

## Villain 1111

Chapter 1111: The trend of the times, we must cut the weeds from the roots

In Xuan Luo City, all the Chu people trembled and couldn't help but kneel in that direction.

“Ancestor Chu Bai is fighting the three-legged Golden Crow. With the invincible power of the ancestor, he will surely be able to kill it!” Many shouted, expressing their hatred for the Golden Crow that had suddenly invaded the Chu clan's territory, causing widespread slaughter.

In the surrounding star field, cultivators and creatures watched the terrible battle unfold, filled with trembling fear. The three-legged Golden Crow blazed across the sky like a great sun, devastating everything in its path, leaving scenes of destruction and death in its wake. Only a fortunate few managed to escape the catastrophe; for them, this was an indiscriminate disaster.

Who would have thought such a scene could unfold in the territory protected by Xian Chu?

“Little Immortal King, if you dare to stop me, I will destroy your true soul today.”

“Then I will kill all your people and let them accompany you.”

The battle shook the world. Di Wen flapped his wings and roared repeatedly, simultaneously spewing out dazzling flames from his mouth. Each ray of fire was the true fire of the sun, capable of obliterating laws and order and evaporating fragments of the long river of time, showcasing its terrifying nature.

After all, he was the prince of the Golden Crow clan, possessing a formidable bloodline talent. Although he was not as experienced in combat as Chu Bai, he was more than capable of easily suppressing him, causing Chu Bai to cough up blood and sustain injuries.

Despite only a single realm separating the Immortal Emperor Zhun from the Immortal King, their methods and approaches were vastly different. If it weren't for Chu Bai's extraordinary nature and his cultivation base being at the pinnacle of an Immortal King, he would have been incinerated by Di Wen's blast of true sun fire. For anyone else, there would have been absolutely no chance to compete.

"The strength of this Golden Crow is even greater than the quasi-immortal emperor I have faced before, and it possesses many treasures."

Chu Bai fought with great difficulty, realizing he had been a bit careless. His figure swiftly moved to the side, evading Di Wen's strike, but the aftermath still grazed him, causing half of his body to explode. He spat out blood, his face contorted with pain, and the injury looked particularly severe.

"Little bug, with your limited ability, you dare to stop me? You truly don't know how to live or die."

Seeing this, Di Wen let out a disdainful sneer. Although he was somewhat surprised by Chu Bai's ability to withstand a Quasi-Immortal Emperor for so long, he didn't take it seriously. He unleashed the terrifying Golden Crow Dharma Body, and the river began to surge violently as fragments of the Dao flew, attempting to completely annihilate Chu Bai's true soul.

Boom!!!

Chu Bai was injured again, coughing up blood as the many treasures he had sacrificed were instantly reduced to powder by the true fire of the sun. He could only resist passively, and his injuries grew increasingly severe.

Anxiety and regret swelled within him; he had thought this was an ordinary three-legged Golden Crow, but it was clear that the creature before him was far from simple, given its strength and abilities.

“Wow...”

Di Wen’s dharma body pressed down once more, causing Chu Bai to cough up blood again, his injuries so horrific that he felt he might completely explode. Even though his vitality was strong, it could not recover at this moment.

As anxiety gripped him, he suddenly heard a soft sound, like the twang of a bowstring, accompanied by a powerful sensation that blessed his soul. In the distance, deep within the already devastated Sunset Valley, a stream of colorful light shot toward him at incredible speed, seemingly transcending time and space.

“You dare...”

Seeing this scene, Di Wen’s eyes ignited with fury. He became even angrier, convinced that Chu Bai was deliberately stalling for time, secretly using techniques to seize his opportunity.

Boom!!!

The world shook violently, and a clear river of time emerged, flowing beside Di Wen. He transformed into a human figure, donning a black robe embroidered with a great sun and golden crow, radiating intense anger. With a single palm, he advanced toward Chu Bai, determined to reclaim his opportunity.

However, the colorful stream of light seemed to have a will of its own, easily slipping past his palm and quickly descending to Chu Bai's side.

"The sacred treasure has its owner!"

Chu Bai was momentarily stunned but then overwhelmed with ecstasy. It was clear that this was an artifact with a spirit, and it had chosen him as its master. Without hesitation, he reached out to grasp the colorful stream of light, seizing the divine bow within.

"You are seeking death! Let go of him!"

Seeing this, Di Wen's fury intensified, and murderous intent radiated from him. He watched in disbelief as the colorful stream of light, which he had been pursuing for so long, was snatched away by Chu Bai, transforming in an instant from a mulberry tree sapling into the shape of a divine bow. How could he bear it?

"Sunshooting Bow."

But at that moment, with the artifact in hand, how could Chu Bai even consider handing it over? Deep surprise and admiration flickered in his eyes as he examined the divine bow made from ancient materials. A faint gray mist, intermingled with a black, unknown substance, diffused around the Sunshooting Bow.

At a glance, it exuded an air of profound age and simplicity, as if it had witnessed the destruction of countless civilizations and universes, embodying tyranny and terror. He felt an incomparably surging power welling up within him, and he realized that he could use this bow to annihilate the world and vanquish all enemies.

This Sunshooting Bow seemed tailor-made for him, responding to his will as if it were an extension of his own arm, with no hindrance whatsoever.

“Haha! The will of the heavens is in my hands, and with the divine bow at my side, help me eliminate this enemy!”

Chu Bai laughed triumphantly, drew back the bowstring, and with a whoosh, a terrifying arrow of light coalesced, shimmering like a rainbow piercing the sun, roaring as it tore apart heaven and earth.

The arrow of light was terrifying, filling the entire sky with an overwhelming murderous intent that enveloped heaven, earth, time, and space.

“This is my chance...”

At that moment, Di Wen was already furious and was using all his means to suppress and kill Chu Bai. However, as the arrow of light approached, he felt an instinctive horror and fear, as if he were facing a natural enemy. This arrow had the power to obliterate his true spirit and pierce through his Golden Crow body.

There was no time to reflect on the origin of such a fearsome arrow; it was simply too terrifying. The anger in Di Wen’s heart quickly transformed into dread, and he abandoned any thought of seizing the opportunity from Chu Bai. Flapping his wings, he prepared to flee for his life.

Yet the arrow of light darkened the sky, and its cold murderous intent locked onto him firmly, leaving him no chance of escape.

Puff!!!

Accompanied by a muffled sound, blood splattered across the sky, and black feathers rained down around the sun and true fire. In a desperate moment, Di Wen severed his own wing with great determination, barely managing to block the arrow of light. He couldn't comprehend how Chu Bai, who he had casually beaten just moments before, now possessed the power to threaten his life in the blink of an eye after seizing his opportunity.

Di Wen roared in fury, filled with unwillingness, as he struggled to hold on to the remaining half of his body, intending to tear apart the universe and escape this place.

“You flat-haired bastard, where do you think you're fleeing?”

However, Chu Bai was not one to show mercy. The enmity had already been established; how could he let the tiger return to the mountain? He was determined to cut the weed from the root to prevent any future troubles.

With the Sunshooting Bow in his hand, he was suddenly overwhelmed with pride, believing it to be comparable to the legendary treasures of civilization.

Chapter 1112: The Death of the Ninth Prince of Golden Crow Clan, Catastrophe Comes

Whoosh!!!

Laughing loudly, Chu Bai drew his bow once more, and an arrow vanished into the sky, tearing through the void. Di Wen, both frightened and furious, felt the destructive murderous intent descend upon him again, enveloping him completely. In desperation, he activated the protective treasures bestowed upon him by his father and others.

Brilliant lights surged toward the arrow, trying to block it.

However, Di Wen could never have imagined the sheer power of this arrow. It obliterated all the protective treasures he had sacrificed in an instant, reducing them to dust that dissipated into the world. This included the ancient jade that had carried his father's will—it too shattered instantly, pierced through by the unstoppable arrow.

“Impossible...”

Di Wen's eyes widened in disbelief and horror. He couldn't comprehend what had just happened. In the face of Chu Bai's relentless bowshots, Di Wen finally screamed in terror, realizing that he might truly fall here today.

“Do you know who I am? If you dare to kill me, the entire Chu clan will suffer disaster because of you!”

Hearing this, Chu Bai calmly pursued him, his bow still aimed at Di Wen as he fled for his life. A sneer curled on his face as he replied, “I don't care who you are. Since you dared to wreak havoc in my Chu clan's territory, you must pay the price.”

The Sunshooting Bow was incredibly powerful, and Chu Bai knew he had to find a way to kill Di Wen on the spot to prevent any news from leaking. Despite the vast scope of their battle, there were no cultivators nearby brave enough to observe the fight.

In the surrounding star fields, the strongest cultivators were merely in the realm of the Immortal King—none would dare spy on such a confrontation. This gave Chu Bai the confidence to wipe away all evidence, intent on keeping the Sunshooting Bow for himself.

Di Wen could sense Chu Bai's undisguised murderous intent, and bitter resentment and anger flashed in his eyes.

Di Wen had never imagined that one day he might face death at the hands of an unknown cultivator in the Immortal King Realm.

"My father is the ancestor of the Demon Court! If you dare to kill me, he will obliterate your true soul and make you regret ever coming into this world. No one will be able to protect you!"

"My brothers are all demon emperors and monarchs of the Demon Court, their strength unparalleled. They could crush a mere Immortal King like you without even trying!"

"If you're sensible, then stop now. I don't care about the artifact anymore, and I swear I won't pursue today's matter."

In his panic, Di Wen shouted loudly, continually attempting to call out his father's real name, hoping for salvation. Yet, the methods that had always worked in the past failed him today—no response came.

Fear finally gripped him as he revealed his background, hoping to force Chu Bai into compromise.

"The Golden Crow Prince of the Demon Court?"

Chu Bai was momentarily taken aback, his expression shifting from shock to uncertainty. He hadn't expected that Di Wen was actually the prince of the Golden Crow clan.



