

Villain 1021

Chapter 1021: The young master of a certain hermit group? How did such a fool survive?

In the territory of the Zhuo clan, very few ethnic groups still maintain their human forms. It's unclear which side they come from.

But right now, pondering these matters is pointless. The terrifying killing intent of the Zhuo clan's elder is pressing down on us again.

Mu Yan glanced at the white-clad figure standing on the hill, clearly taken aback for a moment. Once she regained her composure, she turned to the other two.

The woman beside her wore a veil, obscuring her true face. However, judging by her faint outline, it was evident that she was not ordinary; her eyes sparkled like autumn water, radiating brilliance. The elderly man, slightly hunched, appeared frail, yet he exuded a profound aura, reminiscent of an abyss or an ocean.

The three figures before her did not seem to be members of the Zhuo clan; their features were indistinguishable from those of the human race.

In the immortal civilization, human races did exist, but their numbers were limited. Their cultivation methods differed from those of most ethnic groups in the immortal civilization, and they were incomplete, making it difficult for them to produce true powerhouses.

In such a remote galaxy, encountering a young man with a detached demeanor, resembling a banished fairy, left Mu Yan momentarily dazed and surprised. However, she quickly reminded herself that this was a critical moment; there was no time for distractions.

Mu Yan swiftly approached Gu Changge and the others, activating the extremely precious space sacrificial talisman in her hand. It faintly pierced through the void, opening a spatial channel.

If you don't want to die here, hurry and follow me. Time is running out, and there's no room for hesitation.

After gritting her teeth and thinking quickly, she urged them to join her, determined to bring the three of them along.

The three figures in front of Mu Yan had unknown origins, and while they weren't connected to her in any way, she didn't want to leave them behind. It wasn't in her nature to be indifferent when danger was right before her. If she hadn't noticed them, it would have been different—but now, with the crisis looming, her conscience wouldn't let her turn a blind eye. Her cultivation, after all, had always been grounded in principles she couldn't ignore.

Her words came quickly, and before the sound had fully reached their ears, Mu Yan had already arrived before Gu Changge, Ling Huang, and the Bone Ancestor. As she stood before them, the space sacrificial talisman in her palm began to glow, releasing an ancient, sacred aura. The vast void ahead shimmered and warped, and a wide spatial passage started to form, reaching out toward a distant universe.

However, as she activated the talisman, the strain of her previous injuries became apparent. Blood trickled from the corner of her mouth, evidence of her overexertion. This talisman was a rare and invaluable artifact she had stumbled upon by chance, but it had its limits—activating it for too long would be impossible. Still, Mu Yan pressed on, driven by her sense of duty, regardless of the cost.

Today, Mu Yan had already traversed time and space numerous times to evade danger, and the space sacrificial talisman she clutched was now riddled with cracks. It was clear that it would likely collapse completely after a few more uses.

Ling Huang, taken aback by the sight of this bloodied woman desperately trying to save them, felt a mix of surprise and discomfort. In a moment of crisis, Mu Yan had not only thought to save herself but also wished to protect innocents—an act of kindness that seemed foreign to Ling Huang, who was accustomed to a world of calculations and treachery. She glanced at Gu Changge, silently seeking his approval or guidance on how to proceed.

Gu Changge's expression revealed a deepening intrigue. He hadn't anticipated that this woman, endowed with unusual fortune, would go out of her way to offer them salvation. However, he chose not to voice his thoughts at that moment.

As Mu Yan reopened the space channel, her figure quickly vanished into its shimmering depths. Without hesitation, Gu Changge stepped in after her, followed closely by Ling Huang and the Bone Ancestor, who also entered the temporal passage, united in their shared urgency to escape the impending peril.

At the moment the silhouettes of Gu Changge and the others vanished into the space channel, a terrifying giant hand, spanning the entire starry sky, came crashing down. The overwhelming pressure from its descent caused the entire galaxy and the surrounding crystal planets to shatter and implode, quickly disintegrating into cosmic dust. Had they hesitated even a moment longer, they would have been reduced to mere particles, lost in the obliteration of the starry expanse.

As Mu Yan followed closely behind Gu Changge, she couldn't help but let out a sigh of relief, a slight smile gracing her lips despite the gravity of the situation. However, there was no time for complacency; the murderous intent of the elder of the Zhuo clan still loomed, tracking her aura and relentlessly pursuing them. The danger was far from over, and every instinct urged her to keep moving.

Currently, Mu Yan had no means to dispel the killing intent that pursued her. She could only rely on the space sacrificial talisman, using it repeatedly to move swiftly from one starry sky to another, hoping the killing intent would eventually exhaust itself. Yet, uncertainty gnawed at her—she couldn't tell whether her life would give out first or if the relentless force would tire.

Injured and in need of rest, she understood that without a chance to recover, her condition would worsen, risking the exhaustion of her life sources. The killing intent of a heavenly elder was formidable, capable of slicing through stars, breaking galaxies, and shattering the very fabric of the universe; its power was beyond her comprehension.

Fortunately, Mu Yan had faced numerous hardships and crises throughout her cultivation journey, and fear had no hold over her. She quickly composed herself, activated the space sacrificial talisman, and traversed through dozens of universes. Eventually, she discovered a concealed sanctuary, a hidden place where she could pause, rest, and begin to heal her wounds.

“It seems I won’t be able to use it more than a few times...”

Mu Yan observed the cracked space sacrificial talisman, feeling a pang of distress. For her, this was an invaluable life-saving item, one that had rescued her countless times in the past. Now, on the brink of collapse, it could only be activated a few more times. If the killing intent of the Heavenly Elder of the Zhuo Clan found her again, she would be utterly defenseless.

Girl!

A voice broke her thoughts.

“You bring the three of us along so confidently, fleeing through various universes like this. Aren’t you worried that we might take advantage of your serious injury and seize your treasure?”

The voice belonged to Bone Ancestor, who regarded her with a piercing gaze.

“This rare treasure of yours is quite remarkable. It can open a space channel that traverses multiple large universes in an instant. Such a priceless item, if known to the world, would undoubtedly spark a bloodbath. Yet here you are, so freely using it in front of us. Are you testing us?”

At that moment, Mu Yan paused, caught off guard by his words. She had been so focused on escaping and healing that she hadn't considered the potential threat her injury posed. The weight of his statement hung heavily in the air, reminding her that even in desperate times, trust could be a fragile commodity.

A gentle and pleasant voice, like a clear spring flowing over jade, suddenly reached Mu Yan's ears. Her body froze, and she turned her head sharply, her beautiful eyes—tinged with a hint of dark gold—widening in surprise.

She realized that Gu Changge and the others she had initially brought along were standing there leisurely. The speaker was the young man who had caught her attention before, exuding an air of a banished immortal. With a smile playing at the corners of his mouth, he asked with a slight chuckle, “You... you... Why are you still here?”

Mu Yan was momentarily stunned, struggling to process the situation. It felt as though her thoughts had been caught in a whirlwind, leaving her momentarily speechless.

What happened? Where's the problem? Why are they still by her side?

Mu Yan's mind raced with questions. She had assumed that once they teleported to another universe, Gu Changge and the others would naturally separate from her. The terrifying killing intent she had been fleeing from wasn't aimed at them; as long as they escaped to another universe, they would be safe.

For a moment, Mu Yan was at a loss, trying to comprehend the situation. She had acted out of kindness, saving the three of them during her desperate escape, but she hadn't fully anticipated the consequences. Had she been too hasty? In her frantic bid for survival, had she forgotten to remind them to "get off the car" along the way?

In the end, they had just followed her all the way there.

"It's over..."

Mu Yan's beautiful eyes widened in disbelief, struggling to accept the reality. Normal people would have distanced themselves from danger and sought safety elsewhere. Who would be foolish enough to follow her into such peril? Did they truly not grasp the horror of that killing intent, capable of obliterating a galaxy in mere moments?

At that moment, Mu Yan found Gu Changge and the others to be rather foolish, especially since Gu Changge appeared to be the leader among them—young, handsome, and seemingly capable. The veiled woman and the old man in the black robe looked at him with respect, yet she couldn't shake the feeling that his judgment was lacking.

"You three, why have you been following me? Didn't you realize you should have left halfway?" Mu Yan asked, trying to keep her tone steady despite her irritation.

"It's not that you said if we didn't want to die, we should follow you? We did exactly that," Gu Changge replied, a hint of surprise in his voice.

Mu Yan really wanted to roll her eyes at him; they seemed all too eager to follow his lead without hesitation. Why would they trust someone they barely knew? In a world fraught with danger, one had to be wary of being deceived to the point of losing everything.

It seems he's just a silly young master from some secluded group, accompanied by maids and servants, out for a little experience.

Mu Yan muttered under her breath.

As for Gu Changge's earlier remark, she brushed it aside. Since he recognized the miraculous nature of her space sacrificial talisman, there was no need for him to vocalize it, as that would only heighten her suspicion. Moreover, if they had intended to snatch it, they would have acted by now. She had been in perilous situations before, and they had ample opportunities to make a move while she was on the run.

Mu Yan had reached her current position not merely through good fortune; her resilience and cunning had played significant roles in her survival.

In terms of judging people, Mu Yan considered herself quite accurate. No matter how advanced Ling Huang and Bone Ancestor were in their cultivation, they couldn't help but react slightly upon hearing her mutterings. However, seeing Gu Changge's calm demeanor, they chose not to dwell on it too much.

"I didn't expect you to be so... innocent. I must have forgotten to remind you to leave halfway; that was my oversight," Mu Yan said, attempting to maintain a diplomatic tone. She carefully suppressed the urge to call them "stupid" and settled on "innocent" instead, knowing that being too blunt might hurt their feelings.

However, with the situation at hand, Mu Yan realized she had no choice but to help them. If Gu Changge and the others remained by her side, they would inevitably attract the deadly intent of the Heavenly Elder of the Zhuo Clan and find themselves in a life-and-death crisis once more.

“You should stay here for now and follow my lead. It’s difficult to guarantee that you’ll remain unscathed,” Mu Yan advised.

While this secluded spot was suitable for her to rest and recuperate, she couldn’t afford to be overly concerned about their well-being at the moment.

The space sacrificial talisman, already filled with cracks, flickered with a dim light as Mu Yan activated it once more, aiming to re-open the space passage for their lateral escape. Distress flickered in her eyes; this was a life-saving item that would be irrevocably lost with each use. Yet, knowing that Gu Changge and the others were now entangled in her predicament, she felt obligated to help them escape the crisis.

“Miss, are you planning to let us stay here?”

Gu Changge asked, a hint of surprise in his voice. He had expected that Mu Yan had some ulterior motive for keeping them with her, perhaps involving deeper considerations or strategies. But who could have imagined that her sole focus had been on escaping, leaving her to forget to remind them to part ways halfway? This revelation left Gu Changge momentarily at a loss for words.

How had such a naive daughter of luck managed to survive until now? Was it truly heaven’s blessing that had saved her time and again?

Do you still want to follow me? You really aren’t afraid of death at all.

Mu Yan murmured softly, resisting the urge to glance at Gu Changge. Judging by their ages, Gu Changge appeared to be about the same as her. The old man in the black robe beside him seemed formidable, but would he truly be able to withstand the murderous intent of the Zhuo clan’s elder?

This Heavenly Elder was a figure of immense power within the immortal civilization, revered and feared by countless beings.

Gu Changge smiled at her words but chose not to respond. The astonishing luck had initially piqued his interest in her she seemed to possess, a luck that could only be described as monstrous. If such remarkable fortune remained intact, or if someone attempted to exploit it, she would likely be able to control her destiny, achieve the Dao realm, and navigate through numerous calamities to become a true ancestor.

Though Gu Changge had not actively deduced her fate, he understood that this calamity would not significantly impact her. In the past, he might have given considerable thought to such luck. However, his current aspirations were far greater, encompassing entire civilizations. How could the fortune of a single individual, no matter how remarkable, compare to the scope of a civilization? Moreover, there was nothing in Mu Yan that he particularly desired at this moment, so he decided to let things unfold as they would.

Buzz!!!

A bright light burst forth as Mu Yan urged the space sacrificial talisman, aiming to open a space channel. However, the moment her mana flowed into it, the already extensive cracks spread even faster.

Realizing that the entire talisman was on the brink of crumbling, Mu Yan quickly withdrew her mana in an attempt to halt the damage. Yet, the violent counter-shock hit her with full force, causing her to groan in pain as blood trickled from the corner of her mouth, exacerbating her existing injuries.

The wounds she had managed to suppress flared up, leaving her face even paler than before. Dizziness washed over her; the world spun, and her body felt weak and unsteady. Just as she thought she would hit the ground, she found herself falling into a warm, broad chest instead.

The comforting scent of a familiar male presence enveloped her, bringing a sense of unexpected solace amidst the chaos.

Chapter 1022: It's as simple as a blank sheet of paper, what surprise did you bring to me?

At that moment, Mu Yan was ready to fall to the ground, but to her surprise, Gu Changge caught her, and she landed securely in his arms.

A clear and pleasant scent enveloped her, lingering at the tip of her nose and evoking memories of warm sunshine, gentle breezes, and swaying green grass. For a brief moment, Mu Yan felt a little dizzy and didn't fully comprehend the situation. All she could perceive was the appealing scent and the firmness of his chest.

However, as the realization dawned on her that she was leaning against a strange man she had just met, Mu Yan's beautiful eyes widened slightly, and her face flushed bright red, resembling a cooked prawn, with even the roots of her ears taking on a sunset hue. It was the first time she had been so close to a man in her life.

Suddenly at a loss for what to do, Mu Yan hurriedly struggled to stand on her own. Fortunately, due to her injury, her face was smeared with blood, masking any signs of her panic and embarrassment upon closer inspection.

"Girl, you're seriously injured; it's best not to move around right now."

As Gu Changge spoke, he reached out to support her arm, helping her stand steadily. His demeanor was decent and polite, with no hint of overstepping.

Thank you very much!

Mu Yan took a moment to steady her mind, trying to recover quickly. She couldn't understand why her heart was racing more than usual. Nevertheless, having weathered many storms in her life, she quickly feigned calmness, not allowing any signs of panic to show.

She took a few recovered spiritual plants from her storage space, swallowed them, and began her recovery without hesitation. Gu Changge remained silent, choosing not to disturb her as he watched quietly.

He had long dispelled the killing intent of the elder from the Zhuo clan. It was just that this fortunate girl before him remained unaware of it.

Initially, Gu Changge intended to part ways with her and continue deeper into the Zhuo Clan alongside Ling Huang and Bone Ancestor. However, it now seemed likely that he would be on the same path as this woman for a while.

Both Bone Ancestor and Ling Huang recognized the extraordinary nature of Mu Yan. Yet, her cultivation level was vastly inferior to theirs, almost negligible in comparison. Typically, they would not have paid her much mind. However, the fact that Mu Yan had managed to evade the killing intent of a heavenly elder from the Zhuo clan for such an extended period indicated that she possessed something special.

Half a quarter of an hour later, Mu Yan opened her eyes after recovering. Her injury had improved significantly, though there was still more blood on her face. Concerned about the murderous intent of the Zhuo clan elder and wary of following him again, she refrained from cultivating for too long. It was clear now that the space sacrificial talisman could no longer be used.

If she encountered another life-threatening crisis, Mu Yan knew she might not be as fortunate as before, and escaping would not be easy.

“I don’t know where this galaxy is located. I need to gather more information before deciding what to do next...” She continued, “I don’t believe the Zhuo Clan’s ten-direction universe barrier has been withdrawn.”

Mu Yan’s beautiful eyes narrowed momentarily, flashing with danger. After her injury had improved a little, she began to contemplate the troubles and challenges ahead. The Heavenly Elder of the Zhuo Clan had personally put out a warrant for her, and with such a staggering reward, it was inevitable that many would be tempted to pursue her.

