remember, you can't lose yourself! Step out!”

Before Xu Qing could respond, he suddenly collapsed onto the ground. He was now a soaked and swollen corpse, so rotten that he didn't even look like Xu Qing. Meanwhile, the necrotic fluid floated into the air, where it converged. And within it was a reflection of the living Xu Qing.

The corpse itself was a five elements drowned corpse.

“Little Junior Brother,” the Captain said, “use death to reach life. Step out!”

Everyone was watching with various facial expressions. Ling'er was extremely anxious. However, nobody could do anything to help. Xu Qing had to rely on himself.

Shortly after, Xu Qing in the reflection opened his eyes. At first, he looked confused, but his gaze quickly became clear. He felt like he had just passed through endless amounts of time. He had

experienced drowning to death over and over again. Each one had been incomparably realistic, and he had struggled each time. Eventually, he lost consciousness and woke up here.

Xu Qing stood and walked out of the reflection. He looked down at his corpse at his feet. He looked up at Crimson Mother's mortal husk up in the sky, then back down at the corpse. Suddenly, he realized something.

*Is that my mortal husk? Is that what this ceremony does? Create a mortal husk?*

After another brief moment of thought, he looked away from the corpse and went back to writing his name on the stone stele.

Four strokes. Five strokes. Six Strokes.

When he wrote the sixth stroke, blood sprayed out of his mouth, and a gaping wound opened on his stomach, as if a pair of hands had ripped open his belly. [2]

His abdominal cavity was revealed. His five yin organs and six yang organs were all disappearing from sight, as if they were being extracted. A moment later, they were gone, and immense pain swept through Xu Qing, causing him to tremble. He dropped into a sitting position, and bent forward as if he were bowing.

This corpse was a five elements dissected corpse.

Before long, a figure emerged from within the dissected corpse. It turned into Xu Qing. Yet again, he had experienced countless deaths. He felt muddle-headed, and was shaking, but he still managed to keep writing his name.

Seven strokes. Eight strokes. Nine strokes.

A red vine appeared, which wrapped around his neck. It was also covered with numerous sharp thorns that stabbed into his flesh. It wrapped around him tighter and tighter, until he fell over, unmoving.

This corpse was a five elements strangled corpse.

After the strangled corpse's head tilted forward, a projected image superimposed over it, and Xu Qing stepped out of it like an embodied soul. Stepping away from his dead body, he returned to the stele.

His expression was blank for a long time. Then he looked at the drowned corpse, dissected corpse, and strangled corpse off to the side.

It suddenly made him think of that building he saw in the ghastr hollow beneath the Supreme Beginning Netherflight Pillar. There was a woman singing in that building, which was pentagonal in shape, and had five cross-legged zombies sitting around it. [3]

*So, shē was both suppressing that god and attempting godly ascension....*

Chapter 676: Above the Violet Moon

Xu Qing wasn't in a very good situation at the moment. He wasn't sure if his fleshly body was in an illusory state, or if instead, his soul had left his body.

During the previous three deaths, he had experienced innumerable reincarnations. He was having a hard time thinking clearly, and his memories were fuzzy. But there was one thing he could

remember very clearly, and that was the situation with the building and the ceremony beneath the Supreme Beginning Netherflight Pillar.

He could almost hear the singing in his ears.

He looked up at the stone stele in front of him and suddenly understood why the Captain had called this ceremony by the specific name Hidden God Reborn.

It was a godly ascension ceremony, although it wasn't the only ceremony of its kind. However, it was the ceremony Crimson Mother had chosen, and it was also the ceremony chosen by the woman in the ghastr hollow. The latter... had obviously been carrying out the ceremony for a long time.

*She's trying to plunder from the god sleeping in the ghastr hollow. She wants to use that god to form her own godly personhood. In the ceremony of Hidden God Reborn, the five elements are used in a certain way. Metal to dissect. Wood to strangle. Water to drown. Fire to immolate. Earth to bury. In that case, earth and fire should be next.*

Expression one of determination, he reached out and continued writing his name.

He had already finished writing Xu. Now he had to finish writing Qing.

By now, he could sense that the actual name and brushstrokes weren't necessarily connected. Even the most simple brushstroke would instigate the five elements punishment. This time, he completed two strokes, after which his body collapsed, and he found himself surrounded by burial soil. There was nothing he could do to fight back.

In the blink of an eye, Xu Qing was gone, and in his place was a lonely gravestone with no writing on it.

This was the five elements buried corpse!

The cultivators underneath Crimson Mother's mortal husk stared in shock at the perilous situation. This ceremony surpassed the understanding of most people present. Only Fourth Vice-Bishop and a handful of his subordinates had any idea what they were looking at, and even then, they didn't know much.

"God tribulation!" Fourth Vice-Bishop murmured. That said, he didn't have any idea why this legendary ceremony was playing out.

It was the same with Ning Yan and the others. More than once, Ling'er tried to run to Xu Qing, only to be held back by Nethersprite. After all the time Nethersprite had spent in the Green Spirit Pharmacy, her opinion of Ling'er had changed.

As everyone watched in awe, the soil in front of the golden stele trembled, and then a hand clawed out.

Xu Qing emerged. And yet, what was truly grisly was that the soil wasn't moving. It was as if Xu Qing and the grave didn't actually exist in the same space and time.

Xu Qing was like a blurry projection that seemed like he might wink out of existence at any moment. Once he was out in the open, he walked up to the stele, a blank look on his face. Experiencing countless deaths had pushed him into a state of complete weariness. Both his

memories and his life force were blurry and fading. It was almost as if he acted on instinct alone as he reached out and continued writing until there was only one stroke left.

Before he could complete it, flames engulfed him, burning him into a charred, blackened state, whereupon he fell to the ground as a corpse.

It was a five elements immolated corpse!

Now there was only one stroke left before the name Xu Qing was complete on the stele. There were mortal husks in all five directions, all with different causes of death, and all of them unmoving and gruish.

As he chanted, the Captain approached the stone stele and started walking past the five mortal husks. As his chanting grew more impassioned, a stiff breeze picked up.

It was as if death and life were being transposed. Even Crimson Mother's mortal husk up above was shaken. The area was filled with wind, rain, thunder, lightning, suns, moons, stars, and heavenly bodies. And the chanting became like the roar of a god.

Xu Qing's five mortal husks all started shaking, as if some bizarre power were awakening within them.

The Captain walked faster and faster, until he was a blur speeding around Xu Qing, the stele, and the mortal husks. And as he went in circles, his voice became like booming thunder.

The moment those four passages were spoken, the Captain suddenly stopped moving next to Xu Qing's mortal husks. From a distance, it looked like there were five versions of the Captains, each lifting a scepter overhead before bringing it smashing down onto the mortal husk in front of it. A shocking boom rang out.

"Return!" the Captain shouted. The wind became sinister and cold, causing all living beings it touched to shiver. It was as if the Yellow Springs had been opened, bringing with it a sound like the wailing of ghosts and howling of wolves.

Instantly, Xu Qing's five mortal husks opened their eyes. That included the one buried in the soil.

Then the five mortal husks stood, raced toward each other, and slammed into each other. The five bodies merged, becoming Xu Qing's true form. His eyes were closed. He seemed different, though it was hard to say exactly how. Opening his eyes, he took a deep breath. Just now he had sunk deeply into death. It was like his body was a world of darkness in which he lost himself and then

became a combination of infinite deceased souls. Then he had heard his Eldest Brother's chanting, which was like a guide, leading him from death into life. That said, his thoughts were still muddled.

