

## Villain 1001

Chapter 1001: Someone is bullying your Xian'er, do you want to hurt her?

The war beyond the world had spread across all time, space, heaven, and earth. The endless void collapsed, only to be instantly reorganized, as if enacting reincarnation, reshaping both past and present.

Even when they thought of the Immortal Emperor, they couldn't grasp the Emperor's methods. The birth and death of worlds occurred in mere moments of their contemplation.

Zhuoyou, clad in battle armor, fought against Gu Wuwang while closely monitoring the battle's progress.

This scene brought a smile to her face.

A fine talent like you would have a promising future, but, unfortunately, you'll fall here.

“Why can't you understand? Even with death imminent, you still resist in vain, overestimating your strength. Fearless sacrifice, pretending to be a war chariot—it's all meaningless, merely sending yourself to death.

You've come so far. Why not surrender to my immortal civilization? My civilization holds considerable influence in the vast world, far beyond that of this newly born real world.

I wonder why you're so determined to protect it?

Zhuoyou smiled faintly, exuding immense power.

According to the standards of the Immortal Civilization, there had been three spiritual transformations comparable to a cultivator who had survived three great tribulations.

Gu Wuwang had cultivated for a long time, and his strength was on par with Zhuoyou's.

Alongside Zhuoyou, another member of her clan, Zhuohua, was disrupting the formation, placing Gu Wuwang in a passive position, causing him to falter repeatedly.

Yet, it was not easy for Zhuoyou to ultimately defeat him.

The two were deadlocked beyond the world, witnessing the brutal battle between the Dao Chang Realm and the Immortal Civilization. Despite the horrifying number of casualties, Zhuoyou's expression remained unchanged, showing no sign of distress.

In her eyes, their sacrifice was worthwhile as long as these fallen warriors could help her obtain the immortal fire that remained in the Dao Chang Realm.

Yet, Gu Wuwang's expression remained calm, showing no signs of agitation. This left Zhuoyou puzzled—how could he stay composed at this stage? Did he possess some hidden confidence? Or, as he had hinted earlier, was he deliberately trying to deceive her?

“The situation has come to this, and there's no room for regret or redemption. As I said, the civilization behind you will face unimaginable disasters because of your actions. You've already unleashed a catastrophe,” Gu Wuwang said as he raised his palm.

Countless divine techniques manifested, evolving into the true essence of Daoism, counteracting the dark, soul-crushing light.

This kind of power was deeply mysterious, seemingly ever-present, almost penetrating into his very soul.

It was his first time battling a being from the Immortal Civilization, and he had uncovered many of their techniques—strange, elusive, and difficult to defend against.

Layers of spiritual light, like ripples across the Dao, spread endlessly. One could witness the surrounding time and space vanish into silence.

“Even now, you still try to deceive me?”

Zhuoyou sneered, dismissing Gu Wuwang’s words entirely. Her gaze shifted to the battlefield, watching the army of the Immortal Civilization wreak havoc, before finally settling on Gu Xian’er.

“I wonder how it feels to watch the genius of this world die tragically, knowing you’re powerless to stop it?”

A change flickered across Gu Wuwang’s face for the first time, betraying his composure.

But instead of the anger and ugliness Zhuoyou had anticipated, Gu Wuwang’s expression carried a faint, inexplicable sneer—laced with sarcasm and mockery.

“You’ve touched those who should never be touched. The consequences are beyond what you can bear. Everyone will pay a terrible price,” he said calmly, as if completely unconcerned about Gu Xian’er’s safety.

“Oh?” Zhuoyou raised an eyebrow.

“Even now, you’re still bluffing.”

She narrowed her eyes, convinced that Gu Wuwang was still putting on a front, feigning confidence.

“Don’t waste time with him. Let’s work together. I refuse to believe we can’t kill him. His death, and securing the remaining immortal fire, is our priority,” a voice interrupted.

From another direction, Zhuohua reappeared, his expression slightly grim. Moments earlier, he had been tricked by Gu Wuwang and exiled into the endless void of time and space, leaving him somewhat disheveled.

As soon as the words left his mouth, Zhuohua launched another attack at Gu Wuwang, his resentment evident. With the entire universe gripped in his hands, he hurled it at Gu Wuwang in relentless waves.

Boom!!!

The battlefield erupted into chaos once again as the three clashed fiercely, their auras surging far and wide, beyond imagination.

Time and space fractured and collapsed, as though the scene was set in the primordial world, or perhaps in a distant future yet to come. Even the great river of time itself struggled to endure the violent fluctuations, constantly shattering and reforming.

Amidst this chaos, on the blood-soaked battlefield, the Immortal Emperor of the Immortal Civilization, wearing an indifferent and contemptuous smile, launched a strike from afar.

Despite the infinite distance, the earth-shattering energy from the blow caused everyone to tremble, their scalps tingling as if they were on the verge of bursting.

Though the palm appeared slow, it actually crossed unimaginable distances in an instant.

The universes caught in the middle exploded, unstoppable by any force.

Gu Xian'er stood in the starry sky, her skirt fluttering, her expression calm despite the thin trail of blood at the corner of her mouth. She faced the oncoming palm without flinching.

With a single motion, she slashed through the air with her sword. The radiant sword light shot into the sky like mountains and seas pouring down, blanketing the heavens and the earth in an attempt to block the strike.

Tens of thousands of sword lights crisscrossed the sky, roaring with terrifying power, like shooting stars capable of severing the long river of time.

Yet, beneath the Immortal Emperor's palm, they were insignificant—like smoke in the face of a torrent. In an instant, they disintegrated.

Though Gu Xian'er had only recently condensed the brilliance of a quasi-immortal emperor, she had yet to truly establish herself in that realm. The gulf between her and the Immortal Emperor was too vast, incomparable in every way.

Terror gripped the Da Hong, but under the Immortal Emperor's overwhelming aura, the entire space-time was sealed—escape was impossible.

“I have to admit, I admire her courage. To raise her sword against the Immortal Emperor... that takes real bravery,” one of the immortal civilization powerhouses remarked with a smirk.

“It's a pity such a beautiful young girl will be wiped out from existence.”

“Though, capturing her alive would certainly be... interesting,” another added with a laugh.

Despite being engaged in their own battles, many of the Immortal Civilization warriors kept their eyes on this scene, chuckling at Gu Xian'er's futile resistance. Some of those she had previously wounded sneered as well.

“She's courting death. No matter how much potential she has, before the Immortal Emperor, she's as weak and insignificant as an ant, not worth a thought.”

Meanwhile, the faces of many powerhouses from the Dao Chang Realm turned pale with fear and deep concern.

“That’s the cousin. It’s said he dearly cherishes her. If something happens to her, the consequences will be catastrophic,” whispered those who knew Gu Xian’er’s identity, trembling at the thought.

Boom!!!

The palm descended, and the sky shattered completely. The endless sword light collapsed in an instant.

Despite Gu Xian’er bracing herself on her sword, trying to resist, she was sent flying, blood spilling from her mouth as she crashed through countless stars. Her once blood-stained dress turned a deeper crimson, like a blood-colored flower blooming in the void.

Exclamations erupted across the battlefields of the Dao Chang Realm. Many couldn’t bear to watch, their faces filled with anger and resentment.

“Elder sister...”

From a distant battlefield, Shen Xian’er, locked in combat with the enemy, called out in worry, her voice trembling with fear.

In the surrounding time and space, the immortal kings and emperors engaged in battle cast their eyes in Gu Xian’er’s direction, but they lacked the time to assist her; their hands were tied by their own fights.

“Oh, that’s right. She didn’t die under my palm. She truly is a genius who can elevate herself in desperate situations. This only piques my interest further,” the Immortal Emperor of the Immortal

Civilization remarked with a light smile, his tone dripping with banter and sarcasm, much like a cat toying with a mouse.

The palm descended again, this time not aimed to kill Gu Xian'er outright. Instead, it intended to capture her within his grasp and crush her like a mere bug.

“Ahem...”

In the shattered starry sky, Gu Xian'er struggled to rise, coughing up fragments of her shattered internal organs. Her long skirt was completely soaked in blood, with crimson pooling at the corner of her mouth.

She appeared like a wounded elf—cold, refined, yet tinged with a distressing calm.

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Da Hong, whom she protected, was unharmed in the earlier chaos. Now, filled with worry, he flew out to face the palm directly.

Rumble!!

The universe trembled once more as if the immortal sky were about to collapse, ready to destroy everything in its path.

The hand of the Immortal Emperor descended across the heavens, its clear palm lines visible, surrounded by fragments of the Dao, casting a shadow that enveloped all corners of the universe.

As this enormous hand reached for Gu Xian'er, a brilliant blue ray of light suddenly pierced through time and space, squeezing the sky and blocking the attack.

It was an ancient bronze immortal boat, marred by rust, showcasing its long history.

This sight astonished many. They beheld a slender figure standing atop the ancient bronze immortal boat, her skirt fluttering and her black hair cascading like a waterfall—a vision reminiscent of a legendary goddess come to rescue the suffering.

It was Xiao Ruoyin, once the High Priest of Destiny of the Immortal Palace, making her appearance.

She sacrificed the Good Fortune Immortal Boat to block the Immortal Emperor's blow, intending to use the moment to rescue Gu Xian'er.

“Let's go,” she said calmly, her gaze resting on the wounded Gu Xian'er.

“I can't walk...” Gu Xian'er replied, taken aback for a moment before shaking her head and speaking in a low voice.

At that moment, she clearly hadn't expected Xiao Ruoyin to arrive and attempt to save her. Given her connection to Gu Change, she knew of Xiao Ruoyin, but they had never interacted or even spoken. Her sudden appearance was a genuine shock to Gu Xian'er.

“Another one who isn’t afraid of death? Hehe, such innate wonders are rare, but do you really think that possessing innate talents can stop me?”

The Immortal Emperor of the Immortal Civilization, slightly impeded by the Good Fortune Immortal Boat, sneered, his palm still hovering, not yet falling.

“It’s ridiculous.”

After all, this was an innate artifact capable of traversing the long river of time without fear of karmic backlash. Its material was so strong that even the Immortal Emperor could not destroy it. However, Xiao Ruoyin was only at the level of an Immortal King, and she was still far from Gu Xian’er; thus, she couldn’t fully harness the Immortal Boat to contend with an Immortal Emperor, rendering her efforts futile.

His sneer echoed throughout the universe. “Since you’re here, let’s remain together.”

With a slight shake of his massive hand, all the worlds disintegrated, and the Good Fortune Immortal Boat was sent flying with a loud bang, slipping from Xiao Ruoyin’s control and vanishing into the depths of the cosmos.

Her face turned pale, and blood trickled from the corner of her mouth.

Initially, she had hoped to leverage the power of the immortal boat, which could surpass time itself, to seize the opportunity to save Gu Xian’er. After all, she was Gu Changge’s cousin, and seeing her in distress made it impossible for Xiao Ruoyin to abandon her.

Xiao Ruoyin had underestimated the strength of the Immortal Emperor while overestimating her own capabilities. She could have contended with him in her prime, but even with her memories restored, she was far from that level now. With the Good Fortune Immortal Boat knocked aside, both she and Gu Xian'er were left in a perilous situation, facing imminent danger.

As the nearly extinct palm descended, Gu Xian'er cast an apologetic glance at Xiao Ruoyin and sighed softly, "Could it be that I really guessed wrong this time...?"

Xiao Ruoyin's face paled, still unsure of what Gu Xian'er meant.

Suddenly, Da Hong reacted, flapping its wings and screeching into the broken universe, "Gu Change, where are you? Someone is bullying your Xian'er!"

"If you don't come out, Xian'er will die!"

Its voice rang out loud and clear, initially crisp but now echoing like a grand bell, resonating throughout the cosmos. Though Da Hong's strength might not be enough to turn the tide, its call carried urgency and desperation.

But at that moment, Da Hong's voice spread throughout the broken universe in an instant, echoing across the battlefield simultaneously.

"What are you yelling about?"

Gu Xian'er exclaimed, momentarily forgetting the life-and-death crisis. Her face flushed with embarrassment as she wished she could cover the mouth of the incessantly screeching bird.

What did it mean to be Gu Changge's Xian'er? The implication of her words suggested that Gu Changge was still within the Dao Chang Realm. If he were present, he would undoubtedly not allow this Immortal Emperor to attack her like this.

However, Da Hong believed its actions were justified, thinking it had deliberately risked its life to lure Gu Changge out.

Many powerful figures in the Dao Chang Realm were taken aback at the mention of his name, their expressions shifting to excitement and hope.

Meanwhile, the army of the Immortal Civilization remained oblivious to the significance of the Da Hong's words. The other powerhouses frowned, perplexed by what Da Hong was shouting at such a crucial moment, questioning what purpose it served.

Could it be that you wish to summon someone to come and protect them?

“Playing tricks...”

The Immortal Emperor, who had launched the attack, frowned, and the coldness in his eyes deepened. To him, killing an ant should be a simple task, yet here he was, wasting so much time on it. It made him feel as if he had lost his dignity.

At that moment, he showed no mercy. The terrifying aura of the Immortal Emperor enveloped the entire universe, bringing with it an endless cascade of bright rays of light. He struck down forcefully, intent on completely annihilating Gu Xian'er and Xiao Ruoyin.

However, just then, in the pitch-black universe behind Gu Xian'er, a brilliant rain of light suddenly erupted, illuminating the entire cosmos in an instant. What was once a vague imprint of Daoism had now solidified into a tangible force.

A young man in white appeared, his figure slender and radiant as if carved from jade, exuding an unparalleled presence. He emerged from the darkness, seemingly coming from the very depths of time and space.

“You want to hurt her?” he spoke blandly, but in that moment, the entire universe and the fabric of time and space seemed to freeze.

With a simple gesture, he pointed, and the boundless hand descending from the sky erupted in an instant.

The Immortal Emperor, standing at a distance, was filled with horror, despair, and disbelief. With a resounding bang, his entire body collapsed, transforming into a bloody mist, his body and spirit annihilated.

Before he could even utter a terrified scream, he disintegrated into ashes.

Once rife with fierce conflict, the battlefields fell suddenly silent at the sight of this shocking event.

Chapter 1002: Frightening sense of oppression, all beings are equal under one palm

The endless rain of bright light exploded like a brilliant sun, illuminating the previously dead and dark universe. The terrifying aftermath spread rapidly, causing the cosmos to collapse in an instant, riddled with holes and left incomplete. A vast section of the river of time evaporated into shimmering particles of energy.

At the moment when the Immortal Emperor of the Immortal Civilization was completely annihilated, a deep sense of panic, inconceivability, and despair lingered in his eyes. He never expected that such a terrifying figure would suddenly emerge, capable of freezing and obliterating all his vitality with a mere gesture.

This kind of overwhelming power was likely far superior to that of Zhuoyou, Zhuohua, and other beings who were considered among the lowest tier in the Dao realm.

After all, he was a true Immortal Emperor. It took countless eras to give birth to such an invincible existence, one that looked upon the past and the present with unparalleled strength. Overseeing the vicissitudes of time, he was a powerful figure revered across countless civilizations.

Yet now, to fall in such a manner, without even a chance to contend, felt like an ant being crushed to death. Strong feelings of unwillingness and despair permeated the depths of the universe. All cultivators and creatures sensed this fluctuation, experiencing a mix of shock and fear.

The armies engaged in battle between the Dao Chang Realm and the Immortal Civilization fell into a profound silence at this sight. Countless horrified and disbelieving gazes were fixed upon the young man, trembling in awe.

“Good... It’s the lord...”

At that moment, someone in the Dao Chang Realm exclaimed in surprise, their voice brimming with excitement, fanaticism, and reverence. They could hardly contain their desire to worship in the direction of this remarkable figure, irrespective of the opponent before them.

On the rest of the battlefield, many creatures from the Dao Chang Realm, engaged in combat with their opponents, shouted excitedly, “It’s the lord! It’s really him!” Overwhelmed with joy, some wept and knelt down, kowtowing repeatedly.

“Very good... The lord of the alliance has appeared! There will be no surprises in this battle; no one will be a match for him.”

“This will be our moment to counterattack and make these invading enemies pay a heavy price.”

Many Immortal Kings were equally thrilled, roaring with exhilaration. They viewed this moment as a ray of light piercing through the darkness, illuminating the despair that had surrounded them. For many, this invasion by foreign enemies felt like a trial left by Gu Changge, a test of their strength and resilience. They believed he was in control of the entire situation, ensuring it wouldn't spiral out of hand.