At that moment, within the territory of the Zhuo Clan, her situation would surely cause an uproar. Additionally, her aura had been recognized by the Heavenly Elder, making it easy to deduce her origin and true appearance. Even if she managed to change her appearance, it would be simple for others to identify her.

Mu Yan’s current appearance was not her true face, but the elders of the Zhuo Clan had various methods at their disposal, rendering even mysterious techniques for changing one’s appearance ineffective against them.

It’s been a quarter of an hour, and the killing intent of that old woman from the Zhuo Clan hasn’t pursued me. She must have exhausted her strength. I can finally feel a bit more at ease.

With this thought, Mu Yan couldn’t help but glance at Gu Changge. She was somewhat moved by the way he had seriously protected her from the sidelines earlier, and she hadn’t lost her kindness in saving him as well. Yet, she still didn’t know his name or origins.

In her eyes, although Gu Changge was handsome and refined, with the aura of a banished immortal, he seemed somewhat naïve and not deeply entrenched in worldly matters; otherwise, he wouldn’t have so readily believed her words.

If she allowed him to accompany her, would he follow without question? Wasn't he concerned that she might have harmful intentions? Or did he have confidence in her and in the strength of the old servant?

"Going out with a beautiful maid and a powerful old servant inevitably leads to looking down on others. This is a common issue among the disciples of those hermit families. But often, it's this very attitude that leads to their downfall. The harsh world of cultivation will gradually make them face reality."

Having arrived at her current position through countless trials and intrigues, Mu Yan saw Gu Changge as innocent, like a blank canvas. Yet, she felt he was fortunate to have met her. If she had the time, she would share valuable insights from her experiences in the cultivation world, which might prove beneficial to him in the future.

Unbeknownst to her, Gu Changge stood nearby, unaware that she had perceived him as a kind guardian. After Mu Yan recovered from her injuries, she began to inquire about Gu Changge's identity and origins. She openly shared her own name and background without reservation.

Gu Changge, for his part, had no intention of concealing his identity in the immortal civilization, but he chose not to elaborate much on his origins.

Mu Yan suspected it might be due to the rules of the family behind Gu Changge, so she refrained from asking further. Instead, she cautioned him that the world of cultivation was extremely cruel, and no one should be underestimated, even if they possessed great strength.

Gu Changge couldn't help but smile at the seriousness of her words, unsure if she was being deliberately earnest or simply naive. Both Bone Ancestor and Ling Huang exchanged knowing glances, shaking their heads.

Ling Huang found Mu Yan intriguing, admiring her ability to maintain her kindness and original heart even after advancing in cultivation; it was commendable. She recognized that Mu Yan's warning stemmed from her perception that Gu Changge could easily be deceived when away from home, using her past experiences to advise him. This thought almost made Ling Huang chuckle.

Was there really anyone in this world who could pose a threat to Gu Changge? Even if there were, it certainly wouldn't be within this immortal civilization. Gu Changge had no inclination to play the role of a fool, and Mu Yan couldn't perceive his cultivation level or strength, as her own power was still too low.

In terms of strength within the immortal civilization, Gu Changge was still some distance from reaching the level of an Immortal King. However, now that he had arrived in the immortal civilization, he needed a suitable identity. He chose not to explain this to Mu Yan, leaving it to her to infer.

A few days later, the group departed from the galaxy and continued deeper into the Zhuo clan's territory. Mu Yan wasn't aware of Gu Changge and the others' plans but chose to follow along as a form of support. Moreover, this journey provided her with the opportunity to recover from her injuries.

During this time, news of the killing of the most esteemed elder's descendant in the Zhuo clan's territory spread quickly throughout the nearby universes. In addition to the Zhuo Clan, many surrounding ethnic groups existed. While they may not have been as powerful or ancient as the Zhuo Clan, their backgrounds were not to be underestimated.

The Heavenly Elder of the Zhuo Clan was among the pinnacle existences in the immortal civilization. The murder of her most important descendant, particularly on the Zhuo clan's territory, naturally caused an immense uproar.

The Heavenly Elder of the Zhuo Clan even offered a sky-high reward and issued a wanted order based on the murderer's aura. Suddenly, all factions across the vast universe were on the move. In addition to the Zhuo clan members, powerful individuals from other clans began searching for Mu

Yan's whereabouts. The Zhuo clan's ten-direction universe barrier remained in place to prevent the murderer from escaping.

Moreover, many ethnic groups were eager to uncover who possessed the strength and audacity to kill the elder's most important descendant right under the nose of a Heavenly Elder. Speculation ran rampant; some wondered if it might be the hostile forces of the Zhuo Clan, such as the other three powerful factions within the immortal civilization: the Hun clan, the Gou clan, and the Wu clan.

The demise of the Zhuo Clan's genius raised concerns that it might signal the potential for renewed conflict among the four clans.

Some ethnic group forces had received news that an elder of the Zhuo Clan encountered unknown dangers while traveling through the boundless world, nearly facing permanent exile. In response, the Zhuo Clan convened an elders' meeting to discuss the situation. It was important to note that such meetings were not called lightly; they usually indicated that something significant was about to unfold.

Deep within the Zhuo Clan, Elder Zhuo Wu wore a clouded expression, her thoughts uncertain. The killing intent she had directed at Mu Yan had been dispelled by someone, not due to exhaustion of power but through intervention.

Who is that woman? I can't deduce her true appearance or origin based on the threads of cause and effect. Moreover, someone is secretly aiding her by dispelling my killing intent. This requires at least a first spiritual transformation existence to possess such power.

Could it be that the Hun Clan is scheming behind the scenes to test the Zhuo Clan's response?

Zhuo Wu had initially approached this situation with a playful attitude, thinking it was merely a game of cat and mouse with a predetermined outcome. However, she never expected that not only had the murderer not been found, but she had also lost track of their whereabouts entirely.

There was a possibility that someone of equal standing was lurking behind the scenes, hidden in the shadows, with unknown plans. Elder Zhuo Wu felt a deep sense of dissatisfaction; as a Heavenly Elder of the Zhuo Clan, this was the first time she had faced such a situation. Even in seeking vengeance for her descendants, she found herself powerless to act in a timely manner.

Determined to take action, she spread the news again, increasing the bounty on the murderer, which caused shockwaves throughout the universe. It was clear that Elder Zhuo Wu was intent on capturing the individual who dared to kill her kin at any cost.

Meanwhile, Mu Yan received the news as well. She felt a bitter resolve, gritting her silver teeth and vowing that one day, she would make the Zhuo Clan pay a heavy price. However, her oath seemed less convincing in light of the Zhuo Clan's formidable status. They were among the most powerful groups in the immortal civilization, and aside from a few obscure and mysterious forces, no one dared to provoke them.

Mu Yan was just a minor figure in the True Immortal Realm, yet she dared to claim that she would make the Zhuo Clan pay a price. If her words were to spread, everyone would likely laugh at her audacity. After learning that the elder of the Zhuo Clan had increased the bounty on her head, Mu Yan decided to say goodbye to Gu Changge and the others, feeling that staying with them would only endanger them further.

She didn't explain to Gu Changge the enmity between herself and the Zhuo Clan, nor did she reveal why she had killed Elder Zhuo Wu's descendant. With a casual wave of her hand, her figure transformed into a stream of light and vanished into the starry sky.

Gu Changge didn't dwell on her departure. He led Ling Huang and Bone Ancestor toward the core area of the Zhuo Clan. Mu Yan carried a strange aura, emanating from her blood, but Gu Changge chose not to investigate further; there was no rush, as a more pressing matter awaited him.

The core region of the Zhuo Clan was magnificent, filled with various vibrant lights, resembling a river of galaxies cascading down and flowing through the vast universe like a shimmering ribbon. Nestled among these galaxy-like crystal rivers was the ancient world where the core members of the Zhuo Clan resided.

In the depths of this place, one side was tranquil and undisturbed, as calm as a timeless lake in the fabric of space. A magnificent round crystal ball, shimmering with strange colors, floated quietly, its turbulent mental power surging within. This power was vast and boundless; if unleashed, it could easily devastate worlds and obliterate all of time and space.

This peculiar crystal ball housed the current spiritual power of Zhuo Fengxie, Zhuoyou's grandfather. At that moment, the immense spiritual energy coalesced into the heroic figure of a middle-aged man standing tall in the void. The members of the Zhuo Clan knelt before him, filled with deep respect and fear, not daring to utter a word.

Zhuo Fengxie's expression shifted from cloudy to sunny, though it looked rather grim.

"Is this the surprise you brought me?" he demanded angrily, his gaze fixed on Zhuoyou below.

Originally, Zhuo Fengxie had been concerned that Zhuoyou's return to the family would not go as smoothly as anticipated. After careful consideration, he decided to summon her in person to inquire about the details of her journey and to check for any abnormalities in her condition. However, he never expected that upon her arrival, Zhuoyou would confess so many things without prompting, leaving Zhuo Fengxie both extremely furious and utterly incredulous.

Chapter 1023: The Whole Zhuo Clan is sensational, Wants to Welcome the Noble Guests

"Don't you dare hide from my grandfather. Everything I said is true. If my grandfather doesn't believe me, I can contact that lord right now."

“When the time comes, grandfather will know whether it’s true or not.”

Zhuoyou knelt on the ground with her head bowed, appearing respectful and fearful, yet her words conveyed a lack of seriousness towards Zhuo Fengxie. Zhou Fengxie was one of the most powerful figures in the Zhou clan. Although Zhuoyou was also a heavenly elder, she was still insignificant in comparison and could be easily eliminated by Zhuo Fengxie.

By speaking these words, she was risking obliteration at his hands. However, Zhuoyou intentionally mentioned that lord to indicate to Zhuo Fengxie that there was someone backing her, hoping to instill fear in him so he would refrain from acting rashly. The reason she felt bold enough to return to the Zhuo Clan so openly and confront Zhuo Fengxie was actually due to Gu Changge’s instruction.

“Hmph, you’re quite bold, helping outsiders plot against our ancestors,” Zhuo Fengxie’s face remained grim, his fury evident.

He truly hadn’t expected Zhuoyou to be this audacious—unafraid of being obliterated by him—and to openly recount in detail the events leading up to her return to the clan. In the past, Zhuoyou would never have dared to speak to him like this. Clearly, she now had newfound confidence, believing the power behind her was strong enough to support her.

In Zhuoyou’s account, she explained that during her journey back to the Zhuo clan, she encountered a mysterious young man of unknown origin, who took her in. She served him and referred to him as her lord. That same mysterious young man had followed her to the immortal civilization, although he was nowhere to be found at the moment.

“I hope my grandfather will forgive me. I had no choice but to die halfway and couldn’t return to the family safely,” Zhuoyou continued to kneel, her tone steady and without much fluctuation.

Zhuo Fengxie stared at her with cold eyes and said, "If I had known you would bring such disaster upon our clan, it would've been better for you to die outside."

In truth, he had already suspected that the mysterious lord Zhuoyou mentioned was likely the one responsible for the actions in the Dao Chang Realm. Zhuoyou, however, seemed unaware of the other party's methods. She had probably been marked without realizing it, and they had tracked her all the way to the immortal civilization.

It was important to note that outside the immortal civilization, there existed a natural barrier of darkness, concealing its exact location. If someone hadn't intentionally been tracking it, how could it have been discovered?

Zhuoyou felt a chill in her heart. Although she had anticipated her grandfather's reaction, she hadn't expected him to be so utterly heartless. The faint sense of guilt she initially harbored for her actions vanished in an instant, and her expression turned calm.

"Grandfather, while you are indeed powerful, you are no match for that lord. You should know that even an old servant of his is not weaker than you—a lunatic feared across the boundless world," she said, her voice steady.

"For the sake of the Zhuo clan, I advise you to think carefully and not be swept away by temporary anger."

Her tone now carried a hint of mockery.

"Are you threatening me?" Zhuo Fengxie erupted with fury once more, and a terrifying spiritual storm surged through the space, filled with an overwhelming aura of destruction.

With a wave of his hand, immense power burst forth, like stars crashing down, directly striking Zhuoyou, sending her flying as she coughed up blood.

“I don’t dare to threaten you, grandfather, but I’m merely stating a fact,” Zhuoyou replied, coughing up several more mouthfuls of blood before steadying herself in the void and standing up.

She suppressed any hint of anger, fully aware that Zhuo Fengxie’s outburst was nothing more than impotent rage. If he had truly intended to kill her, she would already be dead. The difference in power between them was so vast that it was like the gap between immortals and mortals.

Zhuo Fengxie shot her a cold glance but quickly composed himself, realizing that no matter how furious he became, it would change nothing. His anger was directed at a mere junior who dared to plot against him.

“If you can contact this lord of yours, then introduce him to me,” he said calmly after regaining his composure. He now intended to meet Gu Changge in person to uncover his true purpose.

If Gu Changge’s anger stemmed from Zhuoyou’s involvement in the capture of the Dao Chang Realm, offering sufficient compensation might be enough to quell his rage. However, if Gu Changge had other motives, Zhuo Fengxie would need to tread carefully and consider his next steps.

Behind the immortal civilization lay the Xi Yuan civilization, and after each era, they were required to pay a significant amount of rare resources. Some factions within the Zhuo clan had connections with the Xi Yuan civilization, and despite the presence of an unknowable, mysterious entity, Zhuo Fengxie was not entirely without confidence in dealing with it.

Seeing that Zhuo Fengxie had compromised, Zhuoyou breathed a sigh of relief and then quietly left the space.

In the ancient world—the core of the Zhuo Clan—many clansmen watched as Zhuoyou emerged from Elder Zhuo Fengxie’s secluded chamber, and they all respectfully bowed in her direction. Zhuoyou responded with only a slight nod before her figure transformed into a stream of light, disappearing from the ancient world.

“Since Elder Zhuoyou returned this time, there seems to be something different about her,” one of the clan members remarked.

“I wonder what happened outside. I remember Elder Zhuoyou being proud and arrogant in the past, but now she seems to have toned down her sharpness.”

“It seems whatever she experienced outside dealt a heavy blow to her.”

Many members of the Zhuo clan spoke in hushed tones, noting that upon her return, Zhuoyou appeared less imposing, her once fierce demeanor softened. Some of the clan still found it difficult to accept this change in her.

“In the past, Zhuoyou relied on her talent and background, never considering me worthy of her attention. She believed she could undergo the fourth spiritual transformation and reach a level comparable to the True Dao Realm of the Immortal Dao Civilization.”

“But this time, not only did her power suffer a major setback, but her Dao heart was also shaken,” Zhuo Wu remarked, his deep eyes fixed in the direction where Zhuoyou had just departed, a sneer playing on his lips.

Zhuo Wu and Zhuoyou were from different bloodlines, and they had clashed frequently in the past. Seeing Zhuoyou so clearly defeated and weakened filled him with satisfaction.

“Ancestor, there’s news regarding the person you’ve been seeking. Someone spotted him in the Guilan Galaxy,” a kneeling Zhuo clansman reported respectfully. “Many of our people have rushed to the area, and we’ve also loosened the restrictions on the Ten Directions Universe Barrier in that sector. I believe we will apprehend him soon.”

“Very good.” Zhuo Wu’s sneer deepened upon hearing this report.

At the same time, Zhuo Wu waved her hand, and a simple, dusty bag fell straight down from the sky. The bag, made of an unknown material, was filled with a terrifying gray mist. The surrounding void was crushed to the point of collapse, and deep Dao runes flickered around it, giving it a weight exceeding billions of kilograms.

“This is the rare treasure I obtained from killing a Void Dao Realm existence in the Immortal Civilization who survived two catastrophes. It’s called the Qiantian Bag. Although it is broken, it is still priceless—an original substance of Immortal Dao,” she announced. “Whoever can catch the murderer who killed Tianyin, I will give this rare treasure to them.”