"Little Junior Brother," the Captain yelled. "Hurry up and draw the final stroke!"

Xu Qing looked up at the stele and noticed that there was a brushstroke missing. Instinctively raising his hand, he completed his name.

The two characters Xu and Qing were now inscribed on the stele.

The stele vibrated as golden light converged on Xu Qing's name, transforming it from red to gold. Xu Qing shivered as his memories suddenly became clear again. In the blink of an eye, his muddled state vanished.

*I'm experiencing god tribulation!*

Upon seeing that Xu Qing had recovered his senses, the Captain breathed a sigh of relief.

"Little Junior Brother, you don't have godfire, so it's not a real god tribulation. In other words, this imitation ceremony can't be completed. But that doesn't matter. With the god stele, you already have the foundation for godly ascension. It will come in extremely handy after you plunder power from a god. In fact, that's the biggest good fortune you have!

"So we're going to skip the godfire, and you're going to take the god stele with your name on it... and put it into Crimson Mother's mortal husk! Make hēr into an ancient god and leave your mark. Though you can't control the mortal husk right now, you probably will in the future." The Captain's eyes burned with a crazy look. "This kind of opportunity only comes along once in a very long time, little Junior Brother!"

Xu Qing looked up at Crimson Mother's mortal husk, and though his eyes burned with an even crazier look than the Captain's, he shook his head.

"Eldest Brother, sending this god stele into Crimson Mother's mortal husk would be a big waste. After all, a mortal husk is just a mortal husk. Our goal is the actual Crimson Mother. So I think I'll keep this god stele... and find an opportunity to send it into the red moon, and take away that which Crimson Mother seeks to fuse with! Red moon authority cannot have two masters!"

The Captain's eyes shone with a strange light. Even to him, Xu Qing's idea sounded completely crazy.

Xu Qing waved his hand, and his illusory secret trove appeared behind him. Rumbling sounds echoed out as the violet moon within it glittered, and an endless sea of blood spread out from it, creating a vortex. As the vortex spun within the secret trove, it exerted a gravitational force that pulled the golden stele toward it.

The 300-meter-tall god stele was dragged into Xu Qing's secret trove, where it came to a rumbling halt. Gold light spread out from it, covering the violet moon. Then projections of Xu Qing's five

mortal husks appeared around it, bathed by the fluctuations of the violet moon, and immersed in the golden light. Five elements. Five punishments. All were very gruishing.

If it were visible outside, any cultivator who saw it would react the same way Xu Qing did when he first saw the red moon. They would be astonished and terrified. After all, this conformed to the pattern of the gods.

And it was all in Xu Qing's secret trove.

As the god stele settled down along with the violet moon, Xu Qing's tribulation... was finally over! His cultivation base raced past the great circle of Nascent Soul and into the dao begetting phase. His aura rose to shocking heights, as did his battle prowess. Most people needed to take their time in the dao begetting phase. But Xu Qing already had a heavenly dao, which meant there were already natural and magical laws in his secret trove. And thus, he didn't need to stay in the dao begetting phase.

Next, his secret trove started rotating. At the same time, Xu Qing's sundials transformed into an enormous furnace, burning with intense heat. Intense rumbling sound shook heaven and earth as the secret trove transformed from illusory to corporeal. In the blink of an eye... it became true and real!

Xu Qing's cultivation base had broken through. He was now in the first stage of Spirit Trove!

From a distance, it was possible to see Xu Qing standing there, his long hair swaying behind him, his secret trove like an entire world behind him, with a furnace inside erupting with intense flames. Among the hundreds of thousands of cultivators present were some who were in Spirit Trove, and all of them were staring with their eyes wide and their jaws hanging open.

Xu Qing's secret trove was truly unprecedented. But what was even more astonishing was that, right next to the huge opened door in midair behind Xu Qing was a blur of ripples that formed into a huge mirror. It filled the sky, emanating a magnificent and ancient sensation. Visible in the mirror was a large mountain with hundreds of thousands of temples on it. And inside each temple was a statue.

Also within the mirror was an old man. He was none other than the spirit automaton of the Moonrebel Congregation. Looking at Xu Qing and the Captain from within the mirror, he clasped hands and bowed deeply.

"Well met, Archbishops."

Instantly, massive amounts of information about the Moonrebel Congregation poured into the minds of Xu Qing and the Captain. They exchanged a glance. And then, speaking as one, they said, "Let all of the statues... make their way back!"

Chapter 677: Awakenings and Rising to Prominence

As the words of Xu Qing and the Captain echoed out for all to hear, the two of them entered the lake-like surface of the mirror. They entered Paramount Temple in the Moonrebel Congregation, where, like gods, they looked down on anything and everything. The mountain trembled as they erased the sealing blockade created by the traitorous First and Fifth Vice-Bishops.

Xu Qing and the Captain were now truly the Archbishops of Moonrebel. Given the extent of their power, they could easily overturn anything done by the vice-bishops. As rumbling filled the mountain in the mirror, temples started lighting up. In the blink of an eye, hundreds of thousands of

beams of light shot up, creating a dazzling display. It was like hundreds of thousands of stars creating a gigantic sea. It was a magnificent scene that could shake mountains and rock the cosmos.

There were also pulses of astonishing energy that surged from the hundreds of thousands of temples, terrifying shockwaves that spread out to affect the outside world.

Crimson Mother's mortal husk, which had created its own heaven and earth, was unable to shrink down any further. It could not devour anything! It was being resisted by the power of the Moonrebel Congregation. This was the might of the congregation's reserve power.

The words spoken by Xu Qing and the Captain didn't just spread out underneath Crimson Mother's mortal husk. They drifted out to the sea of blood beyond, and into the dome of heaven to eventually echo in all of the Moonrite Region.

When they said 'all of the statues,' they meant the cultivators of the Moonrebel Congregation. And when they said 'make their way back,' it referred to them returning to the Moonrebel Congregation.

In the blink of an eye, the resistance army in the Bitter Life Mountains felt like they were being torn apart from the inside as their bodies, completely beyond their own control, blurred until they became illusory.

It was as if some supreme force locked onto all of those cultivators and became a summoning force that whisked them away regardless of where they were or the level of their cultivation base. One cultivator after another turned illusory and then vanished. When they reappeared, they were in the Moonrebel Congregation in their personal temples. There, they opened their eyes as statues, their facial expressions full of spirit and vigor.

Included among that group was Fourth Vice-Bishop, who was also taken away to appear in his vice-bishop's temple.

The same type of thing happened everywhere. In the east of the Moonrite Region, as Duanmu Zang lay struggling to breathe, his eyes opened. Then his face became a mask of disbelief as he heard the words spoken by Xu Qing and the Captain. He blurred, then disappeared, to reappear inside the Moonrebel Congregation.

All Moonrebel cultivators experienced the same thing, regardless of where they were located or how badly they were injured. As long as they weren't dead, they were summoned.

It was especially dramatic in the north, where Third Vice-Bishop and his hundreds of thousands of subordinates all looked around with visible shock. They had no idea what exactly was going on, but they all heard those words spoken into their minds. Then all of them, including Third Vice-Bishop, vanished. When they reappeared, they were in their temples in the Moonrebel Congregation.

All of this takes a bit of time to describe, but the reality was that it happened in the mere blink of an eye. Then, the doors on all of the temples on the mountain slowly opened. Hundreds of thousands of statues all stepped off of the altars in their temples and walked out of the doors. Each statue was a different size and shape, but each was extremely impressive. All were reacting with surging emotions including: shock, confusion, apprehension, and excitement.