With Gu Changge's appearance, the tide had turned in their favor. The anticipation of his arrival fueled their excitement, allowing them to channel all their previous hatred, anger, and frustration into a renewed fighting spirit. Across the battlefields of the Dao Chang Realm, a palpable energy surged as countless warriors, emboldened, prepared to charge into battle once more against the invading forces.

“Hahaha! The old man knew all along that our worries were unfounded! With the lord of the alliance here, how could Miss Xian'er be in danger?”

Hei Ming laughed heartily, his voice resonating throughout the universe. He shook off the weight of his earlier struggle, reversing the tide of his confrontation as he began to counterattack his opponent. In his mind, Gu Changge's arrival signified that he had already taken note of the battle, ensuring that the overall situation was under control and that no further surprises would emerge.

The rest of the warriors shared his sentiment, their fears evaporating as they regained their composure. It was as if they had found a solid foundation to rally around, their spirits buoyed by the confidence that their lord was present to lead them. Excitement coursed through their veins, fueling their resolve to fight back against their foes.

In stark contrast to the exhilaration felt by those in the Dao Chang Realm, the powerhouses of the immortal civilization were gripped by a profound chill. The immortal emperors nearest to that part of the universe felt their scalps tingle with apprehension.

Although the young man, shrouded in mystery, had not yet made a move since his arrival, his mere presence was suffused with an overwhelming aura. His calm and indifferent gaze seemed to pierce through the very fabric of their beings, probing their primordial spirits and binding their true souls in an invisible grip of dread.

Just a single finger had the power to obliterate an immortal emperor. With such immense strength, the desire to kill them would merely be a matter of thought.

Who is this person?

The complexion of the most powerful figure of the immortal civilization, who was locked in battle with the ancient cultivator Yuan Chan, changed drastically. A cold shiver ran down his spine. He was an existence comparable to the Dao Realm, yet in the presence of this figure, he felt an overwhelming sense of fear and anxiety. It was both unbelievable and horrifying.

Why was such a being manifesting in this seemingly insignificant newborn realm?

Yuan Chan, the ancient cultivator, was equally astonished. Emotions flickered across his face as he processed the revelation. Before coming to the Dao Chang Realm, he had believed that the Demon Lord had only brushed against the threshold of the Dao Realm, at most, akin to his great disciple Fen Ruo. P

Looking at the scene before him, Yuan Chan realized that this level of strength was far beyond anything he could have anticipated.

Even Master Daoist Eternal Monarch's dharma body doesn't exude such a terrifying sense of oppression.

Various thoughts raced through his mind as he struggled to comprehend the magnitude of the threat.

On the other side, Zhuoyou, engaged in battle with Gu Wuwang, felt a wave of panic wash over her. Her eyes widened, betraying her anxiety as she shouted an urgent order for her army to retreat. The moment Gu Changge appeared, she sensed a profound shift in the atmosphere.

A great terror descended from an unseen source, enveloping her entirely, causing the light in her heart to tremble incessantly. In that moment, she finally understood that the source of her unease had originated before she even arrived in the Dao Chang Realm.

The figure before Zhuoyou was not a real body but a dharma body, exuding an aura of invincibility and terror. The thought of what might happen if the real body were to manifest sent chills down her spine.

"Haha! Do you finally understand the gravity of your situation? It's too late for regrets now," Gu Wuwang mocked, his previous calmness replaced with a loud, triumphant laugh that echoed throughout the cosmos.

"I warned you long ago that you would pay for your actions. You've brought endless calamities upon the civilization that stands behind you. You are the true sinner of your people."

His voice rang out like a celestial bell, reaching every corner of the universe and igniting a surge of excitement among the army of the Dao Chang Realm. They cheered, bolstered by the assurance that their adversaries would soon face dire consequences for their hubris.

Boom!

With all his strength unleashed, Gu Wuwang's attack reverberated through the fabric of eternal time and space. The essence of countless Daos coalesced into a powerful force, surging forward like a tidal wave. Hundreds of millions of Dao principles formed a vast cage, ensnaring Zhuoyou and her companions, cutting off their escape routes.

Zhuohua, nearly as formidable as Zhuoyou, felt a wave of fear and anxiety wash over him. He realized the enigmatic young man's gaze was fixed upon their battlefield, scrutinizing both Zhuoyou and himself, amplifying their sense of dread.

In the previously silent battlegrounds, chaos erupted anew. Brilliant rays of light shot into the sky as the Dao Chang Realm shifted its strategy, moving from defense to a counteroffensive against the retreating forces of the immortal civilization. The armies surged forward like a mighty ocean, determined to reclaim their ground.

“Eh... Gu Changge...”

On the other side, Gu Xian'er stood in stunned silence, her mind racing to comprehend the unfolding scene. She had never expected that Gu Changge had always been by her side, ready to intervene when the stakes were highest.

No, it was the means to protect her, the one who had always stood by her side. Just moments ago, Gu Xian'er had feared that Gu Changge might have truly left the Dao Chang Realm for good. But in the blink of an eye, when her life hung in the balance, he reappeared as if summoned by fate.

Her nose tinged with emotion, a bittersweet mixture of jealousy and warmth swelling within her heart. After hundreds of years, she had finally laid eyes on him again, and it was just as it had always been.

Gu Xian'er couldn't recall how many times this had happened. Each time she found herself in peril, he would emerge like a savior, standing before her and shielding her from harm. This had been true during their encounters in the Immortal Ancient Continent and in front of Heavenly Lu City within the Eight Desolation and Ten Regions. Now, on this vast battlefield, it remained unchanged; he would always go to great lengths to ensure her safety.

Beside her, Xiao Ruoyin watched the scene unfold with an unspoken envy glimmering in her eyes.

If she found herself in danger again, would he descend with such overwhelming power as he had today, pointing at the immortal emperor and shaking the very foundations of the world? Yet, Xiao Ruoyin's voice broke the silence, "It seems we are safe now. My earlier move might have been a bit unnecessary."

Gu Xian'er glanced at her, hesitant to respond. She didn't know what to say; Xiao Ruoyin's willingness to step in and save her was deeply moving. However, the complex entanglements between Xiao Ruoyin and Gu Changge stirred a sense of irritation within her that she couldn't quite shake off.

Meanwhile, Da Hong let out a relieved sigh, as if this outcome was entirely expected. Fluttering its wings excitedly in the air, it exclaimed, "Xian'er, let me tell you—Gu Changge won't let anything happen to you. Even if this is just a Dharma body he left behind, it's more than enough to shield you from harm."

Its tone was laced with glee, no trace of the earlier worry or fear lingering; it seemed entirely reassured. The Da Hong firmly believed that Gu Xian'er had put herself in danger intentionally, provoking Gu Changge to come to her aid.

It had to be said that while this method was risky, it was undeniably effective; Gu Changge had indeed made his appearance. Even though it was just a Dharma body, who was he? In the previous battle against the heavens, he had confronted the great reckoning in the real land, quelling the calamity through sheer force of will.

Now, this Dharma body, situated in the Dao Chang Realm, was powerful enough to deter the entire world; no one dared to challenge it. Despite the multitude of powerful beings from the immortal civilizations, they were utterly outmatched in the face of such overwhelming strength.

Unlike the Da Hong, who was filled with excitement, Gu Xian'er felt a twinge of guilt. She knew Gu Changge well enough to understand that he must be a bit angry with her. In the past, he would have never waited until the last moment to save her. This was clearly his way of making her endure a little suffering first.

At that moment, it seemed as though Gu Changge had sensed Gu Xian'er's thoughts. He turned his calm gaze toward her, his expression serene yet filled with an unspoken weight.

"I'm just worried about the clansmen and villagers behind me. If I don't act now, I fear I won't have another chance..."

Gu Xian'er explained, her voice tinged with guilt.

Besides, this is also a rare training opportunity for me. It's not that I didn't listen to you and took unnecessary risks.

Gu Changge merely glanced at her, then looked away without a word. He stepped forward and, in an instant, vanished from the universe.

It was important to remember that this was only his Dharma body, not his true form. His real body remained with the Spiritual Royal Family. In the past, Gu Changge's Dharma body had sat in the vast emptiness of the Dao Chang Realm, primarily to safeguard those around him. But this time, he had noticed the battle from afar and recognized Gu Xian'er's peril, prompting him to descend in the form of his Dharma body.

“Greetings, my lord...”

As Gu Changge emerged from the depths of the universe, many powerhouses on the battlefield erupted in excited cheers, bowing their heads in reverence. He paused for a moment, nodded slightly in acknowledgment, but chose not to speak further.

“Do I give you permission to withdraw?” he inquired, his gaze settling on the vast army of the immortal civilization. His voice was calm, yet it resonated with an undeniable authority.

With a simple motion, he brought his hand down, as if unleashing an infinite power upon the world. It felt like a world-destroying millstone had been set in motion. Many universes disintegrated and collapsed under the force of his will, only to be reformed almost instantly. The endless legions of the immortal civilization seemed to be caught in a storm of annihilation, blown away by the sheer might of his presence.

As the great universe crumbled, it dissipated into countless life sources, which were then infused into the reorganized universe. It was an unspeakably horrific scene—under this one palm, all living beings were rendered equal, facing the inexorable might of his power.

Whether it was the armies clashing on the front lines or the formidable beings of the Immortal Dao, they all collapsed and disintegrated in an instant, transformed into a cascade of light rain, leaving nothing behind.

Run away...!

There's no time to stay in this world. This person's strength is far beyond what we can imagine. The only chance we have to survive is to escape into time and space separately!

Some immortal emperors, who had once exuded immense power, were now consumed by fear. They burned their origins and longevity, desperately seeking to flee. Yet, their efforts were in vain; their figures exploded soundlessly in the universe, collapsing into a radiant shower that filled the sky.

Gu Changge's palm moved slowly, descending from above, yet it seemed to envelop endless time, space, and the entire universe. The powerhouses of the immortal civilization were gripped by despair, fully aware that this was Gu Changge replicating the scene of annihilation that the immortal emperor had enacted just moments ago.

A group of powerful beings entangled with Hei Ming and the others were equally terrified, desperately seeking a way to retreat. In the face of such an invincible force, resistance felt utterly futile.

Zhuoyou immediately sensed the impending doom and resorted to her strongest means, breaking free from Gu Wuwang's grasp as she fled back to the ancient warship.

“Impossible! How could such an existence arise from such a place? It's completely unreasonable!”

Zhuohua shouted angrily from the depths of time and space, unable to comprehend the situation. Lacking Zhuoyou's escape route, he found himself ensnared by Gu Wuwang, struggling to break free.

As an existence comparable to the Dao Realm, he fought with all his might to withstand the crushing weight of Gu Changge's palm. Yet, in an instant, his entire being began to collapse, the light within him trembling as if it were on the brink of being extinguished entirely.

In the end, Zhuohua roared in anger, realizing the futility of his resistance. Desperation surged within him as he attempted to deploy all means to escape.

However, Gu Changge's gaze fixed upon him with unwavering resolve. With a swift, decisive motion, his palm descended. The sound of a deafening pop echoed as Zhuohua's essence exploded, the light in his heart evaporating into nothingness.

On this battlefield, an existence once comparable to the Dao Realm had finally met his end.

Following this catastrophe, the Dao Chang Realm would experience a significant rise in overall strength and fortune, paving the way for a brighter future. Great wars not only forged stronger hearts but also birthed new existences in response to disasters. Heroes born in troubled times emerged as the era demanded, capable of stirring the winds and shaping fortunes.

All of this unfolded precisely as Gu Changge had predicted and controlled, a testament to his profound foresight and power.

Chapter 1003: It's rare for Gu Xian'er to give in once, waiting for you to break through the Dao Realm

Since the battle began and Gu Changge descended, he swept across the sky, unleashing a vast rain of light that exploded in the universe. The army of the immortal civilization collapsed, and even

those weaker than Zhuoyou suffered tragic deaths. This spectacle caused everyone in the Dao Chang Realm to cheer, filled with ecstasy and excitement, shouting their lord's name.

The army of the immortal civilization broke apart and fled, desperate to return to the ancient warship. The immortal emperors who had been delayed by the Dao Chang Realm's powerhouses could not retreat in time and were obliterated by this palm strike, leaving no trace behind. In the face of absolute power, all beings were rendered equal, and no accidents could occur.

This kind of power is beyond anything I can contend with. I must leave as soon as possible. I never should have coveted it in the first place. As expected, the real world with the spark of immortal civilization holds far more depth than I imagined.

Zhuoyou was horrified by the scene before her, her heart trembling with fear and regret.

Had she moved even a little slower, she would have been slapped to death just like Zhuo Hua moments ago. Even the treasure bestowed upon her by her grandfather would have been of no use. The strength of this person had reached a level beyond her comprehension. Even if her grandfather's true form were to descend, it would be a terrifying prospect.

At this moment, the army of the immortal civilization was in complete panic, quickly retreating and fleeing the vast universe controlled by one side. Countless showers of light and blood mist exploded, scattering across all worlds.

Attack...!

"Don't let them escape. Make them stay and pay the price they deserve!"

The Dao Chang Realm's army surged forward, their morale soaring as they shifted to an all-out offensive. This battle, which had dragged on for many years, had suddenly turned in their favor, causing everyone to scream, cheer, and feel a surge of excitement. Even Hei Ming, Gu Wuwang, and the others were elated, not hesitating to unleash their full strength to keep the retreating enemy from escaping.

Buzz!!!

On the ancient warship outside the Dao Chang True Realm, the gate of light shone brightly, radiating vast spatial fluctuations. Rays of divine light, far thicker than stars, descended to guide the retreating army away, urging them to leave quickly.

However, the remnants of the army could no longer be saved. Zhuoyou was forced to abandon them, leaving them behind. Many figures scattered across various universes, time, and space, desperately trying to escape to other realms. But the powerhouses of the Dao Chang Realm had already locked onto them, giving chase with the intent to annihilate these fleeing forces.

Aboard the ancient warship, Zhuoyou felt an inexplicable restlessness. Although she had escaped, the lingering fear and trembling clung to her, as if the presence of that powerful, unpredictable figure still haunted her.

Is this the fear of that unfathomable strong man?"

I must leave. I can't stay here any longer.

Her face turned pale as she hastily commanded her forces to evacuate.

At the same time, she hurriedly reached out to her clansmen within the immortal civilization, pleading for reinforcements, fearing that Gu Changge might strike again. This battle had inflicted

devastating losses upon them—Gu Changge’s mere manifestation of a single Dharma body had nearly obliterated the bulk of her fighting force.

Several other clansmen, whose power rivaled that of the Dao Realm, were equally terrified. Without hesitation, they burned the light of their hearts, breaking through time and space to escape. Any delay would have left them trapped forever.

This made it clear that, in the boundless world, ultimate combat power was the key to immortality—one individual could hold the value of tens of thousands of troops. Naturally, this battle was far from over. Zhuoyou rushed to return to the ancient warship to ensure her escape, but many of her troops lagged behind, unable to keep up, and were left behind, lost forever.

Countless veils of blood mist exploded, while time and space unraveled in chaos, as though an eternal sea of turmoil had been unleashed, filled with endless disorder and turbulence.

Everyone was buried within it, and along with the collapsing universe, they were reduced to ashes.

Less than 20% of the army made it back.

Inside the ancient warship, the surviving members of Zhuoyou’s clan looked shaken, unable to erase the terrifying scene from their minds. Zhuoyou knew this all too well; she forced herself to stay calm, but her heart bled.

These armies had taken her a long time to build, and even to the family behind her, their loss was no small matter. Now, all of them were gone, with even slightly weaker clansmen meeting tragic deaths. Even though she had escaped, she knew that returning to the family would likely result in severe punishment and the family’s furious wrath.

“It doesn’t matter. Those who couldn’t escape will remain here forever, dying for us. As long as the clansmen who have transformed their hearts escape successfully, that’s all that matters,” Zhuoyou said coldly, her words steeped in cold-blooded ruthlessness, having already dismissed any thought of those who had been left behind.

Countless veils of blood mist exploded, and time and space remained chaotic, as if an eternal sea of disorder had opened up, filled with endless turbulence.

The surging chaotic air soared into the sky, rolling across the vastness. The ancient warship, shaped like a flying shuttle and covered by a protective barrier, tore through time and space, quickly vanishing into the distance.

On the battlefield far behind, the remaining troops, who were desperately fleeing, couldn’t help but fall into despair at the sight. They had been completely abandoned, left behind to die. For a moment, they were lost in thought, realizing their fate.

Among them were even a few who were comparable to quasi-immortal emperors, but because they were held back, they couldn’t retreat in time.