The Endless Demon Realm was as formidable a force as Xian Chu, and the Demon Court had once ruled over it. If Chu Bai killed Di Wen, the consequences would indeed be dire, far beyond what his current status could withstand.

As these thoughts crossed his mind, Chu Bai's resolve wavered for a moment.

Seeing the hesitation on Chu Bai's face, Di Wen was elated. He knew that his lineage had worked in his favor and quickly pressed on. "I can swear with my Dao heart that I will not speak a word of what happened today, as long as you spare my life."

Though the humiliation gnawed at him, Di Wen had no choice but to swallow his pride for the sake of survival.

Hearing this, Chu Bai paused, lowering the bow slightly as he weighed the gains and losses, carefully considering Di Wen's plea.

Buzz!!!

At that moment, Chu Bai failed to notice the faint gray mist emanating from the surface of the Sunshooting Bow, creeping up his arms like tiny serpents, continuously infiltrating and spreading.

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"I can't trust him. The demon race is always deceitful. This guy is likely stalling for time, probably waiting for help to arrive. With his background, it's impossible that he doesn't have a guardian nearby to protect his life. If I give him time, his guardians will come, and then I'll be the one who dies."

“Killing him will cause great trouble, but considering my aptitude and talent in Xian Chu, there’s no way Lord Chu Gucheng and the others will abandon me.”

This thought flashed quickly through Chu Bai’s mind, and his eyes grew cold with determination.

Whoosh!!!

In an instant, a terrifying arrow of light shot across the sky, piercing straight through Di Wen’s body.

“What...?”

A deep shock and disbelief were frozen on Di Wen’s face. He couldn’t comprehend that Chu Bai truly dared to kill him. The searing pain struck him, and his consciousness began to blur and fade. In his last moments, a palm-sized Golden Crow True Spirit attempted to flee in panic and despair, but it was quickly engulfed by the relentless arrow light.

“Father... Brother... you must avenge me...”

Di Wen’s final scream echoed throughout the world before being silenced forever. Only bloodstained light and black feathers remained, slowly drifting down from the sky.

Chu Bai watched the scene with cold indifference, his gaze unwavering. Holding the Sunshooting Bow, his entire being radiated a terrifying and oppressive killing intent.

Meanwhile, far away in the Endless Demon Realm, deep within the abyss of the Demon Court, in a dark and majestic ancient palace, a tall, heroic silver-haired man stood with his hands behind his back. He was dressed in black, exuding authority, speaking to his descendants. His expression was stern and commanding, not one to be questioned. Upon his head sat a brilliant sun-glazed purple-gold demon crown, and his wide robe bore an intricately embroidered Golden Crow, its talons grasping a dragon and a phoenix, symbolizing his unmatched power and dominance.

Between the opening and closing of those dark golden eyes, a terrifying aura surged forth, one that surpassed the ancient universe and held the mysterious depths of heaven and earth in its grip, as if it had been suppressing the trembling of the heavens for eons.

This figure was the most enigmatic ancestor of the Demon Court, known as Di Zhen. His eldest son, Di Lang, was the current Demon Emperor and master of the Demon Court.

“Why do I suddenly feel uneasy? There’s something wrong, something amiss in the shadows...”

Di Zhen’s frown deepened as he stared out at the pitch-black sky beyond the hall, his expression drastically changing. He had been lecturing a group of his descendants, instructing them on how the Demon Court could secure its place in the midst of the unknown, chaotic times ahead.

Until recently, Di Zhen had rarely interfered with the Demon Court’s affairs or the outside world, choosing instead to immerse himself in cultivating and comprehending the Dao. Yet, today, he had called all his descendants together. During his cultivation, he had witnessed an ominous black mist spreading throughout the river of fate, veiling the entire Xi Yuan civilization.

He had tried to peer into the future, but everything had appeared dim and blurred, shrouded in uncertainty.

All the predictions indicated that the Xi Yuan civilization might face an impending catastrophe, one that could lead to its downfall. When that time came, no force within the Xi Yuan civilization would be spared—they would all be drawn into the disaster.

To avoid becoming entangled in the karmic repercussions, Di Zhen had been preparing to take action, urging caution. His intention was to conceal the entire Demon Court from the world, hiding it away in refuge until the calamity had passed. Only then would the Demon Court emerge once more, free from the chaos and destruction.

Chapter 1113: The demon ancestor is furious, it seems that the sky is about to change

“What does Father mean by that?”

Di Lang, the Demon Emperor of the Demon Court, wore a look of confusion as he spoke. Dressed in a black imperial robe, his appearance was strikingly similar to the Demon Ancestor, though younger. His presence exuded authority, like a sovereign emperor surveying the world.

The other descendants of the Demon Ancestor also showed signs of puzzlement. Although their power did not rival that of their eldest brother or father, they were still immensely strong, the most formidable beings within the demon clan, standing above countless other creatures.

“Why such restlessness, Father? What’s the cause?”

The Demon Ancestor, however, paid no attention to his heirs. Instead, he frowned, lost in thought, and began to calculate. His eyes deepened, and within them, the sun seemed to stir, propelled by an unimaginable force. The entire Demon Realm trembled under the weight of this energy, as if something monumental was about to unfold.

“No, something has happened to Wen’er...”

Demon Ancestor's face changed dramatically, his expression a mix of rage and disbelief. "His breath is rapidly weakening, disappearing from this world," he said, his voice trembling with fury.

"What?" Di Lang and the other heirs were equally shocked, their faces filled with disbelief.

"Who dares to harm my Wen'er?" Di Zhen's voice thundered, his eyes blazing with murderous intent. His black imperial robes swelled with power as his fury surged. The Golden Crow clan rarely had offspring, and although their lifespans were nearly infinite, children were precious. Di Wen, the youngest of his sons, was particularly beloved.

Now, knowing that something had happened to Di Wen, the anger and killing intent within Demon Ancestor were so intense they could tear the world apart. The entire Demon Realm trembled in response.

With a deafening "croak," black, three-legged golden crows erupted from the abyss, transforming into blazing suns that soared rapidly through the sky. Their overwhelming pressure, like a flood breaching a dam, surged across the heavens and through all realms, sweeping over the vast universes with a terrifying force.

The Demon Ancestor himself had descended into the world, driving his majestic chariot, which rumbled through the vast universes, shaking the very foundations of existence. The entire Demon Court was thrown into chaos. Countless creatures of the monster race fell to their knees, their heads bowed in fear and awe as the Demon Ancestor passed.

"Who dares plot against my son?" his voice bellowed, shaking the heavens. "This ancestor will make him pay the ultimate price."

An earth-shattering roar erupted from his mouth, reverberating across the Demon Court and extending far into the vast reaches of space and time. The roar was so powerful that many of the great universes in the Xi Yuan civilization heard it, causing tremors in their realms.

In the endless demon realm, all the monsters quaked in terror, their hearts gripped with fear. The monstrous creatures were left in shock, questioning whether their ears had deceived them.

“It’s over... it’s all over...” whispered the small boy who had accompanied Di Wen in the chariot. His face was ashen, filled with despair as he collapsed onto the ground.

“His Royal Highness Di Wen’s soul light... it has dissipated,” he muttered in disbelief. He had never imagined that Di Wen, so powerful and skilled, would meet such an abrupt and tragic end.

In the little boy’s mind, it was unthinkable—His Highness Di Wen had merely left Tang Valley for a bit of fun. How could he have met his death so suddenly? Who would have the audacity to slay the Demon Ancestor’s most beloved youngest son?

As Di Wen’s attendant, the little boy knew that he would bear the brunt of the blame. There was no escaping the fate of being buried alongside the Ninth Prince. Despair flooded his heart as he trembled, awaiting the inevitable punishment.

News of Di Wen’s death spread like wildfire throughout the entire endless Demon Realm, igniting a shockwave akin to a cataclysmic earthquake. The revelation set off waves of panic and disbelief, sending tremors through every corner of the realm.

The various monster clans were thrown into chaos upon hearing the news. Powerful figures within these forces, who had once watched Di Wen leave the Demon Court to cause trouble in the outside world, were stunned. They had no idea what kind of mischief the Ninth Prince was planning, but they never imagined that in such a short time, he would meet such a tragic end.

Shock and disbelief gripped them—who would dare commit such an audacious act?

Though Di Wen had been widely disliked for the trouble he caused wherever he went, the power of the Demon Court had always shielded him. Many forces, including even the prestigious Yu Xian Palace, had no choice but to turn a blind eye to his antics, wary of offending the Demon Ancestor. Over the years, Di Wen had wreaked havoc throughout the Endless Demon Realm, and whenever his behavior escalated, his elder brothers or high-ranking demon generals would intervene to clean up the mess.

Despite their frustration, none of the monster clan forces dared to show discontent, choosing instead to feign ignorance and avoid conflict with the powerful Demon Court.

However, with the news of Di Wen's death, the shock reverberating through the Endless Demon Realm was mixed with quiet glee in some quarters. For many who had suffered from his actions, this was a moment of grim satisfaction, though they dared not voice it publicly. ㄟANqBES

The Demon Court wasted no time, sending out powerful warriors and investigators to uncover the truth behind Di Wen's demise. Divine lights streaked across the universe, descending upon various realms as they scoured the region for answers, questioning anyone who might know about Di Wen's final movements.

The little boy who had driven Di Wen's carriage that fateful day was swiftly apprehended and interrogated, as the demon court sought any information they could find about the Ninth Prince's whereabouts before his death.

The entire Endless Demon Realm was now engulfed in turmoil, as the investigation into Di Wen's death caused shockwaves across countless worlds.

The powerful figures of the Demon Realm were deeply puzzled, furrowing their brows as they tried to unravel the mystery.

“At such a critical time, why would anyone provoke the Demon Ancestor by killing his most beloved son?”

“There’s something suspicious about this, shrouded in too much uncertainty.”

