

## Villain 1121

### Chapter 1121: The purpose of triggering the catastrophe, an invisible hand

The appearance of the Sun-Shooting Bow was only one part of Gu Changge's plan. To create chaos in the Xi Yuan civilization and turn the sky gray, which would better serve his next move, he had also devised another method. However, this other method was not as direct as the Sun-Shooting Bow, which had immediately sparked the conflict between Xian Chu and the Demon Realm.

Although the Xi Yuan civilization currently seemed impenetrable, with the most powerful forces united on one front, seamlessly blending offense and defense, it was still difficult for outside powers to invade. Yet, every force was intricately connected to the outside world by cause and effect. Any disturbance in these links could trigger a chain reaction, unleashing catastrophic consequences.

However, unlike the Sun-Shooting Bow, which led to significant cause and effect, including the fall of the Ninth Prince of the Demon Court, the causal links between the other forces were more superficial and less obvious. But as time passed, the entangled and chaotic causes and effects would naturally manifest in disaster. This, too, was part of Gu Changge's objective in triggering the catastrophe.

The emergence of endless karmic ties would cloud heavenly secrets and contaminate the river of fate. Even those beings who had previously entrusted their minds to fate, who could once vaguely foresee the will of heaven and gain insight into the future, would now be plunged into confusion, unable to discern the future's changes.

Seeing that everything was progressing and evolving as planned, Gu Changge no longer paid it much attention. He instructed the dean of Yu Xian Academy to go to Yu Xian Palace and gather the information he sought, and now, he had some clues.

The founder of Yu Xian Palace had disappeared countless epochs ago. Many among the younger generations speculated that the founder had either perished somewhere or ascended to a higher realm, vanishing from life and death. The current Palace Master of Yu Xian Palace was not a descendant of the founder, and there was no blood relation between them. This information was not difficult to obtain.

However, what Gu Changge truly wanted to know was the current whereabouts of the descendants of the Palace Master who had founded Yu Xian Palace. Among the various major lineages of the current Yu Xian Palace, there was no sign of the person he sought.

“Could it be that they are still living in seclusion with some hidden purpose, yet staying informed about worldly affairs?” Gu Changge frowned slightly, feeling the need to be cautious. He instructed the dean of Yu Xian Academy to continue investigating this matter. If such a person existed, there would inevitably be traces and connections left behind—cause and effect that could not simply vanish. The only possibility was that the former Palace Master of Yu Xian Palace might not have left any descendants.

During this time, Gu Changge had arranged to meet Luo Xiang, who was in the mysterious treasure of the Eternal God with five eternal artifacts. She had sent word back that she had encountered some difficulties but had located the Eternal God’s secret treasure. However, it would take some time to unlock the treasure with the five eternal artifacts and obtain the legacy left by the Eternal God.

The location of the Eternal Secret Treasure was protected by several natural barriers, strong enough to trap even beings of the Dao Realm. Luo Xiang, unwilling to take any unnecessary risks, was left with two options: either find a new route or discover a method to break through these barriers. Only then could she proceed.

She sent a message to Gu Changge, asking if he had the time to assist her or if he might come in person. Gu Changge, however, had no intention of leaving the Xi Yuan Civilization. He told Luo Xiang to come to him instead. When she arrived, he would give her a secret treasure capable of breaking through the natural barriers, allowing her to enter the Eternal Secret Place.

Gu Changge was still waiting for the materials within the Eternal Treasury to recondense the Ball of Ambitions. The sooner Luo Xiang could open the Eternal Treasury, the better it would be for him.

After receiving Gu Changge's reply, Luo Xiang didn't hesitate for long and agreed readily, setting off for the Xi Yuan Civilization.

Although Luo Xiang was puzzled as to why Gu Changge had left the Immortal Civilization and appeared in the Xi Yuan Civilization, she didn't question him too much. As a "thief" without any powerful backing, Gu Changge's motives didn't concern her as long as they didn't pose a threat to her.

During Luo Xiang's arrival in the Xi Yuan Civilization, the battle between the Demon Realm and Xian Chu had captured the attention of nearly every major force within the region. Powerful factions like Zi Xiao Mountain, Guangming Temple, and Yu Xian Palace were all closely monitoring the conflict. News of this struggle had even spread beyond the Xi Yuan Civilization, causing ripples in ancient worlds and vast universes alike.

Cultivators and beings from all corners were fixated on the conflict, as it had been a long time since they had witnessed a clash between such formidable powers. As a "rising star" in the Xi Yuan Civilization, Xian Chu was personally established by Chu Gucheng and had only existed for a little over a hundred epochs. Compared to the Demon Court and other long-standing forces, it was still relatively young.

Yet, despite its brief history, Xian Chu was brimming with talents, prodigies, and an abundance of fortune. There seemed to be no end to the great individuals emerging from within. Among them were figures like the Heavenly Generals, chosen and cultivated by Chu Gucheng himself. These beings, once fully matured, would stand on their own, just as in this battle where even the descendants of the Demon Ancestor were unable to defeat the Heavenly Generals.

This development caused many forces to reconsider the threat posed by Xian Chu. If Xian Chu were given enough time to grow, would it not soon surpass all orthodox forces in strength? Could Xian Chu eventually challenge the existing order, replace the original Xi Yuan Temple, and unify the entire Xi Yuan Civilization?

This realization made many supreme beings from various forces feel a bit uneasy.

“In the face of the aggressive Demon Court, Xian Chu did not back down but instead responded with force. And at such a critical moment, this shows that Xian Chu has great confidence in its foundation and strength. This is important news for us, but it’s not good news.”

“Although the Demon Court was in the wrong here, with the Ninth Prince of the Demon Court trespassing into Xian Chu’s territory, causing deaths, and ultimately being killed, Xian Chu’s response is too forceful...”

“After all, the Ninth Prince was the most beloved youngest son of the Demon Ancestor. This will surely provoke the Demon Ancestor’s wrath, and knowing his character, he will not let this go.”

Across the vast universes of the Xi Yuan Civilization, many forces were now waiting and observing, curious to see how the situation would unfold. There was a growing sense that something more complex lay behind this conflict. It was as if some unseen hand was manipulating events from the shadows.

Naturally, if the Demon Court and Xian Chu were to clash and both sides were to suffer heavy losses, these forces would welcome such an outcome.

Soon enough, the truth surrounding the demise of the Ninth Prince of the Demon Court came to light through the intelligence networks of the various factions, and the information quickly spread.

As many had already suspected, the Golden Crow’s Ninth Prince, Di Wen, had been competing with Chu Bai from Xian Chu for an opportunity, only to be tragically killed in the struggle. That opportunity was none other than the divine bow that had drawn the attention of all the factions—an artifact that allowed Chu Bai, even at the Immortal King realm, to stand against three quasi-Immortal Emperors without losing ground.

This revelation was soon confirmed, and it caused an immediate sensation among the various forces.

Many supreme beings employed various methods to deduce the origin of the divine bow, speculating whether it could be some form of innate artifact, born from luck and good fortune. After all, even a weapon crafted by an Immortal Emperor over their entire lifetime would not possess such extraordinary power.

It's important to understand that no matter how strong an Immortal King was, attempting to wield an Immortal Emperor's weapon required vast amounts of spiritual energy. Without such energy, the wielder would be drained in an instant, reduced to nothing but a dried corpse.

Clearly, however, the divine bow that Chu Bai obtained was not an Immortal Emperor's weapon; it seemed to be of an even higher level. This alone was enough to allow him to continuously draw the bow, shoot arrows, and hold his ground against the three quasi-Immortal Emperors of the monster clan.

Chapter 1122: Master Dharma Sage returns, it seems that even God is helping me

In the Demon Court, while the Demon Ancestor was furious, he also learned about the existence of the Sun Shooting Bow from the Seventh Prince, Di Kun.