“We can’t wait...” they roared, tearing open the void with their powerful hands, frantically trying to escape into the depths of time and space.

However, the immortal emperors of the Dao Chang Realm had already locked onto them, moving swiftly to strike and pursue, determined to trap and eliminate them.

Gu Changge’s Dharma Body stood in the starry sky, observing the scene without continuing to attack. His figure had dimmed considerably, as the dharma body, which had been casually left behind at the start, did not possess much strength. Now, after obliterating an existence comparable

to the second worst in the Dao Realm, it had consumed most of its spiritual energy and could no longer sustain itself.

Gu Xian'er had also been closely following the battle. Now that the tide had turned and victory was assured, all that remained was cleaning up the remnants, leaving her with no need to worry or continue fighting.

Her attention shifted fully to Gu Changge. At that moment, she had so much she wanted to say to him. In the outside world's time flow, she had only been trapped in the Heavenly Tomb for hundreds of years, but within it, Gu Xian'er had cultivated for an exceptionally long time.

In other words, for her, it had been a very long time since she had last seen Gu Changge. When they reunited this time, they had exchanged only a few words.

Similarly, Gu Xian'er had many questions she wanted to ask Gu Changge personally, especially regarding Taoyao and Chan Hongyi.

In the distance, Gu Changge noticed the expression on Gu Xian'er's face. After thinking for a moment, before his figure could completely fade away, he descended in front of her and asked, "Is there something you want to tell me?"

"Husband..." Xiao Ruoyin, who stood nearby, greeted him with a respectful bow.

Gu Changge nodded slightly, and with a wave of his hand, the Good Fortune Immortal Boat, which had been sent flying into the depths of the universe, returned and landed in front of Xiao Ruoyin. At the same time, a few wisps of radiance descended, instantly healing the injuries on her body.

“Since my husband is here, I will take my leave and return to the Temple of Destiny,”

Xiao Ruoyin said. She sensed that Gu Xian'er had something to discuss with Gu Changge and did not linger. She swiftly boarded the Good Fortune Immortal Boat, her figure turning into a streak of light as she departed the area.

Gu Changge, familiar with her personality, didn't say much and let her leave without comment.

The Da Hong was also afraid of Gu Changge, especially after yelling something earlier that had made Gu Xian'er want to beat it. Now, it quickly flapped its wings and flew away.

“What is it that requires such caution?” Gu Changge asked, looking at the girl.

They were speaking privately, where no one else could hear. For a moment, Gu Xian'er felt a bit guilty. In front of Gu Changge, she always seemed to lack confidence, especially since he had seemed a little upset earlier.

“I...” she began, her tone hesitant.

“You what?” Gu Changge raised his eyebrows slightly, a hint of amusement in his voice.

This girl, who feared neither heaven nor earth, was showing a rare moment of vulnerability in front of him. Initially, Gu Changge had been somewhat displeased with her—frustrated by her disregard for her own life and her disobedience to his previous requests.

But now, seeing her softness, his anger melted away, and he found himself unable to scold or blame her.

After all, this was simply her personality. If she truly didn't care about this matter, or didn't take it seriously, she wouldn't be Gu Xian'er.

Seeing that Gu Changge didn't seem angry, Gu Xian'er breathed a quiet sigh of relief, patting her chest with her small hands, though it barely rose or fell.

"I was wrong this time. I shouldn't have disobeyed you and risked my life," she admitted in a low voice, forcing herself to overcome the awkwardness.

Risking her life today had been reckless, almost like playing with death. If Gu Changge hadn't appeared when he did, she would have truly disappeared by now.

Back when she was still in Peach Village, she had promised Gu Changge that she wouldn't take such risks. She still didn't fully understand why he had made her promise that at the time, but now, with the large-scale attack from the immortal civilization, she had broken her word.

Seeing her like this, Gu Changge almost couldn't suppress his amusement.

He shook his head slightly and said, "Forget it; what's done is done, and I won't blame you for anything. You, relying on my protection, really acted recklessly without any scruples. If this happens again in the future, I won't blame you. I will definitely protect you once more."

Earlier, when Gu Changge had learned about Gu Xian'er's reincarnation from Da Hong, he had also come to understand her identity as an "unusual number" in the real world of mountains and seas.

However, this anomaly had drawn the attention of the true Dao of Heaven, making it impossible for her to be sheltered by the Dao Chang Realm, complicating her path to growth.

In this process, she would need to endure three disasters and nine tribulations, with fate destined to bring many twists and turns and difficulties that would be hard to overcome. Sometimes, it even required bad luck to achieve breakthroughs.

Gu Changge had warned her long ago not to place herself in danger.

At the same time, he worried that she might not survive those catastrophes and could perish along the way. To that end, Gu Changge had been paving the way for her long ago, but Gu Xian'er had made her own choices, opting not to follow the path he had laid out.

"I know; I won't take such risks again in the future," Gu Xian'er said, nodding like a chick pecking at rice. She understood that Gu Changge cared for her, so it was rare for her not to refute him.

This cute demeanor made Gu Changge feel a bit nostalgic. He reached out, touched Gu Xian'er's forehead, and smiled, "It seems that I haven't seen you in so long, and you're more sensible and well-behaved than before. However, I wonder how long you can keep up this act."

After all, Gu Xian'er was indeed in the wrong this time, and it was unusual for her to concede to Gu Changge. She never expected he would laugh at her like this. Unable to contain herself, she quickly swatted his hand away.

"Can't you just seriously praise me for once? It's really annoying!" she exclaimed, clearly irritated.

Gu Changge chose not to continue teasing her. His Dharma Body wouldn't last long and was on the verge of dissipating.

Gu Xian'er also noticed this, and the word "reluctance" was almost written on her face.

Where the hell are you going now?

She couldn't help but mutter.

Gu Changge rubbed her head gently and said softly, "I have some things to take care of. If you don't want to be a burden or be bullied by me, you should focus on your cultivation. When you break through to the Dao Realm, I'll come to see you."

"As for Tao Yao's situation, you don't need to worry about it; I will handle everything myself."

Gu Changge understood what Gu Xian'er had wanted to ask. He had plans in place for both Tao Yao and Chan Hongyi. As for the Dao Chang Realm, he still had many arrangements to make. The large-scale invasion by the immortal civilization suited his intentions perfectly. The leeks he had been nurturing for a long time were finally ready to be harvested without any complications.

"Wait for me to break through to the Dao Realm..."

Gu Xian'er's words echoed in Gu Changge's ears, but by then, his figure had already vanished from her sight. She felt a bit dazed, as if she hadn't yet recovered from his departure.

You just left, and I still have so much to say! Gu Changge, you bastard.

The distant sounds of battle pulled Gu Xian'er back from her swirling thoughts. She calmed herself, channeling all her dissatisfaction with Gu Changge into a fierce fighting spirit, and once again attacked with her sword.

Although this battle hadn't truly ended, the Dao Chang Realm had fewer worries now. She intended to use these enemies to hone her skills and stabilize her cultivation as she aspired to reach the Dao Realm that Gu Changge had mentioned. Though she didn't know how long it would take to reach that level, her determination was clear.

Meanwhile, inside the ancient warship of the Spiritual Royal Family, Gu Changge rose from his cross-legged position, a faint smile gracing his lips.

“The boundless coordinates of the immortal civilization are finally determined...”

He had deliberately let the leader of the immortal civilization's army go. Initially, he had planned to kill her, but after reconsidering, he chose a different course of action. By doing so, he left a trace of his Dao imprint to ascertain the boundless coordinates of the immortal civilization behind her.

Chapter 1004: The attenuation of different qualifications, its too smooth

Once the boundless coordinates of the immortal civilization were established, Gu Changge would be able to smoothly deploy the army of the Spiritual Realm. This immortal civilization would serve as the first step in his plan to encroach upon and dominate the entire boundless world.

After rising and leaving the courtyard, Gu Changge called for Ling Huang and instructed her to inform the ancestors of the Spiritual royal family. He only needed to follow behind the remaining army to successfully locate the immortal civilization.

For the civilizations that thrived in the boundless sea, the boundless coordinates were of utmost importance and should not be easily revealed. Similar to before, the true spirit's protection had concealed the coordinates of the Dao Chang Realm. This strategy was essential for surviving the many eras of depletion and decline without being targeted by other true worlds.

A powerful civilization like the immortal civilization must have methods to conceal its location, hiding it within the vast expanse of time and space to avoid detection by the outside world. Gu Changge was also waiting for such a suitable opportunity.

Soon, following Gu Changge's instructions, Ling Huang called Wan Yanxiu and the other ancestors to wait respectfully in the courtyard. Gu Changge wasted no time; he directly provided Wan Yanxiu with a marked coordinate and instructed him to lead the entire Spiritual royal family to follow behind the signal.

"Yes," Wan Yanxiu replied.

"The old man understands and will immediately issue the order."

Being a perceptive individual, Wan Yanxiu quickly grasped Gu Changge's intentions. The other ancestors of the Spiritual royal family also began to speculate, their complexions shifting in response.

During this time, they had been assembling the army in preparation for the great battle, following Gu Changge's instructions. Now that they had been given the coordinates of a mark, did this not signal the imminent start of their offensive?

Various thoughts filled their minds—some were excited, others anxious, while a few were brimming with ambition, barely concealing their anticipation. It had not been easy for the Spiritual Realm to endure and flourish until now. The fact that they had chosen to cross the boundless sea and hunt other Realms already spoke volumes about their determination.

After aligning with Gu Changge, they had even witnessed the transformation in Ling Huang during this period. This left them with little reason to remain passive. Following Gu Changge into battle against other civilizations could bring them numerous benefits, perhaps even granting them a glimpse into the threshold of the next realm.

Conquering and plundering the resources of a single civilization could fully support them in advancing further. Gu Changge, of course, understood what Wan Yanxiu and the others were thinking. However, he had intended to use them as cannon fodder from the very beginning. Their thoughts and plans were of no concern to him.

Without delay, a series of decrees flew out from the courtyard, swiftly reaching all the ancient worlds under the Spiritual Royal family's domain. Wan Yanxiu and the other patriarchs dared not slack off; they immediately moved to organize their troops and make the necessary preparations.

As for how Gu Changge had obtained the coordinates of this mark, they did not dare to ask. They had no idea where the real battle would unfold next.

In the following days, many creatures in the vast worlds under the Spiritual Royal family's control could sense an unexplainable atmosphere of an impending great battle.

A large number of elite fighters emerged from the forces of the major ethnic groups. Ancestor-level figures, rarely seen on ordinary days, began appearing one after another. Compared to previous decrees, the current recruitment order received by all ethnic groups was even more straightforward: none of the clans under the rule of the Spiritual royal family were allowed to disobey.

Those above the Immortal Realm were commanded to depart one after another. Suddenly, in the vast worlds under the Spiritual royal family's jurisdiction, various speculations began to circulate. Many ethnic groups believed that the Spiritual royal family had found a suitable real world for migration and was preparing for a large-scale invasion.

Different theories spread across the worlds, but regardless of the speculation, it was the command of the Spiritual royal family, and no clan dared to defy it.

Given the current turmoil, Chu Lian felt it was only a matter of time before this war would impact “ordinary creatures” like himself. The desire for strength within him was growing rapidly, and he became increasingly aware of his own weakness, which only fueled his yearning for power.

The spirit of the Ball of Ambitions also sensed the host’s low strength. Despite Chu Lian’s good aptitude and sufficient cultivation resources, the lack of time was something he couldn’t easily overcome. This was especially concerning since once the Spiritual civilization engaged in warfare with other civilizations, everyone would inevitably be affected.

Chu Lian believed that, given the cruelty and indifference of the Spiritual royal family, it was highly likely that ordinary individuals like himself would be drafted as cannon fodder, forced to serve on the front lines and meet their demise.

After all, the power of the Immortal Dao could barely be considered part of the main force. It would take a long time for him to grow into an Immortal King or even an Immortal Emperor—it couldn’t be achieved overnight.

Although the Ball of Ambitions could assist him and provide abundant resources, it couldn’t alter his current status and make him comparable to an Immortal King in a single leap. This sense of urgency weighed heavily on Chu Lian.

“You want to advance quickly, but you can’t. Cultivation is a step-by-step process...” the spirit of the Ball of Ambitions reminded him, dousing his impatience with reality.

Chu Lian smiled wryly, “I was too impatient. The sudden recruitment by the Spiritual royal family, and the looming threat of war, truly frightened me.”

He needed a more stable era in which to grow, not one filled with turbulence and war.

“Perhaps you could speak with Mr. Gu about this. Maybe he could help,” the spirit of the Ball of Ambitions suggested, having thought of a potential solution for Chu Lian.

Chu Lian was slightly surprised. “Ask Mr. Gu for help?”

During this time, Chu Lian had followed the rules and requirements of Juxian Village, working alongside the disciples of “Master Gu” to exterminate evil spirits in various regions, honing his strength, completing numerous tasks, and reaping many rewards. These experiences completely dispelled the doubts Chu Lian once harbored.

He realized that “Mr. Gu” seemed to have established Juxian Village not just for personal power, but to make a name for himself, drawing attention from all races so that they would come here seeking refuge.

During this period, Chu Lian had also witnessed high-ranking figures from ancient, long-established ethnic groups appearing in Juxian Village, seemingly to report and discuss matters.

It was only then that Chu Lian understood the depth of Mr. Gu’s influence within the Spiritual civilization—far beyond anything he could have imagined. It became clear that many of the ethnic groups that had submitted to the Spiritual royal family were likely already under Mr. Gu’s control.

However, after reflecting on it, Chu Lian realized that this made perfect sense. After all, “Master Gu” hailed from a far more powerful super civilization and freely distributed vast amounts of precious resources. He was generous, and his followers were renowned for doing good deeds across many regions, successfully building up a solid reputation.

Chu Lian thought that, when the time came, if “Mr. Gu” rallied for support, countless forces would likely respond and stand behind him. Overthrowing the rule of the Spiritual royal family seemed like only a matter of time. This filled Chu Lian with deep envy.

What Chu Lian had always dreamed of achieving, “Mr. Gu” was doing with ease.

“Indeed, the saying ‘wealth moves the gods’ is not wrong at all,” Chu Lian mused with a shake of his head. Though he had received many benefits from Mr. Gu, and his envy grew, he knew he couldn’t voice his feelings aloud.

When his thoughts returned, Chu Lian asked again, “Artifact Spirit, tell me in detail, how can I get him to help me?”

The Artifact Spirit of the Ball of Ambitions explained, “Since Mr. Gu has already infiltrated every corner of the Spiritual civilization, he likely knows about the Spiritual royal family’s army gathering. As his follower, you can naturally leverage his reputation, seek shelter, and gain benefits for yourself.”

Chu Lian’s uniqueness lay in his aptitude as an anomaly—his future and past were unpredictable and unbound by conventional rules. The Ball of Ambitions’ spirit couldn’t fully comprehend how far Chu Lian might grow.

However, something puzzled it. Recently, Chu Lian's fate had become unexpectedly stable, no longer fluctuating as it once did. It was almost as if he had lost his unique, anomalous aptitude. His fate, which had once been shrouded in uncertainty, now seemed visible and predictable.

The spirit of the Ball of Ambitions wasn't sure if this was a good development. It hadn't yet mentioned anything to Chu Lian, opting to wait and observe. If Chu Lian truly lost his extraordinary aptitude, with his current foundation, it would be nearly impossible for him to achieve the rank of Immortal Emperor, let alone reach the Dao Realm.

After all, it was precisely because Chu Lian was an anomaly that the Ball of Ambitions had recognized him as its master, ensuring that he remained hidden from the prying eyes of others. In other words, if Chu Lian lost this extraordinary aptitude, the Ball of Ambitions itself could be exposed, attracting unwanted attention.

The consequences of such a situation would be disastrous. Without his unique aptitude, Chu Lian could lose the Ball of Ambitions—and possibly his life as well.

"I see," Chu Lian nodded, still unaware of the subtle changes that had taken place within him during this time.

After hearing the explanation from the Ball of Ambitions, he finally understood most of the situation.

However, given his current status, it was difficult for Chu Lian to meet Gu Changge directly, so he thought of reaching out to Ling Huang. The two hadn't seen each other since Ling Huang had come to give him the "Heavenly Guest" token.

Fortunately, several of Ling Huang's servant girls remained in Juxian Village, so Chu Lian asked them to convey his requests and concerns to her.

Ling Huang responded quickly, reassuring Chu Lian that Gu Changge was already aware of the situation and would make arrangements for him.