It was the same with the vice-bishops' temples. Fourth Vice-Bishop opened the door of his temple and stepped out as a mighty divine likeness, radiating scintillating light. Next to his temple was Third Vice-Bishop's temple. That temple's door opened, and a divine likeness stepped out that



resembled a furious vajra warrior, pulsing with terrifying pressure. That said, Third Vice-Bishop was clearly a lot more surprised than Fourth Vice-Bishop.

First Vice-Bishop and Fifth Vice-Bishop, as well as all their traitorous Moonrebel followers, were unable to escape the effects, and were forced to return to the congregation. As the temple doors of the traitorous vice-bishops opened, they stepped out, their expressions blank. To them, this development was simply too unexpected and sudden. Their arrival caused an instant surge of rage and killing intent from everyone else.

However, no one acted on such impulses. And that was because there was something else that drew the attention of all the Moonrebel cultivators. Paramount Temple.

Without any prior plan, everyone simultaneously looked up toward the top of the mountain.

The door of Paramount Temple was open, sending dazzling light out in all directions. It was almost like a sun. Within that sun were two figures who seemed capable of propping up heaven and earth, and were automatically worthy of esteem.

As they looked down, the statues felt their minds reeling. Bowing their heads, the statues all said, "Greetings, Archbishops of Moonrebel!"

The Captain waved his right hand out with force, and the entire mountain shook as it expanded in size. Its true form, which still hovered in the Bitter Life Mountains, did the same.

The mirror transformed, emitting deafening sounds as it grew larger. It took only a moment for it to make contact with Crimson Mother's mortal husk. They slammed into each other, and the deafening crash was like two entire worlds smashing against each other. Heaven and earth shook. The air shattered.

Before Crimson Mother reached godly ascension, her mortal husk was driven by obsession and extreme grishness. The Moonrebel Congregation was actually the precious treasure of an Imperial Sovereign, and contained his pre-death will and might. The clash sent out shockwaves that created a region-wide tempest, causing the dome of heaven to shake and all the lands to tremble.

Outside of Crimson Mother's mortal husk, the cathedral cultivators could not hide their surprise.

The pontiff's face was extremely grim; he was initially inclined to bolster the mortal husk, but in the end, decided not to. Only the godchild could truly exercise that level of control, and unseal it to reveal its ultimate form. As the pontiff, he could use his own faith plus a unique type of magic to influence the mortal husk. But it was only a relatively simple act of unleashing it. He didn't qualify to unseal it. Previously, he hadn't seen any need to unseal the mortal husk and reveal its final form. He should have been able to carry out his plan without that. Yet not even the pontiff could ever have guessed that instead of waiting for the Heir Apparent to show up, he should have realized he was waiting for the Archbishops of Moonrebel to come forth! It completely surpassed his powers of prediction.

And thus, the mirror continued to wrest control away from the mortal husk, which rippled outward, quickly revealing the part of the Bitter Life Mountains that had been devoured. The living beings in the mountain had been delivered from oppression.

The Mirror of Moonrebel was not restricted by the mortal husk, and continued expanding, quickly covering the sky for tens of thousands of meters, and spreading out over the sea of blood. Within that area, the mirror sent out fluctuations, and the Moonrebel Congregation glittered brightly.

The cathedral cultivators watching all of this were stunned. The pontiff's eyes flickered with killing intent.

“Eradicate all Moonrebel cultivators!”

As the words reached the ears of the cathedral cultivators atop the sea of blood, their cultivation bases and killing intent surged, and they rushed toward the mirror overhead. Based on their estimation, though Crimson Mother's mortal husk was in retreat, there was still a huge disparity in the strength of the two forces.

Meanwhile, Xu Qing stood next to the Captain outside of Paramount Temple. His expression was the same as ever. He didn't look alarmed. Now that he was one of the Archbishops of Moonrebel, information poured into his mind. A moment later, he opened his eyes.

“I hereby call on the name of Moonrebel to strip all command powers from First Vice-Bishop and Fifth Vice-Bishop. All traitorous cultivators are to be punished. And we have a whole group of people waiting in the mirror lake.”

First Vice-Bishop and Fifth Vice-Bishop shivered as their statues dimmed, and their auras grew incredibly weak. It was as if some invisible force had caused them to deteriorate. Apparently, Xu Qing's orders, once given, would be strictly enforced. The two traitorous Void Returning vice-bishops were both shaken and furious. Not willing to resign themselves to their fate, they howled and raced toward Xu Qing and the Captain. Yet before they could move hardly an inch, they were sealed with ice and turned into sculptures. Then the lake water beneath them rippled, and they were devoured. Vanished without a trace. Also turned into ice sculptures were all of their fellow traitors.

When the Moonrebel Congregation cultivators saw that, their hearts filled with reverence, and they bowed their heads.

Looking around, Xu Qing continued, “I hereby call on the name of Moonrebel to suppress all injuries, subdue all curses, and prolong life force and turn it into a tribulation of death!”

When the words left his mouth, the Moonrebel Congregation's mountain shook, like it had when Xu Qing and the Captain were blessed. Power that had been building up for years erupted out and rushed into the bodies of the Moonrebel cultivators.

Rumbling sounds echoed out as hundreds of thousands of cultivators felt their wounds being suppressed and their curses being subdued.

“Dispel the Moonrebel seal; release the battle prowess of antiquity; any who die will be reborn in the Moonrebel Congregation, eternally indestructible!”

As Xu Qing's eyes shone, the entire Moonrebel Congregation trembled, and all of the statues looked around with spirited expressions as they were augmented.

The statues were like out-of-body incarnations, or suits of armor. On a substructural level, they were extensions of the Moonrebel Congregation, and thus, contained the terrifying power of the congregation.

As Xu Qing undid the Moonrebel seal, and released the power, the statues erupted with terrifying battle prowess.

“Kill them!” Xu Qing shouted, and the statues shot toward the cathedral cultivators, bursting with an ancient aura, with the will of Moonrebel, and with the desire to exact revenge. A great battle began. Even the spirit automaton strode forth, then shot toward the pontiff. In the shortest of moments, the shocking sound of combat, slaughter, and magical techniques grew deafening.

Looking out at the fighting, Xu Qing said, “I hereby pronounce an amnesty to all cultivators from this epoch who failed the archbishop trial!”

Ripples sprang into being in front of him, whereupon numerous ice sculptures representing various species appeared in front of him and the Captain as their true selves.

Thanks to Xu Qing’s amnesty, the ice started cracking, and then a terrifying aura erupted out.

Chapter 678: Yet Another Godly Ascension Ceremony

Energy erupted. Winds howled. Everything became hazy around the cracking statues of various species.

No one could see exactly what was happening. However, it was possible to tell that there were a total of twenty-three statues!

All cultivators in the Bitter Life Mountains were shaken. The various energies being released mixed together to dramatic effect. It was the same to the cultivators in the Moonrebel Congregation. That was especially true of the old-timers, who were looking very closely to see what was happening. The cathedral cultivators were also moved, and for a moment, there was a lull in the fighting.

However, within that terrifying conglomeration of energies, there was one flow of Nascent Soul fluctuations.... It seemed unusual among the rest of the types of energy. In some respects, it stood out, but in others, it didn’t.

The first of the statues to fully awaken stepped out of the haze.

It was the Captain’s fleshly body. His appearance on the scene caused some surprise. Many people were very confused about why someone with a cultivation base like that would end up sealed.... Considering the terrifying energy of the other statues, this person seemed like the opposite of the center of attention.