"You said that you sensed a threat to our clan from that divine bow, and you wanted to destroy it?" His gaze was cold, as though he had never shown any emotional fluctuation since ancient times.

"Yes, Father. The aura of the divine bow made me extremely uneasy. It felt as if I were facing a natural enemy."

“If not for being blocked by the heavenly general at the time, I would have destroyed that bow.”

In front of the Demon Ancestor, Di Kun dared not conceal anything. He nodded honestly, recounting his feelings and thoughts when he encountered the divine bow.

“Hmph, such strange things exist in this world. No wonder Wen’er met a tragic end at his hands. During my deductions, I also found that Wen’er’s death was tied to an indistinct cloud of luck. It must be that so-called opportunity.”

The Demon Ancestor’s expression grew colder. If there was anything in this world that posed a threat to them, it was likely connected to mythical forces.

After all, the origin of the Golden Crow clan could be traced back to the dawn of the mythical era.

Therefore, anything capable of making the Golden Crow clan sense a threat must also be tied to the mythical era.

Upon hearing this, Di Kun nodded and added, “I suspect the Ninth Brother intended to destroy the bow, which is why Chu Bai resented him and attacked.”

At the mention of this, the Demon Ancestor’s eyes filled with uncontainable killing intent and grief.

“Since Xian Chu is determined to stand against me and refuses to hand over the murderer who killed Wen’er, then he must be ready to face the endless wrath of my demon clan.”

“No matter who is behind the scenes, I will settle this account with them sooner or later.”

His voice was icy cold.

Then, at the Demon Ancestor's command, he blew the Gathering Demon Whistle, its sound echoing throughout the world.

More and more demon clan armies began to assemble, pressing against the borders of Xian Chu.

Many ancient monsters in the Endless Demon Realm thought the demon court had gone mad, seeking to start the conflict prematurely without concern for the consequences.

However, although the demon court once ruled over ten thousand demons, that was history.

In the current Endless Demon Realm, other formidable monster clans, such as the Dragon Clan and Phoenix Clan, operated independently of the Demon Court. These factions were also taken aback by the Demon Court's decisiveness but chose to remain on the sidelines, watching the unfolding events.

At the same time, Xian Chu was making countermeasures. Many strong individuals were ordered to lead the army to the border adjacent to the Endless Demon Realm, where they confronted numerous powerful beings from the demon race. A prolonged war inevitably erupted, far more tragic and shocking than the events in the Longling Ancient Region.

Endless evil karma surged from the Endless Demon Realm, spreading throughout the Xi Yuan civilization.

Meanwhile, in the depths of Xian Chu, in Chu Wang City, Chu Gucheng appeared joyful on the surface as he conversed with a tall figure before him. He had not anticipated that, amidst the chaos

in Xian Chu and the uncertainty of the situation, his master, who had disappeared for many eras, would suddenly return. This filled Chu Gucheng with relief, as if divine providence were aiding him.

“This time, I cultivated in the depths of time and space, comprehending the profound truths of the Dao and seeking an opportunity to survive the eighth heavenly decline. I never expected to suddenly feel a sense of foreboding in my heart.”

“Then, I pinched my fingers and calculated, discovering that the great land of Xian Chu was in turmoil, the river of fate was turbulent, and black aura lingered. I attempted to salvage fragments of this turmoil to gain insight into future possibilities,” his master said, standing with his hands clasped behind his back and shaking his head slightly.

Judging by his appearance, the figure was quite tall and burly. He had long eyebrows and kind eyes that conveyed a gentle demeanor, seemingly containing boundless wisdom and insight into the secrets of the world. He wore a large white robe that flowed without the presence of wind. The sleeves were embroidered with simple patterns, exuding an immortal style and aura, as if they carried the weight of the emperor’s land and the essence of the three thousand paths, all imbued with a lingering Daoist charm.

As the master of Chu Gucheng and the lord of Xian Chu, his cultivation needed no further elaboration. Chu Gucheng’s achievements today were largely due to him. However, Chu Gucheng was a man of great fortune. Although he was still a junior, his cultivation speed was remarkably rapid. In just over a hundred epochs, his strength had nearly caught up with that of his master.

Chu Gucheng naturally held the Dharma Sage in high esteem. Hearing his master’s words, he became more serious and couldn’t help but ask, “Master, have you seen anything from the long river of fate?”

The Dharma Sage sighed slightly, shook his head, and replied, “I can’t see anything specific, but I can say for certain that a catastrophe of unknown origins will soon sweep across the great land of Xian Chu and even the entire Xi Yuan civilization. You should be aware of this.”



“This is not related to calamity or liquidation; it is purely a man-made disaster. The best course of action for Xian Chu is to distance itself from the world as much as possible and avoid any entanglements with karmic troubles.”

Upon hearing this, Chu Gucheng smiled wryly and said, “To escape from the world and avoid troublesome causes and effects sounds simple, but you know how difficult that truly is. Even if I tell all the clansmen to leave Xian Chu, how can we avoid the complexities of cause and effect?”

“Every clansman has their own connections, friends, and loved ones. Even if they hide in Xian Chu, only inquiring about the outside world and waiting for the catastrophe to pass, what would happen to those friends and loved ones if they encountered danger and fell victim to a plot during the turmoil?”

“Moreover, I can see that this is not an ordinary calculation of calamity; simply dodging it will not be enough. The liquidation and retreat are completely unpredictable.”

“On the other hand, the vast land of Xian Chu has a wide territory. Over the years, I have recruited and subdued many individuals with great fortune. If this is indeed a calamity, it could also bring significant benefits for them, allowing them to seize the opportunity to rise.”

Man-made catastrophes and large-scale liquidations are not just abstract concepts. Sometimes, the brewing of calamity and liquidation can last for millennia or even longer. In contrast, liquidation can occur within a few hundred years or even just a few years. As for man-made catastrophes, they don’t conform to any traditional notions of calamity and retreat. The disaster can arrive in an instant, leaving no time for preparation.

As Chu Gucheng contemplated these matters, he thought of Chu Bai. The Demon Court’s large-scale assault was also triggered by Chu Bai. But even if he wished to avoid such situations, there was no viable way to do so. Would he be expected to hand over Chu Bai? The Ninth Prince of the

Golden Crow Clan's Demon Court was the one who first committed murder within the territory of Xian Chu, and Chu Bai had only acted in self-defense.

At this moment, handing over Chu Bai would not only be difficult to justify to the public, but it would also deal a significant blow to the morale of the people of Xian Chu, whom he had worked hard to unite. Therefore, not only could he not hand over Chu Bai, but he also had to confront the Demon Court with a tougher and more domineering stance.

"I understand what you're saying, but as a master, I always have a sense of foreboding," the Dharma Sage said. "The incident involving Chu Bai doesn't seem like an accident; it feels more like someone is scheming and pushing things from behind the scenes."

Upon hearing this, the Dharma Sage couldn't help but sigh, his brows furrowing even deeper. Chu Gucheng also frowned and replied, "When Chu Bai returns, I will summon him here, and I will need to trouble you, Master, to investigate. If someone is indeed plotting behind the scenes, it will be challenging for you to uncover the truth."

Chapter 1123: Heaven Slaying Alliance is silent? The leader of the Heavenly organization

Chu Gucheng's plan was straightforward: if someone were scheming behind the scenes, he would identify them and crush their plans with force. Given Xian Chu's current strength, he was not afraid of any ghosts or snakes lurking in the shadows. His only concern was that this situation might not be the result of a malicious plot, but rather a calamity determined by fate—one that Xian Chu had to endure.

The Dharma Sage nodded in agreement, saying, "As your master, I understand this well. Since Chu Bai is also a person of great fortune, he must experience challenges similar to what you faced in your youth. Twists and turns, along with troubles, are unavoidable."