A few days later, Chu Lian encountered a group of unfamiliar young men and women. They carried themselves with poise—the men, handsome and commanding, walking with the strength of dragons and tigers; the women, all stunningly beautiful, their bodies radiating a precious glow, their eyes shimmering with divine light, and their postures graceful.

Chu Lian was momentarily taken aback, unsure of their intentions. However, after their introductions, he learned that they were all members of prominent ethnic groups under the rule of the Spiritual royal family. Their elders held influential positions in the Spiritual royal family, placing them in high-standing circles of power.

The young men and women explained that their visit was in response to orders from their family elders. They were to accompany Chu Lian and follow the Spiritual royal family's army to the front lines, where they would hone their skills and quickly improve their strength.

“Brother Chu Lian, there's no need to worry about safety,” one of them reassured him.

“The elders have already arranged everything for us. When the time comes, we just need to follow the army, and someone will ensure our protection.”

They added, “Opportunities like this—to participate in such a significant battle—are rare. If we are among the first to arrive at that unknown civilization, there's a high chance of gaining substantial benefits.”

These young men and women, each with an extraordinary presence and remarkable strength, were regarded as the best of their generation. Despite their own status and talents, they were exceedingly polite to Chu Lian, as if they had been specifically instructed to treat him well. They spoke with smiles, explaining everything clearly.

Chu Lian hadn't expected to receive such an opportunity. He was both amazed and pleasantly surprised by this unexpected turn of events.

It was indeed much safer for Chu Lian to follow the children of these prominent families. With their protection, not only would his safety be assured, but he would also have the chance to train, improving his strength more quickly. Furthermore, these younger generations were destined to hold significant power in the future. Building good relationships with them now could establish valuable connections that might help him down the road, particularly in his goal to overthrow the Spiritual royal family's rule.

I didn't expect Mr. Gu to be so influential that even the major families within the Spiritual royal family have been infiltrated.

Chu Lian couldn't help but feel a mix of admiration and unease at the realization.

Meanwhile, the spirit of the Ball of Ambitions watched this unfolding with an indescribable feeling. Ever since Chu Lian had encountered Gu Changge, everything seemed to fall into place perfectly. He gained everything he lacked and everything he desired. This level of luck had far surpassed what could be considered merely "defying the heavens."

"At present, the host's luck is indeed extraordinary," the spirit mused.

"Everything has gone too smoothly, though. It seems that he's missing the kind of calamity that a true anomaly should experience. Could it be that a terrible disaster awaits him in this war?"

The spirit of the Ball of Ambitions could only speculate, sensing that something ominous might be on the horizon.

Chapter 1005: She is more qualified to be a Daoist. Whose tribulation is this?

“This time, thanks to the lord’s intervention, otherwise, with our strength, it would have been impossible to stop these foreign invaders,” someone said, their voice filled with gratitude and relief.

“Indeed, we are still too weak. We’ve grown too comfortable in our daily lives and lost our sense of crisis,” another added, reflecting somberly.

“This catastrophe should serve as a wake-up call for all of us.”

Divine lights shot into the sky, illuminating the aftermath of battle. The sounds of fierce fighting echoed throughout the universe, and blood saturated the star fields. The battle had finally reached its conclusion. Armies, led by Immortal Kings, surged forward, relentlessly hunting down the remnants of the defeated immortal civilization.

The powerhouses of the Dao Chang Realm stood amidst the devastation, shaking their heads in solemn reflection as they surveyed the widespread destruction. The losses had been heavy; many had fallen, leaving no trace behind.

Among the fallen were friends, acquaintances, and even former enemies. The battlefield was a grim reminder of the fragility of life and the high cost of war.

Some ethnic groups and forces had declined severely in the aftermath of the war, with some even facing extinction. It would take millions of years for them to recover, if at all. Nevertheless, the catastrophe in the Dao Chang Realm had finally subsided.

Since the onset of this vast battlefield, countless interconnected universes and worlds had been destroyed or annihilated, leaving them steeped in decay and ruin. Though the most powerful members of the immortal civilization managed to escape, they left behind at least 70% of their army, which had fled and scattered across various regions.

In response, all ethnic groups and sects began dispatching their clansmen and disciples to hunt down the remnants of this army, clearing them out and restoring temporary peace to the worlds. However, the task of fully eliminating the lingering forces would take time, and the process of cleaning up the aftermath was still far from complete.

At the conclusion of the war, all ethnic groups suffered losses to varying degrees, and it would take time for them to recover. However, the conflict also saw the rise of many exceptional talents. These individuals gained fame across various battlefields, slaying numerous invading enemies, which served as a small consolation amid the great losses suffered by the ethnic groups.

“The foreign enemies have been defeated, but many internal issues within the Dao Chang Realm remain unresolved,” one leader remarked grimly.

“During this invasion, some ethnic groups didn’t contribute troops to the fight at all. Worse, they took advantage of the chaos, launching attacks from behind. I must report this to the deputy leader and others, so they can decide what action to take.”

The leaders of various ethnic groups and forces were visibly angered when discussing the matter. While they had sent their elite warriors to the front lines, sacrificing much to defend the Dao Chang Realm, certain groups in the heartland had used the opportunity to loot and stir up civil strife. In the urgency of the war, they had no time to address these betrayals, but now they could not ignore them any longer.

Now that they had some breathing room, the leaders were determined to deal with those who had betrayed them in their time of need.

“This time, the Daoist Wang Wushang did not show up during the battle against the foreign enemies. He secluded himself on an island under the pretense of being in deep retreat. When we sent people to request his aid, his subordinates injured our envoys and refused to allow any disturbance,” one leader said bitterly.

“This must be addressed by the deputy leader and the others. Wang Wushang is indeed a talented figure, but let’s not forget that he rose to prominence thanks to the resources provided by us and other ethnic groups. His purpose was to take a leading role in this catastrophe, to stand against the foreign invaders.”

“And what did we get instead?” another leader chimed in angrily.

“A man greedy for life and afraid of death. Even the geniuses of our own clans risked their lives in this battle, fighting desperately. And yet, Wang Wushang, with all his fame, did nothing.”

The leaders of the various immortal forces were filled with resentment and dissatisfaction toward Wang Wushang’s actions. Although Wang Wushang was normally domineering and wielded significant power, often with the ability to influence outcomes single-handedly, he had previously avoided harming the interests of the other ethnic groups. This time, however, his selfishness in the face of disaster had crossed a line.

However, now that he had gathered considerable power for himself, Wang Wushang had chosen to remain on his island, entirely disregarding the desperate struggles of the various clans and sects during the war. His inaction was intolerable to the leaders.

Yet, some voices of caution emerged amid the outrage. “After all, Daoist Wang Wushang was established by the leader himself and was bestowed with many treasures. Many believe he is being groomed as the next successor. What good will it do to impeach him in front of the deputy leader and the others?”

“Exactly. The deputy leader and the others are likely to be in league with the leader, making it difficult to voice our concerns. We might have to abandon this effort hastily,” another leader cautioned.

“Besides, Wang Wushang’s cultivation has reached the level of a quasi-immortal emperor, and he could break through to the immortal emperor level soon. At that point, even the deputy leader and the others might fear him. As much as this situation irks us, offending him could lead to retribution that outweighs any potential benefits of confronting him.”

The leaders of the various ethnic groups were divided on the issue, grappling with their frustration while weighing the potential consequences of challenging someone as powerful as Wang Wushang.

Some leaders considered it wise to endure the current situation, as offending Wang Wushang could lead to disastrous consequences. They were not particularly afraid of Wang Wushang himself, but rather the powerful figure behind him.

However, one leader suddenly had an idea, his eyes lighting up as he spoke up.

“Speaking of this, there might be a solution. You’ve all seen how fearless and brave Miss Xian’er was during this battle. She has reached the pinnacle of the Immortal Emperor realm.”

He continued, “In terms of talent, she is not too far behind Wang Wushang. Moreover, Miss Xian’er is still young, and her achievements are a testament to her own efforts. Her potential for the future is bound to be even greater. Throughout the war, despite the dangers, she never forgot to help her companions. Her character shines in comparison.”

“Given these qualities, she is far more qualified to be the Daoist of the Dao Chang Realm than Wang Wushang.”

His words created an immediate stir among the leaders, igniting a wave of discussion and speculation about the possibility of elevating Xian'er's status.

Many leaders exchanged glances, contemplating the implications of the previous statements.

“Indeed, we've all witnessed Miss Xian'er's pure-hearted nature. She embodies innocence and was born in response to this calamity. She would be the perfect choice as the Daoist of the Heaven Slaying Alliance,” one leader affirmed.

As the sentiment spread, others echoed the sentiment that Gu Xian'er was far more suitable than Wang Wushang for the role of new Daoist. For the various ethnic groups, the benefits of this choice clearly outweighed the drawbacks. Given the prestige Gu Xian'er had garnered during the battle, it was clear that she would attract substantial support should she choose to lead.

Most importantly, her identity played a crucial role in their decision. “That's right, I also agree. We should make Miss Xian'er the new Daoist,” another leader added.

“If everyone is in agreement, then once the war concludes, we will unite to impeach Wang Wushang at the headquarters of the Heavenly Slaying Alliance. I believe the deputy leader and others will be receptive to our proposal.”

With that, the leaders of all the ethnic groups quickly reached a consensus. They resolved to wait until the end of the war before putting their plan into action.

All ethnic groups had long-standing grievances against “Wang Wushang,” so it was only natural that they wished for his removal.

I think I understand the leader’s intention behind making Wang Wushang the Daoist.

One Of them mused, a smirk forming on his lips.

Hehe, having Miss Xian’er as the Daoist would be a perfect fit.

Meanwhile, in a distant part of the universe, Gu Wuwang, Hei Ming, and others observed the unfolding situation. As the deputy leader, Gu Wuwang preferred to remain silent, not wanting to provoke any unnecessary conflict. However, Hei Ming had harbored dissatisfaction with “Wang Wushang” for quite some time and was eagerly waiting for the right opportunity to act against him. The discussions among the leaders of the various ethnic groups provided the perfect chance he had been looking for.

On the other hand, Ni Chen was unaware that the battle outside the boundless battlefield was nearing its conclusion. At a critical moment in his attempt to seize control of the Dao Chang Realm, most of the seventy-nine lights above his head had been extinguished. Although the true spirit of the Dao Chang Realm was no longer present in this world, the imprint it had left behind was not so easy to erase.

The true spirit of the Dao Chang Realm, at its peak, was stronger than most in the Dao Realm, comparable to the second-lowest existence in that realm. Initially, Ni Chen had believed that the true spirit of the Dao Chang Realm would only be at the threshold of the Dao Realm. However, he was taken aback to discover that its strength had reached such a remarkable level.

After all, the Dao Chang Realm had only recently been conceived and born, categorizing it as a Newborn Realm. How strong could its foundation truly be?

Ni Chen speculated that this must be the true strength of the Dao Chang Realm's true spirit today. The remaining mark it left behind was significantly tied to the essence of the true spirit itself.

So what if the Dao Realm is the second lowest? If it stands in my way, I will erase your mark.

Ni Chen's eyes gleamed with madness as he bit the tip of his tongue, channeling his original essence and blood into an innate secret technique. This transformed into a surging soul mist aimed at obliterating the mark.

At this moment, he could no longer afford to concern himself with the outside world; all his energy and focus were directed toward this task. Moreover, Ni Chen could sense that the connection between the true spirit of the Dao Chang Realm and the realm itself was growing weaker. This indicated that the true spirit was not in a good state; it was quite fragile. Otherwise, if the true spirit were strong, it would surely act to defend its mark against any intrusions.

Boom!!!

In the unseen dark space, the original imprint left by the true spirit of the Dao Chang Realm continued to dim. The soul mist spread across the sky like a living entity, producing a cold whistling sound as it erased the imprint's light. Ni Chen's gaze burned with ambition and determination as he spat out another mouthful of original blood. The surging soul mist thickened once more, roaring like a tidal wave, drowning everything in its path.

It's almost done.

When I succeed, I will transform into the new true spirit of the Dao Chang Realm. From that point, I will leap into the Dao Realm in one fell swoop, becoming invincible in this world, unafraid of anyone.

Ni Chen's eyes were bloodshot and wild as the soul lamp above his head flickered rapidly, consuming his vitality. Of the forty-nine true lives he had, most were now expended, a testament to his unwavering resolve to put all his eggs in one basket.

"It's just the last thread... I'm so close to finishing."

Ni Chen roared, his excitement mingling with impatience.

He could already feel the majestic power belonging to a real world—thick, surging, vast, and endless. The entire essence of his being was undergoing a transformation, and he could sense the beginnings of Daoism within him.

From outside the Dao Chang Realm, one would witness a massive and boundless misty soul fog rising from all directions, permeating the unknown space and striving to completely envelop this realm. This was the culmination of years of meticulous planning by Ni Chen, and at this moment, everything was finally coming to fruition.

Boom!!!

At that moment, from the boundless expanse, a terrifying muffled thunder echoed through the void. A thunderous light, entwined with the immortal glow of the Dao, embodied the true essence of creation and destruction. The nine-colored chaotic energy descended, thick and boundless, as if it had chiseled through the ages, splitting chaos and penetrating time itself as it fell directly toward the Dao Chang Realm.

This thunderous light carried an aura of ultimate destruction, with countless worlds born and annihilated in its wake, revealing the horrifying spectacle of collapsing universes. The instant it made contact, the endless soul mist erupted with a searing sound, evaporating like snow meeting the scorching sun.

“Ahhhh...”

Ni Chen had never anticipated that at such a critical moment, a destructive chaotic thunder would strike down upon him.

All vitality was wiped out, and his last hope was severed. Ni Chen let out a desperate scream, his figure trembling violently as several mouthfuls of blood spewed forth. The true soul began to disintegrate, and the remaining soul lamps flickered before being instantly extinguished.

As he felt the last soul lamp nearing its end, Ni Chen fought against the overwhelming anger, unwillingness, and disbelief in his heart. In a final act of desperation, he severed the connection with the remnants of his true souls, thereby preserving his own life. However, even in this attempt to save himself, a wisp of extreme destructive energy still fell upon him, coursing through the remnants of his true soul.

Click!

Ni Chen heard a sharp, crisp crack as his quasi-immortal emperor Dao Fruit began to fracture. A wisp of black air wrapped around it, dark and foreboding, with dense cracks spreading ominously, threatening to collapse at any moment.

Irreversible wounds on the Dao! Why is this happening?

Ni Chen stood frozen in the hall, his eyes bloodshot with disbelief. He had meticulously planned every detail, ensuring that all arrangements were flawless. Yet, at this most critical juncture, he found himself facing divine punishment and the rare chaos of true thunder.

Though it was only a single strike, under the power of chaotic true thunder, even the most formidable evil spirits retreated, and everything was laid to waste. How could he possibly resist such overwhelming force?

Especially since he was still in the state of a true soul, at the most critical stage of seizing the Dao Chang Realm, Ni Chen was on the verge of success. The thought of failure filled him with deep resentment, and he longed to scream at the heavens, denouncing the injustice he faced.

“Why? Why?”

He growled lowly, his eyes burning with fury. He clenched his teeth tightly, his fists turning white from the strain.

Ni Chen couldn't comprehend it. As a member of the Underworld clan, the art of seizing houses was a divine gift, so how could he be subjected to such a catastrophe? He hadn't followed the usual cultivation path, step by step toward the Dao Realm; he should not have been forced to endure this kind of trial.

Chaotic true thunder was a force that even those who had broken through to the Dao Realm dared not underestimate. How could he, with only a trace of the Dao Realm's aura, provoke its descent?

This catastrophe does not belong to me. Whose catastrophe does it belong to?

A chilling thought struck him: could this be a trial meant for the true spirit of the Dao Chang Realm? Was he merely inches away from victory when an unforeseen accident occurred?

Filled with unwillingness, Ni Chen teetered on the brink of madness. His meticulously crafted plan to seize the Dao Chang Realm had crumbled. Not only had he lost forty-eight true lives, but even his quasi-immortal emperor Dao Fruit now bore irreversible damage.

Chapter 1006: When it's time to fight, you have to fight.

In the main hall, Ni Chen was consumed with rage, wanting to scream at the sky to vent his anger and frustration. He had worked tirelessly and planned meticulously for so long, only to falter at the most critical moment when success was within reach. How could he accept failure now, when the resurrection of his ethnic group and the Underworld Realm depended on it?

“Ahhh...”