Hatred was etched on Zhuo Wu’s face; Zhuo Tianyin was her most important junior, one she had painstakingly trained for a long time. Her death was tied to Zhuo Wu’s own opportunities for promotion and transformation, and she could not bear to let it happen without retribution.

Moreover, in offering this rare treasure, she aimed to test the waters and discover whether the person behind Tianyin’s murder had any formidable supporters.

There were countless powerhouses within the Zhuo clan, but the extraordinary value of this rare treasure left everyone breathless, their eyes alight with desire. Many were tempted and began plotting to capture the murderer for themselves.

Soon, the news of this incident spread rapidly, causing not only a major upheaval within the Zhuo clan but also significant ripples among other power groups.

In the core area of the Zhuo clan, within an ancient city filled with magnificent colors, Gu Changge quietly sipped a type of spiritual tea unique to the Immortal Civilization while waiting for Zhuoyou's arrival. She could contact him through special means, which was the primary reason Gu Changge had instructed her to return to the Zhuo clan first.

From Zhuoyou's side, he had gained insight into her grandfather's attitude. All of this fell within Gu Changge's expectations—unless Zhuoyou's grandfather possessed the courage and confidence to confront him directly. However, it was clear that Zhuo Fengxie was neither foolish nor brave enough for such a course of action.

Lord!

As Zhuoyou arrived in the ancient city, her presence naturally drew the attention of everyone around. Even the city lord rushed over to greet her, which was incredibly shocking. The arrival of a Heavenly Elder from the Zhuo Clan was a rare event, occurring only once in a million years, creating an immense sensation.

It was important to note that, although this was a core area of the Zhuo Clan, the elders were typically elusive figures, rarely seen in everyday life. Most of the inhabitants of this ancient city were young members of various clans and forces, representing the rising generation of talents. The Heavenly Elder was regarded as equivalent to the background level of the clan's ancestors, and even the most brilliant genius might not be deemed worthy of an audience with him.

“It doesn’t have to be this way,” Gu Changge said, waving his hand to indicate that Zhuoyou should not be overly respectful. “It’s best to be casual, as if you’re just visiting the Zhuo Clan.”

“Yes, my lord,” Zhuoyou replied, fully aware of the commotion her arrival would cause, yet she remained unfazed by it.

Outside the pavilion, prominent figures from various ethnic groups received the news and were left in shock, all eager to visit. No one understood why the Heavenly Elder of the Zhuo Clan had personally appeared at this location.

In the ancient city, home to hundreds of millions of souls, speculation and discussion ran rampant as they gazed at the castle within. However, after Zhuoyou arrived, there was no sign of anyone else, and a brilliant golden road suddenly emerged, stretching deep into the Zhuo clan and piercing through the entire universe.

On this golden path, alongside Elder Zhuoyou, were three other indistinct figures. Even the most powerful beings found it challenging to clearly see the true faces of these three, though it was evident that Zhuoyou treated them with considerable respect.

As this news spread, it triggered a massive commotion across the realms, with shockwaves rippling through countless ethnic groups and creatures, leaving them in disbelief.

The Heavenly Elder of the Zhuo Clan was widely recognized as one of the most powerful beings, with only the ancestors of other ethnic groups able to be considered her equals. However, it appeared that the Heavenly Elder was currently welcoming distinguished guests, as evidenced by her behavior and demeanor.

This unexpected situation sparked a flurry of speculation and discussion among the various groups and creatures throughout the vast universe. The earlier heated debates regarding the deaths of Elder Zhuowu's descendants on the Zhuo clan's territory were momentarily overshadowed by this new development.

Upon hearing the news, other major ethnic groups within the Immortal Civilization were equally shocked and focused their attention on the matter.

“A Heavenly Elder personally appearing to greet someone—who are these three figures?”

“Could they be envoys from the Xi Yuan Civilization?”

“But we haven't received any news about envoys arriving from the Xi Yuan Civilization. If they were, surely there would have been announcements; all our ethnic groups would have gone to greet them.”

“Or could these guests be those that Elder Zhuoyou encountered during her time outside?”

Members of the Hun, Wu, and Gou clans speculated that the Zhuo clan might have indeed met a notable guest this time. Yet, the overall atmosphere suggested that something more significant was at play.

Logically, if the Zhuo Clan were welcoming a distinguished guest, the entire clan would be prepared in advance, not just greeted by a Heavenly Elder. While the clans of the Immortal Civilization speculated and discussed this unexpected event, the Zhuo clan itself was equally shaken.

Many elders were completely unaware of the situation, taking a long time to process the shock after hearing the news. The rest of the clan was even more bewildered, wondering who had arrived to warrant the personal attention of a Heavenly Elder. Typically, they didn't even see ordinary elders, let alone someone of such high status.

The Zhuo clan had strict rules, and many responsibilities were managed by various principals under the elders. These individuals oversaw numerous daily affairs and handled important matters among the different branches of the clan. The patriarch was largely a ceremonial position, often filled by a randomly selected elder.

In their daily lives, the elders focused primarily on cultivating their spirits and understanding their powers, rarely making public appearances. As a result, many members of the Zhuo clan were deeply astonished.

At this moment, Zhuo Fengxie, a significant figure from Zhuoyou's lineage, also made his appearance. He ordered the clansmen to prepare a welcome banquet for the distinguished guests. Zhuo Fengxie's status in the clan was exceptional; many elders speculated that his strength was now comparable to that of the ancestors. Several other prominent figures from the lineage felt a measure of fear in his presence.

It was noteworthy that the last time Zhuo Fengxie had shown up was during the arrival of the Xi Yuan Civilization, an event that had occurred nearly tens of millions of years ago.

Chapter 1024: The entire Zhuo Clan is about to usher in a huge disaster, my lord is kind

The Zhuo clan was in a state of excitement, with many members rushing over upon hearing the news, eager to witness the distinguished guest in person. Zhuo Fengxie himself took charge, organizing a grand banquet in honor of the guest's arrival. Several of the most splendid palaces were cleared to host the esteemed visitor.

Young female clansmen, known for their beauty and grace, were specially instructed to maintain their human forms and perform songs and dances at the banquet. Among those present were

members of Zhuo Fengxie's direct lineage, including some of the most outstanding young talents of their generation, as well as talented individuals from both the younger and middle-aged groups.

When word reached them, they were astonished, quickly finishing their training and hurrying back from the outer domains.

For a time, the Zhuo clan's grounds were adorned with lanterns and banners, with stars twinkling above and an air of opulence filling the sky. Between the palaces and pavilions, mist rose gently, clouds billowed, and immortal fog flowed, while ancient lamps and artifacts were displayed, showcasing the clan's rich heritage.

Many galaxies and universes were adorned by this spectacle, encircled by ancient living stars, as magnificent as scattered dust. The elders from other branches of the clan also instructed their members to closely observe the situation. They too were astonished, finding it unbelievable that Zhuo Fengxie himself had made an appearance. Such an event was extremely rare—something that typically only happened when the Xi Yuan Civilization descended to the Immortal Civilization to announce significant changes in expropriation, prompting the entire Zhuo clan to respond with such grandeur.

Furthermore, during those times, it wasn't just Zhuo Fengxie who would show up; other prominent figures from across the Zhuo clan would also rush to greet the visitors, having heard the news in advance. Given the similar display this time, many wondered if the identity of the arriving guests could be on par with that of the Xi Yuan Civilization.

Yet strangely, no one had heard any prior rumors about this event. Zhuo Fengxie had never mentioned it to anyone within the clan. Could it be that he had intentionally kept it a secret, aiming to cultivate relationships with these distinguished guests, allowing him to wield ultimate influence within the Zhuo clan?

Among the various bloodlines of the Zhuo clan, there was much speculation and discussion—not only about the origins of the distinguished guest but also about Zhuo Fengxie's intentions. Though

the Zhuo clan was vast, even a small shift in the actions of its leaders could lead to unforeseen consequences, potentially causing internal divisions that might tear the entire clan apart.

The elders of the Hui clan, who accompanied Zhuoyou this time, did not appear surprised by the situation. They followed Zhuo Fengxie, awaiting the arrival of the guest together.

“Regardless of Zhuo Fengxie’s actions, if distinguished guests are arriving, how could any branch of the Zhuo clan not send a welcome?”

After a brief consultation, the other branches of the clan quickly decided to send their own elders to join Zhuo Fengxie’s branch in greeting the guests.

Zhuo Fengxie, appearing in human form, did not seem particularly tall, yet he exuded an imposing and heroic presence. As his eyes opened and closed, terrifying visions appeared and vanished: the sea of stars drying up, chaos collapsing. In his gaze, thousands of strands of Dao order intertwined, a testament to his immense power.

He led many of his clansmen to wait in Gufeng Ancient City.

“Do you really believe this will turn out well? If this matter is mishandled, the entire Zhuo clan could face an immense disaster.”

Inwardly, he wanted to sneer at the speculations from the various bloodlines. If it weren’t for Zhuoyou’s calculations, why would he be putting on such a display?

Gufeng Ancient City, located in the core region of the Zhuo clan, was a city that had stood for tens of millions of epochs. It had witnessed oceans turn to dust and survived countless apocalypses. It was a landmark of the Zhuo clan’s heritage. Despite being called a city, it resembled an ancient world—vast and boundless. Its towering walls stretched as high as a galaxy, resembling a real ancient dragon lying on the ground, exuding an aura of timelessness.

Within this ancient city, beings from various races lived. Alongside the Zhuo clan, several other great clans from the immortal civilization had strongholds there as well. The news of Zhuo Fengxie personally leading his clansmen to Gufeng to welcome the guests had already spread throughout the universe.

A series of figures with terrifying auras emerged from various corners of Gufeng Ancient City, watching the scene from afar. The city could truly be described as a place of “crouching tigers, hidden dragons.”

For countless years, many ancient and long-lived beings had sought refuge here for secluded cultivation. Even some of the elders from the Zhuo clan would occasionally make their presence known in this ancient city.

Typically, within the Zhuo clan’s territory, each ancient city governed one universe, with a being comparable to a Quasi-Immortal Emperor overseeing it. However, Gufeng Ancient City was far more extraordinary. It had fully integrated many vast universes into its domain, making its scope incredibly immense. Describing it as boundless was no exaggeration.

Even within Gufeng, a Quasi-Immortal Emperor would not dare act recklessly. The rules of this place were absolute. Although this was within the Zhuo clan’s territory, the laws of heaven and earth were entirely different from those of the outside world. A Quasi-Immortal Emperor would find their true strength greatly suppressed here, unable to wield their full power.

It’s important to note that a true immortal, in their daily cultivation, needed to absorb immense amounts of the essence of heaven and earth, often depleting an entire starry sky. That Gufeng Ancient City could sustain so many ancient beings spoke volumes about the vastness of its territory.

The sheer depth of its heritage gave an insight into the unfathomable power of the ancient real world it belonged to.

Gu Changge, Ling Huang, and their companions crossed numerous vast universes, passing by many ancient cities scattered throughout the boundless expanse. After navigating several turning points, they finally arrived at Gufeng Ancient City.

The architecture of Gufeng Ancient City displayed not only an ancient style but also elements of exotic civilizations. There were countless palaces and pavilions, with towering ancient pagodas and temples. Each structure was enveloped in a radiant brilliance, competing with the sun and moon for splendor, coexisting with the world in a state of timeless immortality.

At the city gate, members of the Zhuo clan had already been ordered to stand watch. In the distance, many eyes observed from afar, paying close attention to the event.

Every being entering the city was subject to questioning, as all races and sects had established bases here, with a constant flow of creatures coming and going each day. Despite this, Gufeng Ancient City had stringent rules and regulations that had been followed for countless years. No one dared to violate them, adhering strictly to the established order.

Boom!!!

A golden Dao of light descended from the depths of the universe as Zhuoyou led the way, bringing Gu Changge and the others directly into Gufeng Ancient City. The Zhuo clan disciples stationed outside the city quickly followed behind, none daring to question or delay him.

At this moment, many of the beings within Gufeng Ancient City finally caught a clear glimpse of the three figures following Zhuoyou. The Zhuo clan members were especially curious—eager to learn the identity and origins of the honored guests being welcomed with such fanfare.

Though Gu Changge's true face remained obscured, some could faintly make out his outline. He appeared quite young, dressed in white, with an air of calm and composure. This led many to speculate about his background and whether he possessed a mysterious treasure that concealed his aura.

As for Ling Huang and the Bone Ancestor accompanying him, they were more easily recognizable. Ling Huang, though her face remained hidden beneath a veil, exuded an undeniable grace. Her figure, elegant and poised, was impossible to ignore. Her exact age was difficult to discern, as she seemed ageless—her jet-black, crystalline hair tied up high, giving her a dignified and noble appearance, like an immortal descending from the Nine Heavens into the mortal realm.

It was easy to imagine how breathtaking her true face must be beneath the veil.

I didn't expect him to be such a young man.

I just wonder what could have led the Zhuo clan to welcome him with such grandeur.

In Gufeng Ancient City, many powerful beings were shocked and intrigued. Their eyes lit up as some began using secret techniques to try and peer into Gu Changge's true identity. But before they could act, a cold snort echoed from the black-robed elder.

Immediately, everyone trembled as if struck by lightning. Blood flowed from their mouths, noses, eyes, and ears, their expressions filled with terror.

Lord!

Zhuoyou, who was leading the group forward, also paled slightly, sensing the shift.

The faces of many ancient powerhouses in Gufeng Ancient City changed as well, their fear unmistakable. They felt a terrifying aura that surpassed even the heavenly elders of the Zhuo clan, something far beyond their understanding or ability to challenge.

Those who had attempted to probe Gu Changge's reality just moments ago were now filled with regret and dread, their scalps tingling with fear.

"What kind of identity does this young man hold? The black-robed elder, with such terrifying strength, appears to be merely a servant at his side," many in Gufeng Ancient City thought, their voices filled with disbelief.

It's no wonder the Zhuo clan received them with such grandeur. I can't even begin to fathom their origins.

The entire city was gripped with fear and amazement. Eyeliners from various races and factions watched closely, equally stunned by what they had witnessed. Word of what was happening in Gufeng Ancient City spread rapidly, reaching other regions and universes with incredible speed.

"Fellow Daoist, please calm yourself..."

They were simply curious, with no intention of offending the three distinguished guests. I hope you will be merciful and forgive them.

At that moment, the Dao of a vast sea stretched all the way into the sky, with brilliant rays of sunlight interwoven, as if immortals and gods had descended. Golden lotuses bloomed along the path, filling the atmosphere with auspicious signs.

Zhuo Fengxie approached, bringing many Zhuo clansmen with him, cupping his hands in respect as he spoke. Even in his eyes, it was impossible to fully conceal the shock he felt.

Although the black-robed old man had only casually revealed his aura, it emanated an intensely terrifying and fierce presence, as if he had annihilated and slaughtered entire civilizations, leaving him steeped in endless, violent resentment. Zhuoyou's earlier words rang true; this elder was undoubtedly one of the infamous "lunatics" in the boundless world.

It was well-known that beings labeled as "lunatics" acted without restraint and cared for nothing. They roamed the vast universe without regard for rules, often venturing into nameless forbidden areas and strange realms that even these "lunatics" would avoid.

Yet, the young man in white before them could command the loyalty of such a "lunatic," compelling him to serve wholeheartedly. If he hadn't witnessed it himself, he would never have believed it.

Hmph, watch your eyes! My lord is kind, but I won't overlook any disrespect. Whoever dares to take a second look won't find it easy next time.

Bone Ancestor sneered coldly, showing no intention of being polite.

His gaze seemed to tear through the fabric of time and space, causing countless creatures in Gufeng Ancient City to tremble, their souls nearly freezing in fear. Among those who had attempted to spy just moments before were many beings comparable to the Dao Realm, but at that moment, they all felt a chilling dread creep down their spines.