"However, as long as these disasters and challenges are resolved, he will undoubtedly become a general of Xian Chu in the future."

When this topic arose, Chu Gucheng couldn't help but laugh, reminiscing about his own youth. He pondered whether it was simply a result of his luck; individuals blessed with great fortune often encountered difficulties. Although he could consistently turn misfortune into good luck, his propensity for attracting trouble should not be underestimated.

"What you say is very true, Master. Chu Bai got into trouble because of that bow," Chu Gucheng remarked. "For him, this situation is a blend of opportunity and danger. This person is also quite clever; he is worried that I will seize the chance to take possession of his divine bow. As a result, he deliberately manipulates the bow while under the watchful eyes of various forces, setting them against each other. The three quasi-immortal emperors of the Demon Court also want him to lose face and miss out on his opportunity."

Chu Gucheng shook his head slightly, his eyes reflecting the depth and wisdom of someone who has seen through much of the world's intricacies. He had witnessed many similar situations. The heavenly generals of Xian Chu—be they divine generals, warrior generals, or divine war generals—were all individuals of great fortune whom he had observed closely. If he were to snatch and seize the treasures belonging to those with great luck, how could he expect their loyal submission?

"Haha, this kid is smart, but he lacks a broader perspective," the Dharma Sage responded with a smile, clearly accustomed to such situations.

How could Chu Bai's cleverness and cunning escape the notice of an ancient figure like him, who had lived for so long? His divine bow was indeed miraculous, but how could the majestic and dignified Lord of the Great Land of Xian Chu lack the courage to match it?

"By the way, the Heaven-Slaying Alliance you mentioned—has there been no movement from them recently?" The Dharma Sage seemed to recall another matter, prompting him to ask again.

Upon hearing this, Chu Gucheng wore a puzzled expression and shook his head. "I initially thought the Heaven-Slaying Alliance would infiltrate the Xi Yuan civilization. I specifically instructed many ministers to pay close attention to this matter. However, I later realized that the Heaven-Slaying Alliance is still only spreading in the areas near the immortal civilization and has no apparent intention of infiltrating Xi Yuan."

The Dharma Sage, contemplating this information, guessed, “If the Heaven-Slaying Alliance is indeed connected to the remnants of the black disaster that you were worried about before, then it would be unlikely for them not to have any designs on the Xi Yuan civilization. But based on what you’ve said, it seems the Heaven-Slaying Alliance is using the name of ‘Heaven-Slaying’ to attract other forces from the Boundless World to join them...”

The methods of the remnants of the black disaster were not gentle; they often heralded destruction and calamity, bringing boundless darkness, bloodshed, and fire.

Although Chu Gucheng had never personally experienced the era when the black disaster ravaged the entire Boundless World, he had learned about it through ancient records. The Dharma Sage, having lived even longer, possessed a deeper understanding of this matter and a greater fear of it.

The so-called black disaster was actually a manifestation of dark luck; this was merely the term used for this catastrophe in the outside world. As disasters swept across the land, they brought with them endless darkness and war.

The common people wept blood, the universe crumbled, order fell into chaos, the sky was no longer the sky, the earth no longer the earth, day and night were lost forever, and the heavens perished. Despite his power and ancient wisdom, the Dharma Sage could only feel deep fear toward this reality.

In the oldest times, before the conception of some supreme civilizations, there existed an organization known as the Heavenly Organization, which could truly be regarded as a formidable force. The purpose of this organization, as its name suggested, was to act on behalf of the heavens and sought to challenge the authority of heaven itself.

The leader of the Heavenly Organization once nearly dominated the Boundless World, utilizing the pretext of enforcing divine laws to usurp and replicate heavenly powers, ultimately deceiving and

sacrificing countless beings. Even after being sealed away, the remnants of the black disaster continued to incite turmoil among many civilizations.

What the Dharma Sage understood was deeply rooted in the oldest records, tales of a time long past and the shadows that still lingered from those ancient days.

After the Heavenly Organization was shattered, many of its members either disappeared, died, or hid away in secret, quietly biding their time for a chance to make a comeback. The leader of the Heavenly Organization was said to be impossible to kill; he had supposedly entrusted himself to the way of heaven within the Boundless World. Unless the Boundless World was completely destroyed, everything erased, and all returned to ruins, he could not be slain.

In the aftermath, many powerful beings from that era acquired blueprints from the real place and forged treasures belonging to the first generation of civilization. These artifacts were then sealed away, intended to gradually strip away and refine the traces of the leader's existence, as well as his connection to the way of heaven.

Of course, these were all merely rumors that the Dharma Sage had come across, and he could not ascertain their truth. However, this uncertainty did not diminish his fear of the leader of the Heavenly Organization, a figure who even the real place found to be a tricky challenge.

Meanwhile, as Chu Gucheng and the Dharma Sage engaged in their discussions, outside Wang Chu City in Xian Chu, the Heavenly General had brought Chu Bai back to report on recent events. During the journey, Chu Bai had already provided the Heavenly General with a detailed account of his frictions and disputes with the Ninth Prince of the Demon Court.

The consequences of this incident were indeed astonishing, so it was ultimately up to Chu Gucheng and others to determine how to handle the situation.

“Don’t worry; the king is also very angry about this matter and will not allow the Demon Court to commit further evils,” the Heavenly General said, patting Chu Bai on the shoulder in a show of support. *R&NØ\$*

Despite these reassurances, Chu Bai felt a lingering worry. The ramifications of the incident were severe, and it had already escalated into a conflict between Xian Chu and the Demon Court. He also harbored concerns that Chu Gucheng might take an interest in his Sun-Shooting Bow and attempt to claim it for himself.

Soon, the Heavenly General led Chu Bai to the depths of Chu Wang City. Both Chu Gucheng and the Dharma Sage, who had been discussing the matter of the Heaven-Slaying Alliance, looked down at the same time upon his arrival. They intended to investigate the divine bow that Chu Bai possessed before deciding on a course of action to resolve this troubling situation.

When Chu Bai arrived, he had already formulated a countermeasure, so he did not hesitate to explain how he obtained the Sun-Shooting Bow and how he had killed the Ninth Prince of the Demon Court. He provided a detailed account of his experiences to both Chu Gucheng and the Dharma Sage.

Chapter 1124: Left a fatal point, is it your heir?

In front of these two figures, Chu Bai felt compelled to reveal everything without reservation. As he spoke, a cloud of radiance enveloped him, and he summoned the Sun-Shooting Bow. The ancient bow shimmered with divine brilliance, gracefully floating up and down.

“This Sun-Shooting Bow contains mythical luck. Its origin is linked to the long river of fate and is intertwined with the future fate of the demon race...” Chu Bai explained. “It seems there is a fate at play; the demon clan is bound to face this calamity. This bow possesses immense lethality against them. If the demon clan learns of its existence, they will likely go to great lengths to destroy it.”

He continued, “Perhaps this bow is related to the mulberry tree that the demon race once possessed. Both are innate objects and rare divine artifacts.”

The Dharma Sage examined the Sun-Shooting Bow with a frown, deducing its significance for a long time before arriving at a conclusion. The bow's origin astonished him. Chu Gucheng, the Heavenly General, and others were equally shocked; they had not anticipated that this was no ordinary opportunity. Instead, it was deeply connected to the river of fate and the luck of the demon clan.

Dharma Sage glanced at Chu Bai once more and said in a low voice, "If I am not mistaken, this bow possesses the ability to sever the fate of the demon clan. Since you have acquired it, it indicates that their future may be doomed. In your hands, the law of heaven circulates, and a general trend is already taking shape in the shadows."

It was clear that the existence of the Sun-Shooting Bow would soon be known to the demon race.

If he were aware that this bow had the ability to sever the demon clan's life force, he would undoubtedly seek to destroy it with even greater fervor. Chu Bai's expression grew serious; he had never anticipated that the origin and power of the Sun-Shooting Bow would be so shocking and formidable.