Ni Chen's eyes burned with fury, resembling a beast on the brink of extinction, roaring in defiance. The cracks in his quasi-immortal emperor Dao Fruit were glaringly evident, with dark lines spreading across it as if they intended to engulf the entire Dao Fruit. This was an injury to the Dao that was nearly indelible and irreversible.

If left unresolved, it would signify the end of his cultivation. He would be unable to advance any further and might even plummet from the quasi-immortal emperor level due to the backlash. Even if he seized another flawless body with the talent of the Underworld clan, it would be futile.

The injury to the Dao was intertwined with his true soul, and unless he severed that part of his true soul with immense determination, he would remain trapped. However, during the process of seizing the Dao Chang Realm, he had consumed nearly all of his true life, leaving his true soul incomplete.

If he discarded this part again, it would mean the end of his life. These consequences were far beyond Ni Chen's understanding and expectations.

Outside the main hall, many of Ni Chen's followers heard the roaring sound emanating from within, but they were puzzled by its cause. They exchanged confused glances, unsure of what had transpired, and hesitated to approach.

Daoist is in a critical moment of retreat; no one should disturb him. Are you seeking death?"

A figure with indifferent eyes stood at the entrance of the main hall, preventing anyone from getting closer. They were tall and exuded an inexplicable aura—some with red blood flowing through them, others shrouded in gray mist, resembling ancient gods with immense power.

These individuals were all ancestors of the Underworld clan, whom Ni Chen had helped to reshape during this period, each possessing the strength of immortal kings.

Among them were a few who, with Ni Chen's assistance, had occupied the innate race in the depths of chaos and possessed bodies at the quasi-immortal emperor level. On this island, they wielded nearly invincible strength and immense power.

Ni Chen enjoyed considerable prestige, and these individuals held him in high regard, their strength overwhelming. After hearing the warning, the others dared not ask any further questions, though they couldn't conceal the worry and unease in their eyes.

They had already received news that the attack by the army of the immortal civilization had been quelled. The leader of the alliance, Gu Changge, had appeared and single-handedly slain an entity comparable to the Dao realm, scaring away all the powerhouses of the immortal civilization.

At this moment, various ethnic groups and forces were sending their clansmen to handle the aftermath of the final battle, intent on completely eradicating the remaining forces left by the immortal civilization.

Those forces that remained behind and refused to send their people to fight would inevitably face liquidation sooner or later. They were like grasshoppers on the same rope as “Wang Wushang,” sharing both fortune and misfortune. As a Daoist of the Dao Chang Realm, “Wang Wushang” held a status that was below a few but above hundreds of millions.

They complied with orders and dispatched troops to safeguard the island’s safety. When the time came, all ethnic groups would come to blame them, expecting “Wang Wushang” to step forward and explain the situation.

“What’s wrong with the young master? Why do I feel that his aura has diminished significantly?”

“Could it be that he failed in the final seizure?”

The ancestors of the Underworld clan stood outside the hall, their faces seemingly indifferent, yet they could not hide their concerns. They could clearly sense that Ni Chen’s aura within the hall was weaker than before, but no one knew just how much weaker it had become.

Especially just now, Ni Chen’s life fluctuations had grown extremely weak, resembling a candle flickering in the wind, ready to extinguish at any moment. This unsettling realization tightened their hearts, making them nearly push open the palace door to peek inside. This was a critical moment for the resurrection of the Underworld clan and the restoration of the Underworld Realm, and no mistakes were permitted.

Suddenly, bright golden streams of light descended from the sky, and numerous figures rushed toward this location.

“It’s not good! Outside the island, powerful figures from various ethnic groups have arrived with decrees in hand. They’ve come to summon the Daoist for an important discussion.”

“Our people are barely able to hold them back; they will force their way in...”

The figures, wearing hurried and anxious expressions, spoke as they approached the front of the hall. Upon hearing this, the rest of the gathered individuals changed their expressions, genuinely worried about what was unfolding. Clearly, this was the time for them to confront Ni Chen.

During this catastrophic time, “Wang Wushang,” as a Daoist, had not gone to the front lines to fight the enemy; instead, he gathered troops to station there and remain on standby. This decision would undoubtedly provoke dissatisfaction among all ethnic groups and forces, leading them to report to the deputy leader and others for accountability.

“What should we do? Is it even possible to resist? They have orders in their hands and will surely break in regardless.”

Many were filled with worry, unsure of how to confront the entire Heaven Slaying Alliance. The actions of “Wang Wushang” left them puzzled and confused.

“Why are they here at this time? Who is deliberately targeting the young master and choosing this moment to confront him?”

The expressions of the ancestors of the Underworld clan shifted, their eyes growing cold. Many exchanged glances, recognizing the murderous intent reflected in each other’s eyes. At worst, they all considered the possibility of staying behind together in the future.

They didn't believe that, given the young master's current status, those few Dao Realm existences would truly dare to attack him. Just as all the powerhouses outside the hall were filled with panic and concern, the palace door swung open suddenly, revealing Ni Chen, who had regained his composure and stepped outside.

Dressed in a white robe, with his hands behind his back and an expression that appeared extremely cold—similar to his usual demeanor—he approached. The ancestors of the Underworld clan looked at him and collectively breathed a sigh of relief. Ni Chen didn't seem to be in danger, but they were uncertain whether the seizure had been successful.

“Let's go. Since the various ethnic groups want to hold me accountable, I want to see how they intend to do so.”

“Interfering with my cultivation? I will demand a proper explanation for this crime.”

Ni Chen glanced at everyone, spoke lightly, flicked his sleeves, and golden clouds spread beneath his feet, lifting him into the distant sky. Seeing this, the others transformed into streams of light and followed closely behind him.

In the magnificent palace of the headquarters of the Heaven Slaying Alliance, the atmosphere was not as dull as one might expect. Immortal mist floated like clouds, filled with radiance, creating an ambiance reminiscent of the vast universe.

In the Dao Chang Realm, leaders from various ethnic groups and sects had gathered, bringing with them the younger generations who had excelled in the recent battle. These rising stars were exceptionally talented; during the conflict, they had beheaded numerous enemies and gained fame throughout the world. Some had even acquired heaven-defying opportunities, leaving the leaders of the various groups both puzzled and envious.

The Heaven Slaying Alliance actively recruited talent from across the realm, and it was evident that these rising stars would likely join the Alliance in the end. Although the various ethnic groups intended to extend an olive branch, they recognized their own limitations and lack of competitiveness. In terms of resources and cultivation techniques, the combined offerings of all the clans in the Dao Chang Realm were no match for those of the Heaven Slaying Alliance.

The predecessor of the Heaven Slaying Alliance was the Divine God and the Heavenly Court established by Gu Changge. As for Gu Changge himself, no one could determine just how many rare treasures he possessed.

At the beginning of the establishment of the Divine Kingdom, Gu Changge had created a list of immortals. In their desire to have their names immortalized on it, all ethnic groups offered their ancestors' treasured Heavenly Weapons one after another.

During the disaster of Mount Kun, the upper realm fell into a period of darkness, leading to the destruction of many ancient immortal clans. Numerous forces that exist today had developed and thrived by relying on those legacies.

In those years, Gu Changge established the Dark Heavenly Court, sweeping across the upper realm. Ultimately, he dispatched people to search for the heritage treasures of various ethnic groups. After the Heaven Slaying Alliance was formed, all ethnic groups were required to divide their strength and contribute substantial heritage in order to join. Even the most powerful ethnic group from foreign lands was no exception.

In the hall, alongside the leaders of various ethnic groups, all the Daoists in the Dao Chang Realm were also present. Although the ancient cultivator Yuan Chan did not contribute significantly in this battle, he had still provided assistance in the end. Out of respect and appreciation, all ethnic groups treated him and his disciples with great politeness.

Qing Feng stood together with the survivors of the Immortal Palace, having delivered an impressive performance during the conflict. Among the young talents of the middle and younger generations, he was regarded as one of the best. Among the younger generation, Wang Xiaoniu, Shen Xian'er,

and others shone the brightest. As disciples of a Dao Realm existence, the guidance they received on a daily basis was naturally far superior to that of ordinary geniuses.

However, the most striking figure at the moment was the young girl standing beside the Dao Realm beings, her face cold and silent, seemingly untouched by the smoke and fire of the world. She wore a simple, plain white dress, her black hair cascading like a waterfall. Her features were perfect and flawless, and her eyes sparkled like crystal clear jade, resembling a banished immortal longing to ride the winds.

Due to the time confusion in the heavenly tomb, Gu Xian'er appeared not to have changed much over the years. In contrast, even her younger sister, Shen Xian'er, had undergone significant changes.

However, no one in the hall dared to underestimate Gu Xian'er. In terms of strength and background, she was unmatched in the current Dao Chang Realm. All the Dao Realm beings had gathered in the hall because of her.

“Has the Daoist not arrived yet? He really has the audacity to make everyone wait for him. After today, let's see if he remains so arrogant.”

“Hehe, I've long been disgusted with him. He doesn't regard me at all and shows no respect for the seniors of the Dao Realm.”

“After today, there will be no further dealings with him. It's just a shame that all the resources we invested have only cultivated such a white-eyed wolf.”

“Even if he once had a leader backing him, that's no longer the case.”

Many people in the hall were speaking in low tones, discussing the unfolding situation, well aware of what would transpire that day. When Gu Xian'er heard these comments, her expression remained largely unchanged. She had never been particularly interested in the whereabouts of this Daoist.

After the war ended, Gu Xian'er had intended to return to Peach Village, focus on her cultivation, and strive to break through to the Dao Realm as quickly as possible. However, under the persuasion of Hei Ming, Shen Xian'er, and others, even Gu Wuwang, the ancestor of the Gu family, approached her privately to discuss the benefits of becoming a Daoist. It was only then that Gu Xian'er decided to vie for the position of Daoist.

If she wanted to reach the Dao Realm, resources and luck were essential. The position of Daoist, aligned with the blessings of the power of luck in the Dao Chang Realm, offered an unprecedented opportunity for rapid progress in cultivation—an opportunity that was nearly unattainable for ordinary individuals. How could she let such a chance slip away?

“Those who attain the Dao will be favored more than those who have lost it. This is the consistent law of heaven.”

“Miss Xian'er, you don't need to worry; everyone supports you in your bid to succeed as Daoist, not Wang Wushang,” Hei Ming said, standing not far from Gu Xian'er, with a slight smile and a respectful tone.

Although Hei Ming was an existence in the Dao Realm, he treated Gu Xian'er with great respect. Upon hearing his words, Gu Xian'er nodded; she had never met “Wang Wushang.” However, through conversations, she had gained some understanding of him.

“Wang Wushang” was the Daoist appointed by Gu Changge and had been bestowed with many treasures, indicating that he was being groomed as a future successor. His cultivation had surpassed that of the Quasi-Immortal Emperor several years ago. Logically, since this arrangement had been made by Gu Changge, she should not involve herself.

However, Hei Ming, Gu Wuwang, and others had all informed her that Gu Changge had different plans for this situation, urging her to fight for the position of Daoist. Moreover, “Wang Wushang’s” actions had sparked complaints among the various ethnic groups, who were dissatisfied and wished for him to be replaced.

Gu Xian’er didn’t know what Gu Changge’s true intentions were, but since she had decided to compete, she was determined to fight.

“My lord, Wang Wushang greets all of you seniors. However, I am unsure why you called me here so urgently,” a voice echoed from outside the palace.

“At this critical juncture of my cultivation, upon seeing the decree from several seniors, I immediately left my gate and came here.”

Streams of light suddenly rushed toward the palace. Although the person in charge had not yet arrived, the voice had already pierced through the atmosphere, indifferent and accusatory.

Moments later, the streams of light descended, and a figure stepped into the hall. It was Ni Chen, who had hurried over, accompanied by many of his followers and several ancestors of the Underworld clan. As they strode into the hall, the leaders of various ethnic groups, who had been discussing in low tones, ceased their conversations and turned to look.

Many of them even displayed expressions of sarcasm, as if they were watching a theatrical performance.

Chapter 1007: This position was originally reserved for her by the lord, understood a little

Ni Chen stood tall and straight, with straight eyebrows and a calm, peaceful expression. Dressed in a white robe and with his hands behind his back, he walked into the hall with a casual demeanor, as if he were indifferent to the people present. His followers entered one after another, exuding a tyrannical aura that deepened the frowns of the leaders from various ethnic groups.

Clearly, this was a force to be reckoned with, including several quasi-immortal emperors.

It was important to note that in the Dao Chang Realm, quasi-immortal emperors were few and far between, often counted on one hand. Yet, in addition to Ni Chen, there were many who consistently heeded his orders.

Many attendees thought of the clansmen and children sacrificed during the battle, fueling their hatred for Ni Chen even more. A significant conflict had erupted on the front lines, and instead of sending any manpower to assist, he remained in the rear, breeding troops and causing civil strife. It was imperative to impeach Ni Chen and force him to abdicate this time.

Ni Chen appeared extremely indifferent. Although he noticed the expressions of everyone in the hall, he remained unconcerned. Before he had seized control of the Dao Chang Realm, he had anticipated such a scene, fully aware that it would incite public outrage. He simply hadn't expected the battle to conclude so swiftly. Moreover, his plan to seize control had been completely shattered due to a tribulation that had unexpectedly fallen upon him.

Nevertheless, as long as he was still alive, there remained a glimmer of hope.

"I don't know why all the seniors have sent down orders to call me here," he said, his tone calm.

I am at a critical juncture in my breakthrough; if there is no urgent matter, I will take my leave. After all, cultivation must take precedence over all else.

With a faint smile, Ni Chen looked directly at Gu Wuwang, Hei Ming, and the others in the hall, as if his cultivation had been unjustly disturbed.

Since becoming a Daoist, Ni Chen had been striving to present himself as Gu Changge's inheritor and future successor. Many of his actions, whether intentionally or unintentionally, mirrored Gu Changge's style. This included his current posture and tone of voice, which closely resembled Gu Changge's demeanor.

It had to be said that this approach had proven effective for quite some time. Everyone could see traces of Gu Changge in him, which only heightened their fear of him. This perception further fueled Ni Chen's arrogance; he boasted that as long as Gu Changge was away from the Dao Chang Realm, he was qualified to dominate, even disregarding the likes of Gu Wuwang and other Dao realm existences.

Such behavior caused many in the hall to frown even deeper, sensing the complexity of the situation. After all, Gu Changge had personally sanctioned Ni Chen's position as a Daoist. No one knew or could predict Gu Changge's true feelings about the matter.

If they guessed wrong, the consequences could be unimaginable, likely resulting in their complete destruction.

"Oh? Daoist, is there something wrong with your cultivation? The old man feels your foundation is much looser and more insubstantial than before. Or could it be that my perception is off?"

Before Gu Wuwang could respond, Hei Ming, who stood beside him, smiled faintly. His initially cloudy eyes now seemed to see through Ni Chen, and his tone was laced with curiosity.

Gu Wuwang, the ancient cultivator Yuan Chan, and others also exchanged glances, their expressions revealing a mix of intrigue and suspicion as they observed Ni Chen. Being from the Dao Realm, they hadn't personally investigated, but they sensed something was amiss with him. His aura felt significantly weaker than before, and even the radiance of the Quasi-Immortal Emperor seemed greatly diminished. What had transpired during this time?

Ni Chen's heart trembled; he had taken great care to conceal his aura on the way there. However, he hadn't anticipated that these seasoned veterans would possess such keen insight and would still catch on to some clues.

Yet, Ni Chen was not one to be easily rattled. With a calm expression, he replied lightly, "During the recent invasion by foreign enemies, I intended to fight fiercely, to ignite the light of the Immortal Emperor and condense the Dao Fruit of the Immortal Emperor to play a more significant role in this battle. I didn't expect to be too impatient, which led to some issues during my breakthrough, harming my origin. I've been cultivating for the past few days. If it weren't for the orders from several seniors, I would still be in my cave, focused on my training."

As he spoke, he offered an explanation for his prior inaction, justifying why he had chosen to remain hidden rather than engage in the battle.

However, the people in the hall were not convinced. His words might have fooled the untrained, but this gathering was filled with leaders from various ethnic groups, all possessing long-term vision and great wisdom. They had lived long enough to see through Ni Chen's pretenses.

"Hehe, so that's the case. Your dedication is truly commendable, Daoist," Hei Ming replied, his smile remaining, but his tone dripping with ridicule and mockery.

Ni Chen's expression remained unchanged as he asked, "I don't know why the seniors have summoned me here. What is the reason?"

As he spoke, he couldn't help but glance sideways toward another direction in the hall.