“Could this be a deliberate scheme, with multiple forces colluding to bring down the Demon Court?”

The atmosphere in the Demon Court was tense and oppressive. The Demon Ancestor’s fury had reached a boiling point, and the ministers and generals of the demon clan knelt trembling before him, afraid to even breathe too loudly. The air was thick with the weight of their anxiety, knowing that the wrath of the Demon Ancestor was both terrifying and unpredictable.

He couldn’t shake the feeling that someone was conspiring against the Demon Court, pushing him toward calamity. In the vast Xi Yuan Civilization, there was no force foolish enough to openly disrespect him, let alone kill his most cherished heir, Di Wen. This act of murder was tantamount to a direct insult, a bold affront that even the most powerful forces had always avoided.

But beyond the personal offense, there was something more sinister that gnawed at him—he had plans for Di Wen.

But after Di Wen’s death, there was no response from his remaining thoughts, a clear indication that something terrifying had concealed the truth, preventing Demon Ancestor from sensing it.



“To block the heavenly secrets from me requires several beings at my level. No single person could achieve this alone,” Demon Ancestor muttered, his face darkening further with fury.

“Very well... You all conspire to plot against my Demon Court, don’t you?”

Originally, Demon Ancestor had planned for the Demon Court to avoid conflict, waiting for the impending catastrophe of the Xi Yuan Civilization to pass. But this attack felt deliberate—at the worst possible time, when he had hoped to stay out of the coming calamity, someone had provoked him by killing his beloved son.

“If you’re forcing my hand, then don’t blame me for what comes next.”

His expression was hideous, his murderous intent radiating. He had already intended to withdraw the Demon Court from the world to avoid being dragged into the impending disaster, but now, with Di Wen dead, there was no way he could let this offense slide. His son had to be avenged, and the price paid by the killer would be unimaginable. Moreover, he needed to uncover which forces had dared to unite against him.

The demon generals and demon kings of the Demon Court, despite their status and power, couldn’t calm the enraged Demon Ancestor. All they could do was carry out his orders, conducting investigations across various realms to hunt down the murderer of the Ninth Prince.

A profound shock rippled through the Endless Demon Realm, and news of the incident spread rapidly across the universe, reaching other forces with alarming speed.

“The son of the Demon Ancestor has fallen?”

“This is a troubling omen. The Endless Demon Realm will never know peace again.”

“It seems change is on the horizon.”

Numerous powerhouses gathered at Zi Xiao Mountain, Yu Xian Palace, Ling Shen Cave, and other influential factions, their attention fixed on the unfolding situation. They speculated that multiple forces had united to deliberately conspire against the Endless Demon Realm, aiming to provoke conflict and chaos.

As the fate of the Xi Yuan Civilization teetered on the brink of disaster, all factions scrambled to safeguard themselves against the impending catastrophe. Yet, it was evident that someone powerful was intentionally stirring the waters, creating confusion and uncertainty in an already volatile environment.

Chapter 1114: Artificially strengthened the seal, the cause and effect of Yu Xian Palace

Hey, I’ve been feeling increasingly restless lately, unsure when the flames of war and chaos will reach us, the ordinary cultivators. Even the Ninth Prince of the Demon Court, with such a noble identity, met his end by accident. Next, the Endless Demon Realm may launch a major reckoning to find the true culprit behind his death.

When you think about it, someone capable of killing a quasi-Immortal Emperor must at least have the strength of one. And as the Ninth Prince of the Demon Court, he likely had many life-saving items, possibly even an Immortal Emperor artifact. However, beings like the Immortal Emperor are elusive. We ordinary cultivators can’t easily witness their presence.

Speaking of which, the dean of Yu Xian Academy in the Tai Yuan Ancient Domain, where I belong, is also an Immortal Emperor. But he hasn’t shown himself for thousands of years. If the opportunity arises, Elder Gu, you could seek the dean’s assistance. With his guidance and your talent, breaking through to the Immortal Emperor Realm wouldn’t be impossible.

Unfortunately, Yu Xian Palace has been in decline in recent years. The newer generations of disciples lack the talent of their predecessors, and fewer are being accepted. Many Daoist elders have chosen seclusion or left altogether. A few years ago, the Ninth Prince of the Golden Crow Clan, who had ties to Yu Xian Palace, burned several universes, and nothing came of it afterward.

Nevertheless, Elder Gu, rest assured that if you join our Yu Xian Academy, you'll be well-supported in terms of cultivation resources. We have ancient books passed down from Yu Xian Palace, Daoist collections, and inscriptions handwritten by sages of the past, all available for you to study at any time.

Yu Xian Palace was a renowned and powerful force in the Xi Yuan civilization, comparable to Xian Chu, the Endless Demon Realm, Zi Xiao Mountain, and other great powers. Yu Xian Academy was one of its many branches, spread across major universes and ancient domains. It specifically recruited and trained geniuses and disciples with exceptional talent from across the world.

At this moment, in Cuiwei City, within the Taiyuan Ancient Region, the scene was bustling. On the wide, ancient street, people moved back and forth, creating a lively atmosphere. A slightly short, middle-aged man in a brocade robe, with a potbelly and a rather wealthy appearance, walked alongside a young man dressed in white. He was chattering incessantly, introducing the deep-rooted strength of Yu Xian Academy.

The young man in white was tall and slender, with a face like polished jade. His eyes were warm and gentle, his features handsome, and his hair gleamed as though infused with immortal light. Even as he walked, a misty, ethereal glow surrounded him, making him seem like he had stepped out of a painting.

"If Deacon Zhou says so, then if the opportunity arises, I must visit that dean," the young man in white replied with a slight smile.

The middle-aged man in the brocade robe appeared to be around forty, with a weathered aura. However, his presence was not to be underestimated—he was just half a step away from the Immortal King realm. A cultivator of his level couldn't have his true age judged by appearances alone.

Many of the cultivators and creatures on the ancient street clearly recognized this middle-aged man, showing him considerable respect. After all, Yu Xian Academy was a dominant force in the Taiyuan Ancient Region, far surpassing the power of other academies. Naturally, there were other branches of Yu Xian Academy in different ancient domains, and competition between them was fierce, especially in the recruitment of talented disciples.

“Haha, with your talent, Elder Gu, under the guidance of the dean, it wouldn’t be impossible for you to reach the level of a quasi-Immortal Emperor, or even an Immortal Emperor,” the man laughed. “Unlike me—I’ve spent my whole life and can only be a deacon. Becoming an Immortal King is beyond my reach.”

As he spoke, the man in the brocade robe couldn’t hide the envy in his eyes. His name was Zhou Yuanyi, and he served as the deacon of Yu Xian Academy in the Taiyuan Ancient Region, not an elder responsible for teaching disciples.

On most days, Zhou Yuanyi simply scouted for promising talents from the outside world and brought them back to the academy. However, this time, while passing through a barren star field, he was ambushed by star field bandits and nearly lost his life. In that critical moment, it was the young man in white who saved him.

Naturally, Zhou Yuanyi was immensely grateful. After a bit of conversation, he learned that the young man’s surname was Gu. Remarkably, Gu had reached the Immortal King realm in less than a million years of cultivation, without ever joining a sect or any formal power—he was a casual cultivator.

Seeing such potential, Zhou Yuanyi was eager to invite Gu to serve as an elder at Yu Xian Academy. That’s how the present situation came to be.

“It’s just a stroke of luck that I managed to break through to the Immortal King realm. My success back then was purely by chance,” the young man in white replied with a casual smile.

Zhou Yuanyi couldn’t conceal his envy. After all, the young man before him was already an Immortal King, a level Zhou likely had no hope of reaching in his lifetime. The young man in white was, of course, Gu Changge. Seeing Zhou’s reaction, Gu Changge simply smiled and said nothing more.

Although Yu Xian Academy was only a branch of Yu Xian Palace, it remained one of the most powerful forces in the Xi Yuan civilization, its reach far surpassing that of ordinary sects. Moreover, the ancestors of Yu Xian Palace had deep connections with the person Gu Changge was searching for.

Outside the Xi Yuan civilization, after manipulating the threads of fate and setting his plans into motion, Gu Changge began his journey. His first step was to obtain armor. The major upheaval he was planning for the Xi Yuan civilization still needed time to ferment, giving him a window to recover Liuhe Tianyuan.

However, when Gu Changge attempted to sense Liuhe Tianyuan again, he encountered unexpected difficulties. The space-time boundary that sealed Liuhe Tianyuan had been artificially reinforced. He tried to follow the familiar pull, but this time the path was completely severed.

Therefore, Gu Changge had no choice but to seek out someone involved in the initial sealing of Liuhe Tianyuan to determine its precise space-time coordinates. After some deduction, he chose the nearest location within the Xi Yuan civilization and focused on the connections related to Yu Xian Palace. This led him to a team of rogues, where he attacked and killed Zhou Yuanyi, ultimately rescuing him.

Soon, Zhou Yuanyi took the lead, guiding Gu Changge away from the ancient street and through several magnificent buildings and mountain ranges. As they moved, the outline of the academy, located within a vast expanse of several million miles, began to emerge through the immortal mist.

Before the mountain gate stood several majestic peaks, bathed in radiant sunlight. The ancient characters “Yu Xian” were engraved on a stone tablet beside the gate, glowing with brilliant golden light and exuding an aura that seemed to overlook heaven and eternity.

Many cultivators and disciples gathered before the mountain gate, and upon seeing Zhou Yuanyi approach, they all saluted him respectfully. Despite Yu Xian Palace’s gradual decline, it remained a sacred place that ordinary cultivators regarded as out of reach. Countless cultivators visited daily, hoping to pay their respects at Yu Xian Academy, as only its disciples were eligible to enter Yu Xian Palace.

Chapter 1115: Young Yu Xian Academy elder, the more chaotic the situation, the better

“Elder Gu, I will take you to find a cave first, and then I’ll report to the vice president and others.”