As everyone looked on, the Captain stared around for a moment, then hurried over to Xu Qing’s side. There, he fused with his soul projection, then opened his eyes and stretched.

“That feels better!”

Xu Qing glanced at him but didn’t say anything. As for all the onlookers, they were even more surprised than before, and if it hadn’t been for the fact that there was a battle going on, people would have started whispering back and forth amongst themselves with various speculations.

The Captain's eyebrows shot up, and he was about to say some deliberately mystifying things. But then, cracking sounds grew louder behind him, and a second statue walked out into the open.

It was a nonhuman with a body covered in scales and blue hair. Looking around, he said, "I'm... awake."

As he spoke the words, fluctuations of the second stage of Void Returning erupted from him. The awakened nonhuman could already sense what time period he was in, and the reason why he had awoken. He looked at Xu Qing.

"I am willing to fight for Moonrebel!"

A third figure strode out from the haze. It was another nonhuman, and every step he took caused thunderous booms to echo out, as if his footfalls were made of heavenly thunder. He was tall and burly, with hair like snakes and a long tail made of bone. The moment he appeared, exclamations of shock could be heard.

"A Heavenghost!"

"I can't believe that species still exists!"

Heavenghosts were a species that had long been exterminated in the Moonrite Region. Legend had it that the Heavenghosts had once produced generation after generation of godheralds. And they commanded the power of thunder and lightning. Yet for some unknown reasons, they had chosen to rebel against the Red Moon Cathedral. As a result, the cathedral wiped out their entire species.

"I'm finally awake," the burly Heavenghost murmured, his voice rumbling like lightning. Once out in the open, he looked in the direction of the cathedral cultivators and the pontiff. Eyes shining with burning killing intent, he looked at Xu Qing and frowned. "You're the Archbishop of Moonrebel? A frail, weak human? How could you have assumed this office?"

Xu Qing's gaze remained tranquil as he looked at the Heavenghost. He was about to respond when, all of a sudden, a cold voice rang out from the haze.

"Why couldn't a human serve as Archbishop of Moonrebel, huh Little Ghosty?"

The voice sounded like metal scraping against rock, and as soon as it could be heard, both the Heavenghost and the blue-haired nonhuman looked over with surprise on their faces. In the outside world, Fourth Vice-Bishop heard the voice and looked over anxiously.

A fourth figure strode out from the haze, accompanied by a sound like a huge weapon being dragged along the ground.

This fourth person was human! He was an old man in a tattered robe, with a massive scar that ran from his forehead down to his waist. He radiated a shocking ferocity, and dragged a huge, corroded saber behind him as he walked. That saber emanated a baleful aura, and seemed capable of shattering heaven and earth with a single blow. Everyone who saw him reacted with surprise.

The pontiff's eyes narrowed. "So, you're not dead after all, Li Xiaoshan!" [1]

Fourth Vice-Bishop's eyes went wide with shock. Voice trembling, he said, "Master!"

This old man was indeed Fourth Vice-Bishop's Master. Heart pounding, Fourth Vice-Bishop thought back to when his Master passed away into meditation. Before his passing, he had entrusted him with command of the fourth temple.

The old man looked at Fourth Vice-Bishop and nodded. "Well done. You successfully inherited my fourth temple. In reality, I didn't die. When I failed to break through to Smoldering God, the curse flared up in me. I had no choice but to ask the spirit automaton to seal me away to be awakened at a critical moment."

With that, Li Xiaoshan looked at the two nonhumans, who quickly bowed their heads and stepped back respectfully.

Li Xiaoshan snorted coldly. Then he turned to Xu Qing, whereupon his expression softened and he nodded.

"The Moonrebel Congregation finally has an archbishop in this epoch."

He clasped hands and bowed.

Xu Qing didn't dare to be arrogant, so he quickly replied. "Well met, Senior."

"You can just tell me what to do. I'm an old geezer, but I can still fight." With that, Li Xiaoshun turned to look at the pontiff, his eyes filling with coldness.

Xu Qing was actually feeling a bit excited. He'd had no idea that there would be people like this sealed in the ice sculptures.

Next, more figures emerged from the haze, all of them pulsing with powerful energy and a feeling of ancient time. Though none were as impressive as those who had come before them, they were all terrifying. These were the cream of the crop from the Moonrebel Congregation in this epoch. They had been sealed, but they were also a form of protection. They were all nonhumans. As soon as they looked around, they realized the situation they were in. They saw the fighting outside, and they saw Li Xiaoshan. All of them exercised restraint.

That said, these figures instantly caused immense pressure to weigh down onto the hearts of the cathedral cultivators. The blood sea whipped into a frenzy, and the sky rippled.

Eventually, there was only one ice sculpture left in the haze.

The cracks spread out across the surface of this sculpture more slowly than the others. Eventually, it burst open, and a most ancient of auras spread out, like a wind from antiquity.

For the second time, the pontiff's face flickered, and with even more intensity than when he laid eyes on Li Xiaoshan. From the sharpness of his gaze, it seemed as if he had suddenly spotted an archenemy.

It was a nonhuman woman. She had a third eye on her forehead, which was bright red, as if fire burned within it. As she emerged, the fire flared, becoming a sea of flames. In midair above her, a giant face manifested, which seemed to contain an entire world. Surrounded by fire as she was, she seemed like a lord of flames. Her fluctuations bordered on the Smoldering God level, as if all she needed to do was exercise a thought to form a major world and become a Smoldering God. After emerging, she stood there for a moment, her eyes wide and blank.

Everyone was shaken by her arrival, yet no one seemed to know who she was, not even the old-timers from the Moonrebel Congregation. Apparently, all traces of her existence had been erased from this epoch. She seemed extremely old, as if just looking at her would allow you to see the passage of time. Even the other unsealed ice sculptures were unfamiliar with this woman.

Only Li Xiaoshan knew who she was. Bowing his head, he softly said, "Well met, former Archbishop of Moonrebel."

The words smashed into the hearts and minds of everyone present, with the exception of Xu Qing and the Captain. The moment the two of them became the Archbishops of Moonrebel, they knew about her.

In this epoch, Xu Qing was one of the Archbishops of Moonrebel. But this wasn't the first time in all history that a position had been filled. And though not every epoch had an Archbishop of Moonrebel, over the countless years that had passed, there have been multiple instances of archbishops showing up. Unfortunately, the resistance movements they led ultimately failed.

The final ice sculpture was one of the Archbishops of Moonrebel from the past. It wasn't her true form, but rather, a clone. She had secretly used a special magic of the Moonrebel Congregation to avoid being devoured by Crimson Mother. And she had left behind this clone as a gift for the next Archbishop of Moonrebel.

Expression very grave, the pontiff slowly said, "The Archbishop of Moonrebel from the previous epoch. Madam Godfinch!"

The blank look in Madam Godfinch's eyes vanished, to be replaced by coldness. She looked at the pontiff.

"A patchwork body with a mishmash of a world," she said calmly. "And two eyes that aren't from this time period. All to tap into the might of a Smoldering God. Do you even remember who you are?"

"I'm the pontiff of the Red Moon Cathedral!" he replied instinctively, his eyes going wide.

"In my epoch, the Red Moon Cathedral didn't have a pontiff." Shaking her head, Madam Godfinch sighed and looked at the Captain. "They're your eyes."

The Captain's expression flickered as he looked closely at the woman. He didn't say anything.

Madam Godfinch's gaze shifted to Xu Qing, and her eyes shone. A cold energy erupted from her. The sea of flames still burned around her, except the flames had changed color. They were now black.