There stood a girl with a cold demeanor, silent and seemingly indifferent to the world around her. She wore a simple plain white dress, her black hair cascading like a waterfall. Her features were perfect and flawless, and her eyes, as clear as jade, resembled a banished immortal yearning to ride the wind. ǎ

While the others in the hall engaged in conversation, she stood there quietly, not saying a word. It was as if she existed outside of the world yet somehow remained at its center—cold and lonely, refined and peerless.

In truth, when Ni Chen had first entered the hall, he had already taken note of the cold girl standing beside Gu Wuwang, Hei Ming, and the others. Although she was an unfamiliar face to him, Ni Chen had already begun to piece together her identity.

Although Ni Chen had never fought on the boundless battlefield against foreign enemies, he had heard about the remarkable achievements of this girl. Gu Xian'er! She was Gu Changge's cousin, a member of the same clan, and unlike Shen Xian'er, this girl possessed extraordinary fortune and was deeply favored by Gu Changge.

Ni Chen had deliberately studied many events in the upper world and knew that Gu Xian'er held a significant identity. In Gu Changge's heart, her status was exceptionally high.

"I'm calling you here this time because I have something important to discuss with you," Gu Wuwang, the deputy leader who had remained silent until now, finally spoke. His tone was slow but carried immense authority.

As he spoke, the various leaders who had been conversing in hushed tones fell silent, turning their attention to the deputy leader with a mix of curiosity and anticipation.

Ni Chen was slightly taken aback but maintained a smile as he asked, “I don’t know, Senior Wuwang, what do you wish to tell me?”

Gu Wuwang said little and waved his hand. In response, a stream of dark golden light shot forth from beneath his wide robe, transforming into a wave-like golden letter that undulated in the air. This golden letter unfurled, revealing handwriting as bright as stars that emerged one by one, emanating an inexplicable and formidable force.

Ni Chen’s heart trembled as he kept his composure, quickly scanning the contents of the letter. His followers gathered behind him, peering over to take a look. As they read, their expressions grew increasingly unattractive, eventually turning gloomy and ugly. The letter was an impeachment notice collectively drafted by all ethnic groups and forces, detailing numerous accusations against Ni Chen.

At the same time, the letter demanded that Ni Chen step down as Daoist of the Heaven Slaying Alliance. The leaders of all ethnic groups and sect heads had left their genuine seals and marks on the letter, a binding force in the universe. Once it was activated, the declaration would be broadcast across the vast expanse of the great worlds and countless universes.

This wasn’t just some interoffice memo; it was the cosmic equivalent of being unfriended by the entire multiverse at once.

When that happened, Ni Chen’s identity as Daoist would dissolve like mist in the morning sun. His followers, who had once basked in his shadow, would tumble down from the pedestal they once occupied—taking their influence, power, and any dream of securing those juicy resource allocations with them.

In short, not only would they lose status, but they’d also be waving goodbye to their share of precious resources, rare treasures, and the sweet, sweet perks that come with being in Ni Chen’s inner circle. For them, it was more than just losing an office; it was losing everything.

“This is simply nonsense! The Daoist was appointed by the leader himself and established by him. How can there be any reason to impeach him and force him to resign?” one elder exclaimed, outrage evident in his voice.

“That’s right! Shouldn’t it be the leader who decides the identity of the Daoist? When did it become the prerogative of others to dictate this?” another added, indignation swelling among the ranks.

“These so-called letters hold no weight at all! The Daoist is the beacon of hope for the future of the Dao Chang Realm, and I am wholly devoted to cultivation for the benefit of the realm!” a third voice rang out, rallying support.

“Where does this impeachment leave the prestige of the leader?” they continued, their protests filling the hall.

At that moment, Ni Chen remained silent, observing the rising tide of dissent from his followers. Elders from various ethnic groups and traditional figures voiced their dissatisfaction and objections one after another.

The leaders of various clans and sects in the hall exchanged glances, their expressions tinged with sarcasm. They knew the truth behind the impeachment letter. While the protests were spirited, they were ultimately more influenced by the powerful backing of the three Dao Realm existences than by any genuine concern for Ni Chen’s position.

This was the prevailing trend in the Dao Chang Realm: anyone who dared to oppose it would be crushed to ashes.

“Seniors, are you planning to let Miss Xian’er take over as the new Daoist?”

Ni Chen's expression darkened as he glanced at Gu Xian'er, who remained impassive. Could this be her scheme?

Fighting against foreign enemies on the vast battlefield had brought her fame and prestige. Was it all just a pretext to secure the identity of Daoist? If he managed to seize control of the Dao Chang Realm, Ni Chen would have scoffed at the very idea of holding such a title, viewing it as beneath him.

But now, he found himself in dire need of resources to heal from his injuries and eliminate the damage inflicted on his Dao. Losing his status as Daoist would also mean losing the many resources he had previously enjoyed, along with the blessing of luck bestowed by the Heaven Slaying Alliance. This would deal a devastating blow to Ni Chen, leaving him vulnerable and exposed.

"This is not our intention; rather, it reflects the consensus of the current clans in the Heaven Slaying Alliance," Gu Wuwang stated, shaking his head calmly. His words implied a clear direction: they intended to make Gu Xian'er the new Daoist.

"The position of Daoist has already been arranged by the leader. Are the seniors intending to defy the leader? What about the dignity of the leader?"

Ni Chen's voice deepened, trying to suppress the unwillingness swelling within him. He sensed that today might indeed be the day he lost this critical identity, which would make it exceedingly difficult for him to regain his footing in the future.

Gu Wuwang maintained his composure, shaking his head once more.

“The leader has already declared that the position of Daoist should be filled by those of virtue. When a change is necessary, it must occur. Furthermore, if Miss Xian’er becomes the Daoist, I believe the leader would be quite pleased.” His words were unambiguous.

Ni Chen’s understanding began to crumble as his expression darkened. His fists clenched, and he could no longer maintain the calm demeanor he had arrived with. Gu Wuwang’s last statement—that this position was originally reserved for Gu Xian’er—struck him like a thunderbolt, leaving him reeling.

The fog that had obscured certain truths began to lift, and Ni Chen felt a dawning realization. At that moment, the expressions of his followers turned pale, understanding that Gu Wuwang’s words represented a conclusion beyond dispute.

“Given that, let’s adhere to the rules and have a fair fight. If Gu Xian’er can defeat me, then I’ll gladly relinquish the Daoist position to her. But if she can’t even overcome me, what right does she have to hold this title, and what qualifications does she have to win the support of the public?” Ni Chen’s demeanor cooled entirely as he fixed his gaze on Gu Xian’er, now addressing her by her first name rather than the polite ‘Miss Xian’er’ he had used earlier.

Gu Wuwang and the others frowned, sensing the icy determination in Ni Chen’s eyes. It was evident that he had resolved to eliminate her, making the stakes of the encounter alarmingly clear.

Relying on his early breakthrough into the realm of quasi-immortal emperor, Ni Chen looked at Gu Xian’er with a sense of superiority, knowing that she had yet to consolidate her foundation.

“Good. Since you want to fight me fairly, then come on,” he challenged, his voice steady and confident.

Before Gu Wuwang and the others could respond, Gu Xian'er, who had remained silent until now, had already accepted. She was straightforward and preferred to avoid unnecessary trouble. Moreover, she was confident in her strength. Though she appeared cold and reticent to others, deep down, she held a sense of pride and assurance.

“Very good.” Ni Chen’s sneer deepened at her immediate acceptance. Despite his injured foundation, he was still considered the strongest individual in the Underworld Realm. The anticipation of the confrontation stirred within him, believing he would easily demonstrate his superiority over Gu Xian'er.

No matter how talented Gu Xian'er was, she had only just established her footing in the realm; it was impossible for her to be his opponent.

Since you want to take my position, you have to pay the price.

Ni Chen thought, a sneer forming in his heart alongside a strong killing intent.

In the headquarters of the Heaven Slaying Alliance, there was no shortage of trial battlefields. With several Dao Realm beings taking action to maintain it, the arena could fully support a battle at the quasi-immortal emperor level.

As soon as Gu Xian'er and Ni Chen stepped onto the battlefield, they unleashed their most powerful abilities. The surging Daoism of the quasi-immortal emperor undulated like cosmic waves, reverberating through various dimensions of time and space.

The chaotic energy surged into the sky, enveloping the universe, and even a mere flicker of the ensuing fluctuations made the leaders of all ethnic groups tremble in fear. The intensity of the atmosphere was palpable, heightening the anticipation of the confrontation that was about to unfold.

Chapter 1008: Ni Chen’s True Identity, Endless Unwillingness and Resentment

The quasi-immortal emperor battlefield spanned multiple universes, transcending time and space, and was jointly maintained by existences from the Dao realm. Gu Xian'er and Ni Chen moved through it, engaging in thousands of battles in an instant. No one could discern their traces as they traversed hundreds of millions of miles.

In their hands, various terrifying divine powers were unleashed, with the surging aura of the quasi-immortal emperor flooding the universe like a torrent. The leaders of all ethnic groups trembled in fear. In contrast to the chaotic battle during the invasion of the immortal civilization, the confrontation between Gu Xian'er and Ni Chen starkly revealed the power and terror of the quasi-immortal emperor.

Even a mere wisp of fluctuating energy from their fight was enough to obliterate a portion of the universe. The long river of time roared and surged before them, emanating a terrifying momentum akin to the roar of a mountain and the crashing of a tsunami. Both displayed an aura of invincibility in this situation.

Especially Gu Xian'er, although she had just established herself in this realm, her foundation was not as solid as Ni Chen's. However, her profound control over Daoism rivaled that of the ancient monsters in this world, who had been immersed in their pursuits for countless eras. As she waved her bare hands lightly, hundreds of millions of strands of sword energy converged into mountains and seas, seemingly surging from all time and space, flooding the universe and reaching everywhere.

Every ray of sword energy was as tangible as a forged sword. From a distance, it appeared as sword energy intricately intertwined, converging into an ocean. Yet, upon closer inspection, one would see that each ray of sword energy was as thick as a star, capable of slicing through the ages with a howl, so powerful it could instill trembling fear in onlookers. This was the ultimate sword law, condensed into a tangible form, far stronger than any divine weapon.

Gu Xian'er resembled an invincible sword immortal, leaning on her sword across the sky, the brilliant sword light illuminating the entire battlefield of the quasi-immortal emperor. Hundreds of

millions of strands of sword energy condensed behind her, crossing the universe and launching a relentless assault on Ni Chen. Even the few Immortal Emperors observing the battle couldn't help but nod in amazement, realizing that Gu Xian'er's swordsmanship was far more remarkable than they had anticipated.

Ni Chen's technique was equally impressive; a bright glow radiated from the space between his brows, as if some mighty god were about to awaken there. A vast river of time flowed in front of him, surging toward the billions of sword lights.

Boom!!!

A tremendous collapse erupted, plunging everything into chaos. The endless turmoil surged, blurring all scenes.

"To reach this point, you truly have some means, but it's a pity you encountered me this time,"

Ni Chen sneered. His white robe billowed as he raised his palm and pressed forward. The blazing brilliance erupted like a sun exploding, dazzling and imbued with the essence of ultimate destruction.

This technique was akin to absorbing stars from the sky to fight against an enemy, capturing vast universes to compete. However, in the hands of a Quasi-Immortal Emperor, even the long river of time could be wielded as a weapon, easily ingested to combat foes.

At the Quasi-Immortal Emperor level, they possessed an array of incredible powers. Their methods of combat were beyond the imagination of all beings; had they not been on this battlefield, they would have been on a killing spree, fully capable of slaughtering the common people in a vast world.

Right now, the long river of time was turbulent. They stood in the domain of the current world, attacking the rest of time and space. The universe and the starry sky were constantly shattered and reshaped with a single thought.

Gu Xian'er found herself at a disadvantage. From the very beginning, she seemed quite passive under Ni Chen's relentless assault. After tens of thousands of strokes, both began to sustain injuries. Yet, for them, these injuries could heal and recover with just a thought, showcasing an unbelievable vitality.

Seizing an opportunity, Gu Xian'er launched a horizontal sword attack. Choosing this path, she melded thousands of swords with her body, cultivating the ultimate form of swordsmanship to break through ten thousand spells. This sword seemed capable of severing the entire river of time, imprisoning it, making space genuinely stagnate, and transforming it into a lawless realm.

"I really underestimated you..."

Ni Chen said, his expression darkening. Despite the numerous exchanges, he had not gained a significant advantage.

Instead, Gu Xian'er seized the opportunity to strike him, piercing one of his arms and causing blood to splatter everywhere. Ni Chen had always felt that Gu Xian'er was well cared for by Gu Changge, like a flower in a greenhouse, unaccustomed to many battles.

In the boundless battlefield, they had planned to confront foreign enemies together to gain fame and compete for the position of Daoist in the Heaven Slaying Alliance. At such a young age, she was expected to reach the level of a quasi-immortal emperor, having acquired many extraordinary opportunities, most of which were attributed to Gu Changge.

However, after exchanging thousands of moves, he realized he had underestimated Gu Xian'er. At this moment, blood flowed from her mouth, yet her eyes shone brighter and brighter, as if countless sword shadows were intertwining within them. Her aura intensified, and the Dao Fruit of the Quasi-Immortal Emperor grew more solid and radiant.

Clearly, this battle was also beneficial for her. She had just established herself in this realm and had never fought a true quasi-immortal emperor before.

This battle had sharpened her Daoism and solidified her foundation. Gu Xian'er had to admit that Ni Chen was indeed powerful; some of his methods were unfamiliar to her and proved difficult to counter. Fortunately, her rich combat experience allowed her to devise a countermeasure quickly, enabling her to make rapid progress.

The existence of a quasi-immortal emperor who could reach this level through sheer effort, without relying on external aids, was not to be underestimated. Ni Chen, too, was in a precarious situation. The injury on his shoulder harbored the terrifying laws of swordsmanship, tearing at his vitality and making it difficult to expel and heal. At the same time, this wound aggravated the significant injury already present in his body, which was nearly unstoppable.

Yet, Gu Xian'er's aura continued to grow stronger. He feared that he might capsize in the gutter and be defeated by her, a prospect Ni Chen could not tolerate.

At that moment, a terrifying black shadow appeared behind Ni Chen, resembling a black hole—deep and vast, like ancient burial wells. In a daze, one could discern many ancient coffins, either vermilion or dark blue, buried within those wells.

Surrounding these burial wells were numerous vague figures, kneeling in mourning, as if they wished to sacrifice themselves. A series of indistinct figures chanted ancient and obscure sacrificial rites, continually leaping toward the burial wells to martyr themselves. Simultaneously, a vague river of time materialized around these wells, severed and directed into them.

This scene left many spectators outside the Quasi-Immortal Emperor battlefield staring in shock. While many immortal kings could not see the specifics, they felt an overwhelming chill enveloping them. Their true souls trembled constantly, as if they were on the verge of being dragged away and buried alongside the ancient remains.

“What kind of divine power is this? I have never seen anything like it before. Not only must I sacrifice myself, but it seems I am also expected to sacrifice the past and the future...”

The hearts of several immortal emperors were greatly shaken, sensing a trace of strangeness and unease.

This was a Dao realm divine power that even they had never witnessed before. Although they were not physically present, it felt as if they could sacrifice a portion of their strength. How strange and tricky this was!

The method of three burials: burying the past, burying the present, burying the world.

Ni Chen’s eyes were faintly bloodshot; performing this technique seemed increasingly difficult for him, and he could clearly feel his vitality waning.

In that moment, a terrifying aura of destruction filled the entire Quasi-Immortal Emperor battlefield, sweeping from the future to the ancient past and the present. Gu Xian’er sensed something was amiss; her own vitality was also being drawn toward those burial wells, slipping out of her control.

The center of her brows glowed, and her primordial spirit stepped out, taking on her own appearance as she immediately sat cross-legged.

The flower of Dao was blooming, bright and sacred, as she worked to restrain her own vitality and prevent it from being depleted. Simultaneously, her physical body glowed, emitting a rich fragrance. Every pore radiated light, boundless and brilliant, resembling a galaxy hanging upside down around her.

This was the Nirvana Good Fortune method, created by Gu Xian'er herself, with her own body serving as the foundation, deeply rooted in heaven and earth. Surrounding her were patches of immortal grass like a lush rug, divine trees standing like a forest, and even good fortune immortal trees, which bore fruit and bloomed, crystal bright and fragrant.

Boom!!!