“There’s an elder in the Immortal King realm joining us. I believe the vice president and the others will be very pleased.”

As they spoke, Zhou Yuan guided Gu Changge through the mountain gate and into the depths of Yu Xian Academy.

Along the way, many disciples looked over curiously, and more eyes were drawn to Gu Changge. They recognized Zhou Yuan’s identity, heightening their curiosity. Could it be that Gu Changge was a new disciple brought back by Deacon Zhou?

After all, judging by his unfamiliar young face, he didn’t appear to be a former student of Yu Xian Academy. Many disciples speculated about Gu Changge’s identity, wondering how he could be brought in by Deacon Zhou like this. This at least indicated that his talent had been recognized by Deacon Zhou, allowing him to bypass the academy assessment and gain an exception for admission.

On the way, some disciples who were familiar with Zhou Yuan boldly approached to inquire, but Zhou Yuan shared Gu Changge's identity with a smile and without reservation.

Upon hearing the explanation, all the disciples were stunned. They never imagined that this young man in white would be the new elder of Yu Xian Academy. In terms of appearance alone, Gu Changge looked even younger than all of them.

"This time, I made it back thanks to Elder Gu's help; otherwise, I wouldn't have returned alive."

"Don't let Elder Gu's youthful appearance fool you; he is, in fact, a peerless Immortal King with unfathomable cultivation."

"If you have the chance to meet Elder Gu in the future and can seek his advice, consider it a stroke of luck," Zhou Yuan said with a smile.

At these words, all the disciples were even more astonished, especially some of the female disciples, whose eyes brightened. A young elder with a handsome face, as if he had stepped out of a painting—his future achievements were bound to be limitless. If they could establish contact with him early on, it would undoubtedly bring them infinite benefits.

However, Gu Changge seemed to pay little attention to them. With a faint smile on his face, he didn't say much, instead following behind Zhou Yuan as they found a mountain named Biluo Peak to serve as his current residence.

Soon, the news that a new elder surnamed Gu had arrived at Yu Xian Academy quickly spread throughout the area. This event caused quite a stir among the disciples.

Many disciples who witnessed Gu Changge's true identity that day were even more amazed. They felt that this elder looked extraordinarily young, and his talent was undeniably terrifying.

Zhou Yuan handled the affairs quite adeptly, calling the vice president and other elders to confirm Gu Changge's identity that same day. Naturally, there were no mistakes during this process. Although the vice president of Yu Xian Academy was a quasi-Immortal Emperor, with his strength, it was impossible for him to fully gauge Gu Changge's background. He merely sensed that Gu Changge's strength was likely greater than what Zhou Yuan had reported, and he appeared significantly younger than most Immortal Kings.

As a result, he attached great importance to this matter, believing that Gu Changge's cultivation might advance rapidly, and it was certainly possible that he would one day become a quasi-Immortal Emperor. Of course, Yu Xian Academy was backed by Yuxian Palace, so there was little concern about individuals with ill intentions infiltrating the academy.

Thus, Gu Changge naturally became the peak master of Biluo Peak. At the same time, he held the title of elder at Yu Xian Academy in the Tai Yuan Ancient Region, enjoying the same status and reverence as the other elders.

In day-to-day life, there were no obligations or requirements; he could choose his disciples at will and could also focus on cultivating without concern for worldly affairs. However, if Yu Xian Academy encountered any troubles, he was expected to step forward and protect it. Overall, the constraints placed on him were quite loose.

Of course, there were millions of handyman disciples on Biluo Peak, more than enough to manage the various affairs of the peak on a daily basis. As for teaching or accepting apprentices, it depended entirely on the wishes of each elder. If an elder cultivated powerful disciples, they would naturally receive more cultivation resources in the future—this was an unspoken truth.

Since Gu Changge was temporarily residing at Yu Xian Academy, he had no plans to accept apprentices at this time. His purpose was to find the person in Yu Xian Palace connected to the sealing of Liuhe Tianyuan. Holding the title of elder at Yu Xian Academy would be advantageous for his future plans.



There was another reason for his presence as well. Gu Changge had been calculating the entire Xi Yuan civilization from the shadows. He anticipated that various forces within the Xi Yuan civilization were about to enter a period of turmoil and chaos. By being at Yu Xian Academy, he could better control the situation and strategize accordingly.

At this moment, the external world of Xi Yuan civilization was, as Gu Changge had expected, in great turmoil due to the fall of the demon ancestor's son. Many forces, such as Guangming Temple and the Buddha Realm, were speculating on who would take action next. Every day, numerous disciples discussed their concerns, worrying that the flames of war would soon spread to the ancient Yuan Dynasty.

Outside of Biluo Peak, many young female disciples appeared during this time, eager to learn from him. However, Gu Changge remained indifferent, behaving like a reclusive cultivator who cared little for outside affairs. This only deepened the disappointment among the disciples.

From Deacon Zhou Yuan's remarks, many Yu Xian Academy disciples learned of Gu Changge's formidable power and the likelihood that he would advance further in the future, potentially becoming a quasi-Immortal Emperor or even an Immortal Emperor. Yet, this handsome young elder with a promising future was not accepting any apprentices, leaving many disciples feeling restless.

While Gu Changge temporarily resided on Biluo Peak, he was also attentive to the movements in the outside world. The appearance of the Sun-Shooting Bow and the downfall of the Ninth Prince of the Golden Crow Clan's Demon Court were both anticipated events in his plans.

Both the Xian Chu and the Demon Realm were preparing to retreat from the world, but Gu Changge had no intention of making things easy for them. After all, the more chaotic the waters of Xi Yuan civilization became, the more advantageous it would be for him. A war between the Demon Realm and Xian Chu was inevitable, and soon, other forces would be drawn into the fray as well.

In this way, the waters of the pool had become sufficiently muddied.

“Which faction stands to gain the most from the chaotic situation in Xi Yuan civilization?”

At Zi Xiao Mountain, its current master pondered this question, particularly recalling the situation in Xian Chu. Not long ago, news had emerged from Xian Chu regarding the resurgence of the remnants of the black misfortune, calling on all forces for assistance. Yet, Xian Chu itself had remained indifferent, taking no countermeasures.

Once chaos descended upon Xi Yuan civilization, the spearheads of various factions could easily turn against one another, leaving no time to address the concerns of Xian Chu. A similar scene was unfolding across other realms and universes within Xi Yuan civilization.

The Demon Ancestor’s wrath was not so easily quelled. In many adjacent universes to the Demon Court, one could witness monstrous power suppressing all laws, distorting reality and evaporating matter, transforming it into majestic and vast particles of energy light. If the Demon Ancestor unleashed his fury, he could truly annihilate the heavens and destroy the clans of any force that crossed him.

Under the command of the Demon Ancestor, countless monstrous creatures moved swiftly, responding to the news and relentlessly searching for Di Wen’s traces. They quickly determined the location of his death, which lay beyond the border of the Endless Demon Domain, deep within the territory of Xian Chu.

This revelation immediately sent shockwaves through the ranks of monstrous creatures, igniting even more ferocity among the monster kings and generals searching for Di Wen.

“How dare Xian Chu kill my younger brother! Today, I will bury you alongside him!” Di Kun, the Seventh Prince of the Demon Court, struggled to contain his murderous intent and seethed with rage. Having shared a close bond with his ninth brother, he was particularly determined to investigate the circumstances of his death.

In his fury, he mobilized millions of demon soldiers and generals, a formidable force that darkened the skies with their presence. Their boundless demonic energy penetrated all the great universes as they advanced toward the vast lands of Xian Chu.

The demonic aura surged, scales and feathers flew in the air, and mist swirled around as many massive and ancient monster races emerged, their eyes resembling lakes of blood, striking terror into the hearts of onlookers.

It was a scene of unimaginable horror; ordinary cultivators were nearly paralyzed with fear, their spirits threatening to flee in the face of such overwhelming might.

Chapter 1116: The spearhead is directed at Xian Chu, the decisive heart of Chu Gucheng

At this moment, within the Xi Yuan civilization, in Xian Chu, the scene was set in Chu Wang City. In the grand hall, Chu Gucheng and many of his subordinates were discussing important matters. Hundreds of formidable figures gathered there, each radiating an aura of immense power; even the weakest among them was at the level of the Immortal Emperor. They were surrounded by fragments of time, as if existing in another dimension, their presence boundless.

Xian Chu had recruited talents over the ages, conquering many with great fortune. Some of these individuals had matured into powerful beings capable of standing on their own. Now that news had reached them, those present were merely a fraction of their might.

“The king can rest assured; as long as you give the order, let alone the Mirror of Reincarnation, even the Holy Maiden of Xi Yuan, we will capture everything for you,” declared a burly general clad in golden armor, his voice booming with confidence.

His spirit was as deep as an abyss, his eyes blazed like the sun, and an overwhelming aura surrounded him. The golden light that flowed from him illuminated the hall, resembling an invincible god of war.

The previously heavy atmosphere of the hall lifted with the general's words, prompting laughter from many attendees, their initial tension dissipating in the wake of his bold assertion.

Even Chu Gucheng, who was feeling somewhat irritable, couldn't help but shake his head, offering a helpless smile as he said, "The Xi Yuan Temple is the oldest force in the Xi Yuan civilization, with an unfathomable background. It cannot be underestimated."

The general in golden armor standing before him was one of the four generals of Xian Chu, a Heavenly General with strength that was equally profound. It could even be said that Chu Gucheng had single-handedly promoted and guided him. Furthermore, this Heavenly General was a person of great fortune, with a childhood experience that bore similarities to that of Chu Gucheng.

"Xi Yuan Temple is indeed transcendent, but we haven't seen any renowned genius emerge from there in recent epochs, and very few have even broken through to the Dao realm. Why should the king be so concerned?" Tianshen Jiang smiled indifferently.

Xian Chu's power was currently at its peak, thriving and strong, instilling fear in the rest of the Xi Yuan civilization.