"This object is deeply significant, so you must keep it safe. Although the demon court is powerful, it won't be able to defeat you in the short term. As long as you remain within the vast land of Xian Chu, the demon court will naturally be unable to reach you," Chu Gucheng said, his hands clasped behind his back. He nodded slightly as he spoke to Chu Bai.

While he was astonished by the origin of the Sun-Shooting Bow, he understood that since it belonged to Chu Bai, it signified that Chu Bai's future achievements would be considerable. This realization brought him joy; it indicated that Xian Chu's future heritage would undoubtedly increase.

While speaking, he raised his palm and swiped it through the air, causing a ray of brilliance—light as blue smoke—to immediately fall upon the Sun-Shooting Bow.

“I’ve left an imprint on it. If you find yourself in danger, just activate the mark I’ve placed, and others will not dare to snatch it,” Chu Gucheng stated. His tone was calm yet carried an unmistakable air of authority.

“Thank you, my lord,” Chu Bai replied, feeling reassured. A sense of relief washed over him, and his face brightened with joy.

The weight he had been carrying finally lifted. He understood that the Sun-Shooting Bow held significant value for the demon race, who would undoubtedly seek to destroy it. Therefore, it was imperative for him to remain in Xian Chu during this period. He would find a suitable place to retreat and cultivate, aiming to become a quasi-immortal emperor as quickly as possible.

As the Heavenly General took Chu Bai away, Chu Gucheng watched them leave with a slight frown. “If this bow was left by humans, then the imprint I placed on it will naturally detect any fluctuations. However, I still hope my fears are unfounded and that there is no one orchestrating this catastrophe behind the scenes,” he mused, his expression thoughtful.

The conflict between the Demon Realm and Xian Chu was expected to be protracted. It could last as short as a hundred years or extend for ten thousand years, or even longer, with the future remaining uncertain. Currently, Xian Chu was only passively resisting and had yet to mobilize a significant number of troops.

After all, the Demon Court did not receive support from the other demon clan forces in the Endless Demon Realm, so its strength was naturally not on par with that of Xian Chu. However, annihilating the Demon Court was nearly impossible for Xian Chu. The remaining demon clan forces in the Endless Demon Realm would first be unlikely to reach a consensus, and second, the Demon Court had deep roots and an intricate web of alliances that spanned many universes and timelines.

To destroy it would take an estimated time frame of millions, even tens of millions of years. All forces within the Xi Yuan civilization were keenly observing this battle. While the situation seemed chaotic, the larger picture remained clear. They did not believe that the Demon Realm would engage in a prolonged conflict with Xian Chu; the worst outcome would likely be that the Demon Realm



would vent its frustrations and subsequently withdraw its troops. Continuing the fight was not beneficial for either the Demon Realm or Xian Chu, as it would only serve to bolster the position of other forces.

As the days turned into months, the battle raged on. Each day, countless troops from the Demon Court rushed to the battlefield to engage with Xian Chu. The karma rising into the sky resembled crimson smoke, billowing and swirling, engulfing the heavens and blocking out the sun, spreading continuously from the sites of the conflict. The surrounding universe and vast worlds had essentially collapsed, devoid of any signs of life.

In the Tai Yuan Ancient Domain, at Yu Xian Academy on Biluo Peak, Gu Changge slowly opened his eyes, signaling a shift in his plans. "It seems that I have to go there myself," he murmured, contemplation evident in his gaze.

The dean of Yu Xian Academy had been diligently following Gu Changge's instructions to gather information, but after months of effort, there had been no significant progress. The inability of even an immortal emperor to extract any news indicated that there was something profoundly hidden and shrouded in secrecy behind it all.

However, before making the journey to visit Yu Xian Palace in person, Gu Changge had another matter to attend to. The ongoing battle between the Demon Realm and Xian Chu was not unfolding as he had anticipated. He intended to stoke the flames further, adding more fuel to the fire.

During the past few months, Luo Xiang had arrived and taken some secret treasures from him. Armed with these items, she felt confident enough to open the Eternal Treasury. Her visit was brief; she didn't linger or inquire about Gu Changge's affairs, departing with a lightness that suggested she had her own significant pursuits. She estimated that it might take several years to unlock the secrets of the Eternal Treasury.

This time, in order to save time, Luo Xiang deliberately consumed a teleportation relic. However, if she were to rush back again, it would still take some time. Gu Changge was naturally unhurried

about these few years. Although Xian Chu boasted great luck, all karma was concentrated in a single entity.

Yet, Gu Changge had already devised a plan. While Chu Gucheng was indeed clever, he was still progressing according to Gu Changge's carefully laid strategy. Now, a crucial flaw had been left behind—a single point that could lead to disaster. The vast expanse of Xian Chu, seemingly impenetrable, could very well face catastrophic consequences if that one point were to collapse, much like an avalanche triggered by a mere ant's nest.

Gu Changge closed his eyes slightly, focusing on the location of the Sun-Shooting Bow. The imprint left by Chu Gucheng on it radiated a subtle aura. A vague line of cause and effect slowly materialized from nothingness, coalescing into a figure that resembled a younger version of Chu Gucheng, exuding a domineering presence.

“So it's your heir?” Gu Changge opened his eyes, confirming the location indicated by the line of cause and effect. A meaningful smile curled at the corner of his mouth, hinting at the intrigue that lay ahead.

Chapter 1125: I live in the hearts of all spirits in all ages, and I am omnipotent

The border between Xian Chu and the Endless Demon Realm was known as the Scarlet Plateau. This plateau stretched like a spine at the edge of the world, wide and boundless, extending for countless hundreds of millions of miles. On both sides lay abysses shrouded in a bloody mist, where a cold and bleak wind howled year-round.

Cultivators with weaker foundations risked being swept away by the fierce winds, their souls scattered to the void. For those unfortunate enough to fall into the bloody abyss on either side, even the mightiest Immortal Kings would find it nearly impossible to survive.

Now, with the ongoing battle between Xian Chu and the Demon Realm, the bloodshed on the plateau had intensified. Countless Heavenly Soldiers of Xian Chu clashed with the demon army, transforming the land into a river of blood, with corpses strewn everywhere.

This conflict had persisted for nearly half a year. Although both sides had suffered considerable losses, their extensive backgrounds meant that such casualties were far from devastating. The Demon Race was one of the largest and most numerous ethnic groups within the Xi Yuan civilization, ensuring that their resilience in battle remained formidable.

Although the Demon Court did not command all the demon clans, it wielded authority over countless formidable monsters, each with unfathomable strength. Above these great monsters were demon generals, grand demon generals, demon kings, and others, creating a complex hierarchy within the demon army.

The losses incurred by the monster army during this period were far from trivial. High-ranking existences like demon generals and demon kings had not yet fully engaged in battle; instead, they were overseeing the formations and watching from the periphery of the conflict. With their cultivation having reached the level of Immortal Emperor, and even Dao realms, these figures represented the core of each power, making their potential loss a significant blow.

For Xian Chu, the implications of this battle were primarily about managing the threat posed by the Demon Court. In truth, Xian Chu did not aim to instigate a full-blown war with the Demon Court. However, many demon kings within the court felt conflicted; they considered the demon ancestor's aggressive approach unwise, especially given the current circumstances. Yet, the fear instilled by the power of the Demon-Gathering Whistle and the authority of the demon ancestor kept them from openly opposing his orders.

As a result, many demon monarchs refrained from truly engaging in the battle. Even when they faced the forces of Xian Chu, they held back, avoiding injuries and not exerting their full strength.