The other elders of the Zhuo clan who accompanied him fell silent, not daring to voice their thoughts.

They could all sense that the strength of the black-robed old man was nothing short of terrifying. Although Zhuo Fengxie had been strong in the past, he felt no inclination to speak up at that moment. On the Zhuo clan's territory, the fact that the other party dared to display such power filled him with unease.

"Old man Zhuo Clan Elder, Zhuo Fengxie, greets the three distinguished guests," he said, bowing respectfully.

"What just happened might have amused the distinguished guests."

At that moment, he looked at Gu Changge, the leader, and clasped his hands in greeting.

"It's all right; it was just a trivial matter," Gu Changge replied, waving his hand with a calm expression.

Zhuo Fengxie led the way forward and gestured for them to follow.

"For the distinguished guests, I have ordered my clansmen to prepare a feast to wash away the dust of your travels. We await your arrival."

"Zhuoyou has already discussed the distinguished guests with me, and I hope we can delve into the details later."

His words elicited subtle shifts in the expressions of the other Zhuo clan elders who accompanied him, hinting at the significance of the upcoming discussion.

Could it be that Zhuo Fengxie was secretly connected to forces outside the immortal civilization?

“Then I’ll trouble you, Elder Zhuo Fengxie,” Gu Changge said, smiling slightly but offering little else. From the current situation, it was clear that Zhuo Fengxie was a clever man. Gu Changge appreciated dealing with intelligent individuals, as it often saved him a great deal of trouble.

“Please.”

Zhuo Fengxie waved his wide sleeves and led the way deeper into Gufeng Ancient City.

Many creatures nearby took notice of the unfolding details, their expressions shifting once more. Zhuoyou and the other elders did not follow Zhuo Fengxie but instead stayed close to Gu Changge. This subtle change piqued the interest of onlookers, who began to speculate.

As an elder of the Zhuo clan, Zhuoyou treated this mysterious young man in white with more respect than she showed her own ancestors. What could that possibly signify?

The moment Gu Changge and the others disappeared from Gufeng Ancient City, the events that had transpired swept through the realm like a hurricane, causing ripples of shock throughout the cosmos. As one of the most powerful clans in the immortal civilization, every move made by the Zhuo clan affected the sentiments of countless mighty beings. Today’s events were especially significant.

Countless creatures and factions speculated about Gu Changge's true identity. Meanwhile, in the depths of the ancient universe on the other side, at the base camp of the Hun clan, many clansmen shared similar concerns, feeling a growing sense of unease.

Although the Zhuo clan and the Hun clan had once come from the same lineage, years of development and growth had led them to evolve into two distinct groups. Both harbored ambitions of annexing each other and establishing dominance, making the current situation even more precarious.

The power dynamics between the Zhuo clan and the Hun clan were relatively comparable, with both maintaining a balance of mutual competition and restraint. However, this time, the Zhuo clan appeared to be forging connections with unknown forces outside the immortal civilization, which understandably raised concerns for the Hun clan.

Within the Hun clan, many figures of ancestral significance grew alarmed and began to devise countermeasures, planning to send strong individuals to investigate the situation. Currently, the overall balance of the immortal civilization was maintained in a delicate equilibrium. At this moment, any force capable of rivaling one of the existing factions could disrupt this stability if they chose to intervene.

Chapter 1025: But someone is helping her? All parties speculate about the origin

The events in Gufeng Ancient City sent shockwaves throughout the Zhuo clan's territory, causing significant upheaval. In a vast, desolate land with sparse population, a slender figure clad in rough linen fell from the void, quickly transforming into a streak of divine light. Stumbling and coughing up blood, the figure fled towards this remote area.

Behind this fleeing figure, the sky was illuminated with a radiant light, creating an almost transparent effect. Dazzling and terrifying Dao runes filled the heavens, resembling stars while stirring the energies of chaos and flowing with boundless divine power. Each Dao rune held the capacity to seal and confine, effectively trapping the universe in all directions and leaving no escape for any living being.

This was the ten-direction universe barrier order of the Zhuo clan, renowned for its ability to seal the entire ten-direction universe. The term “ten directions” encompassed east, west, north, south, up, and down, representing every conceivable space and time in the truest sense.

“You’re quite adept at escaping, but I wonder what else you can do now. If you dare provoke my Zhuo clan, be prepared to pay a steep price,” a voice called out from the hills of this vast land.

Many glowing silhouettes rushed forward, their faces obscured by radiant light, making it impossible to discern their true identities. These figures, whether humanoid or foreign, bore cold, cruel expressions as their eyes glinted with malice.

Swish!!!

As these figures quickly converged, divine lights flared from various directions. The newcomers were surrounded by starlight, some radiating a brilliant sun-like aura, their energies pulsating with heat. Coldness filled their eyes as they fixed their gaze on the fleeing figure below.

Clearly, they had all arrived in response to the wanted order issued by Elder Zhuowu, eager to claim the sky-high rewards. The news that Elder Zhuowu intended to bestow a rare treasure known as the Qiantian Bag had stirred even greater interest. Some beings, comparable to quasi-immortal emperors, had emerged from their usual places of cultivation, traversing multiple universes to reach this location.

The space sacrificial talisman is broken. Am I really going to meet my end here today?

The figure fleeing for her life was Mu Yan, who had separated from Gu Changge and the others. To avoid implicating innocent people, she had deliberately sought out remote, sparsely inhabited galaxies for her escape.

However, the Zhuo Clan was so powerful that escaping from this area, especially with the ten-direction universe barrier sealing all time and space, was nearly impossible. After several twists and turns, Mu Yan's figure was finally located. Elder Zhuowu had specifically used the aura she had previously emitted to issue a wanted warrant. This meant that as long as Mu Yan remained within the territory of the Zhuo Clan, she would eventually be discovered.

At first, she clung to a glimmer of hope, believing that the vastness of the Zhuo Clan's territory made it akin to finding a needle in a haystack for anyone searching for her. However, she underestimated the power and tenacity of the Zhuo Clan. Not long after the reward amount on the arrest warrant was increased, her movements were tracked, forcing her to continue her desperate escape.

Throughout this process, the space sacrificial talisman that had been aiding her in traversing the universe finally collapsed and shattered.

This time it seems that I am really in danger.

Mu Yan coughed up a few more mouthfuls of blood, staggering as she nearly fell.

As she fled for her life, Mu Yan inevitably encountered several enemies who were hot on her trail. Although she possessed strength that allowed her to hold her own against anyone in the same realm, the sheer number of foes pursuing her this time was overwhelming.

Mu Yan fought fiercely but was forced to keep moving, as she had no desire for combat. Yet, despite her best efforts, she sustained numerous injuries, causing wounds that had previously healed to reopen. Now, she found herself in a desperate situation, with little hope of escape in sight.

“It’s interesting that you continue to resist. Just surrender without a fight, and you might yet escape. But under the encirclement and pursuit of so many of us, you’ve managed to delay for this long,” a voice taunted from the shadows.

A member of the Zhuo clan emerged, her white hair flowing and her features reminiscent of Elder Zhuowu’s. This was Zhuo Ling, a distant descendant of Elder Zhuowu and the cousin of Zhuo Tianyin, whom Mu Yan had killed earlier. With a mocking sneer, Zhuo Ling approached, brandishing several strange crystals in her palm that shimmered ominously. They transformed into a pair of purple-gold shackles and a headband, gleaming with a powerful, entrapping energy.

Figures from various directions continued to descend rapidly, closing in on Mu Yan and steadily tightening the encirclement. Those who could track her movements with such precision were formidable opponents, far from ordinary. Even Zhuo Tianyin, one of the most powerful talents of the Zhuo clan, had fallen under the protection of Elder Zhuowu, demonstrating just how strong these pursuers could be.

Mu Yan furrowed her brow; she was unwilling to meet her end without a fight, yet the situation seemed increasingly dire. With her current strength, breaking free from this deadly stalemate appeared nearly impossible.

“That’s all...” she thought, a sense of resignation washing over her. With a soft sigh, Mu Yan decided to abandon her resistance. She realized that as long as she remained alive, there was still hope for escape. Rather than stubbornly fighting for a slim chance of survival, it would be wiser to wait for a better opportunity.

Seeing Mu Yan relent, Zhuo Ling’s sneer deepened, reveling in the anticipated triumph. In her mind, she could already envision the moment she would present Mu Yan to Elder Zhuo Wu, reaping the rewards of her capture and gaining the attention she so desperately sought.

“You don’t have to think about it,” Zhuo Ling said with a sneer as she closed the distance.

“This pair of shackles and headband, if you put them on obediently, you can still avoid some flesh and blood pain.”

With that, she tossed the purple-gold shackles and headband at Mu Yan, her eyes glinting with a mixture of triumph and disdain. The surrounding figures watched impassively, ready to counter any last-minute resistance from Mu Yan.

Feeling a deep sense of humiliation, Mu Yan hesitated for a moment. But with survival at stake, she had no choice but to lower her pride. She picked up the shackles and headband, placing them around her wrists and forehead.

“Haha, now this is interesting! You’re alive, but you’ll be worthless when you’re dead,” Zhuo Ling mocked, a triumphant smile spreading across her face.

“If you dare to kill my cousin, you’ll have to pay the price. Otherwise, the anger of Elder Zhuo Wu will never be quelled.”

With her opponent subdued, Zhuo Ling felt a rush of relief and amusement. She waved her arm, and instantly, Mu Yan, stripped of her cultivation and spirit, was enveloped in a powerful force and transformed into a stream of light. Zhuo Ling took off, leaving the area in haste.

The other figures quickly followed suit, disappearing into the distance as they left the desolate landscape behind.

“Miss Zhuo Ling, the ancestor Zhuo Wu told me before that after we catch this person, we must first investigate her identity,” one of the Zhuo clan members cautioned, stepping forward with a concerned expression.

“Old Ancestor Zhuo Wu is worried that there may be individuals of equal strength behind this girl, calculating against us. If that happens, we could face retaliation from someone else.”

Zhuo Ling, in a buoyant mood after her apparent victory, frowned at the reminder. She glanced at Mu Yan, who was being carried alongside her. Though dressed in coarse cloth, Mu Yan’s delicate features radiated an undeniable charm, and she maintained an air of calm, even in her current predicament. This composure was atypical for someone in her situation.

The Zhuo clan member continued, “Her strength is only on par with a true immortal, yet she was able to kill one of our most powerful contemporary geniuses. If she truly had no strong backing or guidance, I find it hard to believe.”

Zhuo Ling shook her head, dismissing the concern. “No matter what, Patriarch Zhuo Wu will investigate when the time comes. Even if there is someone supporting her, I doubt they would have the guts to show themselves on Zhuo Clan territory.” She felt reassured, allowing herself to focus on the triumph of her capture rather than the potential threats lurking in the shadows.

If a person of the same caliber as Elder Zhuo Wu were to enter the Zhuo clan’s territory, their presence would undoubtedly be detected. Moreover, not everyone could withstand the consequences of such an act.

Listening to the conversation among the Zhuo clan members, a flicker of doubt and confusion crossed Mu Yan’s features. She realized that the killing intent from the elder of the Zhuo clan had not simply vanished due to exhaustion; rather, someone had intervened to mitigate it.

Who could it be?

Could it be... that family?

As the thought crossed her mind, a glimmer of hope ignited in Mu Yan's eyes. "Are they still watching over me? Or perhaps my brother?" The possibility of support rekindled a sense of optimism in her, momentarily overshadowing her dire circumstances.

Meanwhile, in Gufeng Ancient City, the immortal mist hung thickly in the air as majestic clouds flowed around the magnificent palace. Many elders from various branches of the Zhuo clan hurriedly gathered there, taking their seats one by one.

The palace was vast and self-contained, resembling a world of its own. Singing birds flitted among fragrant flowers, and immortal waterfalls cascaded down, surrounded by purple clouds and lush green vines. Nearby, tranquil lakes were dotted with ancient peaks, creating a scene reminiscent of a true paradise.

Stars of great brilliance surrounded the peaks, casting their magnificent light upon the gathering. Young and middle-aged talents of the Zhuo clan followed the elders into the banquet hall, sitting quietly at the back of the seats.

In the center of the hall, graceful and charming Zhuo clan women sang and danced slowly, presenting rare spiritual fruits and delicacies that fluttered between the guests like butterflies, captivating all who beheld them. The thoughtful arrangements and elaborate etiquette reflected the Zhuo clan's commitment to honoring their guests.

Even a fierce figure like Bone Ancestor nodded in approval as he stood aside, sipping a drink for himself while selecting a variety of immortal delicacies that suited his taste, indulging freely in the feast.

Gu Changge's demeanor was utterly casual, almost as if he regarded the banquet hall as his own home. Zhuo Fengxie, the host, didn't need to say anything; Gu Changge's presence conveyed a sense of ease that suggested he felt entirely at home. Yet, to many members of the Zhuo clan, this nonchalance seemed more like a dismissal of their importance, as if he viewed them as mere players in a larger game, indifferent to their status.

In his eyes, all beings—whether mighty or weak—appeared equal, inconsequential like the bugs and stones beneath an immortal's feet. This attitude sparked speculation among the various factions of the Zhuo clan, leading them to believe that Gu Changge's origins were far beyond anything they could fathom.

He held his cup delicately with slender fingers, sipping occasionally while engaging in light conversation with Zhuo Fengxie. Ling Huang, seated nearby, made sure to refill his cup at the right moments. For some of the delicacies, she even peeled the skins off with her exquisite, flawless fingers, adding to the overall impression of grace and elegance.

This relaxed and carefree demeanor elicited envy among the young members of the Zhuo clan. It was clear that Ling Huang possessed power on par with that of an elder, and despite her veil, her beauty was unmistakably rare, adding to the allure of her presence in the banquet hall.

At such a young age, Gu Changge commanded an old man in black robes, whose unfathomable strength served to protect him. The accompanying maid was equally powerful and stunningly beautiful. Meanwhile, Gu Changge himself was still diligently cultivating and striving to strengthen his own abilities. Even as disciples of the Zhuo clan, the other young members could scarcely imagine enjoying such treatment and status.

Zhuo Fengxie observed the reactions of those around him, recognizing their astonishment and envy. However, despite the buzz of speculation, he remained uncertain about Gu Changge's true intentions and purpose. He understood that they would likely need to discuss business once the banquet concluded.

While everyone in the Zhuo clan perceived Gu Changge as a young man of incredible background, Zhuo Fengxie was cautious in his assumptions. He knew that even the future successors of super civilizations would never allow an entity as powerful as a Dao Realm existence to act as a maid for someone of seemingly lesser stature. Gu Changge's strength was undoubtedly more terrifying and unpredictable, yet Zhuo Fengxie could not fully perceive it.

What he could see, however, was how easily the woman and the old man before him submitted to Gu Changge's presence. In the boundless world, strength remained the most direct and fundamental source of reliance, dictating relationships and hierarchies among beings of varying power.

At the reception banquet, the Zhuo clan learned little about Gu Changge apart from his surname. Despite their curiosity, they found no further information. Some elders within the Zhuo clan were hesitant to inquire too eagerly, opting instead to gather details gradually over time.

"Mr. Gu, since you're not far away, it would be best for you to stay with our Zhuo clan during your visit. If you have any requests, just inform the clansmen," Zhuo Fengxie suggested, emphasizing the hospitality of his clan.

"Zhuoyou has spoken of you many times, and it's thanks to her that you have become friends with us."

As the banquet concluded, Zhuo Fengxie was still unaware of Gu Changge's true purpose for visiting. However, he proved to be a shrewd individual; with just a few words, he subtly strengthened the connection between himself and Gu Changge. By mentioning Zhuoyou, he also aimed to dissuade other elders from any notions of dependency on Gu Changge, steering their perceptions in a more favorable direction.

Even now, Zhuo Fengxie remained uncertain whether Gu Changge was an ally or an adversary.