Taking a step forward, she left the Moonrebel Congregation and appeared over the blood sea. With the wave of her hand, she sent boundless flames down toward the sea. Instantly, the entire sea was engulfed in flames.

The pontiff's expression flickered as he extended his right hand and pushed out. The major world behind him stirred.

But then Li Xiaoshan took nine steps forward with his rusty saber. As he slid through the gap between reality and illusion, nothing could stop him. When he took the ninth step, he arrived in front of the pontiff. Raising his saber high, he chopped down! Heaven and earth went dim. The pontiff tumbled backward. Li Xiaoshan also tumbled backward. The latter coughed up blood, and his aura declined. However, he recovered only a moment later. Looking up with calm eyes, he started dragging his saber forward again.

The pontiff's face fell as the fire started evaporating the blood sea. It didn't take long for the entire sea to disappear. But the flames weren't done yet. Next... they shot up toward the pontiff.

At the same time, inside the Moonrebel Congregation, Xu Qing's eyes glowed with cold light. Taking control of the mirror, he sent dazzling light out to bless all Moonrebel cultivators. The nonhuman cultivators who had been unsealed all shot out and unleashed the power of their cultivation bases as they joined the other Moonrebel cultivators.

The fighting resumed.

The unsealed nonhumans all unleashed astonishing attacks. The blue-haired nonhuman left behind puddles of water wherever he went. And those puddles sucked in any nearby cathedral cultivators, where they would enter the reflection of the water and experience pain and suffering.

The burly Heavenghost was surrounded by an area of thunder and lightning. And the countless bolts of lightning became vicious ghosts who ripped to shreds anything nearby. The more killing he did, the more vicious ghosts appeared.

One of the unsealed cultivators was more gruish than the others. When the cathedral cultivators tried to kill him, he didn't fight back at all. He let them land deadly blows on him. However, each time that he died, the attacking cultivators would suddenly die. Then the nonhuman would possess the corpse and continue his slaughter....

Meanwhile, the statues of the Moonrebel Congregation were amazing. Not only did they bolster battle prowess, but they made the cultivators unafraid of dying. If they did die, then another statue would appear inside the mountain temples, and they would reemerge and start fighting again. That was the might of the Moonrebel Congregation as a domain treasure!

In a very short period of time, everything turned around.

Though the cathedral cultivators weren't weak, they just couldn't gain the upper hand in a situation like this. It was to be expected. After all... they were facing the strongest group of people from the Moonrebel Congregation in this epoch.

\*\*\*

Far away in the middle of the Moonrite Region was a lake. And in the middle of that lake was an island. Atop the island was a massive, kneeling statue. From a distance it looked like it was holding

up the sky. As you got closer, you could see that there was a temple complex beneath the statue. The temples were so small they were like ants.

That statue was none other than the Imperial Sovereign Li Zihua!

On the statue's head was a church temple that emitted constant pressure onto the statue. It was the Red Moon Cathedral's Godchild Temple, and it also served as their headquarters.

Inside of Godchild Temple was a huge throne, atop which sat a person. He appeared to be a young man, and though he seemed apathetic, his facial features were clearly similar to those of the statue outside. His aura went back and forth between strong and weak. He was clearly injured. And those injuries were obviously the work of the Heir Apparent and Princess Brightblossom. It was obvious who this person was.

In front of him was an illusory projected image that depicted the battlefield in the Bitter Life Mountains. Eventually, the young man stood and walked deeper into the temple. His steps seemed to propel him through the void and into another world.

In that other world, the sky was dusky, and the lands were covered with a lake of blood. Seated cross-legged atop the still water were twelve corpses. Each one resembled the young man. If you looked closely, you would see that the corpses actually didn't have any flesh or blood. They only had an outer layer of skin. They were created in a circle on the surface of the lake, as if they were participating in some grisly ceremony. The circle, however, was incomplete.

The young man walked out onto the lake to the empty spot, then sat down cross-legged as the thirteenth corpse. The circle was now complete.

A golden eye appeared in the air, which scattered golden light onto the lake, causing the reflections of the corpses to appear in the water. What was very grisly was that the reflections actually didn't match the corpses. The reflections revealed eight men and five women. From their facial features, it was obvious they were all children of the Imperial Sovereign.

They included the Heir Apparent and Princess Brightblossom. However... all of them looked younger, as if they were versions of themselves from the past. All of the brothers and sisters were there except for the fourth.

Then, a crafty and bizarre voice echoed out in this world.

The lake surface churned, as if something in its depths was about to break the surface. A terrifying aura was coming.

Chapter 679: I Don't Qualify??

Bitter fighting was playing out in the Bitter Life Mountains. Deaths occurred constantly. Meanwhile, the sea of blood had dried up, leaving behind a huge basin. Heavenly fire continued to spread.

Thanks to the blessing from the domain treasure, the statues of the Moonrebel Congregation were augmented with astonishing battle prowess. When one of them died, the Moonrebel Congregation would tremble, and the cultivator who had died would emerge from the mirror again to start fighting.



Even when the cathedral cultivators used their curse magic, it did no good. With the Moonrebel Congregation around, the curse was temporarily suppressed. As a result, the tide of battle favored the Moonrebel Congregation.

The more than twenty ancient cultivators who had been unsealed were all chosen members of this epoch. All had gruish techniques, and were abundantly familiar with carrying out slaughter. All were mighty enough to surpass enemies in the same cultivation level as themselves, and as a result, wherever they went, the cathedral forces were forced into retreat.

There was immense pressure weighing down on the pontiff. He was up against the two strongest cultivators of all. And the nonhuman Madam Godfinch was especially difficult to deal with, as the flames she released were sublime to say the least. What was more, they constantly changed colors, and every time they did, they released astounding mightiness. Her attacks could immolate heaven and earth, and contained the power of a Smoldering God. Even the pontiff was taken aback. If she had been alone, the pontiff could have handled her.

But Li Xiaoshan was there as well, and that really put the pressure on. He didn't use his saber constantly. He would race around the pontiff, his saber whistling through the air as he picked up speed. Then he would occasionally launch an attack that would shatter the air and release a terrifying beam of saber light.

The pontiff was really starting to get alarmed. "This fight needs to end!"

Eyes narrowing, he lifted his right hand and pointed out with his index finger. The illusory world behind him shot forward to block the saber. Then, rumbling sounds echoed out as the pontiff made a grasping gesture with his left hand.

Instantly, Crimson Mother's mortal husk appeared again. Her presence caused heaven and earth to ripple and distort.

The battlefield was shaken, and Xu Qing's gaze shifted. The main thing he had been preparing for was this. Now that the mortal husk was back, Xu Qing tapped into his powers of command. The Captain did the same. As the Archbishops of Moonrebel, both of them had a measure of control over the huge mirror, which started shining brightly. The light spread out to fight back against the power of Crimson Mother's mortal husk.

Every clash released deafening booms and gale force winds. Cultivators on both sides of the conflict had no choice but to fall back in the face of the brutal shockwaves.

Xu Qing's eyes shone with killing intent, and he was about to release more of the domain treasure's might, when suddenly, a new type of wind appeared. It smelled like blood, and as it seeped across the battlefield, a bizarre and gruish voice spoke into the ears of everyone present.

*"There was once a big dolly...."*

It was the godchild, and he sounded gruishly childish. This wasn't Xu Qing's first time hearing this rhyme. It was the same thing he'd heard when they rescued Fifth Sister.

The line which had made the deepest impression on him was the last one.