Di Kun, the Seventh Crown Prince of the Demon Court, stood on the Scarlet Plateau, clad in a black-gold cloak adorned with a golden crow pattern on his sleeves. He gazed at the fierce battle unfolding before him, his expression grim and filled with frustration. "Over the years, my father has been in seclusion, studying the Dao in the Demon Realm, while my elder brother, as a demon emperor, has been so consumed with pursuing power that he neglects to manage the Demon Court. As a result, many demon monarchs have become increasingly fearless toward the court."

He clenched his fists, anger simmering beneath his calm facade. “No wonder Xian Chu shows no mercy this time and adopts such a tough stance. They think they can take advantage of the fact that the Demon Court has become so complacent!”

Among the nine descendants of the Demon Ancestor, Di Kun was ranked seventh, placing him in a position that was neither at the top nor at the bottom. His bloodline talent was not as exceptional as that of his eldest brother or others, and he garnered less favor than his eighth and ninth brothers. Yet, he was the most diligent and hard-working among all the heirs, putting significant effort into his political endeavors. Despite this, he still failed to capture the Demon Ancestor’s attention.

A significant reason Di Kun had grown close to his ninth younger brother, Di Wen, was to attract the Demon Ancestor’s attention during this turbulent time. His strategy had initially been successful; after forging a bond with Di Wen, he had begun to receive the recognition from the Demon Ancestor that he had long sought.

However, with Di Wen’s death, Di Kun feared he would slip back into obscurity, fading from the Demon Ancestor’s sight once more. This thought filled him with unwillingness. He aspired to become a demon emperor, yet every opportunity to showcase his talents seemed to slip through his fingers. Just as he glimpsed a flicker of hope, it had now been extinguished.

“Now that my father is in a furious state, Xian Chu will not shrink back. They refuse to hand over the murderer who killed Di Wen. Meanwhile, the demon kings are either obedient or rebellious, reluctant to fight with their full strength,” Di Kun mused, frustration etched across his face. “My elder brothers are mediocre and incompetent; they rely solely on their bloodline talents without knowing how to utilize their abilities. Now, they’re afraid of Xian Chu and won’t dare to seek revenge for Di Wen.”

A flicker of determination ignited in Di Kun’s eyes. “But perhaps this could be another chance for me.” He felt a surge of resolve as various thoughts raced through his mind. He needed to let the Demon Ancestor unleash his fury while ensuring that Xian Chu paid the painful price they deserved.

Only by taking such decisive action could he distinguish himself from his mediocre older brothers and gain the respect he craved from the Demon Ancestor. His current mission to the Longling Ancient Domain was motivated by this very ambition.

Across the Scarlet Plateau lay another ancient domain of Xian Chu, where many powerful figures were stationed, intimidating the endless demon realm from above. Among them were Dao Realm existences capable of matching Di Kun in strength. Though he had survived six Heavenly Declines, he remained uncertain whether he could truly lead the monster army to successfully capture the opposing side of the Scarlet Plateau.

“Indeed, this is your chance,” a voice suddenly echoed in Di Kun’s mind, its tone difficult to discern as either true or false. The voice was vast and distant, as if it spanned mountains and seas, carrying an eerie calmness devoid of emotional fluctuation.

“Who are you?” Di Kun asked, taken aback by the sudden intrusion. His heart raced as he turned his head to scan the surroundings, a mix of curiosity and fear swirling within him.

On the vast and boundless blood-colored plateau, only the relentless winds of crimson blew, occasionally carrying with them scattered corpses that rolled and fell silently into the abyss. The desolation was palpable, and if not for the startling clarity of the voice resonating in his mind, Di Kun might have doubted his own senses.

Relying on his ability to survive six Heavenly Declines and being on the verge of entering the Ancestral Dao Realm, he could not discern the source of this voice. It eluded him completely, lacking any detectable fluctuations or auras, as if it originated from the depths of his own heart. This unsettling realization sent a tremor through him, mingling his intrigue with an eerie sense of dread.

“It doesn’t matter who I am,” the voice continued, flat and emotionless. “What is important is that I can help you become the Demon Emperor.”

Di Kun's expression shifted, shock and horror mingling in his features as he tried to process the implications. It was clear to him now that this voice was deeply entwined with his own thoughts and desires.

"Help me become a Demon Emperor?" he echoed, struggling to maintain composure as the weight of the words sank in.

"Don't you want to?" The voice seemed to emit an unintelligible chuckle, devoid of genuine warmth or mirth. This only deepened Di Kun's astonishment; such insight was beyond anyone he had encountered, even his own father. How could this presence know his innermost thoughts?

Suppressing his shock, he took a deep breath, striving for calmness. "How did you know what was in my heart?"

"As long as you have desires, I can hear them. I dwell within the hearts of all beings in the world; I am omnipotent," the voice replied, maintaining its flat tone, devoid of any emotional fluctuations.

Chapter 1126: Even the heavenly decline can't keep him in check, Di Kun's desire

"Living in the hearts of all spirits in the world, omnipotent? What kind of existence is this?" Di Kun pondered, his mind racing with questions. Why had this entity chosen to focus on him, and what did it mean for his future?

On the blood-colored plateau, the fierce winds continued to howl, sweeping up countless corpses and bones that lay scattered like a layer of crimson gravel. They gleamed with a strange, bloody beauty, contrasting sharply with the desolation around him.

Di Kun stood in silence, speechless for what felt like an eternity. The voice's words had stirred a tempest within him, leaving him unable to find his footing. The horror he felt was beyond anything

he had ever experienced, akin to a chaotic sky thunder that crashed down on him, shaking his very spirit and nearly bringing him to his knees.

Though the voice had vanished, the chilling sensation lingered, as if his very scalp might erupt from the intensity of the moment. Horror, trembling, disbelief—each emotion coursed through him like an electric current. Nothing he had faced in his life could compare to the sheer terror and awe he felt now.

Di Kun even questioned whether he was trapped in a dream. Was there truly anyone in this world who could claim to be immortal? Even those with powers surpassing the Ancestor level were eventually reduced to dust, swallowed by the relentless march of time and buried in the long river of history. The very notion seemed impossible, yet here he stood, confronted by a voice that transcended all he thought he understood about life and power.

Although his father was powerful and held the title of Demon Ancestor, he was still just an existence within the Ancestral Dao realm. It was likely that he would never reach the supreme realm. In stark contrast, the entity behind the voice had claimed to reside in the hearts of all spirits, entwining itself with the desires of humanity. This revelation suggested that it was a truly immortal being, transcending the very concept of immortality and eternal life as they understood it.

In some smaller worlds, a quasi-Immortal Emperor might perish, yet as long as someone remembered their name and spoke it aloud, they could emerge once more from the annals of history, reappearing across the timelines of past and future. This phenomenon occurred because the passage of time in those smaller realms was shallow, and the establishment of laws and order was remarkably weak. An entire world could be obliterated by external forces at any moment, leaving the constructs of its order and the powers that resided within it vulnerable to the reflections of a higher civilization.

In truth, after departing from that small world, it was impossible for any so-called quasi-Immortal Emperor to possess such near-immortal and indestructible power. In the boundless realms, even beings at the Ancestral Dao level, who possessed knowledge of fate, could not attain this kind of near-immortality. Life eventually waned, and the Dao was ultimately severed.

If the Boundless Realm allowed such incredible power to emerge, the very laws and order governing existence would be thrown into disarray, rendering the concept of such power nonsensical. The notion of “Heavenly Decline” fundamentally doomed all prospects of true immortality. Yet, in this moment, Di Kun felt an overwhelming sense of terror for this very reason.

“As long as there are creatures and desires in the world, he will always exist. Does this mean that even the Heavenly Decline cannot restrain him?” His mind raced with disbelief. “Since the inception of the Boundless Realm, could there truly have been such an existence?”

The thought horrified him, feeling as though he was grappling with a concept far beyond his comprehension. He remained silent on the Scarlet Plateau for an extended time, trying to regain his composure. He could not fathom why the owner of that voice had reached out to him, nor did the voice reveal what he might need to give in return.