"Of course, I'm not afraid of the Xi Yuan Temple; I'm just contemplating other matters. The master of Holy Maiden Xi Yuan is a true transcendent-level existence. Although she has been absent for countless years, she should not be underestimated," Chu Gucheng replied, shaking his head.

Regardless of the era, the presence of a transcendent was an extraordinary phenomenon. However, his recent attempts to seek assistance from the Holy Maiden Xi Yuan had been rebuffed, deepening Chu Gucheng's resolve. He was already making arrangements to counteract the impending calamity.

Among them, the most precious Mirror of Reincarnation in the hands of the Holy Maiden Xi Yuan played a vital role. From Chu Gucheng's perspective, its significance was directly tied to the success of his plans for counterbalance. When the topic of the Holy Maiden Xi Yuan's master arose, silence enveloped the hall. The Heavenly General from earlier was clearly apprehensive about that transcendent existence.

"It would be great if the Master could return at this time..." Chu Gucheng mused. "The Mirror of Reincarnation is extremely important. If the Holy Maiden Xi Yuan continues to refuse to lend it to us, then she shouldn't blame me for taking more forceful measures."

His eyes deepened, his expression a blend of authority and calm, hands clasped behind his back. Star King Bai Mei, the Eight True Gods, and many other subordinates gathered there, their expressions turning serious as they absorbed his words. A murderous intent flickered in their eyes.

Since its establishment, Xian Chu had faced numerous catastrophes, nearly collapsing several times, only to overcome these crises through their combined efforts. Although the Xi Yuan Temple held a detached position within the Xi Yuan civilization, if they insisted on opposing Xian Chu, the subordinates were more than willing to obey their lord's orders and raise their forces to seize the Mirror of Reincarnation.

"If the great land of Xian Chu is destroyed, then there's no need for Xi Yuan civilization to exist," declared several other figures cloaked in divine brilliance, their auras equally formidable, fear etched in their eyes.

Chu Gucheng nodded in satisfaction, appreciating the unwavering loyalty and resolve of his followers.

Xian Chu's power and influence were largely due to Chu Gucheng's management and recruitment efforts. Nearly every subordinate in front of him had been personally selected by him, with whom he had fostered strong relationships since their youth. They had stood by him, protecting him, and had grown alongside him to reach their current strengths.

“The lord’s 130th birthday is approaching, and I have sent invitation letters to various forces as instructed,” Star King Bai Mei announced at that moment.

Chu Gucheng nodded in approval. “Very well. After this birthday banquet, if the Xi Yuan Temple still doesn’t understand the situation, then they shouldn’t blame me for taking action.”

He then issued several orders, prompting the star kings, generals, and courtiers in the palace to retreat one after another.

However, it wasn’t long before shocking news erupted, causing Chu Gucheng to feel an overwhelming sense of astonishment and alarm.

“My lord, there’s bad news. The Ninth Prince of the Golden Crow from the Demon Court has fallen in the territory of our Xian Chu. The Demon Ancestor is furious, and many demon generals and soldiers are heading toward our lands!” a minister reported, his complexion pale as he knelt before Chu Gucheng.

“What did you say?” Chu Gucheng’s face filled with shock and disbelief, unable to fully grasp the gravity of the situation.

However, he quickly regained his composure, and his eyes flickered slightly. Then, he said in a deep voice, “Let the lord handle this matter. Although the Ninth Prince of the Golden Crow fell in the territory of Xian Chu, we cannot allow the Demon Court to run rampant.” After all, this was a matter of face.

Yet, he couldn't comprehend why the Ninth Prince of the Demon Court had suddenly died in Xian Chu's territory.

With a swift motion of his wide sleeves, an ancient book filled with light and inscribed with ancient runes emerged. This was a sacred object, almost considered a treasure, known as the Yin Yang Dao Book, which possessed the ability to deduce events. Chu Gucheng had not used it for a long time because it was challenging to deduce the actions of someone at his level.

But at this moment, he decided to employ it, frowning as he sought to uncover the cause, effect, and reasoning behind the Ninth Prince's death.

"It's actually related to a struggle for an opportunity?" he mused. The Yin Yang Dao Book was extraordinarily mysterious. Under Chu Gucheng's careful deduction, ripples spread from it, causing the pages of the ancient tome to flutter, with faint brilliance emerging from them.

His brows knitted even tighter, and a solemnity filled his eyes.

In the Longling Ancient Domain, Chu Bai returned to Xuan Luo City wielding the sun-shooting bow, and the Chu family erupted in cheers. All the clansmen were filled with excitement. After all, Chu Bai had returned in complete victory, unscathed, while the Golden Crow, responsible for countless slaughters, had vanished without a trace. The terrifying battle that had raged there had also come to an end. Clearly, Chu Bai had killed the Golden Crow, proving himself as a true genius emerging from Xuan Luo City.

"Ancestor Chu Bai killed a Golden Crow at the quasi-immortal emperor realm; his strength is truly unfathomable!" the members of the Chu clan exclaimed, looking at Chu Bai with reverence and admiration.

Despite still feeling a bit unsettled, Chu Bai pushed aside all worries in his heart. “This matter is settled, but I fear there will be no peace in the future. I must inform the rest of the Chu clan about this situation,” he thought to himself as he felt the sun-shooting bow resonate deeply with his mind.

He had no regrets about killing Di Wen; the sun-shooting bow was a rare divine treasure in the world, and in his opinion, its power was on par with the legendary treasures of civilization.

With just a few arrows, Chu Bai had easily killed Di Wen, who was in the quasi-immortal emperor realm. He realized that once he achieved the Dao Realm in the future, his power would grow even more formidable, and his future accomplishments could rival those of Chu Gucheng, the current king of Xian Chu.

“Wealth is sought in danger; if I had refused to fight, I might have been killed by the guardian of the Golden Crow,” he mused, setting aside the celebration of his clansmen. Instead, he began reaching out to other powerful figures in Xian Chu. After all, he had cultivated for hundreds of thousands of years, forming many friendships, and he knew several seniors who had already broken through to the Dao realm. These seniors held significant positions within Xian Chu.

Most importantly, Chu Bai aimed to report this matter to Chu Gucheng, hoping to secure his support in the aftermath of his victory.

Chapter 1117: The Beginning of the Battle of Demon Realm, You Are So Brave

Chu Bai’s response had been swift. After killing the Ninth Prince of the Golden Crow Clan, he immediately reached out to his friends in Xian Chu. However, he underestimated the magnitude of the chaos triggered by the death of a demon prince.

A vast army of monstrous creatures surged from the border of the Longling Ancient Region, darkening the sky and blotting out the sun. All cultivators and creatures felt a deep, chilling terror grip them. Amidst the swirling black demonic aura, millions of demon soldiers stood ready, their presence overwhelming. The mist rolled and surged around them, and flashes of colorful feathers



and scales glimmered in the darkness. Their massive forms loomed like mountains, instilling an infinite sense of oppression in those who beheld them.

This monster army had weathered countless battles, their evil spirits soaring to new heights as if they had emerged from a sea of corpses and blood.

The entire sky was rent asunder by the terrifying evil spirit emanating from the demon army. Streams of aura and blood, swirling like dark smoke, penetrated the heavens, hovering ominously above the heads of the leading demon generals. The chaotic mist accompanied their advance, instilling fear in the hearts of all who witnessed it.

Cultivators and creatures trembled at the sight, bewildered by the sudden appearance of such a formidable force, uncertain of what had transpired to provoke this bloodthirsty onslaught into the surrounding star field.

At the forefront of the army stood Di Kun, the Seventh Prince of the Demon Court, having assumed a human form. With cold, piercing eyes, he scanned the living galaxies around him before raising his hand, commanding, "I will take away all the cultivators and creatures in the surrounding star field. We will investigate thoroughly to uncover who dares to kill the emperor's younger brother."

"Yes, Your Highness Seventh," the demon generals responded in unison, their voices a chorus of obedience.

Following the command, they transformed into streaks of divine light, rushing towards the nearby ancient life stars like a relentless torrent. Weapons shimmering with radiant light and entwined with Dao patterns materialized in their hands, ready for battle. Among them, several colorful gourds erupted, releasing torrents of heavenly light that began to siphon in the ancient stars of life one by one.

More monstrous soldiers surged into the distance, effectively sealing off any potential escape routes for the cultivators and creatures. Those who dared to resist faced swift retribution, shot down without hesitation, their lives extinguished on the spot.

In an instant, the Longling Ancient Region echoed with wails and screams. Many cultivators, fueled by fury, soared into the air to mount a resistance against the overwhelming demon army. However, the strength of the demon generals was terrifyingly formidable. With a mere flick of their palms, they disintegrated their opponents mid-air, turning them into bloody mist, obliterating both body and spirit.

Di Kun, observing this carnage, wore an indifferent expression, his emotions unruffled by the chaos surrounding him. With a swift motion, he seized a figure whose cultivation approached the realm of an immortal king, gripping him like a helpless chicken. “Who killed my brother in the Longling Ancient Region?” he demanded coldly.

Unlike his brother Di Wen, Di Kun possessed the highest bloodline of the monster clan, having long been a true existence in the Dao realm. With just a thought, he could lay waste to the entire ancient domain. His orders to hunt down those responsible were not merely for revenge but also to bolster the prestige of the demon court; otherwise, the hatred festering in his heart would remain unresolved.

At this critical juncture, with his younger brother Di Wen brutally slain, he found it impossible to believe that no one orchestrated the plot behind it. Regardless of the circumstances, he was determined to uncover the truth behind Di Wen’s death.

“We don’t know...” the half-step immortal king stammered, his voice trembling. He was the ancestor of a family in the surrounding star field, a recluse who had spent years cultivating in isolation and remained uninformed about external affairs.