“Since that’s the case, this visit will certainly lead to much discussion, Elder Fengxie,” Gu Changge replied, fully aware of Zhuo Fengxie’s implications. He chose not to address them directly, maintaining a smile as he engaged in the conversation.

The other elders present chose to hold their tongues for the moment, planning to ask their questions later. Meanwhile, the Zhuo Clan’s warm welcome for distinguished guests in the Gufeng Ancient City created quite a stir across the expansive territory of the immortal civilization. Many creatures and forces throughout the universe closely monitored and discussed the event.

Witnesses who saw the elders of the Zhuo clan personally greet their guests recounted the scene with vivid detail. The figure in white leading the group sparked rampant speculation among various races and forces, with many theorizing that he might hail from a super civilization, a level above even their own.

The foundation of a supreme civilization vastly overshadowed that of an ancient civilization, with an immeasurable gap between their capabilities. For instance, the immortal civilization itself was actually a subordinate of the Xi Yuan civilization. Within the realms of Xi Yuan civilization, there were numerous affiliated civilizations, including the immortal civilization, each with its own unique strengths and resources.

Chapter 1026: I’m afraid this person is not kind, the stars are dim

Naturally, Gu Changge temporarily settled in the territory of the Zhuo Clan, remaining in Gufeng Ancient City. After the banquet that day, many members of the Zhuo clan wanted to visit him, but he casually refused their requests, citing inconvenience.

Several elders from another lineage of the Zhuo clan were curious about his origins and intentions; however, their interest did not prompt them to send someone to inquire directly. After Zhuo Fengxie appeared that day, he returned to the clan, claiming there were important matters to address. Gu Changge kept his purpose undisclosed, while Zhuo Fengxie remained cautious. Having navigated many trials to reach his current position, his mindset was almost demonic.

Since he could not discern Gu Changge's intentions at the banquet, he decided to retreat and wait, hoping Gu Changge would eventually bring it up himself. Of course, another significant reason for his hesitation was that Zhuo Fengxie genuinely questioned Gu Changge's strength and origins. The presence of the Bone Ancestor beside Gu Changge alone was enough to make him uneasy.

If Zhuo Fengxie stayed by Gu Changge's side, he was very worried that Gu Changge might attack him. Without any support, he feared an accident could occur. In the depths of the Zhuo clan's ancestral land, he could rely on several others of the same level and the clan's suppressed heritage for confidence. However, in Gufeng Ancient City, he truly dared not remain any longer.

Thus, Zhuo Fengxie chose to retreat in order to advance, returning to his family's territory to observe the situation. If Gu Changge did not mention his purpose for coming, Zhuo Fengxie would feign ignorance for a day, enjoying food and drink while treating Gu Changge with courtesy. In terms of etiquette, he could not be faulted.

Gu Changge could naturally see Zhuo Fengxie's intentions, but he did not plan to completely dominate the entire immortal civilization overnight. He was not in a hurry, so he simply settled in Gufeng Ancient City.

Zhuoyou and the other elders who had surrendered to Gu Changge on the ancient battleship in the Spiritual Realm kept busy by his side, occasionally taking him to explore interesting places in Gufeng Ancient City. From the perspective of the rest of the Zhuo clan, it appeared that Zhuoyou and the others were simply flattering him.

This situation created an imbalance in the hearts of many Zhuo clan members. It was disconcerting for them to see their dignified elders being so respectful and flattering towards an outsider. The Zhuo clan, accustomed to being superior and dismissive of other ethnic groups, found this behavior uncomfortable.

Fortunately, no young people or members of the younger and middle-aged generation came forward to express their discontent. After all, despite their feelings of imbalance, they understood that someone as influential as Zhuo Fengxie treated Gu Changge with politeness and courtesy in public.

The territory of the immortal civilization was immensely vast, containing countless ancient worlds and major universes. In addition to the Zhuo, Hun, Wu, and Gou clans, there were actually other equally ancient groups as well.

In terms of backgrounds, these clans might not be able to compare with the larger ones, but their strength should not be underestimated. News of the events in Gufeng Ancient City quickly spread among these ethnic groups, and the actions of the Zhuo clan attracted widespread attention.

Particularly intriguing was the arrival of a mysterious man of unknown origin, accompanied by a servant and a maid. Many had witnessed the terrifying strength of his black-robed old servant, who was certainly not weaker than the ancestors of various races. The sudden appearance of such a mysterious figure in the immortal civilization raised questions about his intentions, naturally capturing the interest of all major forces within the realm.

Moreover, the Zhuo Clan remained very close to this enigmatic man. To honor his presence, even Zhuo Fengxie, a figure of significant standing, personally hosted a grand banquet. Such overtures could not help but provoke speculation among the major forces in the immortal civilization.

However, some speculated that Gu Changge might simply be traveling through the vast expanse, passing by the immortal civilization for leisure. This was merely conjecture without evidence.

“The Zhuo family has always been cautious. Zhuo Fengxie has been competing with me for so long; no one knows his temperament better than I do. If he had known this person would arrive, he would never have left at this time. This suggests he has only just learned of the news,” one voice reasoned.

If we make contact again, the information that the Zhuo Clan has recently returned from outside and lost significant manpower during this period will likely raise suspicions.

The more high-profile he appears, the more cautious he is in his heart. This move, which seems to welcome distinguished guests, actually sends a terrible signal to the outside world. This mysterious man in white—I'm afraid his intentions are not benign.

In the depths of the Hun clan, atop a majestic and renowned mountain, a thin figure slowly sat up. His eyes shone as bright as the sun. Maintaining a human form, his face appeared slightly sunken, with prominent cheekbones, and a sea of terrifying mental fluctuations flowed around him.

As he rose, the surrounding mountains trembled, and the stars in the sky quaked even more. A frightening surge of mental power erupted around him, akin to the eruption of a hundred thousand volcanoes, exuding an extreme level of tyranny.

He opened his mouth to inhale, and the glow of the nebula scattered across the sky seemed to be drawn in, causing the stars and moons to dim as the vast universe appeared to be depleted of energy. Although this location was deep within the Hun clan, where few beings dared to approach, the vision was astonishing. Many members of the Hun clan in the distance immediately noticed it and were filled with shock.

This was the retreat of an ancestor-level figure of the Hun clan, a place that had been devoid of fluctuations for many epochs. Zhuo Fengxie of the Zhuo Clan had battled against formidable opponents throughout many eras, and his strength was unfathomable. Countless years ago, the ancestor of the Hun clan and Zhuo Fengxie competed for the title of the foremost figure in ancient and modern times, engaging in countless battles that resulted in a stalemate.

At the same time, they were the two peerless figures most likely to undergo the sixth spiritual transformation in the immortal civilization. Their brilliant light shone across the world, overwhelming many ages and rendering all creatures in ancient and modern times unable to hold their heads high.

This ancestor of the Hun Clan once deduced a peerless spiritual training method, known as the foremost technique in the immortal civilization. It allowed for conception and transformation in the spirit, fostering growth in any material. Furthermore, this ancestor even created the art of spiritual

fetal membranes, entrusting a ray of spiritual energy to the universe and the ancient world, giving birth to countless bodies.

There were even more rumors that he had pinned his spirit to a dilapidated civilized heaven in an ancient era, where he once snooped on and seized the source of heaven itself. Such mysterious tales had shaped the strength and terror of this ancestor-level figure of the Hun clan. However, over time, he had gradually faded from prominence, and the immortal civilization had lost many rumors about him.

The ancestor Hun Yuan Jun has reappeared.

In the past, even the so-called invincible ancestor of the Wu clan was defeated by Hun Yuan Jun, and no news emerged after he went into seclusion.

In the distance, many members of the Hun clan were excited, bowing toward that area with deep reverence. Hun Yuan Jun was the invincible ancestor of the Hun clan, and throughout his existence, he had never been defeated. The classics of the ancestors contained detailed records of his past experiences and brilliant achievements, inspiring admiration among future generations.

For the Hun clan, the news of Hun Yuan Jun's reappearance was far more significant than anything else. Upon hearing the news, many clan members rushed over quickly. All the descendants of Hun Yuan Jun's lineage even hurried to wait outside this vast land. They were uncertain if the ancestor's appearance at this time held any particular significance.

After all, judging by the rumors from the Zhuo clan, Zhuo Fengxie's reappearance in the world was likely part of a larger plot. Although the Hun and Zhuo clans once shared the same lineage, countless years of reproduction and development had led to numerous battles, with each clan eager to annex the other and become the dominant family.

Outside this vast land, many excited Hun clan members engaged in hushed discussions, speculating about the reason for the ancestor's return this time.

Boom!!!

The sky shook, and the stars in the outer domain became unstable, as if they were about to fall toward this place. A slightly hunched figure appeared under the sky with a swish. With a single step, the stars shifted, and all light and aura faded.

“Ancestor...”

All the Hun people knelt down, filled with respect. It was Hun Yuan Jun, who restrained all fluctuations in his body, resembling an old man nearing the end of his days.

“I have sensed in my cultivation that the stars are dimming and the spirit is rushing toward the bullfight. Only the astrological signs of my Hun and Zhuo clans have shifted. This time, the immortal civilization may face a significant change. For my Hun clan, I do not know whether it will be a blessing or a misfortune. With the dimming of the stars, or with the bullfight, soaring into the sky...”

“Three days from now, those members of the clan who have performed well in the contemporary era will follow me to the Zhuo clan.”

Hun Yuan Jun, dressed in gray with a plain face and high cheekbones, swept his gaze over the gathered Hun clan members and spoke lightly. After finishing these words, his figure vanished into thin air with a bang.

All the Hun people present were taken aback by his words, filled with shock. Was it for this reason that the first ancestor, Hun Yuan Jun, had been alarmed? The stars were dimming, and the bull was angry. Furthermore, in just three days, the first ancestor planned to bring his clansmen to the Zhuo clan.

My Hun family is immortal; we have existed since the birth of the immortal civilization. Even if the sea becomes dust and we face a catastrophe of life and death, it will be difficult to shake the foundation of our clan.

What could have caused the ancestor to care so much that he did not hesitate to appear in person to share this news? And going to the Zhuo clan in three days—could it be because of that mysterious man in white?

The Hun clan members were unable to calm themselves. They understood that at Hun Yuan Jun's level, he possessed all kinds of incredible powers.

One who could see the past, peer into the future, understand the workings of the heavens, and discern misfortunes and catastrophes could entirely avoid various disasters and calculations. Unless faced with a more terrifying calamity or the schemes of a more powerful existence, such an individual would be nearly invulnerable. However, the future trends that ancestor Hun Yuan Jun perceived during his closed-door cultivation were likely not as simple as he had conveyed.

Yet, at that moment, worrying was futile. If even an existence like Hun Yuan Jun could not cope with the impending changes, they would be even more helpless.

Soon, the entire Hun clan began summoning core members and gathering the outstanding individuals of the contemporary era in response to Hun Yuan Jun's directive. They planned to follow the ancestor to the Zhuo clan in three days.

A similar scene unfolded among several other major ethnic groups within the immortal civilization. When one's cultivation reached a certain level, one could perceive all changes in the outside world, even while in the deepest state of seclusion. This included shifts in fate and luck, which had always been among the most mysterious and ethereal forces.

One would not dare claim that even those in the Dao Realm could truly control their own destiny or fully understand the powers of luck.

The current immortal civilization resembled a lake that had remained calm for a long time. All factions worked tirelessly to maintain a stable and peaceful situation, but one day, a massive meteorite fell, creating boundless waves. Nobody knew when these tumultuous waves would subside. Would the lake continue to retain its original state, or would it be completely washed away and collapsed?

At the same time, all forces within the immortal civilization were closely discussing and scrutinizing the identity of the mysterious man in white. In the territory of the Zhuo Clan, the murderer responsible for killing the descendant of Zhuo Wu, an elder of the Zhuo Clan, had been successfully captured and imprisoned. This news spread quickly, especially since the ten-direction universe barrier had been withdrawn. Consequently, Elder Zhuo Wu's sky-high arrest warrant was also rescinded.

This incident sparked significant discussion in a small area, with many creatures curious to learn who had the audacity and formidable strength to kill Zhuo Tianyin on the Zhuo Clan's territory. While the older generations and patriarchs of various races and forces might not have paid much attention to the matter, the contemporary younger generation viewed Zhuo Tianyin as an invincible presence among their peers. She stood as a towering figure, capable of sweeping aside the younger generation.

Aside from exceptional geniuses, disciples cultivated by other forces comparable to the Zhuo Clan had almost no chance of contending with her. Yet, it was this remarkable and promising genius who met a tragic end within the Zhuo Clan's domain. This inevitably raised suspicions about the possibility of some forces secretly targeting the younger generation.

A young talent like Zhuo Tianyin was destined to become an elder-level figure in the future, and her loss represented a significant setback for the contemporary Zhuo people.

Chapter 1027: Eternal Divine Bloodline, the Life of Empress Pingtian

Red Cold City was an extremely barren and desolate territory of the Zhuo people, characterized by a striking contrast of ice and fire. Some areas were filled with erupting craters, where magma flowed freely, creating temperatures high enough to melt many rare immortal materials. Every few steps revealed crimson crystals in various strange shapes, resembling condensed flames. The vegetation that managed to grow there was also vibrant red, emanating the essence of fire.

In deeper regions, blue and yellow flames flickered, generating temperatures so intense that the surrounding space warped and distorted. Even beings at the level of the Immortal Dao dared not venture there easily, as they risked being burned to the bone at every turn.

Conversely, another area displayed an endless glacier of faint blue, with icicles and sharp ice edges hanging year-round, while a fierce cold wind howled. The sky appeared entirely white, and numerous creatures had been frozen into ice sculptures, standing motionless amid the vast snowstorm.

At the junction of the two regions lay a massive rift valley that stretched endlessly. The flames, ice, and snow intertwined here, leading the world to call it the Hell of Ice and Fire. This place served as a natural prison where the Zhuo Clan confined heinous clansmen or sworn enemies.

At that moment, an indifferent figure with white hair descended from the sky, spanning an endless distance and causing the wind, snow, and flames to subside. The Dao trembled beneath her footsteps, as if she were treading on the heavens and the worlds of the endless universe. Her age was indiscernible, and while her features were beautiful, her expression remained utterly indifferent, devoid of any emotion. She was Elder Zhuowu of the Zhuo Clan.

Behind Zhuowu followed a young figure, somewhat resembling her, who walked respectfully with his hands lowered.

“Greetings, Elder Zhuowu,” he said.

As soon as Zhuowu appeared, many Zhuo clansmen responsible for guarding the prison promptly showed up to salute her respectfully.

In the context of the entire immortal civilization, Zhuowu was among the most powerful beings, standing at the pinnacle of strength. Having undergone three spiritual transformations, her power could be likened to that of a third decline in the Dao Realm. Within the Zhuo clan, she was a true powerhouse; apart from a few elders in heaven, no one could rival her.

“Old Ancestor, the murderer who killed Cousin Tianyin is currently being held here,” said the figure behind Zhuowu.

It was Zhuo Ling, a member of the Zhuo clan who had captured Mu Yan. Although she was a direct descendant of Zhuowu, the difference in their bloodlines was significant. If Mu Yan hadn’t been captured this time, Zhuo Ling might not have had any opportunity to meet Zhuo Wu at all.

At that moment, Zhuo Ling’s heart was filled with excitement. To her, the presence of Ancestor Zhuo Wu signified respect and recognition for her. Zhuo Wu, however, remained indifferent, offering only a nod before stepping forward with Zhuo Ling toward the depths of the Hell of Ice and Fire.

The Hell of Ice and Fire comprised eighteen floors, each with varying degrees of torture. Only those who committed the most heinous crimes would be imprisoned on the bottom floor. Many prisoners languished on the 18th floor, often unable to survive more than a few days before succumbing to madness, becoming mere shells of their former selves. Once confined to the 18th floor, the chances of seeing daylight again were virtually nonexistent. Upon death, their bodies would be cast into the sea of fire, completely incinerated without leaving a trace.