“If I were to become a Demon Emperor in my lifetime...” Di Kun’s gaze drifted toward the horizon, his eyes filled with longing. Just as the voice had stated, his desire for the position of Demon Emperor burned more brightly than ever. This ambition surged within him, intertwining with the hope of seizing the chance to stand out amid the chaos and turmoil.

The next moment, Di Kun waved his cloak, his figure flashing as he quickly departed from the Scarlet Plateau, racing toward the location the voice had indicated.

At the same time, in the Southern Wilderness Ancient Domain, a place not aligned with any specific faction, it stood as one of the few neutral and chaotic areas within the Xi Yuan civilization. Each ancient domain had its unique characteristics; some smaller domains spanned several universes, intertwining multiple timelines and spaces, while others, like the Southern Wilderness, were expansive territories that encompassed numerous large universes and worlds.

Even a cultivator at the level of the Immortal King would require hundreds of years, if not longer, to traverse its vast expanses. True to its name, the Southern Wilderness Ancient Domain was filled with wild ancient forests and rolling mountains, dotted with only a few faintly recognizable ancient cities. Legend had it that this land once served as the mountain gate for one of the most powerful sects of ancient times.



Although the Prosperous Era had long since faded, leaving only dilapidated ruins behind, remnants of its former glory could still be found. Scattered throughout the domain were broken space-time cracks that concealed ancient caves and secret realms. For young cultivators from the major forces within the Xi Yuan civilization, this land offered an exceptional environment for cultivation, rich with opportunities for growth and discovery.

Every day, countless cultivators and souls flocked to this place, eager to explore and seize opportunities. Even Dao Realm existences occasionally graced the domain, seeking rare materials or spiritual treasures hidden within.

Zigui City, the largest and oldest settlement in the Southern Wilderness Ancient Domain, resembled an ancient star, proudly standing at the heart of this wild and primitive continent. Surrounding it was a landscape bathed in heavenly light, with vast and boundless lakes teeming with dense spiritual energy. Colorful mist swirled through the air, while fierce beasts made their lairs among the towering mountains and ancient peaks.

Among the mountains, divine chariots and bustling caravans traversed the paths, transporting supplies from various corners of the Southern Wilderness Ancient Domain toward Zigui City.

At this moment, a spacious business road leading to Zigui City echoed with the thunderous sound of horseshoes, stirring up clouds of dust that filled the sky. A long caravan, laden with goods, was en route. At the forefront, dozens of knights rode majestic beasts, their ancestral bloodlines evident in the gleaming scales and formidable horns of their mounts, tasked with protecting the caravan that followed closely behind.

The savage beasts pulling the heavy loads boasted extraordinary lineage, their powerful bloodlines exuding a thunderous aura that stirred the hearts of those nearby. Clearly, this caravan hailed from an exceptional origin. The goods, meticulously packed within treasure chests, concealed something special inside, with storage capacities rivaling those of warships.

“I heard the secret realm of Wanzang has emerged from beyond the world,” a young man in brocade attire remarked, a piece of grass casually hanging from his mouth. Leaning against the carriage, he folded his hands behind his back, crossed his legs, and wore a rebellious and cynical expression.

“Young cultivators from all major forces are racing to Zigui City, eager to access the Wanzang secret realm. I’ve gathered information; the person you’re looking for is likely there too.”

Beside the brocade-clad young man stood a servant, whose rolling eyes hinted at mischief as he whispered something in response.

Chapter 1127: The Youngest Son of Chu Gucheng, the Wanzang Secret Realm

The caravan rumbled forward, stirring up smoke and dust along the official road. Each savage beast was clad in scales and armor, swallowing clouds and fog, with their feet glowing brightly, giving them an appearance both imposing and grotesque.

As they passed, cultivators and creatures alike carefully avoided the scene, not daring to obstruct their path. The official road leading to Zigui City was expansive, and many caravans traveled it daily from all directions. However, caravans escorted by knights as powerful as true immortals were rare, a testament to the caravan’s distinguished status.

A man dressed in brocade lounged lazily against the rearmost carriage, a piece of dogtail grass hanging from the corner of his mouth. His carefree and laid-back demeanor would have been unremarkable, had it not been for the cynical expression on his face.

“The Southern Wilderness Ancient Domain is becoming more and more lively. It’s no surprise I’ve seen so many disciples from major sects along the way, including some stunning fairies among them,” he mused. “Yet, none have truly caught my eye. While they are all quite beautiful, compared to the true heavenly beauties I’ve encountered, they seem somewhat ordinary.”

He paused for a moment before adding, “Although Fairy Qingwei from the Ziwei Sect might make the list. They say she’s the number one beauty of the sect, but I’m not fond of that kind of dullness.”

The young man beside him, dressed like an attendant, shook his head in regret at the brocade-clad man’s remarks.

The servant at his side was no longer surprised by his master’s musings and smiled in agreement. “After all, Master has encountered countless women. How could ordinary, common ones catch your eye? But with the opening of the Wanzang Secret Realm, I hear that many top disciples will be gathering. Among them, there are several famous beauties, including Zi Susu from Zixiao Mountain. Perhaps then you’ll find someone who suits your taste.”

Upon hearing this, the man in brocade smiled again, spitting out the dogtail grass he had been chewing on. “I’ve heard of Zi Susu from Zixiao Mountain. It’s said she’s the top beauty of the sect. Although I’ve only seen her portrait, she indeed appears to be an exceptional beauty.”

As he spoke, he retrieved a finely crafted folding fan from his pocket and opened it with a graceful flick. This man was Chu Xiao, the youngest son of Chu Gucheng, the current lord of Xian Chu.

It was a time of celebration as his father’s 130th birthday approached. However, Chu Xiao had quietly slipped away from Xian Chu under the pretense of searching for a unique birthday gift. In reality, he was simply bored with life in the city and yearned to travel and explore the world.

Chu Xiao fancied himself a romantic and had harbored great ambitions since childhood. He had made a lofty vow to gather all the most beautiful women in the world. Back in Xian Chu, he had even recruited young beauties from across the universe, ranking them based on appearance, talent, and family background. Armed with his powerful lineage and status, he aspired to bring all those ranked on the list into his mansion.

The release of that “stunning beauty list” had caused quite a sensation in Xian Chu, sparking lively discussions among countless cultivators and creatures. The list became the subject of gossip, fueling interest and excitement.

Eventually, even Chu Xiao's father, Chu Gucheng, was alerted. Furious, he summoned his rebellious son, wondering how he—a man renowned for his wisdom—could have fathered such a lustful, frivolous, and domineering child. Naturally, Chu Gucheng put a stop to the whole affair, and Chu Xiao faced a stern scolding, forcing him to rein in his behavior somewhat.

Still, Chu Xiao was the young master of Xian Chu. Though the incident was embarrassing, no one dared to criticize him openly. Besides, his mother and many of his siblings adored him, so the matter was quickly forgotten.

However, Chu Xiao wasn't content with merely ranking the beauties of Xian Chu. His ambitions soon turned toward the vast, unexplored territories of the Xi Yuan civilization. After all, Xian Chu was only one part of the immense and boundless Xi Yuan civilization, which housed countless powerful factions. Who could even begin to count all the beauties out there?

Reflecting on his earlier efforts, Chu Xiao realized that his vision had been too narrow. Thus, he decided to journey across the entirety of Xi Yuan civilization, hoping to encounter all the world's beauties along the way.

He hoped that one day he could create a list of the truly exceptional talents of the Xi Yuan civilization, fulfilling the dream he had nurtured since childhood. "Zi Susu from Zixiao Mountain, the girl from Guangming Temple..." Chu Xiao's eyes gleamed with excitement at the thought of these celestial beauties he had long heard about.

"But young master, don't forget the purpose of this trip, or the madam will scold you when you return," the servant, looking cautious, suddenly reminded him in a low voice.