In that moment, Di Kun’s grip tightened, and he dragged the trembling half-step immortal king closer, his head spinning with confusion and dread. The elder had no understanding of the unfolding chaos, having secluded himself deep within his family’s stronghold. Now, in the blink of an eye, disaster had struck.

Around him, the ancient life stars lay in ruin, and the cries of his kin echoed as they were mercilessly slaughtered by the demon soldiers of the demon court.

“Since you don’t know, then I can bury you with my brother. All of you are responsible for his death here,” Di Kun declared, his face betraying no emotion as he crushed the half-step immortal king effortlessly, like squashing a mere insect.

At that moment, several figures approached from a distance, their faces etched with fury. Among them were demon generals holding a few captured cultivators. “Your Highness, we have uncovered the truth about His Royal Highness Ninth’s death,” one of them reported.

Such news couldn’t remain hidden for long; after all, the two massive suns had been visible in the sky that day, one of which had been transformed by a golden crow. When the Golden Crow vanished without a trace, suspicion quickly fell upon the one responsible.

“Very good, what a Chu family...” Di Kun’s face darkened further, each word laced with barely contained rage. Clad in a golden and black cloak, he radiated a formidable presence, yet his murderous aura and fury were unmistakable.

With a sweeping gesture, he tore apart the fabric of space before him, creating a large tunnel that led through the universe. The mighty monster army surged forward behind him, their advance shaking the very sky like an unstoppable torrent.

In Xuan Luo City, the atmosphere was thick with shock and anger as all the Chu clansmen witnessed the rising blood mist in the distance, filling the air with a palpable sense of dread.

“It came so fast,” Chu Bai said, his expression grave as he stood resolutely in the sky. With his strength, he could perceive the boundless slaughter unfolding in the remote universe. Blood soared, and tragic scenes of devastation filled his vision.

Wherever the monster army advanced, not a blade of grass remained—every living being was mercilessly exterminated. He had severely underestimated the demon court’s response. At that moment, nearly ten demon generals had been dispatched, each one at the level of an immortal emperor. The leader’s strength was even more formidable; Chu Bai suspected they were at least at the Dao Realm, and likely not just an ordinary Dao Realm being.

“I have sent the news back, but Xian Chu hasn’t sent anyone here yet. It seems that my trip is becoming increasingly ominous,” he thought, his heart sinking. Despite wielding the precious Sun-Shooting Bow, his Immortal King strength was not enough to contend with such a powerful assembly of demon generals and soldiers. The presence of an unfathomable Dao Realm among them only deepened his sense of foreboding.

“The last remaining aura of my brother is indeed on you. Did you kill him?” Di Kun’s voice echoed ominously, carrying a chilling calmness that belied his fury. “You are very brave.”

The monster mist thickened, covering the sky and blocking out the sun as the mighty demon army emerged from the cosmic tunnel. They hovered above Xuan Luo City, a turbulent wave of power that made one’s scalp prickle with fear. Di Kun’s expression remained indifferent, but his gaze was fixed intently on Chu Bai, who bore the remnants of his younger brother Di Wen’s aura. The darkness in his eyes deepened, revealing a coldness that only amplified his murderous intent.

The cultivators and creatures within Xuan Luo City trembled, collapsing to their knees under the weight of fear. The oppressive atmosphere felt as though it could extinguish their spirits and crush their bodies into dust. This was the terrifying influence of a Dao Realm existence; with a single thought, entire realms could be obliterated.

The Longling Ancient Region, under his command, seemed almost trivial, easily within the scope of his wrath. Chu Bai struggled against the overwhelming power of the Dao Realm, but it was futile.

Blood poured from his mouth as he was crushed to the ground, unable to lift his head in the face of such insurmountable force.

In an instant, Chu Bai's body exploded under the immense pressure. Blood seeped from his pores, and the bones within him cracked and collapsed, a gruesome testament to the overwhelming power of Di Kun. A mere look or thought from the Dao Realm existence was enough to erase him from existence.

Yet, Di Kun refrained from delivering the final blow. If Chu Bai were to die so easily, it would do little to satisfy his thirst for vengeance. The humiliation of losing his brother, the Ninth Prince of the Demon Court, to such an insignificant creature was almost beyond belief; it felt like a nightmare that refused to end.

But the truth remained: this unimaginable event had indeed transpired.

Chapter 1118: Slaughtering This Realm Without Leaving a Grass, Step-by-Step Plan

"Who ordered you to kill my brother? With your cultivation, it is impossible for you to have done so," Di Kun said coldly, his gaze fixed upon Xuan Luo City below.

As his voice echoed through the air, the very heavens trembled violently, a manifestation of his vast power that made everyone's ears roar and their scalps feel as if they were about to explode. Those with weaker cultivation bases found themselves unable to withstand the pressure; some exploded into blood mist, scattering across the sky.

Di Wen, despite his disinterest in cultivation, was a quasi-immortal emperor with numerous means of self-preservation. In contrast, Chu Bai was merely an immortal king; it was inconceivable for someone of his level to have killed Di Wen.

Chu Bai felt the weight of Di Kun's words bearing down on him, and he coughed up blood, shaken to his core.

"So, he is your brother," Chu Bai managed to say, forcing a sneer onto his face despite the overwhelming pressure. "However, in my land of Xian Chu, causing boundless chaos warrants more than just a death penalty."

"You are seeking death!" Di Kun roared, taken aback by the ant-like creature's defiance, especially when he dared to utter such words at the brink of death.

Di Kun's expression turned colder as he extended his massive hands from the sky, their shadow covering the sun. He aimed to seize Chu Bai, and at that moment, all cultivators and creatures felt the world around them plunge into darkness.

A colossal hand descended with terrifying speed, pulling down the very stars caught between its fingers. The force was overwhelming, as if the entire world was being overturned, crushing everyone beneath its weight.

Puff!!!

In that instant, a brilliant light pierced through the universe, effortlessly penetrating Di Kun's massive palm.

"On the territory of my Xian Chu, it's not your turn to be presumptuous," declared the figure that emerged from the radiant glow. He was clad in golden armor, his eyes shining like the sun—none other than the Heavenly General, sent by Chu Gucheng himself.

With a single motion, the Heavenly General blocked Di Kun's palm, showcasing his formidable strength. As one of the four divine generals of Xian Chu, his power was not to be underestimated. He had reached the Dao realm many epochs ago, and his presence alone was enough to shift the balance of power.

As the Heavenly General arrived, Chu Bai let out a sigh of relief, realizing he had made the right bet—Xian Chu would not abandon him in his time of need. The Heavenly General had even forged a bond with Chu Bai, having once offered him valuable guidance. After all, those in such high positions were often individuals blessed with great fortune.

“Heavenly General,” Di Kun said, his complexion darkening, “do you dare to stop me?”

The challenge hung in the air, and the tension between them crackled like electricity. Di Kun knew of the Heavenly General’s reputation and understood the weight of his intervention.

Of course, Di Kun was not afraid of the Heavenly General; he saw this as Xian Chu deliberately challenging the Demon Court.

The Heavenly General, however, chose to ignore Di Kun’s disdainful attitude. Instead, he cast a brief glance at Chu Bai, who was covered in blood, and a hint of admiration flickered in his eyes. Turning his attention back to Di Kun, he stated firmly, “On my territory of Xian Chu, it’s not yet the Demon Court’s turn to act presumptuously. Seventh Prince, please return.”

The Heavenly General had overheard Chu Bai’s defiant words and found himself impressed by the young man’s bravery in such a life-and-death situation. It was commendable that Chu Bai had chosen to defend the honor of Xian Chu at such a critical moment. Yet, the Heavenly General couldn’t help but be curious about how Chu Bai managed to kill the Ninth Prince of the Demon Court with his abilities.

“How arrogant! This fool killed my brother, and you expect me to retreat? Even if Chu Gucheng himself were here today, I would still take my revenge for my brother. The Demon Court will not let this go!” Di Kun replied coldly, his expression a mask of fury.

He hadn't anticipated that the Heavenly General would be so bold as to dismiss the entire Demon Court.

"The Ninth Prince of the Golden Crow Clan wreaked havoc across my vast land of Xian Chu," the Heavenly General countered, his voice icy. "I have yet to discuss this matter with the Demon Court. His Highness Emperor Kun, do you really intend to turn a blind eye to this situation?"

At those words, Di Kun's expression darkened further, the tension escalating between the two powerful figures.

On his way there, the Heavenly General had gathered information about the recent events. He was outraged by the Demon Court's ruthless slaughter of numerous life galaxies within the borders of Xian Chu's territory. However, the matter of Chu Bai killing the Ninth Prince was a separate issue.

From what the Heavenly General understood of Chu Bai, it was unlikely that he had known Di Wen's true identity before taking action. It seemed clear that there were compelling reasons behind his decision. After all, Di Wen had previously invaded the territory with impunity, reducing entire life galaxies to ashes. Such brazen behavior was a clear provocation against Xian Chu, making it emotionally and rationally justifiable for Chu Bai to retaliate.

"Very good! So a mere ant dares to compare himself with my younger brother. I see your Xian Chu is determined to make an enemy of my Demon Court," Di Kun retorted, a laugh laced with anger escaping his lips. With Xian Chu adopting such a defiant stance, he felt there was little more to discuss.

Rumble!!!



A terrifying aura surged forth in an instant as Di Kun made his move, his robe billowing as if he were pushing against the very heavens to strike down the Heavenly General before him. The entire Longling Ancient Region seemed on the brink of explosion, with boundless murderous intent rising into the sky and tearing the fabric of the heavens apart.

The Heavenly General snorted coldly and countered with a similar display of power, determined to block Di Kun's assault. In that brief moment, their forces collided, creating a cataclysmic clash that seemed to birth and destroy worlds simultaneously, as if many reincarnations unfolded in the blink of an eye.

"Since you are determined to protect this ant, know that Xian Chu shall await endless retribution from my demon clan," Di Kun declared indifferently. With a wave of his hand, a weapon materialized, crystal clear and white, resembling a demonic whistle. When he blew into it, the entire universe began to tremble, and over three hundred kinds of dazzling divine lights erupted like a wolf smoke, casting their glow deep into the world.