*"Fourth dolly's lost and won't come back again!"*

As the rhyme drifted out, the dome of heaven seemed to reverse itself again. It became crimson, as if a lake of blood were being projected into the sky. The lake of blood seethed, as if some terrifying entity were inside of it, about to crawl out. A terrifying aura settled onto the battlefield.

Xu Qing and the Captain both reacted with shock. That was more the case with the Moonrebel cultivators. All of them felt deep astonishment, even the top experts who had just been unsealed. Li Xiaoshan's saber trembled slightly in his hands. Madam Godfinch's fire flickered. All of them looked with incomparable seriousness at the lake of blood in the sky.

In sharp contrast, the cathedral cultivators breathed sighs of relief. The only one who didn't was the pontiff, who frowned. It was impossible to determine what exactly he was thinking. Then, a sound emerged that drowned out the nursery rhyme as it exploded thunderously.

It was a heartbeat.

Thump-thump. Thump-thump!

The moment the sound rang out, a large number of Moonrebel cultivators screamed in agony as their statues suddenly exploded. It was as if the sound itself could wipe out anything and everything.

The lake of blood overhead seethed more violently as a huge black hand slowly stretched out, covered in tentacles. It was accompanied by a heaven-shaking, earth-shattering mightiness. The hand had seven fingers with razor-sharp nails at the end. As the tentacles swayed back and forth, they shattered the sky around them. And though it seemed like the hand was descending, the reality was it was actually growing larger. There was no way anyone could fight back against this or stop it.

The huge hand caused the mutagen levels to rise dramatically, and forced everyone to back away. Eventually, the massive, god-like hand closed around the cathedral forces. That included the pontiff and Crimson Mother's mortal husk. The hand grabbed them and then sucked them inside.

After, it slowly retracted into the lake of blood, taking the cathedral cultivators with it. Its coming had been unstoppable. And it left unhindered.

Xu Qing, the Captain, and everyone else could only watch wide-eyed as the huge hand disappeared in the blood. After, a pair of golden eyes appeared in the lake water, staring coldly down at the lands below, then shifting to gaze at the canopy of heaven. Finally, the golden eyes closed, and the lake of blood vanished.

The battle was over. The sky returned to normal, and the mightiness of the god's hand vanished. But the hearts of the onlookers continued to pound out of instinctual fear because of the golden eyes.

*Who was that...?* That was the question almost all of the Moonrebel Congregation cultivators were thinking. They all knew the answer, yet they couldn't believe it was true.

"The godchild..." said Li Xiaoshan in a hoarse voice.

"In my day, the godchild wasn't so terrifying," Madam Godfinch said with a frown. "I get the sense that he's immeasurably close to becoming a god."

Silence reigned.

They had won a victory. However, the arrival of the godchild's hand left everyone feeling unprecedentedly powerless. Eventually, their gazes naturally shifted to Xu Qing and the Captain. It didn't take long before their expressions became those of disappointment and helplessness. Two Archbishops of Moonrebel had appeared, but compared to those from the past... they were just too weak.

One was in Spirit Trove, the other Nascent Soul. How could people with cultivation bases like that serve as the Archbishops of Moonrebel? How could they lead the Moonrebel Congregation cultivators on a path to defy the heavens....

That wasn't even to mention the fact that the red moon was already half risen, which meant that Crimson Mother would arrive in less than two months. When shē started hēr session of devouring, all living beings would have no choice but to wallow in bitterness and hopelessness. Even if these two did have command power as Archbishops of Moonrebel, there was no way their cultivation base was high enough for them to win the hearts of the people. And thus, as the moments ticked by, the Moonrebel cultivators looked away from Xu Qing and toward Fourth Vice-Bishop, Third Vice-Bishop, Li Xiaoshan, and Madam Godfinch.

That included the unsealed chosen. That group had mixed feelings when it came to the position of archbishop. In the final analysis, they didn't think that Xu Qing and the Captain qualified.

Looking at Xu Qing, Third Vice-Bishop said, "Many thanks, Archbishops. You pulled me and my subordinates into the Moonrebel Congregation just in time. However, I would like to ask for an additional blessing. Send us back to the northern ice plains. There are commoners there who deserve to be accompanied in their last moments of life."

Xu Qing didn't reply.

Taking a few steps forward, Fourth Vice-Bishop frowned and said, "Third Vice-Bishop, the Moonrebel Congregation has filled the archbishop position. It's the perfect time for us to rise to prominence. You—"

"Do you have hope, Ol' Fourth?" interrupted Third Vice-Bishop. He sighed. He looked exhausted. "Given the cultivation base of the two archbishops, they might qualify to fill the position, but they can't resist the red moon. What's more, we have no idea who these two archbishops even are. Maybe they aren't even from our region."

Many Moonrebel cultivators looked on, feeling very confused.

Third Vice-Bishop turned again to Xu Qing. "Archbishop, please unleash the blessing. If you're not willing, then I'd like to be sealed."

From his wording and attitude, it was obvious that he wasn't going to defy Xu Qing, but at the same time, didn't approve of him. Behind him, his hundreds of thousands of subordinates all bowed their heads. They had followed him this far, and they would continue to follow him going forward.

Seven or eight of the unsealed cultivators stepped forward and echoed similar sentiments.

"I feel the same."

"Archbishop, the critical moment is almost here. Is there any point to all this?"

Li Xiaoshan seemed like he wanted to say something, but in the end, he looked at Xu Qing and the Captain and simply sighed. Their cultivation bases were just too low.

Madam Godfinch looked on with no facial expression. She said nothing.

Fourth Vice-Bishop struggled to control his breathing. Then, he walked over to Xu Qing and stood by his side.

Other Moonrebel cultivators did nothing. All were hesitant, and were still waiting to see how things played out.

Seeing that, the Captain's eyes shot up and he opened his mouth to speak. But before he could, Xu Qing stepped forward and looked at Third Vice-Bishop.

"You're right, my cultivation base is too low. And I am an out-of-region cultivator."

His words caused an immediate commotion among the Moonrebel cultivators. How could the local cultivators possibly accept that some outsiders had won the spot of Archbishop of Moonrebel?

"So, you really aren't from this region," Third Vice-Bishop said.

"It doesn't matter what region he's from," Fourth Vice-Bishop said, his expression somber and his voice full of determination. "That's not important. He saved us in the middle of a deadly crisis. And he *is* an archbishop!"

Third Vice-Bishop shook his head. "I don't need you to explain things to me. This is about strength. He doesn't meet the standard and he doesn't have a sufficient reputation. I refuse to acknowledge him, nor do my subordinates. In fact, I think a lot of fellow daoists in the Moonrebel Congregation feel the same. I would rather feel regret than follow a lost cause."

He shook his head again and turned and started walking back to the Moonrebel Congregation. His subordinates followed him. Many other Moonrebel Congregation cultivators sighed in their hearts and did the same thing.

Rather than spend their final two months of life hopelessly following a Spirit Trove cultivator, they would spend their final moments in peace and quiet. They weren't fools, and they knew that they couldn't remain safe by staying sealed in the Moonrebel Congregation. If that were a possibility, then there would be a lot more people from past epochs besides Madam Godfinch. Obviously, only archbishops qualified to do that.

The atmosphere grew more tense as more people started walking back to the Moonrebel Congregation. Among them were some of Grandmaster Pill Nine's followers, including the statue of the heroic young woman. They hadn't spotted the grandmaster among the pillars, which indicated to them that Grandmaster Pill Nine had perished.

However, just as everyone started walking back to the Moonrebel Congregation, Xu Qing spoke in a calm voice.