At that moment on the 18th floor, countless wails echoed, resembling the howls of tormented spirits, filled with shrillness and agony. The extreme cold and heat intertwined so violently that even the strongest immortal gold would collapse and disintegrate in an instant, turning to dust. The prisoners imprisoned on the 18th floor were not weak; during their lifetimes, they were at least at the level of the Immortal King.

At that moment, in the depths of the prison made of ice, a figure endured relentless torment within the azure flames that erupted from the walls, swirling like smoke. The flames continuously burned, casting an eerie glow over the scene. Pain was etched across Mu Yan's blood-stained face, her brows knitted tightly in distress. Yet, compared to the other prisoners who screamed in agony, she maintained a semblance of calm, her lips pursed tightly to stifle any sound of suffering.

Hearing footsteps approaching from outside her cage, Mu Yan mustered the strength to raise her head, her hair falling in disarray around her face, some strands sticking to her cheeks, presenting an utterly disheveled appearance.

"Old Ancestor, that person is here," Zhuo Ling announced as she led the way, glancing at Mu Yan with an expression that sought recognition for her efforts.

Zhuo Wu stood outside the cage, regarding Mu Yan with an indifferent gaze. A sneer played on her lips, as if relishing the sight of Mu Yan's plight.

"This deity has spoken: whether soaring to the heavens, traversing the earth, or descending to the underworld, no one in this world can save you. If you dare to kill this deity's descendants, you must face the consequences of your actions today."

Zhuo Wu stood over Mu Yan, her gaze filled with a chilling indifference. "

You possess good talent and courage, but it's unfortunate that you took the life of someone you shouldn't have. Now, let this deity ponder how best to torment you."

As she stood there, numerous terrifying visions flickered in her eyes—the moon shattering, stars plummeting, and vast universes collapsing and splitting apart. In an instant, thousands of scenes unfolded before her.

Zhuo Wu sought to deduce Mu Yan's origins, contemplating whether there were peers supporting her from the shadows. She had sensed a lingering worry that some external force dispelled the killing intent that had pursued Mu Yan. It seemed plausible that others of equal standing plotted against her; otherwise, why would they choose Mu Yan as a vessel for the younger generation's future?

However, Zhuo Wu found herself at a loss. She was not skilled in the divination and deduction techniques of the Immortal Civilization; had she been, she might have easily glimpsed Mu Yan's fate and unearthed the identity of the figure lurking behind her.

Mu Yan endured the excruciating pain and torture, and upon recognizing Zhuo Wu's presence, she shut her eyes, treating her as if she were air and choosing to ignore her. The elder Zhuo Wu, who stood before her, harbored a different animosity; after all, it was Zhuo Wu's precious junior whom Mu Yan had so cruelly slain. Yet, it was clear that Zhuo Wu likely did not remember such grievances. To her, Mu Yan had once been an insignificant ant, and now she probably saw her the same way.

"Old Ancestor, I propose that this girl be imprisoned here indefinitely, forced to endure the extreme cold and unbearable pain—the most profound suffering imaginable. An ordinary prisoner would experience a nervous breakdown within a few years, ultimately dissipating and turning to ash..."

As Zhuo Wu contemplated her options, Zhuo Ling, the younger member beside her, respectfully offered this suggestion, a cruel smile dancing on her lips.

At this, Zhuo Wu cast a sidelong glance at the young woman, her expression noncommittal. What kind of torture did the Hell of Ice and Fire truly offer? Surely, it would be too lenient to allow the murderer who had taken her descendant's life to perish so easily.

However, Zhuo Wu had another idea. When she observed Mu Yan just moments ago, she noticed that although her cultivation was sealed and her spirit imprisoned, the strength of her physical body was far from negligible. Despite the relentless torture, Mu Yan showed no signs of collapse. In fact, her resilience hinted at the potential for something exceptional—a testament to the saying that real gold can be forged through hundreds of refinements.

“This girl possesses remarkable physical strength. At her age, her talent is quite extraordinary. It appears she could be a valuable seedling, suitable as a vessel,” Zhuo Wu mused, her eyes glinting with interest. The reason she focused on cultivating the younger generation was to find an appropriate container for her future self.

The cultivation methods of the immortal civilization were unique; they often prioritized the spirit over the physical body. Consequently, the longevity of the physical form was significantly shorter compared to cultivators from other civilizations. This urgency fueled her desire to find a suitable vessel, someone capable of housing her spiritual power and allowing her to continue her existence once her physical body's lifespan was fully expended.

If the physical body was too weak, it would struggle to bear her immense spiritual power, which resembled a boundless sea, leading to a potential collapse. Naturally, the ideal vessel would be a body of someone of the same level. However, competing for such bodies was no easy feat. As a practical alternative, the younger generation—those with exceptional talents and promising futures—as well as the middle-aged generation, became the most suitable containers in the eyes of many.

Contemplating this, a strange light flickered in Zhuo Wu's eyes as she fixed her gaze on Mu Yan once more. “Open your eyes and look at me,” she commanded.

Mu Yan found herself unable to resist the overwhelming power of Zhuo Wu's words. Though she desperately wanted to turn away and close her eyes, she had no choice but to comply. Zhuo Wu's voice seemed infused with a divine authority, compelling Mu Yan to open her eyes. Her slightly dark golden pupils were strikingly beautiful, yet they appeared vacant and apathetic.

"The golden pupils that embody the essence of eternity," Zhuo Wu mused inwardly, her interest piqued.

I thought I had misjudged before, but seeing this now makes things much more intriguing. This girl actually possesses the eternal divine bloodline and is a member of the Eternal Protoss.

A sneer crept into Zhuo Wu's heart, though her expression remained impassive, concealing the tumult of emotions beneath her calm exterior.

The Eternal Protoss was an ancient and enigmatic group within the immortal civilization, with origins that were difficult to trace. Outsiders often referred to them as the Eternal Clan, but the members of this group preferred to identify as the Eternal Protoss. They held a deep belief in the Eternal Beginning God, with legends suggesting that the entire immortal civilization was created as a result of this deity's influence. However, such claims were merely rumors, lacking any historical records or classical references to substantiate them.

As one of the oldest ethnic groups in the immortal civilization, the Zhuo clan had never subscribed to these narratives and regarded them with disdain. Despite their small numbers, each member of the Eternal Protoss possessed formidable strength. From the moment of their birth, they were endowed with a unique talent known as the meaning of eternity.

This talent was well-known, and the ancestors of the Zhuo clan had once attempted to study and harness its power, but all their efforts ended in failure, resulting in severe backlash. The power associated with the meaning of eternity was indeed terrifying; it did not require any special techniques to manifest. When unleashed, it could easily suppress all other powers within the world.

At least in the eyes of the Zhuo clan, this was the reality: to unravel the meaning of eternity, one needed to overwhelm it with a more terrifying pure power. It was nearly impossible for any creature within the same realm to defeat a member of the Eternal Protoss. Fortunately, the world maintained a balance. Despite the strength of their bloodline, the members of the Eternal Protoss faced great difficulty in successfully reproducing, resulting in their limited numbers.

Nevertheless, even with their small population, the Eternal Protoss was a formidable force that could not be underestimated within the immortal civilization.

“Since she is a member of the Eternal Protoss, it stands to reason that this girl holds many secrets,” Zhuo Wu mused.

As the heavenly elder of the Zhuo Clan, she felt no fear of the Eternal Protoss. Even if a contemporary divine Son of the Eternal Protoss dared to harm her younger generation, they would still face the consequences of their actions.

Zhuo Wu had initially planned to extract more secrets from Mu Yan, but she decided against it. Keeping her alive served another purpose. No one had ever used a member of the Eternal Protoss as a container before, and the potent and mysterious meaning of eternity was an enticing prospect for her.

As Mu Yan’s bewildered mind gradually cleared, she instinctively stepped back, her eyes filled with wariness. She wondered what Zhuo Wu had done to her just moments before.

Zhuo Wu’s reaction to Mu Yan’s wariness seemed entirely unremarkable. She continued, her tone flat and authoritative, “Seeing you reach this stage is no small feat. I value talent and have no desire to crush it prematurely.”

“However, the matter of your killing my junior cannot be brushed aside so easily. Therefore, I present you with two choices. One: you can be imprisoned here forever, tortured in the Hell of Ice and Fire until you turn to ash. The other: you can become my disciple. I will overlook the past grievances, but you must recognize me as your master and pledge not to betray me.”

As Zhuo Wu finished speaking, Mu Yan was taken aback, stunned into silence.

Even Zhuo Ling, who stood nearby, appeared momentarily dazed. She had never anticipated that her ancestor would suddenly change her stance, not only considering the possibility of sparing Mu Yan’s life but also offering her a chance at apprenticeship.

Mu Yan’s reaction was swift; she quickly grasped the implications of Elder Zhuo Wu’s offer. It was clear to her that the elder had used some means to glimpse certain secrets about her, prompting the sudden change of heart regarding her fate. Zhuo Wu’s interest in taking her as a disciple surely came with ulterior motives, and it was far from the mere pity for talent that she claimed.

Despite her reservations, Mu Yan knew she had little choice. Remaining imprisoned, never to see the light of day again, would be akin to a death sentence. Yet, her heart was heavy with complexity; while she longed for survival, the thought of bowing to her enemy as a master was almost unbearable.

“Have you made your decision?” Zhuo Wu inquired again, her tone light, as if she could predict what Mu Yan would choose.

Mu Yan lowered her head, her slender hands clenched tightly beneath her sleeves, the knuckles turning white. After a moment of internal struggle, she finally spoke, “I’ve made up my mind; I choose the second option.”

She attempted to maintain a calm demeanor, masking the deep-seated hatred and humiliation that churned within her.

“Haha, I like smart people,” Zhuo Wu declared with a laugh that teetered between joy and mockery.

“But remember, if you dare to betray your master, your fate will mirror this rune; it will explode with a bang...”

With a sweeping gesture, she sent a dark purple rune flying straight into Mu Yan’s body. In that instant, Mu Yan felt as though her very life and death were bound to this simple dark purple symbol, a wave of despair crashing over her heart.

Meanwhile, in the Gufeng Ancient City, within an exceptionally grand inn, a young man in a blue robe murmured to himself, “Based on the clues we’ve gathered, it should be around this time in Empress Pingtian’s life, the most twists and turns and the most crucial turning point.”

His eyes flickered with intensity, his face not particularly handsome but ancient-looking, with slanted eyebrows that gave him a distinctly heroic aura. In one hand, he held an ancient book enveloped in chaotic mist, which shimmered brightly.

In his other palm, a strand of slightly coarse hair materialized. “This is the hair of the innkeeper. I took it off guard just now,” he explained, a hint of excitement in his gaze. “He has lived in Gufeng Ancient City for years, so he must have seen Empress Pingtian with his own eyes.”

With that, he placed the lock of hair on the ancient book, anticipation brimming within him.

Chapter 1028: The Treasure Book of Scavengers, Her Darkest Period

This book was surrounded by a vast chaos, exuding a simple yet profound atmosphere. Wisp after wisp of clear brilliance rose and fell, seeming to encapsulate all the secrets of the world. The moment the slightly rough strand of hair touched its surface, the quaint book erupted with an even more dazzling radiance.

The young man gazed intently at the unfolding spectacle, his expression revealing an eager anticipation that was hard to conceal.

The period in Gufeng Ancient City can be said to be the most significant turning point for Empress Pingtian. Surely, many beings have encountered or witnessed these events here.

He mused, his heart racing with hope.

Book of Scavengers, don't let me down.

He murmured to himself, brimming with expectation. The young man's name was Wang He. Originally a casual cultivator, he was like many young cultivators of his age in the immortal civilization—possessing mediocre talents and lacking any extraordinary background.

If carelessly tossed aside in an ancient city, no monk would have noticed it. Absent any extraordinary circumstance, a young cultivator like Wang He would likely remain stagnant at the threshold of the immortal path for his entire life. He would waste his years, leaving behind regrets, ultimately fading into dust.

However, Wang He was not like other ordinary young cultivators. He was fortunate enough to discover this mysterious ancient book on a dark and windy night many years ago. The Book of Scavengers was the name of this quaint tome.

At first, Wang He was unaware of the book's significance or even its name. When he initially picked it up, it appeared as nothing more than an extremely thin volume, devoid of any brilliance or writing. He couldn't even identify the material from which it was made. Yet, its texture was remarkably tough and light; no matter what method he employed—be it burning, stabbing, or tearing—it remained impervious to damage, showing not even a trace of wear.

Although Wang He was unsure of how it worked, he sensed that this ancient book was far from ordinary. He decided to use it as a protective talisman, placing it over his heart beneath the fabric of his clothes, thinking it might save his life in a critical moment.

As time passed, he almost forgot about the mysterious ancient book. It wasn't until a confrontation with an enemy, during which he snatched a precious elixir, that he stumbled upon its remarkable abilities. After putting the elixir close to his body, he suddenly noticed a strange phenomenon.

The instant the elixir made contact with the ancient book, it erupted into a dense mist while simultaneously radiating an array of mysterious and extraordinary brilliance. The previously blank pages began to come alive, evolving various scenes until they ultimately formed a booklet documenting the life of the rare elixir.

It was this experience that unveiled the book's unique function to Wang He and allowed him to learn its name: the Book of Scavengers. He discovered that it originated from a mysterious civilization he did not yet understand and was forged as a supreme treasure during that civilization's downfall.

As for why it was called the Book of Scavengers, Wang He was just as puzzled. He only knew that he could place various substances with a special aura or unique life force within the book. The Book of Scavengers would then automatically evolve into a peculiar record that detailed the experiences of that item throughout its existence.

This documentation included every phase of the object's life, from its birth to its eventual destruction. For example, if Wang He were to place an ancient treasure inside the Book of Scavengers, it would begin to chronicle the life story of that treasure. It would include details such as the methods and materials used to create it, the identity of the smith who forged it, its first owner, and how it was transferred to subsequent owners.

Moreover, the book would narrate how the treasure was lost, how it came into the possession of others, and what kind of conflicts or wars ultimately led to its demise.

The processes recorded in the Book of Scavengers were astonishingly detailed. This account encompassed the past, present, and even glimpses of the future, presenting a mysterious and extraordinary narrative. After discovering the book's remarkable function, Wang He was both shocked and ecstatic. Had he not witnessed it for himself, he would never have believed that such a miraculous treasure existed in this world.

However, the Book of Scavengers came with its own limitations. After each use, it required time to replenish the energy within it. The more powerful the item documented, the more energy it consumed, resulting in longer recovery times. To this day, Wang He had no understanding of the specific nature of the energy required by the Book of Scavengers; he could only wait for a significant period for it to recover after each use.

Fortunately, through this mysterious book, Wang He gradually established a firm foothold in the world around him. Although he appeared young, his actual age exceeded tens of thousands of years.

With all his foresight and powerful means of acquiring knowledge, Wang He had touched the threshold of the Dao Realm many years ago. However, successfully stepping into the Dao Realm was no easy feat. Even after years of accumulation, he did not dare to take risks lightly and preferred to gather enough strength before making that crucial leap. As a result, his current strength could only be described as a half-step into the Dao Realm.

Moreover, Wang He had established a powerful sect known as the Scavengers Sect, drawing upon various means and resources to do so. After tens of thousands of years of management, the sect now

boasted a rich heritage. His disciples were exceptionally talented, each one capable of stirring the pot in various factions in the future.

Additionally, the Scavengers Sect had several priests who were comparable to the Dao Realm, all of whom had received Wang He's kindness and subsequently joined the sect at his invitation. In simple terms, aside from superpowers like the Zhuo and Hun clans, the Scavengers Sect could be regarded as one of the most formidable forces within the immortal civilization.