At this moment, across the many great worlds and universes of the Xi Yuan civilization, numerous Dao Realm existences bore witness to the rising divine light. The sound of the conch whistle echoed throughout the cosmos, reaching even the most remote and silent corners, where tranquility had reigned since ancient times.

"Demonic Whistle..."

The Heavenly General's expression shifted slightly as he recognized the gravity of the situation. He hadn't anticipated Di Kun's response would be so forceful. This weapon, known as the Monster Gathering Whistle, was said to have been forged from a treasure once possessed by the Monster Race—the Monster Gathering Banner, capable of summoning all demons in the world. Previously, this artifact had been in the hands of the Demon Ancestor, so its transfer to Di Kun was unexpected.

The sound of the Monster Gathering Whistle signaled the demon court's intention to launch a large-scale assault, disregarding all previous constraints. As the whistle resonated, all creatures of the

Monster Race within the vast Monster Domain felt an overwhelming sense of dread, coupled with an instinctual urge to submit.

Among the various powerful factions, the Dao Realm beings who perceived this sound were equally stunned.

In the Tai Yuan Ancient Region, at Yu Xian Academy, the void before Gu Changge shimmered with clarity, forming a mirror as tall as half a person that reflected the unfolding scene in Xuan Luo City. He had left a mark on the Sun-Shooting Bow, serving as his eyes and ears in this distant event.

Everything happening now was unfolding according to Gu Changge's expectations.

"Is it an imitation of the Demon Gathering Banner?"

As he observed the demonic whistle in Di Kun's hand, a flicker of intrigue crossed his eyes. This revelation sparked memories of a deeper connection he had with the Demon Gathering Banner.

Above Xuan Luo City, Di Kun blew the whistle, producing a humming sound that resonated with the intention of summoning all demons from across the realm. The sound was neither harsh nor dull; rather, it possessed a unique quality, reminiscent of countless monsters whispering in unison. It was as if an ancient ancestral demon were softly singing, striving to embody the supreme essence of the Monster Race.

However, in an instant, the sound became overwhelming, causing anyone who heard it to feel as if they were on the verge of exploding. Even the most formidable creatures suffered splitting headaches, their bodies cracking under the strain. Chains of Dao manifested in the sky and on the earth, clattering ominously and stretching into the endless distances, creating a scene of utter terror.

The monster generals and soldiers felt their blood and power surging, becoming stronger than ever before. They were imbued with the strength granted by the demonic whistle, as chains of Dao order descended from above, rattling above their heads. Alongside this surge of power, a boundless urge to kill ignited within them, compelling them to tear apart any enemies before them.

“All monster generals and soldiers, listen to my orders! Slaughter this world without leaving a blade of grass!”

Di Kun’s eyes glinted with a scarlet killing intent, and his voice was laced with an extraordinary coldness.

Chapter 1119: The power of the sun-shooting bow, the ninth prince of the demon court was killed by this arrow

The mighty army of the Monster Race surged forth, responding to the call of the demon-gathering whistle as they swept across the Longling Ancient Region. The sheer momentum of tens of thousands of demonic soldiers was astonishing. Among them stood several great demon generals at the level of immortal emperors, towering like ancient shadows within the monstrous mist. Their cold, unfeeling eyes scanned the battlefield, and with a mere raise of their palms, the very sky erupted into chaos.

Blood-red lightning chains intertwined in the void, raining down with devastating force. Ancient life stars were struck one after another, disappearing in an instant as all living beings were obliterated, leaving behind only echoes of tragic wails.

Terrifying hands, colossal and menacing, descended from the sky, easily piercing through the barriers of the universe. Continents crumbled beneath their weight, and the land cracked, turning to ashes in their wake.

The Heavenly General's expression darkened as he watched the destruction unfold. Having rushed to the scene alone without an army at his back, he found himself powerless to intervene. Di Kun had his sights set on him, ensuring that he would not be able to free his hands to assist in the defense.

Without exchanging too many words, the two combatants engaged in a fierce battle, and the aftermath of their clash was far more terrifying than those witnessed in other lands. As they fought, Dao energies flickered and vanished between their palms, giving rise to a cycle of creation and destruction. Each thought they had brought forth unfolded the four seasons of reincarnation and the ebb and flow of day and night, with myriad pathways shifting in an instant.

The air around them shattered, spilling forth chaotic energy that exploded like the primordial force that coursed through the universe at its inception. Ordinary observers struggled to comprehend their battle; it seemed as if they had transcended the physical realm, penetrating the very fabric of the universe and breaking through the constraints of time and space. Their real bodies fought within the long river of time, their blurred silhouettes flickering through ancient eras.

The fluctuations from their confrontation resonated across all heavens, echoing through the ancient epochs of Xi Yuan civilization. In the distant reaches of the cosmos, countless cultivators and creatures trembled at the overwhelming power they sensed. Immeasurable light erupted at the edge of the universe, momentarily illuminating the sky in a dazzling display before it was pierced by their terrifying strikes, sending shockwaves that could be felt from countless distances away.

It had been ages since anyone had witnessed a confrontation between Dao Realm existences, especially between such formidable beings.

Ordinary cultivators could only sense the tremors shaking the universe, unable to perceive the intricate fluctuations of the battle. Only those with a sufficiently high level of cultivation could faintly feel the residual aura of the conflict, as the presence of Dao Realm beings transcended the ordinary world. The battlefield itself lay in a void outside the confines of reality, where neither laws nor order held sway—a truly lawless and unfettered domain.

In Xuan Luo City, the Chu clan fought desperately against the onslaught of the monster army. Many of them were still in the dark about the events that had led to this sudden threat of genocide. They couldn't comprehend why such catastrophic consequences had followed Patriarch Chu Bai's slaying of a golden crow. For them, this was an unmitigated disaster, one that seemed almost impossible to resist.

The scene of battle was nothing short of tragic. The sound of the demon-gathering conch echoed ominously, creating ripples and chains that hung in the air, transforming the vast expanse into a breathtaking tableau reminiscent of a galaxy. The monster races, invigorated as if by a potent elixir, surged forward with blood-red eyes and a ferocious spirit, descending from the sky like a dark torrent.

Those who stood in their way—cultivators and creatures alike—were instantly obliterated, their forms reduced to blood mist that filled the sky. The antique-level figures of the Chu clan emerged, valiantly opposing the monstrous tide. Yet, their efforts proved futile; even a single monster general was more than capable of decimating them all.

Chu Bai was seriously injured, continuously coughing up blood. Although Di Kun had momentarily ceased his pursuit, three demon generals approached to subdue him. Each of these generals was a quasi-immortal emperor-level being; while they might not rival the great demon generals, their strength was still terrifying, capable of annihilating entire universes with a mere thought.

In his current state, there was no way Chu Bai could contend against such overwhelming numbers.

“Quite impressive,” one of the monster generals remarked coldly, his eyes flickering with malice. “Despite being merely an Immortal King, you’ve managed to endure for this long in my grasp.”

The other two demon generals shared the same indifferent demeanor, offering Chu Bai no reprieve. Suddenly, one of them unleashed a long whip, slicing through the air with lethal precision. The very fabric of the universe seemed to shatter in its wake as the immense power surged forth, intent on piercing Chu Bai’s body.

Whoosh!!!

At that moment, a brilliant and radiant arrow shot forth, colliding with the long whip and smashing it apart with a resounding bang. Chu Bai, drawing his bow, unleashed the arrow not far away, and the Sun-Shooting Bow glowed with a blinding light, its terrifying killing intent locking onto the demon general with unwavering precision.

He could no longer hold back and took out his Sun-Shooting Bow; if he didn't, he knew he would undoubtedly meet his end that day.

“This bow...”

As Chu Bai activated the Sun-Shooting Bow, the three demon generals exchanged alarmed glances. They sensed a fluctuation that sent shivers down their spines, a resonance so extraordinary that it left them trembling in shock, as if they had encountered a weapon of unspeakable power.

Whoosh!!!

Despite coughing up blood, Chu Bai's eyes were icy cold as he relentlessly drew his bow and unleashed arrow after arrow. Brilliant shafts of light pierced through the vast universe, illuminating the dark and deep sky. The boundless murderous intent seemed to wash away the past and present, emerging from the depths of time's long river.

The heavenly generals locked in combat with Di Kun felt a jolt of genuine astonishment and couldn't help but cast their gazes toward Chu Bai.

“Could it be that His Highness the Ninth Prince was killed by this bow?”

The three demon generals outside Xuan Luo City felt a chilling sensation wash over them, as if their very life force was locked onto, poised to be penetrated at any moment. A terrible realization surged within them: with this bow, Chu Bai had instilled in them a palpable sense of life-and-death threat.

In that moment, as Chu Bai wielded the bow and loosed the arrows, he appeared to be possessed by a murderous spirit. His expression remained indifferent, and a faint black mist swirled around his palms. The arrows of light, both stunning and terrifying, tore through the sky, obliterating all laws and orders in their wake.

The tide of battle had suddenly shifted. No one could have anticipated that Chu Bai would wield such a treasured weapon, turning the situation on its head.

Relying solely on the strength of the Immortal King Realm, it was unimaginable for Chu Bai to contend against the three quasi-immortal emperors of the Demon Race. Yet, the divine bow he wielded seemed to harbor boundless power. As long as Chu Bai had life in him, he could continue to shoot arrows without relent.

However, despite the intimidation that the bow invoked, a significant disparity in strength remained. The three monster generals might fear the bow, but they were not truly vulnerable to it.

Observing the unfolding scene from afar in Yu Xian Academy, Gu Changge pondered his next move. He had initially considered using the sun-shooting bow to see if it could bring down another prince from the demon court, hoping to prevent further complications in the ongoing conflict between Xian Chu and the demon court.