Chu Xiao nodded, smiling. "Of course, I haven't forgotten. How could I?"

“The Tianxin Ruyi I acquired at the auction was taken from the Wanzang Secret Realm. As for the remaining Tianxin Ruyi, it must also be hidden within that realm.”

The Wanzang Secret Realm was a highly renowned domain in the Southern Wilderness Ancient Domain, known for its periodic appearances. Whenever it manifested, it attracted a vast number of cultivators and creatures, all drawn by the opportunities and hidden treasures concealed within its depths. The very name of the secret realm spoke to the multitude of possibilities it held.

This time, when news of the Wanzang Secret Realm’s reappearance spread, it caused a major stir. Many disciples from the great sects and powerful forces of the Xi Yuan civilization flocked to the region, hoping to seize a share of the wealth and treasures it might offer. There were countless rumors and legends surrounding the Wanzang Secret Realm, further fueling the excitement.

It was said that the Wanzang Secret Realm was the remnant of the most powerful force that once ruled all the universes surrounding the Southern Wilderness Ancient Domain. This mighty force fell apart for unknown reasons, leaving behind its vast foundations, too immense to be relocated, which were buried in the void.

As countless epochs passed, the void eventually fractured, creating a portal to the outside world, leading to the birth of the Wanzang Secret Realm. These were the records and rumors about the realm that circulated throughout the Southern Wilderness Ancient Domain.

Chu Xiao had left Xian Chu under the guise of searching for a birthday gift for his father, and the Tianxin Ruyi—a pair of mystical treasures—was the present he sought. Unfortunately, despite spending a great deal of money, he had only managed to acquire one half of the pair at an auction.

The complete Tianxin Ruyi was rumored to have been crafted by capturing the Tianxin imprint of an ancient world, imbuing it with profound powers of fortune and creation. After conducting further inquiries, Chu Xiao discovered that the Tianxin Ruyi he obtained at auction originated from the Wanzang Secret Realm.

As Chu Xiao and his servant continued their conversation, the caravan neared Zigui City, their destination. This caravan had been a convenient find for Chu Xiao, as its route coincidentally aligned with his own journey to Zigui City.

Chapter 1128: The Grateful Zi Yunchuan, Just Happened to the Rescue

As for the caravan, Chu Xiao had no knowledge of the cargo it was transporting. Outside, he rarely revealed his identity and tried to avoid causing trouble. This was a lesson instilled in him by his father since childhood; after all, being outside was different from being in Xian Chu, and Chu Xiao was well aware of this.

“I heard that in Zigui City, there is a Lin Shuixuan, which is affiliated with the Tianxiang Sect. When I arrive in Zigui City, I must go and see it.”

The majestic and towering city gate loomed like an immortal mountain, exuding chaotic light that faintly revealed its outline. Seeing this, Chu Xiao couldn't help but fan himself, a smile spreading across his face. The Tianxiang Sect was a renowned ancient power in the Xi Yuan civilization, known for accepting only female disciples while emphasizing short periods of cultivation and timely enjoyment. Lin Shuixuan was a romantic spot under the Tianxiang Sect where female disciples often went to refine their hearts.

Upon hearing this, the servant beside Chu Xiao displayed a hint of excitement in his eyes. Being by Chu Xiao's side naturally came with its perks, including the occasional indulgence.

...

Zigui City was an awe-inspiring sight, resembling an ancient star of life set against a wild and primitive landscape. Surrounding it, immortal fog billowed, lakes flowed one after another, and multicolored water mist hung in the air, creating a scene rich in romance. The city itself was vast, filled with numerous buildings and pavilions. Ancient sacred mountains rose in the depths, bathed in sunlight, while silver waterfalls cascaded down, seemingly descending from the heavens.

On the ancient streets, cultivators and living beings came and went, their figures blurred in the bustle. Chariots and ancient beasts laden with goods could be seen everywhere.

“Brother Gu’s teacher must be extraordinary; otherwise, how could he mentor someone like Brother Gu?” one voice remarked.

“If I have the chance in the future, I will definitely pay a visit.”

At that moment, in the center of Zigui City, on the broadest ancient street, a group of people was making their way through the crowd. The speaker was a tall and handsome man dressed in a purple robe. He wore a purple gold crown on his head, exuding a majestic aura as he walked like a dragon and moved like a tiger. Purple mist occasionally flickered in his eyes, giving him an unusual appearance.

Behind him trailed many men and women of the same age, all his followers. They represented various races, their auras particularly strong, with the weakest among them being an immortal king. Although these individuals appeared young, they were actually hundreds of thousands of years old. Compared to other cultivators of the same realm, they were “younger,” belonging to the elite of the younger generation.

The purple-robed man naturally radiated an aura of nobility, yet he was currently smiling and engaging in friendly conversation with the young man in white beside him, his words kind and courteous.

“My sect is not worth mentioning. On the contrary, Brother Zi comes from Zixiao Mountain, which surprises me.”

“Brother Zi has never mentioned this before. If you hadn’t come to Zigui City, I would have remained oblivious to it.”

The young man in white was even taller and more handsome than the one in purple, his shiny black hair and immortal-like features making him stand out. His facial features were clean and striking, as if sculpted from flawless immortal jade, and even women would feel envy at his looks. He smiled slightly, his tone slightly teasing.

“Brother Gu is joking; it’s not in my capacity. If you hadn’t rescued me back then, I might not be here now.”

Hearing this, the man in the purple robe shook his head and smiled, though a hint of pride lingered in his eyes. His name was Zi Yunchuan, a core disciple of Zixiao Mountain with an extremely noble status; his mother was the granddaughter of the current master of Zixiao Mountain. Zixiao Mountain stood among the most powerful forces in the Xi Yuan civilization, rivaled only by the likes of Xi Yuan Temple, the Endless Demon Realm, and Yuxian Palace.

Given Zi Yunchuan’s identity, he had every reason to be proud. Among his generation of Zixiao Mountain disciples, his innate strength placed him in the top five, with few able to rival him. In Zigui City, no one else could compare to his status.

Yet, even so, Zi Yunchuan was exceptionally polite to the young man in white beside him. Despite appearing younger, this young man’s strength was unfathomable, making him completely unpredictable. From Zi Yunchuan’s perspective, it was possible that the young man in white was already a young immortal emperor.

Of course, the two had only known each other for a short time. Their acquaintance was born out of coincidence. Zi Yunchuan had come to Zigui City for the Wanzang secret realm, which was about to open outside the world. On the way, he and his followers encountered an extremely rare space-time rift, nearly falling into it.

This space-time rift was not a simple one; the other side was rumored to be a lawless and bizarre place. There, no laws or orders would apply. Regardless of one’s power or the number of protective



treasures at their disposal, it would be futile. In that moment, Zi Yunchuan found himself on the brink of being trapped and dying.

He couldn't fathom why he had been so unlucky to encounter such a rare space-time rift, one that was scarcely seen for tens of millions of years. Before he could even call for his guardian, half of his body had already begun to fall into it. As despair washed over him, he realized he was about to be submerged by the rift.

At that critical moment, the young man in white appeared in the distance, rushing to their rescue despite the danger of falling into the rift himself. Afterward, Zi Yunchuan and the others were exceedingly grateful. Naturally, they were also very curious about the origins of the young man in white. Rescuing them from such a perilous situation was no small feat.

However, Zi Yunchuan refrained from asking too many questions, respecting the other party's privacy. After all, who in this world didn't have their own secrets? When the young man had rescued them, he acted without hesitation, even sacrificing several extremely rare treasures in the process. Zi Yunchuan remembered this kindness vividly.

Later, he learned that this mysterious young man in white, who bore the surname Gu, happened to be on the same path as them, also heading to Zigui City for the Wanzang secret realm. So, they continued their journey together, leading to the current scene.