This time, Wang He had come to Gufeng Ancient City because he had set his sights on an existence that would prove to be immensely powerful in the future. He had devised numerous arrangements to bring this future powerhouse into the Scavengers Sect, hoping she would become his right and left arms.

Of course, Wang He harbored some ulterior motives. After all, she was the legendary Empress Pingtian, destined to make her mark on the world and defeat eight thousand foes with a single palm strike. In the dark years to come, when all manner of "heaven" would invade and the people would suffer, it would be she who donned a white dress and battle armor, standing against the sky. With a single punch of light, she would banish the eternal darkness, bringing hope to the common folk.

Which man in this world would not admire and revere her upon hearing those four characters?

Although Wang He had only captured a few records through the lives of various practitioners and beings, it was impossible to conceal his yearning for the peerless Empress Pingtian. Among the countless narratives surrounding her, many creatures and cultivators of the immortal civilization had shared records and rumors about this remarkable empress.

Her youth was filled with tragedy and sympathy, stories that moved listeners to tears. Then, she emerged as an astounding figure, like a brilliant star illuminating both ancient and modern times, bringing clarity to the skies. She was undeniably the most talented and unparalleled individual in the immortal civilization throughout history.

In the life stories of countless cultivators, whenever Empress Pingtian was mentioned, they often became mere supporting characters, overshadowed by her brilliance. Even with the power of the Book of Scavengers in his possession, which hinted at a boundless future, Wang He couldn't help but admire her.

In the past, his own weakness had silenced any ambitions he might have had, but now, everything had changed. After extensive inquiries and speculation, he had finally confirmed the true identity of the Pingtian Empress.

To be precise, this was the time when the Pingtian Empress was still young and had not yet fully risen to prominence. Simultaneously, it marked the most tragic and bleak period of her life, filled with suffering, torture, and pain. In Wang He's eyes, this was the perfect moment to "take advantage of the void" and forge a causal relationship with the future empress. For Empress Pingtian, these hardships would ultimately become the driving force behind her ruthless nature in the years to come.

As Wang He returned from his thoughts, a burst of brilliance flickered from the Book of Scavengers before him. The strand of hair vanished quickly, and in its place, several ancient characters began to evolve on the surface of the book.

Zhuo Sanjin!

Wang He murmured to himself.

It seems this shopkeeper is a member of the Zhuo clan.

He took a glance at the booklet and began reading, eager to uncover details about Empress Pingtian through the life of this shopkeeper.

Since he had never encountered Empress Pingtian directly, it was impossible for him to obtain anything imbued with her aura. Furthermore, using the Book of Scavengers to acquire a genuine account of her life was out of the question. Therefore, he resolved to settle for second-best, relying on the experiences of other beings in Gufeng Ancient City to piece together information about her. This approach had always been Wang He's method for identifying opportunities, and it often yielded useful insights.

As he frowned and flipped through the pages, quickly scanning through the shopkeeper's biography, he noted that these records varied greatly between individuals and were not exhaustive. Many seemingly unimportant details had been omitted from the "Book of Scavengers." After reading through several paragraphs, a look of joy appeared on Wang He's face.

"In the 33rd year of the later Wenli calendar, Zhuo Sanjin participated in the apprenticeship ceremony of the Zhuo clan. His status did not permit him to approach the leader, so he could only observe from a distance. The woman he saw was veiled, cold, and silent, yet her beauty dimmed the very sky. At that moment, Zhuo Sanjin felt envy, never imagining she would one day be the renowned Empress Pingtian."

Wang He whispered the record, his voice filled with uncontainable joy and excitement. He felt a sense of validation; his efforts had finally borne fruit, confirming the true identity of Empress Pingtian.

"Indeed, what I suspected was correct. It was during this time that she killed Elder Zhuo Wu of the Zhuo Clan... No one knows that she was captured and imprisoned by the Zhuo Clan for a period, only to later become a disciple of Elder Zhuo Wu."

He paused, reflecting on the information he had gathered previously.

“Not many people are aware of Empress Pingtian’s past. Her true history is being uncovered as she becomes the apprentice of Elder Zhuo Wu...”

After considering this, Wang He finally understood the future dynamics: “I can see now why Empress Pingtian would ultimately kill her master. Elder Zhuo Wu may have taken her in name, but she must have had ulterior motives. How could she accept someone who had killed her own descendant as a disciple? This is the root of the enmity between them.”

As he analyzed these revelations, Wang He’s confidence grew, and he began to formulate plans. This period marked the darkest time in Empress Pingtian’s life.

Although he was not yet capable of directly confronting Elder Zhuo Wu, he believed it was entirely possible to win Empress Pingtian’s favor and guide her from darkness into light through other means. At that moment, he felt confident that he could capture the heart of the Pingtian Empress.

Just as Wang He was lost in thought, a knock echoed from outside his door.

This inn was lavishly appointed, each room enhanced with formations designed to isolate vibrations and conceal detection. Therefore, Wang He was not concerned about being spied upon.

“Who is it?” he called, tucking away the Book of Scavengers and keeping his tone steady.

“Master, the elders, brothers, and sisters have all settled in,” replied a respectful male voice from outside the guest room.

“Okay, come in now,” Wang He responded, nodding as he regained his composure. He got up, smoothed down his clothes, and stepped outside to greet his disciples.

The visitor was one of Wang He's apprentices, distinguished by an extraordinary background. He had come to Gufeng Ancient City, ostensibly to reconnect with old friends and discuss matters related to the Scavengers Sect, and had brought along several elders and disciples.

As Wang He stepped out, he found a group waiting for him just outside the guest room. The assembly included both men and women, some with non-human features and others from foreign races. Despite their diverse appearances, all bore youthful faces, radiating a precious brilliance, with flickers of sunlight dancing in their eyes.

In addition to the younger members, several elder figures stood among them—both male and female—who were slightly older and dressed in matching robes.

“Let's go,” Wang He said, a smile brightening his face. “It's not every day we get to visit Gufeng Ancient City. I'll show you all the wonders it has to offer.”

His voice was warm and inviting, as he consistently maintained a respectful and gentle demeanor in front of the elders and disciples, who returned his regard with deep respect and admiration.

“Master, have you heard about the recent happenings in Gufeng Ancient City?”

As they stepped out of the inn and onto the bustling street, a lively female disciple with striking features moved closer to Wang He, her eyes sparkling with curiosity. The street was alive with creatures of all races, their voices blending into a vibrant hum that filled the air.

Having just arrived, the disciples were captivated by the ancient city's grandeur, which exuded a timeless aura as if it were a place that would never fade. Yet, what intrigued them most were the sensational events that had taken place in Gufeng Ancient City recently.

Chapter 1029: Ten thousand clans gladiatorial arena, only this can be called beautiful

The Zhou clan loomed as an untouchable behemoth in their eyes. Despite the thriving Scavengers Sect and its impressive background, with limitless future prospects, it still paled compared to such a colossal force. Many among them had heard numerous rumors about the ancient figures of the Zhou clan and held them in great esteem. They never imagined they would have the opportunity to witness the elegance of such a person one day. Unfortunately, they had arrived a bit late and missed seeing the elders of the Zhou clan.

“What are you referring to? Could it be the incident involving a contemporary genius of the Zhou clan who was killed within the borders of the frontier?”

Wang He said with a knowing smile. He was well aware that these disciples were discussing a group of Zhou clan elders, including the prominent figure Zhou Fengxie, who had come to the city to welcome honored guests.

When Wang He first learned about it, he was also surprised. He discovered that there seemed to be no record of this incident in the lives of certain individuals. However, for such a significant event, there should have been documentation.

This led Wang He to speculate that it might be similar to the rumors circulating in some communities—that the mysterious man in white, who had come to this realm, was merely passing through and would not linger long. Consequently, throughout the long development of this realm, he likely left few traces behind.

In the lives of those beings he interacted with, there was naturally no memory of this matter, as their contact had not occurred at that level. Of course, there was another possibility. Wang He considered

that the man in white might have extraordinary origins and, after traversing this realm, could have deliberately erased his own traces, ensuring that many beings would forget about the event.

Regardless of the truth, it had nothing to do with Wang He. As long as it didn't affect his plans, he wouldn't be concerned.

"The matter you mentioned, although we've heard about it, we're actually discussing something else," one of the disciples interjected.

"Those elders of the Zhou clan have appeared in Gufeng Ancient City to welcome a valuable guest."

The disciples of the Scavengers Sect openly expressed their curiosity, engaging in a lively exchange. They knew this matter was quite distant from their own experiences, so they, like many other cultivators, treated it as casual after-dinner conversation, speculating without much seriousness. After the initial excitement, the topic would likely fade from their minds.

Wang He smiled and chose not to elaborate further, guiding them through the city as he headed to visit an old friend. This friend had been cultivating in Gufeng Ancient City for many years and possessed unfathomable strength. Given the favors he had received in the past, Wang He hoped he might be able to assist him this time.

The Zhouwu Elder of the Zhou Clan would invite all parties to a banquet when he accepted her disciple. This would save him a great deal of trouble.

At this moment, in the depths of the Zhou clan, Zhou Fengxie was in his usual cultivation realm. He stood on a desolate ancient mountain, gazing toward Gufeng Ancient City, his expression clouded with uncertainty.

So stoic? Surprisingly, he isn't revealing his purpose at all.

Those who don't know would think he's genuinely an honored guest invited by my Zhou clan.

He hadn't expected Gu Changge to take up temporary residence in Gufeng Ancient City, presenting himself as someone visiting the immortal spirit civilization for leisure. This left Zhou Fengxie completely uncertain about Gu Changge's true intentions. If Gu Changge had indeed come to the immortal spirit civilization for travel, how could he have the power to control the lives and deaths of Zhou You and the others?

There was clearly a deeper plan and intention behind Gu Changge's actions. As soon as Gu Changge did this, Zhou Fengxie found it impossible to remain calm for even a day; his mind was tense, making it difficult for him to focus on enlightening himself on the Great Dao or consider other matters.

He contemplated whether to discuss the situation with other key figures in the clan to collectively address Gu Changge. However, broaching this subject could lead to disastrous consequences. The Zhou clan had its internal disagreements, and some powerful factions might advocate for taking decisive action. After all, it was known that Gu Changge controlled the life and death of Zhou You and the others, and his presence likely carried ulterior motives.

Given the nature of the strong factions within the Zhou clan, they would certainly aim to eliminate the threat before it could escalate. However, Zhou Fengxie had always been cautious by nature and couldn't fully grasp the extent of Gu Changge's strength and origins.

If he fought Gu Changge, the Zhou clan would incur significant losses, and Zhou Fengxie wasn't certain of securing an absolute victory. Furthermore, should a conflict arise, the rest of the Immortal Spirit Civilization would undoubtedly take advantage of the situation, causing the Zhou clan to fall from its former glory.

Caught in this dilemma, Zhou Fengxie felt isolated and hesitant to reach out for help. Informing other key figures in the clan about the situation could lead to even more chaos and worsen the circumstances.

This matter seems extraordinarily calm, but I refuse to believe he isn't busy with something.

Zhou Fengxie mused.

After contemplating for a long time, he decided to continue observing the situation unfold. Although his heart was troubled, it was better than exhausting himself with constant speculation and deduction.

Boom!!!

At that moment, in a distant part of the universe, a brilliant stream of light tore through layers of space, rushing toward this realm. Zhou Fengxie noticed it and reached out with a large hand. The stream of light descended straight toward him, eventually transforming into a letter enveloped in the aura of the Chaotic Dao.

That fellow, Hun Yuan Jun, is taking the initiative to send me a message. I wonder what he's up to?

Zhou Fengxie thought, instantly recognizing the letter as coming from his old enemy, Hun Yuan Jun, an ancestor of the Hun Clan. The two had fought for several eras, often evenly matched, and were regarded by the world as two of the most powerful existences from ancient times.

Despite their battles, there remained a semblance of friendship between them. After all, Hun Yuan Jun possessed immense strength, capable of penetrating layers of space to send this letter deep into the Zhou clan's territory. Although Zhou Fengxie was cautious, he trusted Hun Yuan Jun and knew he wouldn't act recklessly; it seemed he likely had something important to discuss.

At that moment, Zhou Fengxie's eyes narrowed, and with a shake of his large hand, the heavenly planes of the entire land instantly became chaotic. Once he did this, he swept his gaze over the letter and began to examine it seriously.

"What...?"

However, as soon as he glanced through the opening sentence, he shook with surprise, and his expression turned cloudy and uncertain.

This fellow Hun Yuan Jun, after fighting with me for so many years, has actually become the one who knows me best. Even those old-timers in the clan didn't notice this, yet he did.

Zhou Fengxie hadn't expected this, but upon reflection, he realized that Hun Yuan Jun likely understood him better than anyone else. In the letter, Hun Yuan Jun briefly mentioned that he was aware of Zhou Fengxie's dilemma. He noted that in a few days, he would bring his clan members to visit the Zhou Clan in person. Although he didn't specify who he was coming to see, Zhou Fengxie suspected it was a visit regarding Gu Changge.

He couldn't help but smile as he said to himself, "This Hun Yuan Jun is truly worthy of having fought with me for so many years; his insight surpasses that of countless others. If this matter isn't handled properly, it won't just spell disaster for my Zhou Clan, but for the entire Immortal Civilization as well."

"He has recognized the situation and plans to team up with the old man to address it."

“Hahahaha...”

His laughter echoed through the mountains, shaking them, while ten thousand stars trembled in response. Zhou Fengxie destroyed the letter immediately, but knowing that Hun Yuan Jun might have anticipated this, he retained an extra copy in his mind, just in case he needed to avoid a significant loss.

Gufeng Ancient City was vast—the iconic ancient city of the Zhou clan. If an Immortal King were to traverse its expanse, it would take more than a few hundred years to reach the other side. They needed to use a teleportation array to travel between areas to get there.

Here, more than hundreds of thousands of races coexist, and countless spirits pass through each city gate every day. The city is magnificent and flourishing, home to all kinds of establishments such as gambling houses, workshops, and cultivation peaks—truly a diverse place.

At this moment, on the southeast side of Gufeng Ancient City, a vast area known as the Ten Thousand Clans Gladiatorial Arena was bustling with activity. The crowd was dense, and the sounds of excitement filled the air, creating an extremely lively atmosphere. This gladiatorial arena was large enough to accommodate several ancient planets, with lofty, magnificent buildings and temples lining both sides, each infused with the unique aura of the various clans, shimmering with divine light and haze.

Many figures stood in the pavilions or sat between them, intently watching the events unfold in the arena. This was the largest gladiatorial arena in Gufeng Ancient City, and as its name suggested, nearly all races had fought there at some point. Due to the strict rules of Gufeng Ancient City, ordinary people dared not engage in fights that would disturb the peace. Consequently, many grudges were settled directly in the gladiatorial arena, often culminating in fights to the death.

Of course, many of the death fights in the gladiatorial arena involved the dead soldiers or slaves of various clans. Young people from the major groups often came here to watch the battles, while the older generation attended less frequently. However, many cultivators also visited the arena to observe the fights, seeking to learn from the experience and gain insight. This venue was considered quite famous in Gufeng Ancient City.

Beings of different cultivation levels fought in various arenas, and even those at the Immortal King level had participated in life-and-death battles here.

At this moment, in a pavilion with the best view, Zhou You was leading Gu Changge and the other members of the Zhou clan. The nearby venues had been completely cleared, and the other guests at the gladiatorial arena were asked to move to different areas.

“This is a rather interesting place in our Gufeng Ancient City, known as the Ten Thousand Clans Gladiatorial Arena, where countless prisoners and dead soldiers are showcased every day for all clans to witness. Only the blood-soaked beauty of death can truly captivate...” an elder of the Zhou clan remarked with a few pleasing smiles as he accompanied Gu Changge. His name was Zhou Jue, and he hailed not from Zhou Fengxie’s lineage but from another branch of the Zhou clan.