"You think my cultivation base is too low? I can accept that. But you also said I don't meet the standard, and that my reputation is insufficient.... So let me ask you something. Considering that I unsealed the Heir Apparent from the bottom of the Heavenfire Sea, and also woke up Princess Brightblossom in the northern ice plains,

does that meet the standard? If not, then how about freeing Princess Fifth from Mount Eternal Centipede? Or going to the ancestral land of the Doorites to release Eighth Highness? Does that meet the standard?"

All of the cultivators who had been walking toward the Moonrebel Congregation shivered and looked anxiously over their shoulders at Xu Qing.

Third Vice-Bishop stopped in place. Eyes shining, he looked at Xu Qing. "I had my speculations about why you appeared here in the Bitter Life Mountains. So, you saved some of the children of the Imperial Sovereign. You've performed an immense service for this generation. But that still doesn't give you the power to rally supporters behind you. It doesn't meet the standard."

Hearing that, Xu Qing waved his hand, causing his disguise to vanish, thus revealing his true features.

"A few months ago, in the Land of God Decapitation, I stoked the fires of resistance. I called for people to not abandon hope. My sparks lit a wildfire. Does that meet the standard?"

As the words left his mouth, ripples flowed through the dome of heaven as the majestic God Decapitation Altar appeared behind Xu Qing. It was magnificent and astonishing.

Third Vice-Bishop's pupils constricted. All Moonrebel cultivators' faces flickered with emotion. As they looked at Xu Qing's face, and then the God Decapitation Altar, they thought about the images they had witnessed those months ago. Xu Qing was definitely the person from the broadcast!

"It's him!!"

"The one who called us to action was actually the archbishop!"

"This.... That broadcast was what lifted us out of despair!"

A buzz of conversation filled the air.

Next, the Captain spoke. "Interesting. You say we don't meet the standard? Our reputation is insufficient? Considering that in my past life in this region, I actually took a bite out of Crimson Mother, does that meet the standard? I was once the Grand Dancer, but I betrayed the red moon. Does that meet the standard? The Red Moon Cathedral dismembered me and scattered my corpse. They built church temples on my organs. Does that meet the standard?"

The Captain's words provoked a similar buzz as Xu Qing's words. It was as if hundreds of thousands of lightning bolts were crashing down in the area.

Everyone was shaken to the core. The Moonrebel Congregation cultivators were visibly astonished, and were having trouble breathing stably. Even Third Vice-Bishop was shaken. Li Xiaoshan, Madam Godfinch, and the unsealed chosen were all moved.

Finally, Xu Qing looked out at the Moonrebel Congregation.

"Given that I stole some of Crimson Mother's red moon godsource, and took it for my own, does that meet the standard? I concocted countless pills for you Moonrebel cultivators, thus helping you to alleviate the suffering of the curse. Does that meet

the standard? And what's more, you said I don't have a sufficient reputation.... Considering that I'm Pill Nine, does that meet the standard?"

Chapter 680: Moonrebel Killing Intent Coiling Around Heaven and Wrapping Around Earth

Both the Captain's proud words, and what Xu Qing had said earlier, were so lofty that they rose high into the heavens, and would have a hard time ever touching the earth.

Biting Crimson Mother? Stealing the red moon's essence? Rescuing the children of the Imperial Sovereign? All of that... left the Moonrebel Congregation cultivators stunned. However, none of it had anything to do with them personally. Those accomplishments were things that almighty figures would carry out, and though they were exciting to hear about, they weren't enough to truly move the hearts of the people.

That is just one facet of human nature. When it came to walking the line between safety and danger, most people worried about their own situation, and cared about things that related to themselves personally. A good example was how the people of Sea-Sealing County didn't care very much who exactly served as the governor. They were mainly worried about having been poisoned. And Xu Qing took advantage of that to tap into the destiny aura of the citizens in the county capital. It was the same here in the Moonrebel Congregation.

And that was why Xu Qing's final statement declaring himself to be Pill Nine had a heaven-shaking, earth-toppling effect on the Moonrebel cultivators. The commotion surpassed the intensity of everything from before. Virtually every single Moonrebel cultivator was visibly taken aback. And inside, their hearts were in chaos as they looked incredulously at Xu Qing.

The Pill Nine name was of deep significance to all Moonrebel cultivators. A year ago, he had been the one to give them hope. Acting on his own, he completely changed the painquelling lozenge paradigm. He was able to take the ridiculously expensive painquelling lozenge and turn it into a medicinal pill that anyone could afford, with a price dozens of times lower than before.

There seemed to be no end to his virtuous achievements, and it caused a major stir. There were a lot of cultivators who had been dealing with extreme mental and physical anguish because of the curse, and now felt deeply grateful to Pill Nine.

Vice-bishops and ordinary cultivators alike all felt deep reverence for Pill Nine.

Even Third Vice-Bishop, who had been so skeptical of Xu Qing, had gone searching for Grandmaster Pill Nine a few times. He had even personally gone to Pill Nine's temple in the hopes of recruiting him into his own army.

And there was no need to go into detail about everyone else he had helped. Of the surviving Moonrebel Congregation cultivators, it was safe to say that about sixty percent of them had consumed some of Pill Nine's medicines.

Most noteworthy of all was the cursequelling lozenge that Grandmaster Pill Nine had invented. It struck the congregation like a bolt of lightning when everyone realized that it could actually reduce the curse. When that pill was released, it pushed Pill Nine's names to the heights of fame. Everyone said that he was the epitome of benevolence and morality, and was a benefactor to all. Such sentiment wasn't limited to the Moonrebel Congregation. Cultivators on the outside had heard of him and felt similarly.

Even the Red Moon Cathedral took him very seriously.

Thus, Xu Qing's words caused exclamations of shock and expressions of astonishment to fill heaven and earth.

"Grandmaster Pill Nine!"

"The Archbishop... is actually Grandmaster Pill Nine!"

"This is incredible! Is this real? If it's real, then we really do have hope!"

"If the Archbishop is also Grandmaster Pill Nine, then I fully support him! I'm only alive now thanks to Grandmaster Pill Nine's medicinal pills!"

"He has my support!"

Everyone was shaken to the core, and instinctively edged closer to Xu Qing. Fourth Vice-Bishop was equally excited and looked at Xu Qing with deep emotion on his face.

Third Vice-Bishop just stood there with a blank look on his face; to him, this new information was monumental. His subordinates had all stopped walking. Some people present seemed more excited than others, to the point where they trembled, and their eyes shone as they looked at Xu Qing.

The most excited of all was Xu Qing's neighbor, the one who looked like a burly man in the Moonrebel Congregation, but was actually a young woman who was the leader of his followers. She was staring at him in disbelief. She well remembered that, not too long ago, he had asked her if she would even be able to recognize Pill Nine if she found him. She remembered how she had answered him. And now that she had laid eyes on Xu Qing, even though he hadn't offered any proof to back his claim, her instincts were telling her... that he was definitely the Grandmaster Pill Nine she had been following. [1]

*My judgment was correct! The white wind is from this desert, so this is where the grandmaster had to be! The only reason I didn't identify him, and the only reason his statue wasn't summoned earlier, is that... the grandmaster has another identity!*

Of course, though everyone was astonished, it was inevitable that some people would be hesitant or suspicious. After all, anyone could make claims like that. The important thing would be to back them up with facts.

Xu Qing was well aware of that. He waved his hand, and a chunk of flesh flew out, along with a host of medicinal plants. As everyone from the Moonrebel Congregation watched, Xu Qing started a concocting session.