In an instant, an unprecedented shock erupted on the battlefield of the Quasi-Immortal Emperor. The power of sacrifice rippled outward, constantly surging toward Gu Xian'er, attempting to plunder her vitality and force her into sacrifice. Meanwhile, she sat cross-legged, surrounded by a sacred land, radiant with celestial light, enveloped by the sound of the Great Dao—sacred and inviolable.

At this moment, even the few immortal emperors watching the battle felt a sense of palpitation and fear welling up from the depths of their hearts. The leaders and elders of various ethnic groups were even further removed from this level of power. They lacked the qualifications to observe, yet the surging waves of impact still made them tremble.

This place seemed to open a new world, transitioning from destruction to new life, reshaping the universe from the ashes. Later, Gu Xian'er found blood trickling from her mouth and nose; her figure trembled as she struggled to remain upright, seriously injured. Ni Chen fared no better—his aura was sluggish, and his vitality was in decline.

The original injury of the Great Dao was now even clearer. Gu Wuwang, Hei Ming, and the ancient cultivator Yuan Chan could all distinctly see the terrible wound, which contained indelible laws of the Great Dao laid across Ni Chen's quasi-immortal emperor Dao Fruit.

Why does he have a Dao injury on his body, and why is it affecting his Dao Fruit?

What happened during this time?

Gu Wuwang and the others were astonished, puzzled by the situation. Clearly, it was precisely because of this Dao injury that Ni Chen gradually found himself at a disadvantage, unable to return to his former peak. Otherwise, it would have been difficult for Gu Xian'er to truly compete against him, given her strength in this realm.

After all, Ni Chen's own good fortune was remarkable. During his time as a Daoist in the Heaven Slaying Alliance, he had acquired numerous resources, leading to a significant leap in his strength.

Moreover, merely establishing a foothold in the realm of quasi-immortal emperors was not the same as having been in this realm for many years. The mastery of this realm was not something that could be achieved overnight.

"The injury of the Great Dao? So that's how it is," Gu Xian'er realized, despite her own serious injuries. The more she fought, the braver she became, and her strength only increased, while Ni Chen continued to decline. In the end, he could not hope to be her opponent.

Initially, there had been a slight gap between Ni Chen and her, but it was far from sufficient for him to triumph over her.

“There is no suspense in this battle. If you continue to fight with me, once your Immortal Emperor’s Dao Fruit is broken, you will no longer be my opponent when you fall into this realm,” Gu Xian’er declared coldly.

Given that the Dao Chang Realm was teetering on the brink of collapse, she did not wish to destroy it at this moment and risk losing the existence of a quasi-immortal emperor. Furthermore, Ni Chen was the Daoist of Gu Changge, and she was uncertain of his plans.

In the eyes of everyone, the outcome of this battle had already been decided. Ni Chen’s injuries had worsened, and his strength was no longer what it had been, making it impossible for him to contend with Gu Xian’er.

After Gu Xian’er finished speaking, Ni Chen’s figure suddenly trembled. His once cold face displayed a hint of surprise and shock, leaving him somewhat incredulous. The sudden change in his expression startled everyone present.

“It’s interesting; there is still a trace of the true spirit hiding in a corner I haven’t occupied, waiting for this moment to try and reclaim this body. You want to reveal your abnormality?” Ni Chen mused, as if speaking to another presence. “Or is someone secretly aiding you?”

Ignoring the astonished expressions around him, he sneered to himself. He understood that, with his current strength, he could no longer be Gu Xianer’s opponent and could not reverse the situation. The abnormality he sensed at that moment might draw attention from others, so he decided not to bother hiding it any longer.

Everyone outside the Quasi-Immortal Emperor battlefield was momentarily confused. In contrast, Gu Xian’er suddenly became thoughtful.

“It turns out we have been deceived by him all along. He is not Wang Wushang at all, but someone else who has occupied Wang Wushang’s body,” Hei Ming observed carefully, finally noticing some clues regarding Ni Chen. He wondered if Gu Changge had recognized this early on.

It was evident that “Wang Wushang” had been taken over long ago, and they had failed to notice it until now. On the other side, Gu Wuwang appeared to have anticipated this revelation, as if he had already suspected the truth.

Ni Chen disregarded everyone’s reactions and laughed, saying, “That’s right, I’m not Wang Wushang at all. This poor guy was just taken over by me.”

“My name is Ni Chen. I am originally the young master of the Underworld Realm, the Underworld Clan. I have been dormant in this world for many years, waiting for the day I could take over and revive my Underworld Clan.”

“It’s a pity. Originally, when the immortal civilization invaded, it was the perfect opportunity for me to seize control. I was close to succeeding, but I encountered a catastrophe in the dark—a chaotic true thunder that split my true soul and shattered all my long-laid plans.”

“I hate it! I was just one step away from seizing this world, becoming the new true spirit of the Dao Chang Realm, possessing the strength of the Dao realm, and being invincible in this world. At that point, no one would be able to check and balance me...”

As he spoke the latter part, Ni Chen laughed maniacally, his tone filled with unwillingness. His tragic and resentful laughter echoed throughout the battlefield, causing the universe to tremble.

“Little Lord...”

Outside the Quasi-Immortal Emperor battlefield, Ni Chen's clansmen finally grasped the situation, their faces reflecting profound grief and despair.

Chapter 1009: The fate of the future has long been arranged, and the tool man who was used to the extreme

Ni Chen's words effectively exposed his identity, serving as a revelation to all the Underworld clan members outside the Quasi-Immortal Emperor battlefield. His long-planned scheme had failed, shattering the last hope of the Underworld Clan.

The faces of the ancestors of the Underworld Clan, who had recently taken on new physical bodies, reflected their grief and misery. With Ni Chen's failure, even the position of Daoist would be lost to them. Not only was there no hope for the Underworld Clan's revival, but they might also face true annihilation in this world.

It turned out to be a failure.

They murmured, their spirits seemingly drained as they grasped the weight of the situation.

Ni Chen's revelation stirred an uproar in the hearts of the leaders and teachers of all ethnic groups. Their complexions changed drastically, shock evident on their faces as they processed the implications of his words.

Underworld Realm? Underworld Clan?

The ancient cultivator Yuan Chan wore a look of surprise, clearly taken aback by the revelation regarding Ni Chen. If Ni Chen hadn't spoken up, even he would not have noticed the slightest anomaly.

Noticing the surprise on her elder sister Fen Ruo's face, Qing Feng couldn't help but ask, "Elder Sister, do you know about this group?"

"I've heard about the Underworld Clan from some experts in the Nine Heavens," Fen Ruo replied thoughtfully.

"They are said to be a very peculiar ethnic group. Their numbers are small, but their talents are incredibly strange and formidable. They can assume countless forms and possess a terrifying ability to seize bodies. There are even tales of their ancestors seizing the true Heavenly Dao of an ancient civilization, aiming to wield the power of heaven and act as its agent..."

"But eventually, this clan vanished into the mists of time for unknown reasons. There's been no news of them since, and they likely faced extinction. However, the identity of the force that exterminated them remains a mystery." Fen Ruo explained softly.

In the vast expanse of the world, the Underworld Realm was not particularly powerful. Its small number of clans limited its ability to compensate for the lack of high-end combat strength. However, many ancient real worlds might not necessarily surpass the Underworld Realm in terms of overall strength.

Outside the battlefield of the Quasi-Immortal Emperor, an uproar erupted, all stemming from Ni Chen's frenzied revelation of his origins. Who would have anticipated that "Wang Wushang" had already been taken over by someone and was not a descendant of the previous Wang family from the Immortal Domain?

Furthermore, Ni Chen had intended to seize control of the entire Dao Chang Realm and was so close to succeeding. If it hadn't been for the chaotic real thunder, the Ni Chen standing before them would have certainly displayed a different demeanor. At that moment, the Dao Chang Realm would have faced yet another horrific disaster.

Compared to the invasion of the immortal civilization army, which was a direct assault, Ni Chen's secret plotting to occupy a portion of the real world was even more terrifying and nearly impossible to guard against. Even Gu Wuwang, Hei Ming, and other Dao Realm existences likely never anticipated such a scheme. Had the army of the immortal civilization not been defeated, the Dao Chang Realm would have faced chaos, caught between enemies on both sides.

Reflecting on this, many felt a cold sweat trickle down their backs.

Did the alliance lord consider this when he appointed this person as Daoist, or was everything part of his predictions and calculations?

At that moment, many sect masters suddenly thought of Gu Changge. Given their understanding of him, they found it highly unlikely that he would have overlooked Ni Chen's plot. Yet, he not only established Ni Chen as the Daoist of the Heaven Slaying Alliance but also urged all ethnic groups to pool resources to aid his growth. What could be his intention and purpose behind all this?

Many people's gazes shifted as they recalled the chaotic true thunder that Ni Chen mentioned when he failed to seize the Dao Chang Realm. Could it be that Gu Changge had long planned this, deliberately keeping a hand in reserve just to shatter Ni Chen's last hope?

First, he provided him with enough hope to make him believe he had a chance of success. Then, at the last moment, he completely crushed that hope, letting him fall into the abyss.

Considering it this way, many believed it was indeed in line with Gu Changge's usual style.

It was the same with the various races in the Upper Realm back then; they were all deceived.

As the leaders of all ethnic groups reflected on this, they couldn't help but shake their heads and smile wryly, acknowledging that this was the most likely scenario. Some couldn't suppress their glee at Ni Chen's misfortune.

After all, this kind of situation didn't directly affect them. From the perspective of bystanders, they could only see Ni Chen as pitiful and self-inflicted. He believed he had meticulously planned everything, only to realize he had been manipulated by Gu Changge all along without his knowledge.

What you say doesn't matter.

You're doomed in this battle. If you still want to fight, then I can only send you off one last time.

On the battlefield of the Quasi-Immortal Emperor, Gu Xian'er leaned on her sword, her blue hair fluttering in the wind. She didn't pay any attention to Ni Chen's crazed behavior; her tone was filled with confidence as she spoke. ㊦

She had always maintained an air of cold refinement, exuding an aura of immortality. However, Gu Changge knew that this was merely a façade. As soon as she opened her mouth, it was difficult to conceal her underlying arrogance.

Hehe, do you really think you can win against me this way? Take my position as Daoist and destroy my last hope? Do you think it's all over so easily?

I'm telling you, this is just the beginning.

Ni Chen heard the murmurs around him but paid them no mind. However, Gu Xian'er's words ignited a deep hatred and coldness in his eyes. To him, it was her interference and insistence on fighting for the position of Daoist that had exposed his identity. His animosity toward Gu Xian'er rivaled only that of Gu Changge.

Ni Chen's words raised alarms among the onlookers. What did he plan to do? What confidence did he have left? Gu Wuwang, Hei Ming, and the others exchanged wary glances, frowning at his demeanor.

"This is the end of your bravado. Do you want to force me to take action?" Gu Wuwang replied indifferently from outside the battlefield of the Quasi-Immortal Emperor.

The terrifying aura of the Dao realm surged, instantly destabilizing the entire space-time universe.

Swish!!!

Ni Chen cast a cold glance across the battlefield of the Quasi-Immortal Emperor. In the next moment, a small tree swaying with majestic purple energy appeared in his hand. Strands of thick, mysterious purple aura hung down, intertwining around the tree, creating an ethereal spectacle. It distorted time and space, as if the long river of time itself had come to a halt.

This tree embodied primordial power, representing the very beginning of all things—the chaos before creation, the primordial world where the universe had yet to be divided.

The sight of this object captured the attention of many, including Gu Wuwang, Hei Ming, and others. Even they, with their vast experience, were intrigued, sensing that the tree contained profound truths about the Dao realm.

This revelation stirred old grudges between Hei Ming and Ni Chen; after all, Ni Chen had invested considerable thought and energy into obtaining and safeguarding the Hongmeng Myriad Root. As everyone watched Ni Chen prepare to sacrifice this tree, confusion filled the air—no one could discern his true intentions.

Ni Chen fixed a cold, hate-filled gaze on Gu Xian'er and spoke with a chilling smile,

“This is the Hongmeng Myriad Root. When I became a Daoist, Gu Changge personally gifted it to me. At the time, I thought he was being generous and concerned. But now, I realize the truth...”

He paused, a bitter edge to his voice.

“The germination of this thing requires constant nourishment from luck, never allowing it to slack for even a day. By making me the Daoist of the Heaven-Slaying Alliance, he intended to siphon the alliance’s luck to cultivate this treasure for you. Once it matures, it would serve as your wedding dress.”

Ni Chen couldn’t help but admire Gu Changge’s cunning.

“I have to admit, he had a well-laid plan. For you, he orchestrated this from the very beginning. But I saw through his facade long ago and prepared accordingly. This seedling has grown into the Primordial Tree, a vessel for my second soul...”

With a smirk, he continued, “Even if Gu Changge embedded numerous imprinting techniques within the Hongmeng Myriad Root, they are futile now. In the end, he has unwittingly aided my ascent.”

His words laid bare his disdain for Gu Changge, referring to him simply by his first name. Ni Chen had always been meticulous, especially after acquiring the Hongmeng Myriad Root; he had taken extensive precautions, fearing that Gu Changge would leave behind a mark or method to control him.

Afterward, although he didn't notice any abnormalities, Ni Chen used the talents of the Underworld Clan to completely seize control of the Hongmeng Myriad Root, at a considerable cost. It was less of a second soul and more akin to a second clone. Due to the terrifying abilities of the Underworld Clan, even if this object had been secretly cursed or manipulated by Gu Changge, it would have no effect on him.

Even if Gu Changge's true body were present, once Ni Chen took over, he would be powerless to stop it. This was the source of Ni Chen's confidence.

"Originally, I planned to wait for this thing to fully mature into a Primordial Tree, using it as my anchor to cultivate my second clone. But now, with the injury of the Great Dao cutting off my last hope, I am more determined than ever," he said, his gaze fixed on Gu Xian'er, sneering all the while.

"I will return from my cultivation and seek vengeance on you and Gu Changge." Ni Chen had already resolved to sever his ties.

The Primordial Tree, a miraculous wonder of heaven and earth, was even more extraordinary than the World Tree and the Epoch Tree, which birthed all living beings.

He intended to use this as a foundation for his cultivation, confident that his future achievements would far surpass his current state. While nurturing the Primordial Roots, Ni Chen had sensed the profound truths of the Dao Realm contained within them, which could significantly aid anyone seeking to understand this realm and enhance their cultivation.

Unbeknownst to him, the essence of immortal matter and creation matter played a crucial role in the formation of the Hongmeng Myriad Root. If he had known, he would have grasped the true nature of the substance Gu Changge used to condense it.

For now, he only needed to use this root as a base for his cultivation. The moment he successfully merged with the world, he would wield power comparable to that of the Dao Realm. Although the journey was long, he was determined that it would one day come to fruition.

Outside the battlefield of the Quasi-Immortal Emperor, Ni Chen's declarations once again left everyone stunned.

Once this extraordinary entity, coveted even by those in the Dao Realm, became his foundation, Ni Chen would inevitably rise again, posing a significant threat in the future. Gu Wuwang, Hei Ming, and the others furrowed their brows, already contemplating a decisive strike to eliminate Ni Chen.

However, Ni Chen appeared to have anticipated their intentions, sneering, "Before I spoke, I had already foreseen that you would act against me. Though the Primordial Tree is merely a seedling, its miraculous properties far exceed your imagination. Just now, I opened a passage through endless time and space, allowing me to escape before any of you can reach me."

His words caused Gu Wuwang's frown to deepen. "This guy is cunning. He must have been planning this all along, using his earlier words to set the stage for his escape. Even if we coordinate our attacks, we probably won't be able to stop him. In this boundless time and space, with the protection of the sapling of the Primordial Tree, he can conceal his aura and elude detection."

Another Daoist, Jiu Jianxian, who had remained silent until now, also frowned, sensing the disturbances and anomalies in time and space within the battlefield of the Quasi-Immortal Emperor.

Hei Ming frowned and asked, “Are we really just going to let him escape?”

Gu Wuwang shook his head, responding, “Don’t forget who left that Hongmeng Tree. Since Gu Changge entrusted it to Xian’er, it’s impossible for him to let this guy take it away. It’s just a fleeting moment of joy for Ni Chen.”

Seeing Gu Wuwang’s determination, both Hei Ming and Jiu Jianxian nodded in agreement, understanding the implications of his words.

On the battlefield of the Quasi-Immortal Emperor, Gu Xian’er frowned. Realizing the depth of Ni Chen’s hatred for Gu Changge, she tightened her grip on the dao sword in her slender hand. “You can’t even defeat me, and yet you talk of seeking revenge against Gu Changge. You clearly don’t understand your own limitations.”