Yet, given Chu Bai's current strength, it was clear that he could not hope to kill a Dao Realm existence that had endured through several Heavenly Declines. Even with the Sun-Shooting Bow's extraordinary capabilities, it would be insufficient to achieve that goal.

Instead, such an attempt might only alert the Demon Race and other factions, leading them to suspect that the sun-shooting bow was part of a larger scheme, with unseen manipulations at play. Ultimately, the potential risks outweighed any benefits. With that realization, Gu Changge decided to abandon his original plan.

Chapter 1120: Another important reason, the great killing weapon against the Demon Race

“If no one disturbs the situation, then a war between the demon court and Xian Chu is inevitable, plunging the entire Xi Yuan civilization into chaos. This will create more opportunities for me to take advantage of.” A thoughtful gleam flickered in Gu Changge’s eyes as he spoke. With a wave of his hand, the crystal mirror in front of him dissipated into thin air.

His gaze shifted to the outside of Biluo Peak. “That guy has been kneeling there for several days.” He shook his head slightly, dismissing the figure kneeling at the foot of the peak.

During his seclusion at Biluo Peak, various disciples had approached, hoping to worship him as their master. The figure kneeling outside the mountain gate was just one of many. However, for disciples with mediocre aptitude and no remarkable luck, Gu Changge had little interest in engaging with them.

Unless it was like Mu Yan and Mo Tong, whose luck was extraordinary enough to influence the entire civilization.

“Speaking of which, although Yu Xian Palace is in decline, it was created by a transcendent-level figure. The backgrounds of forces like Yao Ting, Xian Chu, and Zixiao Mountain are not as impressive as that of Yu Xian Palace.”

He paused, contemplating. “And the current palace master of Yu Xian Palace is no longer a direct descendant of its founder. It complicates matters when trying to locate his bloodline.”



As Gu Changge looked at the scene below Biluo Peak, his thoughts shifted to another concern. His primary purpose for coming to Yu Xian Academy was to seek out the blood descendants of the founder of Yu Xian Palace. Ideally, he wanted direct descendants, though even a distant blood connection would suffice. After all, with the causal relationship of blood, he could return to the past and pinpoint the location of Liuhe Tianyuan.

However, his current identity was just that of an ordinary elder at Yu Xian Academy. Transitioning to an elder of Yu Xian Palace was more complicated, and he knew he couldn't accomplish that in a short time.

With this in mind, Gu Changge resolved to take action, intending to first seize control of Yu Xian Academy in the Tai Yuan Ancient Region. To him, this was merely a matter of thought and strategy.

The power of thought spread, sweeping across the entire academy in an instant. All the disciples and elders, whether they were deep in cultivation or engaged in discussions about Dao, suddenly felt a brilliant silver light illuminating their minds—vast and supreme. Yet, this feeling vanished just as quickly as it had come, fading like an illusion, and most didn't think much of it.

Afterward, Gu Changge pinpointed the dean of Yu Xian Academy, who was secluded in a specific time and space to contemplate Daoism. Despite the dean's Immortal Emperor strength, which could still prove useful in this context, Gu Changge regarded him as no different from an ordinary person.

The dean was more resilient than Gu Changge had anticipated. Initially, he tried to fight back, but once he realized the disparity in their power, he contemplated self-detonation. However, Gu Changge needed him alive to gather information, so he naturally wouldn't allow him to perish in that manner.

Instead, Gu Changge directly converted the dean, making him his disciple. The speed magic bottle method he had used before proved ineffective against an Immortal Emperor's presence. Yet, Gu Changge's strength had long transcended its previous limits, allowing him to subdue his opponent without needing any external means.

This encounter led him to consider developing a suitable technique based on the purpose and essence of the Heaven Slaying Alliance. Such a technique would not only aim to save all living

beings but also attract believers. Even beings as powerful as Immortal Emperors and those in the Dao Realm would be influenced by it.

In this way, Gu Changge could save a considerable amount of energy. He instructed the dean to go to Yu Xian Palace to gather information about the descendants of the patriarch who founded Yu Xian Palace. After that, he returned to Biluo Peak to continue monitoring the battle between the Demon Realm and Xian Chu.

The battle raged on. The entire Longling Ancient Region was nearing extinction, and the Chu clan in Xuan Luo City had been decimated, with very few members left. More demon soldiers and generals arrived from afar, their overwhelming presence instilling dread in the hearts of the remaining defenders.

Summoned by the call of the Demon-Gathering Whistle, an ever-increasing number of powerful beings from the monster clan surged toward this location, just as Di Kun had commanded, intent on annihilating the world.

“No, it won’t do us any good if we keep procrastinating; we can’t control the situation any longer.”

The Heavenly General, locked in a fierce struggle with Di Kun outside the realm, sighed inwardly as he watched the devastation unfold in the Longling Ancient Region. The two had been entangled in their battle for a long time, with Di Kun holding him back, leaving him powerless to intervene while witnessing the destruction of the ancient domain.

Although there were three thousand ancient domains under the territory of Xian Chu, the loss of one would seem insignificant. Yet, today’s events clearly indicated that the demon court’s resolute stance would not relent, and they would have to pay a hefty price for their actions.

Boom!

At this moment, the Heavenly General lost all interest in continuing his fight with Di Kun. With a powerful sweep of his hand, he tore open time and space, simultaneously reaching down with his other hand to seize Chu Bai, who was locked in confrontation with the monster generals. In a swift motion, he transported himself and Chu Bai away from the battlefield.

“Heavenly General, my Demon Court will not let this go,” Di Kun warned, his voice cold and filled with menace. “You must hand this one over. Otherwise, my Demon Court will have no choice but to march on Chu Wang City.”

Di Kun snorted as he watched the Heavenly General prepare to leave. Though he knew he couldn’t stop him, his frustration boiled over. While the Heavenly General’s strength was less than his own, it would take time to determine a victor in their struggle. The destruction of the Longling Ancient Region did little to quell the anger that surged within him.

What fueled his rage further was the divine bow that Chu Bai had wielded moments ago. It was unmistakably tainted with the karma of Di Wen, who had fallen to that very weapon. Even Di Kun felt an unsettling aura radiating from the divine bow, a sensation that set his instincts on edge, as if he were facing a formidable natural enemy. This ominous feeling gnawed at him, compelling him to eliminate that bow at all costs.

The Golden Crow Clan possessed the supreme bloodline of the monster race, and even the Dragon and Phoenix Clans could only aspire to be their equals. No other ethnic group in the world was deemed worthy of being their natural enemy.

“I must inform my father about this first. The fall of the Ninth Brother must be linked to that mysterious divine bow,” Di Kun muttered coldly, casting a glance toward the capital of Xian Chu before his figure flickered and tore through the fabric of the universe, disappearing from sight.

Meanwhile, the formidable monster army did not linger; instead, they pressed onward, systematically attacking the remaining ancient lands of Xian Chu. Their assault showed no signs of abating.

As the monstrous horde advanced, the endless threads of karma began to unfurl across the universe of the Xi Yuan civilization. Some ancient Dao Realm existences couldn't help but furrow their brows, increasingly aware that something was amiss in the heavens, as if a dark shroud had fallen over them.

The emergence of this karma had muddled the river of fate, making it nearly impossible for them to foresee even a glimpse of the future. The entire Xi Yuan civilization was spiraling into chaos.

This unsettling atmosphere stirred unease among the various ethnic groups, all of whom sensed a looming catastrophe threatening to engulf Xi Yuan civilization in the near future. The news of the Demon Court blowing the Demon-Gathering Whistle and launching a large-scale assault on Xian Chu quickly sent shockwaves throughout the realm, igniting widespread alarm and speculation.

An ancient domain within the vast lands of Xian Chu was ravaged, transforming it into a desolate land of calamity, burying countless cultivators and living beings in its ruins. The various forces observing the unfolding conflict were struck with shock and disbelief. The Demon Court's resolve was unmistakable; the destruction of the ancient domain of Xian Chu was merely the beginning. A battle between the Demon Court and Xian Chu was now inevitable, and war loomed once more.

In the midst of this turmoil, Chu Bai's name soared to prominence. Having managed to slay the Ninth Prince of the Demon Court while wielding the strength of an Immortal King was nothing short of remarkable. Moreover, he had successfully engaged multiple quasi-Immortal Emperors of the Demon Court, holding his ground for an extended period without faltering.

Such a character naturally drew the attention of many forces, especially with that extraordinarily divine bow in his possession. Speculation ran rampant among cultivators that Di Wen, the Ninth Prince of the Golden Crow, had indeed fallen to that very bow, and it was this weapon that had incited the ensuing disaster.

“This Sun-Shooting Bow, after all, was forged from a branch of the Epoch Tree...” Gu Changge mused as he observed the events unfold, all transpiring just as he had anticipated. He felt no concern that anyone would perceive anything unusual about the Sun-Shooting Bow.

After he initially condensed it, Gu Changge dedicated the Sun-Shooting Bow to the Xi Yuan civilization, channeling it through the branch of the long river of fate. Even if someone attempted to deduce its origin, they would trace it back to the river of fate. Many opportunities and fortunes within this world were intricately tied to this river; unless someone truly mastered its flow, no one could adequately explain the bow’s origin.

Moreover, for the Golden Crow clan, the Epoch Tree held the same lineage as the so-called Mulberry, Ruomu, and Jianmu. In fact, it could be said that Mulberry, Wakagi, and Jianmu were all branches of the Epoch Tree from different eras of civilization. Thus, the Sun-Shooting Bow could also be considered crafted from hibiscus wood.

For the Golden Crow clan, and indeed for the entire monster clan, this bow was regarded as a formidable weapon. They would undoubtedly exert every effort to erase it from existence. This desire to eliminate the Sun-Shooting Bow was another pivotal reason behind the conflicts between the Demon Race and Xian Chu, precisely as Gu Changge had calculated.