His hands danced back and forth as some cursequelling lozenges took shape in front of him. He had concocted this type of pill many, many times, so he was very comfortable with the process. Before long, nine medicinal pills had formed. Using his taboo poison gaze, he changed their internal structure.

These pills were no longer the type that could reduce the curse by fifty percent. Given the boost to Xu Qing's cultivation base, and the formation of his secret trove, he now had insights about the curse. And thus, this specific batch of pills could reduce the curse by seventy percent. When the nine pills came out of the furnace, wild colors flashed in heaven and earth.

Xu Qing took a step forward and changed the appearance of his statue. He became Pill Nine. Then he flicked his sleeve and sent the nine pills flying out. One went to Li Xiaoshan, while another flew toward Madam Godfinch. The third went to Third Vice-Bishop, and the fourth went to Fourth Vice-Bishop. Two dropped down toward the crowd in general. The rest... went to his followers. His neighbor, the 'burly man,' got one of them.

The mere presence of the pill affected the entire area; as soon as they were out in the open, all of the Moonrebel cultivators could sense the curse inside them becoming sluggish.

You didn't need to consume the pill to understand what that evidence indicated. One by one, the Moonrebel cultivators gasped in shock. Those who had the pills in hand looked at them with serious expressions, and then, without the slightest hesitation, consumed them. Instantly, their personal auras improved, and the curse power within them declined!

Third Vice-Bishop stood there silently. Madam Godfinch's eyes shone brightly.

Most shocked of all was Li Xiaoshan; as the curse dropped within him, his Smoldering God aura improved. He was visibly moved. The entire reason he had failed to become a Smoldering God in the first place was because of the curse. Right now, he could sense that... it was now possible for him to achieve that breakthrough.

"It reduces the curse by seventy percent..." His hoarse voice spread out, causing a tempest of astonishment in the hearts of everyone who heard.

Xu Qing's neighbor was the first one to take action. Rushing out, she clasped hands and bowed to Xu Qing. "Greetings, Grandmaster!"

After her, other followers excitedly rushed over to bow in greeting. Then, all of the Moonrebel Congregation cultivators joined their voices, creating a massive wave of sound that swept over the mountain.

"Greetings, Grandmaster!"

Li Xiaoshan took a deep breath, looked at Xu Qing, then clasped hands and bowed.

Madam Godfinch nodded, her eyes gleaming with approval.

Among those in the crowd who bowed to Xu Qing were Third Vice-Bishop's subordinates. As for Third Vice-Bishop himself, he was so overwhelmed with astonishment that he was just staring at Xu Qing. He felt the urge to say something, yet no words would come out of his mouth.

The standard had been met. The reputation was sky-high.

Third Vice-Bishop stood there for a few breaths of time, then took a few steps forward.

"Archbishop, sir, you said that you stole some of the red moon's essence...?"

Xu Qing nodded. He waved his hand, and his secret trove formed behind him. Within it glittered a violet moon. The authority of the red moon was also there in the form of fresh blood. As the aura spread out, it led to further thunderous shock.

Off to the side, the Captain laughed coldly.



“See that?” he said proudly. “That’s the real reason my little Junior Brother can concoct those cursequelling lozenges. He stole some godsource! He’s the only one who can deal with Crimson Mother’s curse!”

Third Vice-Bishop looked at the violet moon in the secret trove, and his eyes began to shine brightly. However, he suppressed his excitement. “The red moon is on the way. How do we deal with it? Forget Crimson Mother. Even just the Red Moon Cathedral is too much for us to deal with. And the godchild is nearly a god....”

Xu Qing didn’t answer the question. The Captain did. Smiling grimly, he said, “What if the Red Moon Cathedral wasn’t around?” With a flourish, the Captain produced a white strand of hair, which pulsed with the aura of a god. “Well, we also have a god. This is an authentication device that I can use at any time to open a pathway to get help from a god!”

The Moonrebel Congregation went absolutely silent. Both Li Xiaoshan and Madam Godfinch looked on with wide eyes.

Third Vice-Bishop struggled to control his breathing, and the excitement within him was building to the point where he was losing control of it.

“When Crimson Mother comes, how do we fight?”

The Captain’s eyebrows shot up, and he was about to answer.

However, Xu Qing’s sigh interrupted him. Then Xu Qing said, “Why did you join the Moonrebel Congregation to begin with? Wasn’t it to fight back? To give it your all? Now you have that chance. If I, a person not even from this region, can risk my life, then what are you sitting around hesitating for? If your hearts aren’t strong, then you can feel free to leave.”

Xu Qing’s words struck everyone directly in the heart and mind. Third Vice-Bishop’s hands clenched into fists, and his eyes shone with determination. Clasp hands, he bowed to Xu Qing and prepared to speak. However, before he could, another voice spoke from the sky, and it crashed like heavenly thunder.

“When Crimson Mother arrives, my father will live!”

Along with the words, a face appeared in the canopy of heaven. It was the face of a young man, handsome, with long hair that swayed like snakes. This was what the Heir Apparent actually looked like. Next to him was Princess Brightblossom, clad in a suit of armor, a river of time flowing beneath her feet. Fifth Sister was also there. She looked old, yet pulsed with extremely gruish fluctuations. And then there was Eighth Sib, whose violent power spread out and influenced all living beings in the area.

In addition to those three, there was another person present. He was a young man clad in a black robe. His facial features were similar to the Heir Apparent’s, and as he hovered in midair, his eyes seemed to contain suns and moons being constantly destroyed. At the same time, he emanated an incomparably baleful aura. In fact, his baleful aura was so strong that he could surpass any one of his brothers and sisters. With him present, even the redness in the sky began to go dim.

He was Ninth Sib!

The words that were spoken as these children of the Imperial Sovereign appeared caused everyone in the Moonrebel Congregation to tremble from head to toe. Everyone bowed their heads, including Li Xiaoshan and Madam Godfinch.

Xu Qing was the only one who stepped forward, bowed, and said, "Well met, Grandpa Heir Apparent, Grandma Third, Grandma Fifth, Grandpa Eighth, and Grandpa Ninth."

Princess Brightblossom nodded. Fifth Sister smiled. Eighth Sib laughed heartily. And Ninth Sib looked closely at Xu Qing. The Heir Apparent's eyes shone with praise. Then he looked at the assembled cultivators.

"Your ancestors were all citizens under my father. They fought by his side. Then calamity struck. Countless years passed. Many epochs went by. During that time... all of you suffered. But now Xu Qing has brought hope to us. We can end this loop of predestination. We can end the bitter cycle of reincarnation. We... are here to help."

The Heir Apparent's words caused the hearts of the Moonrebel cultivators to swell. After everything that had just played out, their eyes now shone with determination.

"Xu Qing," the Heir Apparent said, looking at him, "please inform us of the plan you, your Elder Brother, and your Master have come up with!"

Xu Qing nodded and looked at the Captain. They exchanged a glance, and could see the determination and craziness in each other's eyes.

"We will topple the cathedral!" Xu Qing said. "We'll awaken the Imperial Sovereign, drive away all evildoers, and devour Crimson Mother! First on the list is to topple the cathedral!"

They were words that caused heaven to pulse with killing intent and earth to thrum with murderous thoughts. The sky trembled, mountains and rivers shook, dragons and snakes writhed. The Moonrebel cultivators also burst with madness and killing intent!

It was a case of the dome of heaven, the lands below, and all living beings combining their killing intent. And as it raged, it focused on... the Penitence Steppes! Specifically, on the headquarters of the Red Moon Cathedral!