“Besides, do you really think you know Gu Changge so well?” Her voice dripped with sarcasm, her crystal-clear eyes reflecting her disdain.

The moment Ni Chen sacrificed the seedlings of the Hongmeng Tree, she sensed a subtle connection forming between them. Gu Xian’er knew this was likely a contingency left by Gu Changge, but Ni Chen remained oblivious, believing he still had a way out and hope for a comeback.

“What do you mean?” Ni Chen shot her a cold glare.

Before Gu Xian’er could respond, Ni Chen’s expression shifted as he sensed that something was amiss.

The saplings of the Primordial Tree, which were once under Ni Chen's control, suddenly soared into the air, bathed in a misty light. Each leaf resembled a crystal-clear ancient mirror, reflecting various images.

These ancient mirrors displayed Ni Chen's figure, showcasing many scenes of him cultivating and plotting grand plans with his clansmen. It was as if the sapling of the Hongmeng Tree was revealing his past, but soon, these vivid images began to blur and fade into dimness, quickly disappearing from view.

“What...?”

Ni Chen was momentarily stunned, a sense of unease creeping into his heart. It felt as if some terrifying and unspeakable force was stripping away his connection with the seedlings of the Primordial Tree.

Puff!

In an instant, his second incarnation crumbled. The terrifying backlash caused Ni Chen to spit out mouthfuls of blood, his face paling rapidly. At that moment, he heard the sharp crackling sound of his quasi-immortal emperor Dao Fruit shattering. With the collapse of his second incarnation, it exploded and disintegrated, vanishing from this realm in an instant.

“Impossible...”

“Why is this happening...?”

“My second incarnation...”

The sneer on Ni Chen's face vanished completely, replaced by fear, unease, and disbelief. He couldn't comprehend why the saplings of the Hongmeng Tree, which he believed he had under his control, would suddenly erase all traces and connections to him.

Watching the scene unfold on the Quasi-Immortal Emperor battlefield, the leaders of all ethnic groups showed no surprise, as if they had anticipated this outcome. Many felt a chill run down their spines, and their fear of Gu Changge deepened even further.

"Fate... this is the power of fate..."

Ni Chen suddenly laughed bitterly, a grim realization dawning on him. "I see now, Gu Changge, you are so ruthless. Not only did you make me warm and nourish the Hongmeng Tree for her, but you also forced me to block the fatal catastrophe that should have befallen her, taking on the injury for her..."

At that moment, he understood the truth: the Hongmeng Myriad Root had been intertwined with Gu Xian'er's fate since its inception, existing solely for her. It was as if it were a token Gu Changge had left for her. Meanwhile, Ni Chen's own fate had been manipulated by Gu Changge, turning him into a mere variable in a grand scheme.

This manipulation rendered him invisible to the powerful figures of the Dao Chang Realm, including Gu Wuwang, Hei Ming, and others, who could not detect any abnormalities. Consequently, the moment he touched the Dao Realm, his "false variable" bore the catastrophic burdens meant for Gu Xian'er, the "true variable." T

his resulted in his Dao fruit shattering and inflicted upon him an irreversible injury from the Dao.

From the moment Gu Changge had appointed him as a Daoist, his destiny had been meticulously orchestrated, using him to the utmost as a mere pawn. Ni Chen smiled bitterly, overwhelmed with unwillingness and despair, never anticipating that the truth could be so cruel.

Chapter 1010: Although Gu Changge is no longer there, he is everywhere, the real horror

On the Quasi-Immortal Emperor battlefield, Ni Chen's hair was disheveled, and he coughed up blood from the corner of his mouth, his vitality rapidly draining away. A terrifying Dao wound lay across his Dao Fruit, with strands of destructive black energy lingering, constantly obliterating his life force.

Having learned the final truth, Ni Chen realized he had no hope of turning back or escaping. The so-called retreat had long been anticipated by Gu Changge, who had completely blocked his path.

“Gu Changge, you are so cruel; you will be punished sooner or later...” he exclaimed.

With the last vestige of the Underworld Clan, I curse you to fall into darkness forever, to suffer the cruelest tortures in the world. Your true soul will wander the road of reincarnation, trampled by countless beings. What you have done in this life will return to you a thousandfold in the end.

He smiled miserably, filled with unwillingness and despair, his figure trembling. In the end, with bloodshot and ferocious eyes, Ni Chen spat these words almost through gritted teeth.

At the moment those words were spoken, streaks of bright luck energy were rapidly drawn from Ni Chen's sea of consciousness, as if being absorbed by some indescribable power in the void. At the same time, his figure trembled, nearly unable to stand in the emptiness. The realm that had just fallen showed no signs of stabilizing.

Outside the Quasi-Immortal Emperor battlefield, everyone's expressions changed as they observed Ni Chen's aura continuously declining. His vitality was vanishing at a terrifying speed, seemingly swallowed by some dreadful force.

In that moment, signs of aging already marked Ni Chen's face. His eye sockets were sunken, and wrinkles resembling orange peel appeared across his skin. His hair turned gray, and his teeth fell out one by one. For a brief instant, with his ferocious and unwilling expression, he looked like a ghost escaping from hell.

Gu Xian'er had been silently observing everything, aware that Ni Chen had no chance to turn back and escape. However, at the moment Ni Chen sacrificed all his life force to curse Gu Changge, her black eyebrows knitted in concern as she stepped forward. A brilliant sword light streaked across the sky, completely obliterating the glow of Ni Chen's primordial spirit.

There was another primordial spirit within Ni Chen's body that might be revived, so she refrained from destroying his physical form.

Outside the Quasi-Immortal Emperor battlefield, many of Ni Chen's followers felt a wave of despair and regret upon witnessing this scene, especially those unaware that Ni Chen had occupied the body of "Wang Wushang." The reason they had followed Ni Chen was that he had been highly valued by Gu Changge and was believed to be a potential successor. But who could have anticipated that Ni Chen was merely a pawn in Gu Changge's game?

Ni Chen had been played like a pawn from beginning to end, completely unaware of it. Now that he was dead, his followers would also be implicated. The other ancestors of the Underworld Clan, witnessing Ni Chen's complete demise and the absence of hope, displayed despair in their eyes and took their own lives one after another, severing their last ties to existence. The powerful beings present would not allow them to escape; rather than face the humiliation of being captured alive, they chose to follow Ni Chen into death.

Outside the Quasi-Immortal Emperor battlefield, the leaders of various clans and Daoist sects watched this scene unfold in silence, their expressions filled with complexity. Among them were Gu Wuwang, Hei Ming, and others, who remained silent as they observed the moment of Ni Chen's final demise, a chill running down their spines.

It was not simply a case of the rabbit dying and the fox feeling sad. Rather, this incident made them acutely aware of the despair and powerlessness in the face of Gu Changge. They could hardly bear to imagine the terror of being his enemy.

Before this, they had only grasped the extent of Gu Changge's strength. Now, they realized that everything he had done was meticulously arranged and planned in the shadows, unfolding step by step. Even though his real body was absent from the Dao Chang Realm, everything that transpired there was still under his control and orchestration. He wasn't physically present, yet he was everywhere.

Ni Chen had been living in a dream of a beautiful future. It wasn't until the moment of his death that he understood the truth: he was nothing more than a tool. But what about them? Who could say they wouldn't end up as the same helpless pawns in Gu Changge's hands?

"Today's Ni Chen, are we next in line for such a fate?"

After a long silence, they glanced at Gu Xian'er, who had closed her eyes to process the battle and recover from her injuries on the Quasi-Immortal Emperor battlefield. The Dao Realm existences exchanged looks, each seeing the same unsettling realization reflected in one another's eyes.

At least judging by the current situation, Gu Changge showed no hostility toward them and appeared to be planning something for the sake of the Dao Chang Realm and the Heaven Slaying Alliance. The ancient cultivator Yuan Chan and his disciples also felt a twinge of apprehension at that moment.

Especially Fen Ruo, who, despite her curiosity about this "demon lord," couldn't help but sigh, "What a terrifying character..." The expression on Yuan Chan's face was slightly abnormal. Although he had come to help the Dao Chang Realm navigate this crisis, his intentions were not entirely sincere; he was following the orders of the Daoist Eternal Monarch.

Clearly, the Dao Chang Realm was of special significance, drawing the attention of the Daoist Eternal Monarch. As the supreme existence among the nine heavens, the powerhouses under the Daoist Eternal Monarch were countless. Among them were many who had survived the third heavenly decline and ascended to the true Dao Realm.

The ancient cultivator Yuan Chan could not be ranked among the truly powerful beings; his actual strength was at best considered middle-tier among the nine heavens. However, within the Dao Chang Realm, there was a ruthless figure like Gu Changge, whose strength was beyond comprehension. While the background of this real world was far inferior to that of the ancient realms, it was not something he could easily pry into.

If a confrontation were to occur between the Daoist Eternal Monarch and Gu Changge, Yuan Chan knew that his involvement would likely lead to his demise, body and spirit alike.

My apprentice seems quite dissatisfied with Gu Changge. In the Nine Heavens, he has mentioned it to me numerous times.

Yuan Chan thought to himself.

It was for this reason that I mistakenly believed Gu Changge had only reached the level of the Dao Realm at most.

As he glanced at his apprentice Qing Feng, Yuan Chan felt a tingling sensation on his scalp and a chill run down his back.

Gu Changge could be considered almost omnipotent within the Dao Chang Realm. He likely knew long ago that Qing Feng had left the Dao Chang Realm to seek assistance in the Nine Heavens. Not only did Gu Changge ignore this matter, but he also allowed Qing Feng to bring him back.

At that moment, the ancient cultivator Yuan Chan felt a deep discomfort, as if a terrifying figure were watching everything unfold from outside the world, observing him with calm, ruthless eyes that scrutinized his every move.

This Dao Chang Realm is not a place for prolonged stay. I must report this matter to the Daoist Eternal Monarch as soon as possible. Without his protection, if I get caught in this whirlpool, I will surely die.

Yuan Chan thought, shaken and resolute.

Although the curtain had fallen on Ni Chen's death, many follow-up matters still needed to be addressed. Over the years, Ni Chen had gathered numerous followers in the Dao Chang Realm, including several immortal kings.

Now that Ni Chen was dead, it was natural for the tree to fall and the monkeys to disperse. The powerhouses who had followed him were more or less implicated. However, because they were unaware of Ni Chen's true identity and purpose, their punishment did not end with his death; they faced some repercussions instead.

With Gu Xian'er becoming the new Daoist, she announced her ascension to the heavens and the universe, and the succession ceremony was scheduled to take place several months later. During this period, the remaining armies of the immortal civilization were systematically suppressed and eliminated.

It was noted that Wang Wushang had managed to leave a sliver of his true spirit intact. With the assistance of several immortal king patriarchs from the Wang family and experts from the Heaven Slaying Alliance, his injuries were temporarily stabilized, allowing for recovery to begin.

No one had expected that, despite being seized by Ni Chen, he could still retain a ray of true spirit hidden deep within his sea of consciousness, which had not been completely erased. This experience could be described as a near-death escape, and for Wang Wushang, it was a significant ordeal. Many strong individuals believed he must have some fortune awaiting him in the future.

However, as Wang Wushang was recovering, he confided to everyone that while it was true he had saved a ray of true spirit, he had almost collapsed before and could barely sustain it. At that moment, a gentle force had emerged from the darkness, stabilizing the strand of his true spirit that was on the verge of breaking, allowing him to persevere until now.

Wang Wushang suspected that the one who had helped him during that critical time was actually Gu Changge. He believed that all of this had been planned and calculated by Gu Changge from the beginning, including his current rebirth. While these were merely his speculations without any concrete evidence, the fact that Wang Wushang had regained his physical body and survived the ordeal was already a pleasant surprise. He felt even more grateful to Gu Changge.

Following this battle, the situation in the Dao Chang Realm temporarily calmed down. All ethnic groups and sects began to cultivate and thrive, showing signs of a prosperous trend.

Many young and middle-aged geniuses who had gained fame in this battle matured significantly, and as the situation in the Dao Chang Realm became fully stabilized, they began to attract attention from all quarters. With the pressure of the external environment, competition among the various ethnic groups and sects within the Dao Chang Realm became noticeably milder, creating a beneficial trend. The luck of the Dao Chang Realm was growing stronger by the day.

From the highest vantage point, one could observe thick streams of luck rising from the major universes and worlds in all directions, lingering endlessly.

However, at this moment, hidden in the land of reincarnation outside the Dao Chang Realm, the surface of the sea of reincarnation sparkled like the Milky Way. An Epoch Tree seemed to open up

the chaos, with the boundless ancient world rising from the ground. Each leaf was exceptionally thick, as if it were carrying the sun and moon from the heavens, producing a rumbling sound reminiscent of colliding worlds.

Boundless chaotic aura cascaded down from these leaves, resembling a galaxy or a vast ocean, surging endlessly. A single ripple falling from this tree could shake an entire universe. When Gu Changge arrived in this place, the scene was still barren.

Dilapidated mountains stretched everywhere, the cracked soil shrouded in mist and miasma, bearing traces of great battles. As far as the eye could see, deep pits marked where stars had fallen, spreading for tens of thousands of miles without a trace of vitality.

However, a significant change was underway. An astonishing and rich vitality began to emerge in this desolate landscape. Spiritual energy surged between heaven and earth, and long-lived matter started to evolve. In some areas of nothingness, chaos was divided: clean air rose while turbid air descended, revealing the embryonic form of a new world.

Within the sea of reincarnation supported by the Epoch Tree, countless light spots floated up and down like fireflies, constantly drifting from all corners of the world. Faintly visible in the depths of the sea were six ancient portals, standing tall and majestic, exuding an aura that transcended the prehistoric universe and the fabric of heaven and earth.

Sister Qing Yi is about to succeed!

Gu Changge thought, as the canopy of the Epoch Tree concealed a magnificent and sacred palace.

A silver-haired girl stood on tiptoe with her hands behind her back, moving steadily forward. With a joyful and excited expression, she gazed at the endless sea of reincarnation below. It was Little Wang Yue, who had taken on a human form.

The light dots streaming in from all over the sky represented reincarnated souls. After being cleansed by the sea of reincarnation and stripped of their previous life's memories, these souls would be sent to the depths of reincarnation to begin anew. Most of these souls had been brought by Qing Yi from the Dao Chang Realm through a special method.

During the recent assault by the army of the immortal civilization on the Dao Chang Realm, many powerful souls who had fallen were ultimately taken by a mysterious force, meaning they did not truly die in body or spirit. These escorted souls had finally arrived at this place, including many heroic spirits who had once fallen in the battle against the heavens.

Additionally, in the depths of the sea of reincarnation, many powerful beings who had never returned were recuperating from their injuries and regaining their vitality. These efforts were the result of Qing Yi's secret work over many eras and years, as she served as the true spirit of the Dao Chang Realm.

For this reason, Qing Yi had paid a great price, ultimately having to delay her injuries by entering a state of deep sleep. As a result, she existed in a state of half-sleep and half-wakefulness most of the time. After Gu Changge's last visit, she had fallen into an even deeper slumber and had not awakened once in between.

Despite her tired and lazy demeanor, Xiao Wang Yue had never forgotten the many lessons Qing Yi had imparted to her and had been guiding these souls in her absence. Now, the laws within the sea of reincarnation had been nurtured and perfected, allowing reincarnation to be maintained without external assistance. This also meant that Qing Yi no longer needed to expend her own strength to uphold the system as she had before.

Sister Qing Yi should wake up soon.

Xiao Wang Yue thought, her spirits lifting at the prospect of taking Qing Yi out of this place once she awoke. With a happy expression and a smile on her face, she turned and walked lightly toward the palace.

However, Wang Yue hadn't taken a few steps before her smile froze. She looked at the black-clothed figure who seemed to have appeared out of nowhere in front of her, her expression shifting to one of alarm.

“Who are you? Why are you here?”

Little Wang Yue demanded, staring ahead with vigilance, her hair standing on end. At some point, a woman in black had appeared, and she hadn't noticed it at all.

It was important to note that apart from Gu Changge, no outsiders had ever set foot in this place. Back then, Gu Changge had discovered this location by following clues left by Qing Yi. Who was this strange woman in black? How had she found this place?

“The true blood of immortals that flows is unfortunately very thin...”

The woman in black glanced at Xiao Wang Yue and shook her head, her tone flat and indifferent.

Her face appeared quite ordinary, and there were no mana fluctuations emanating from her, making her seem like an everyday woman from the mortal world, easy to forget after just a few glances.