Today, he had the opportunity to meet Gu Changge in Gufeng Ancient City, so he volunteered to show him around. In the eyes of many members of the Zhou clan, it seemed Gu Changge was here solely for enjoyment. Since Zhou Fengxie had personally received him, the other elders naturally sought ways to cultivate a good relationship with him.

For Zhou Jue, this was a prime opportunity. He had a solid personal relationship with the owner behind the gladiatorial arena and shared common interests, so he took the chance to bring Gu Changge along as well.

Gu Changge smiled faintly and remarked, “Indeed, it’s just a pity that the cultivation level of these deadly fighters is too low. The real flower of death requires the blood of a Dao Realm existence to be considered beautiful.”

His words caused Zhou Jue's expression to shift slightly, becoming somewhat unnatural. The bloodbath of a Dao Realm existence? Did this imply that Gu Changge intended to personally enter the arena and fight someone? The Dao Realm existence represented the true foundation of a civilization; how could it possibly be involved in such a spectacle?

Coming from Gu Changge's mouth, such words felt entirely natural, as if he had witnessed it himself. This couldn't help but provoke a wave of speculation in Zhou Jue's mind.

A little farther behind Gu Changge and the others stood a woman in a red skirt, her long golden hair cascading down and her features as three-dimensional and delicate as jade sculptures. Her expression also shifted. She was Venerable Hong Gui, the owner of the gladiatorial arena, which had been operating there for tens of millions of years. Her strength was comparable to that of the Dao Realm.

To establish a foothold in Gufeng Ancient City, the Ten Thousand Clans Gladiatorial Arena naturally required the Zhou Clan's permission. Venerable Hong Gui had developed a close friendship with the Zhou clan's elder standing before her, and they shared many mutual interests. This time, she had come to personally greet the Zhou clan elder but did not expect that the mysterious man in white, whose identity was a topic of speculation across all the great universes, would accompany him.

At that moment, Gu Changge's seemingly thoughtless, casual words stirred a wave of speculation in Venerable Hong Gui's heart. However, he paid no attention to their conjectures as he slowly approached the pavilion window and swept his gaze across the scene.

In the gladiatorial arena before him, a fierce battle was taking place. Two renowned clan scions, both dead soldiers, were locked in combat, and many figures in the distance stared intently, their eyes flashing with a bloodthirsty light. This kind of killing, often accompanied by gambling, was a regular hobby for many disciples from prominent clans.

Gu Changge, however, was not particularly interested in this spectacle and merely observed it casually. Soon, the fight concluded, and the arena staff began arranging for the cleanup of the battlefield. They then introduced several cages made from unknown materials. These large cages were surrounded by black cloth that concealed the spiritual power within, preventing even the primordial spirit from peeking inside.

Yet, this black cloth could not obstruct Gu Changge's sight. As he glanced over, his eyes suddenly revealed a hint of interest.

At that moment, a woman rushed quickly from a distance and leaned in to whisper something in Venerable Hong Gui's ear. Her expression changed slightly, revealing a hint of hesitation. However, after contemplating, she arched her hand respectfully toward Gu Changge and the Zhou clan elder, saying, "Excuse me, gentlemen. An old friend of mine has unexpectedly arrived, so I must go and receive him personally."

Chapter 1030: It is indeed a little interesting, the root of the disaster

Hong Gui was a well-known figure in Gufeng Ancient City. Having operated the arena for tens of millions of years, she had established connections with all clans and forces. She was powerful, adept at navigating complex social dynamics, and knew how to assess situations effectively. Even in the turbulent waters of Gufeng Ancient City, her relationship with the Zhou clan was particularly strong.

Although Gu Changge and Zhou Jue were noble figures in her eyes, she felt they were somewhat distant and unlikely to forge any real connection. In contrast, this visiting old friend belonged to her world, presenting more opportunities for future interactions. After considering her options, she decided it would be best to meet this old friend in person.

After announcing her departure, Zhou Jue nodded in acknowledgment.

Since you have something important to attend to, Hong Gui, go ahead. I'll stay here with Young Master Gu.

Alongside him, many members of the Zhou clan were present, so they had no concerns about a lack of support.

Hong Gui then took her leave, and her servants and maids followed suit. Gu Changge, for his part, remained silent, understanding the situation.

Although Hong Gui possessed strength comparable to the Dao Realm, she had nearly exhausted her potential and could not progress further. According to the strength system within the immortal civilization, it would be challenging for her to undergo a second spiritual transformation. In truth, such a character was unlikely to capture Gu Changge's interest.

After Hong Gui departed, Gu Changge's gaze returned to the arena below. The cages, covered with black cloth, were pushed out and placed in the arena, square and silent. However, a strong malevolent aura continued to permeate the air, giving rise to some hideous spiritual visions in the void. It was clear that ordinary people would struggle to see the scene clearly.

Zhou Jue noticed Gu Changge's expression and couldn't help but ask, "Could Mr. Gu be more interested in this?"

Gu Changge smiled lightly and replied, "I'm actually interested in one of the figures among them." He chose not to elaborate further and found a seat in the pavilion to sit down.

Zhou Jue was even more surprised but decided not to press for more details. He scanned the area but didn't notice anything unusual; it all seemed like a very ordinary duel. He then ordered his clansmen to prepare tea and spiritual fruit cakes and found a seat beside Gu Changge.

“The few fighters about to compete are all dead fighters from other arenas. They’ve been in at least hundreds of battles, and their combat experience is extremely rich. They’ve reached this point by stepping over countless corpses...” Zhou Jue explained.

“In this realm, few can defeat them in a life-and-death fight. Opportunities to witness such thrilling events are rare, so today, I can feast my eyes.”

Just then, a slightly affluent middle-aged man approached the arena and began to introduce the origins of the figures preparing to fight.

He was clearly quite looking forward to and excited about this, his emotions running high. After all, this event had been organized by Hong Gui herself. The warriors who had died in battle were extremely valuable in the arena of all races, and such fighters wouldn’t be easily allowed to compete. The arrival of Gu Changge and the elders of the Zhou clan today had cost Hong Gui a significant sum, prompting her to send up several hundred battle-hardened soldiers.

The Ten Thousand Clans Arena had many sub-fields, spread across numerous universes and ancient cities within the territory of the Zhou Clan. Dead fighters sold to the arena could earn various titles if they performed exceptionally well in other arenas. For instance, fighters could earn a title for achieving ten victories in ten battles or a hundred victories in a hundred battles.

Naturally, duels with different titles came with varying threshold fees for viewing. However, it was noteworthy that there was no such title for nine victories and one defeat. In the arena, once a fighter was defeated, it often meant death, and their life would come to an end. Only those who understood the difficulty of achieving ten victories in ten battles could truly appreciate the challenge. Being victorious in all battles was considered even more legendary.

If you wanted to survive, you had to keep winning. Of course, if you were lucky, you might attract the favor of some nobles willing to pay a high price for your life, but such opportunities were rare. The Ten Thousand Clans Arena was not foolish; it took astronomical resources to train every dead warrior. To ensure the excitement of each fight, the arena meticulously arranged evenly matched opponents.

In other words, during a duel following eight consecutive victories, a fighter would face an opponent who had also achieved eight victories in a row. The resources consumed in this process were nothing short of staggering.

On the surrounding viewing platforms, the crowd erupted in cheers and shouts. Many spectators were eager for the fight to begin, never expecting that this event would involve hundreds of dead soldiers. Young geniuses and young clan members from various races and sects looked particularly excited, urging the match to start as soon as possible.

Meanwhile, on a nearby gambling platform, the person in charge spoke loudly, introducing the backgrounds of the dead men in the cages and explaining the odds for this gambling fight. Under normal circumstances, such a scene was commonplace in the Ten Thousand Clans Arena, where countless matches took place every day.

The Ten Thousand Clans Arena spanned an area large enough to encompass several ancient planets, and this was just one of the many arenas. However, compared to others, this particular venue operated at a higher level. The lowest cultivation level of the dead soldiers who fought here was that of true immortals.

Today, it was even rarer to feature a slain warrior at this level. As soon as the news spread, guests from the other arenas were taken aback; they quickly changed their tickets and rushed over. Soon, the spectator seats filled densely with figures, creating a bustling sea of people.

“Soldier in a hundred battles! It seems Hong Gui is willing to go all out today; she must have spent a fortune,” Zhuo Jue remarked, surprised at the candidate for the duel. He couldn’t help but stroke his beard and smile, clearly impressed by the spectacle.

In Zhuo Jue's eyes, what Hong Gui was doing was equivalent to enhancing his reputation in front of Gu Changge. While he felt pleased, Gu Changge remained composed, sipping tea with his gaze lowered as he awaited the duel below.

Meanwhile, in another pavilion within the wrestling arena, an air of immortal charm surrounded the gathering. Led by a maid, Hong Gui rushed over with a bright smile on her face. Inside the pavilion, all the elders and disciples of the Scavengers Sect were sipping tea and enjoying spiritual fruits, eagerly awaiting the arrival of their old friend, Sect Leader Wang He.

Having traveled around Gufeng Ancient City, they had come directly to this venue. Many of the disciples were filled with curiosity about the famed Ten Thousand Clans Arena, as this was their first visit. They glanced around, taking in the atmosphere. In contrast, a few disciples from extraordinary backgrounds appeared completely at ease, sipping their tea with expressions that suggested they were no strangers to such scenes.

Wang He stood tall by the window of the pavilion, his gaze fixed on the scene unfolding in the arena.

If I remember correctly, my old friend's Ten Thousand Clans Arena is set to produce a remarkable character in the future, but she will also face unprovoked disasters. The information I have so far is vague, but if the opportunity arises, I might be able to help her avert this disaster.

He sighed inwardly, contemplating the energy demands of the Book of Scavengers, which he had used recently.

It will take a considerable amount of time before I can draw upon its power again. The artifact spirit of the Book is unbearably arrogant and refuses to acknowledge me as its master. It's nearly impossible to communicate with her on a daily basis. If only I knew what kind of energy the Book needs to recover, it wouldn't be such a burden.

As he thought back to his investigations into the life experiences of various beings, he recalled stumbling upon records concerning the Ten Thousand Clans Arena. A slight frown crossed his face; the original means of profit in the arena often disrupted the harmony of the heavens.

Sometimes, the arena would target weaker groups, seizing their talented individuals and training them as dead warriors from a young age. If those ethnic groups dared to resist, they might face complete annihilation. Such occurrences were all too common in this world, where the law of the jungle prevailed. Countless groups and forces were destroyed daily.

Since the establishment of the Scavengers Sect, Wang He's methods might not have been entirely noble. However, he often managed to resolve numerous follow-up issues by relying on the Book of Scavengers. He knew that the dangers sown by the arena would inevitably bear fruit one day.

It seems I still have to persuade my old friend about this.

Just as Wang He pondered this, he heard footsteps approaching from outside the pavilion. Hong Gui, dressed in a bright red long dress with hair that shone like the sun, rushed in. As she approached, her cheerful voice rang out.

"Hey, isn't this the esteemed head of Wang He? What brings you to my arena today?" Hong Gui greeted with a bright smile.

Wang He snapped back to attention at her voice and returned her smile. "It's been a while, Senior Hong Gui. You still look as charming as ever."

The elders and disciples of the Scavengers Sect followed suit, bowing respectfully. Although Hong Gui appeared youthful, she was quite ancient, and even Wang He referred to her as "senior."

Hong Gui had once received Wang He's favor for various reasons, leading to a friendship between them. She held a good impression of him. Compared to the ancient figures who had cultivated for tens of millions of years, Wang He's current age seemed quite young. He had been standing on the threshold of the Dao Realm for tens of thousands of years, merely a thin line away from successfully entering it.

Hong Gui couldn't help but feel envious of his talent.

Hong Gui recognized Wang He's potential and foresaw a bright future for him, which motivated her to establish a friendship. As a result, she personally came to greet him.

Wang He waved slightly, signaling for the members of the Scavengers Sect to leave, indicating he and Hong Gui had matters to discuss. Intrigued, she allowed everyone to step out, eager to learn why Wang He sought her out this time.

In her eyes, Wang He was exceptionally skilled and often accomplished remarkable feats; even among those at the same level, he was not easily threatened. If he entered the Dao Realm, his strength would undoubtedly become even more formidable.

Wang He wasted no time and explained his purpose for visiting. He mentioned that he had heard a heavenly elder of the Zhou clan would hold a disciple acceptance ceremony soon. He expressed his desire to attend the ceremony and sought Hong Gui's assistance in this matter.

The Scavenger Sect was primarily renowned in the galaxies and universes surrounding its territory. In the face of a giant like the Zhou clan, it was relatively insignificant. Despite being a half-step Dao Realm cultivator, Wang He lacked an invitation from the Zhou clan and therefore felt he had no right to attend the ceremony.

Hong Gui was taken aback; she was unaware of any such news and was curious about how Wang He had come by this information.

However, since Wang He had approached her, Hong Gui felt obliged to assist him, both out of gratitude for his previous kindness and her respect for his status. The matter was not troublesome for her to handle.

Seeing Hong Gui agree, Wang He felt a wave of relief and joy. They then reminisced about old times before shifting the topic to the day's duel. Wang He expressed his excitement about witnessing the battle of hundreds of dead soldiers.

In response, Hong Gui shook her head helplessly. "I didn't want to arrange this," she explained, "but you don't understand—Elder Zhou Jue of the Zhou clan is here in person. I had to comply with the request. If things go awry, it would be embarrassing for Elder Zhou Jue."

Her connection with the Zhou clan was the foundation of her standing in Gufeng Ancient City, and she knew better than to offend its elders.

"Someone brought here?" Wang He asked, startled. He suddenly thought of something and couldn't help but inquire, "Could it be that man in white who's been rumored about in Gufeng Ancient City recently?"

Hong Gui nodded. "Yes, who else do you think would receive such personal attention from the elders of the Zhou clan?" As she spoke, there was a hint of envy in her tone.

Although she was considered one of the prominent figures in Gufeng Ancient City, Hong Gui knew she was still a dispensable entity in the grand scheme of the Zhou Clan. In contrast, the man in white possessed an extraordinary background that commanded the entire Zhou clan's attention—a status she couldn't even begin to fathom.

Previously, when the people of Gufeng Ancient City attempted to uncover his origins, they had faced severe backlash, which only deepened her awe and caution regarding his presence.

“No wonder,” Wang He remarked, feeling a sense of unease settle in his heart. However, he quickly dismissed any lingering thoughts about it. He sensed that Gufeng Ancient City might not enjoy peace in the near future.

As the two conversed, the fighting in the arena commenced. The black cloth covering the first two cages was lifted, revealing two figures shackled within. The moment their restraints were undone, they transformed into streaks of light, colliding and engaging in a fierce battle.

Blood splattered everywhere as punches connected with flesh, accompanied by the sickening sound of bones breaking. The spectacle sent waves of excitement through the crowd, each creature eagerly leaning forward in anticipation. This was the essence of primal combat—void of any frills or embellishments, yet brimming with raw, lethal intent.

The explosion of pure power emanating from the fighters was enough to shift mountains and seas, shaking the very fabric of the arena. Although a protective formation surrounded the venue, preventing the true might of a true immortal from being unleashed, the intensity of the battles was still thrilling. The ferocity of the struggle surpassed anything seen among lower-tier creatures, captivating the audience.

In nearby cages, the black cloth was simultaneously pulled back, revealing two more figures. Without exchanging a word, they swiftly unshackled themselves and launched into battle. One of the fighters stood out with his gaunt, almost skeletal frame, clad in a tattered gray robe. His hair was a matted gray, and his face was a grim tableau of blood and dirt, the strands of hair clumped together, further emphasizing his ragged appearance.