Chapter 1129: No one is better than me, or from a taboo and weird place

The young man in white standing in front of Zi Yunchuan was none other than Gu Changge, who had recently left Yu Xian Academy. During this time, he first traveled to the Endless Demon Realm, where he met Di Kun, the Seventh Prince of the Demon Court, who harbored a deep hatred for Xian Chu. Although Di Kun had not been informed about the descendants of Chu Gucheng, he still provided Gu Changge with a rough orientation.

Di Kun harbored grand ambitions, but his talents fell short, and he was not valued by the demon ancestors. He sought to control the demon court and restore the glory it once had over the demon realm. Such a person was ideally suited to be a pawn in Gu Changge's plans.

Despite the ongoing conflict between Xian Chu and the Demon Realm, Gu Changge viewed this as little more than a confrontation, not a true battle. His dissatisfaction with the current state of affairs motivated him to secretly fuel the flames of war, spreading them deeper and wider.

In fact, with Gu Changge's current strength, he had no need to tread carefully. However, due to various considerations, he refrained from taking direct action. Regardless of how chaotic the situation in the Xi Yuan Civilization became, it was far from disintegrating at the slightest touch. If he revealed himself too soon, even if he managed to subdue the Xi Yuan civilization, it would attract countermeasures from the other supreme civilizations in the vast world. Such consequences would outweigh any potential gains and could trigger numerous subsequent reactions.

Otherwise, Gu Changge wouldn't have wanted to waste time like this; pushing directly would have been simple and straightforward.

"Is this the first time Brother Gu has appeared? I have never heard of any power in the Xi Yuan Civilization that has a young existence with such unfathomable strength as you," Zi Yunchuan remarked.

"Now I can say I have increased my knowledge. It's clear that there is a sky beyond the sky, and there are people beyond people."

At that moment, Zi Yunchuan retracted his thoughts, unable to suppress a sigh of admiration, though he wasn't sure if it was genuine or merely flattery. He believed Gu Changge must be the contemporary successor of a hidden force. While the most powerful forces, such as Zixiao Mountain and Yu Xian Palace, were well-known, it didn't mean that the Xi Yuan civilization lacked other forces that could stand alongside them.

For instance, some forbidden and mysterious places had been hidden from the world for millennia, places even Zixiao Mountain and Xi Yuan Temple would regard with caution. Zi Yunchuan speculated that Gu Changge likely came from such a place, as it was there that one could cultivate a transcendent and unfathomable young existence like him.

“For the first time? Perhaps that could be said,” Gu Changge replied with a noncommittal smile.

It was indeed his first time appearing in such a manner within the Xi Yuan civilization. That was true. The Zi Yunchuan before him had been deliberately placed in danger by Gu Changge, who had then coincidentally come to his rescue. Otherwise, how could Zi Yunchuan have been so unfortunate as to encounter the rumored space-time rift connecting to a lawless land?

Gu Changge’s purpose in orchestrating this was to facilitate his own future identity and presence within the Xi Yuan civilization. How Zi Yunchuan chose to make amends was entirely his own business. Yu Xian Academy had already fallen under Gu Changge’s control, alleviating any concerns about Zhou Yuanyi and others who had seen his true face.

Upon hearing Gu Changge’s words, Zi Yunchuan adopted a thoughtful expression and, with a hint of emotion, asked, “I had an inkling it would be like this. I wonder how strong you are, Brother Gu, among the forces behind you?”

He was genuinely curious, after all; the rumored forbidden and strange places were shrouded in mystery.

Even a powerful force like Zixiao Mountain knew very little about those forbidden and strange places. It was said that before the ancient era, a founding patriarch-level existence from Yu Xian Palace sought the supreme realm. He ventured to explore those enigmatic locations, aiming to unravel the mysteries and seek the truth, but after that, no one knew where he went or what he found.

In addition to methods of extinction, there were rumors that those taboo and strange places also contained methods of supreme guidance that could connect with the true realm. These places had

existed for an extremely long time, tracing back to before the founding of the Xi Yuan Temple. Moreover, Zi Yunchuan had heard that within those taboo areas, there was a high likelihood of encountering dormant existences linked to the source of the black disaster that had plagued the vast world prior to the ancient epoch.

Such mysterious tales filled Zi Yunchuan with awe toward those forbidden places.

“Oh? My strength?” Gu Changge seemed taken aback by Zi Yunchuan’s question. He smiled slightly, pondered for a moment, and then replied, “No one is better than me.”

Hearing this, Zi Yunchuan let out a sigh of relief and smiled in response. “I knew Brother Gu’s background would definitely not be as simple as you suggested.”

He was well aware of his own limitations and understood that, regardless of his efforts, he could not compete with Gu Changge. Knowing that Gu Changge was second to none among the forces behind him eased Zi Yunchuan’s mind. He was, after all, one of the strongest individuals in Zixiao Mountain. The thought of an ordinary person being far stronger than him was hard to accept.

Of course, Zi Yunchuan assumed that when Gu Changge claimed no one was his opponent, he was referring to his peers, and he didn’t think much deeper than that.

The wide ancient street was bustling with people. Gu Changge and Zi Yunchuan walked side by side, followed by a group of followers as they made their way into the city. Zi Yunchuan wore a smile, as though he and Gu Changge were enjoying an engaging conversation.

Many cultivators and creatures in Zigui City recognized Zi Yunchuan as one of the most powerful geniuses of Zixiao Mountain today and a direct descendant of its master. Their surprise and curiosity grew as they observed the identity of the young man accompanying him. After all,

someone who could command such attention from Zi Yunchuan undoubtedly held a significant status.

From Gu Changge's demeanor and expression, it was evident that he exuded an air of casualness, seemingly indifferent to Zi Yunchuan's status. This left many cultivators both startled and intrigued, leading them to speculate about Gu Changge's background.

"I share a deep friendship with Fairy Caiyun from the Tianxiang Sect. She has already arrived in Zigui City and is currently at Lin Shuixuan. She has booked a private room, and I plan to visit her later," Zi Yunchuan said. "I wonder if Brother Gu would honor me by accompanying me. It just so happens that some well-known geniuses will also be present."

Zigui City was vast, spanning millions of miles, with buildings and palaces stretching endlessly, radiant in brilliance and illuminated by the sky. In the Xi Yuan civilization, a young genius like Zi Yunchuan enjoyed an extremely noble status, and they were all interconnected within a small, elite circle.

With the appearance of the secret realm, some individuals who had arrived earlier had already organized a banquet, awaiting their arrival, and planned a small gathering before departing for the secret realm. At that moment, Zi Yunchuan spoke with anticipation, extending an invitation for Gu Changge to join him.

Chapter 1130: The land of moon and wind, the dignified Xian Chu's top dude

Although their small group seemed united, there was an underlying competition among them. Zi Yunchuan intentionally brought Gu Changge along to show off and let others know that he had met a young existence emerging from such a place. The appearance of the Wanzang secret realm attracted not only the disciples of Zixiao Mountain but also many powerful forces, including Guangming Temple, Buddha Kingdom, Yu Xian Palace, and others. There were also a myriad of other forces, some slightly weaker and some more powerful, too numerous to count.

All these forces aimed to compete for a wordless scripture within the Wanzang secret realm. Though referred to as a scripture without words, it was actually a heavenly book handed down from an unknown age. It had been damaged for some reason and scattered into many separate pages. A long time ago, a certain force acquired one of the pages and, at great cost, analyzed it. They discovered that this wordless scripture was related to a type of supreme invocation method, recording a very mysterious secret path. For those in the Dao realm, it held significant value and could aid them in confirming their Dao Dharma and the path ahead.

This scripture was a truly priceless treasure, and powerful forces like Zixiao Mountain were determined to obtain it at all costs. Thus, when the Wanzang secret realm appeared again, various forces sent their young disciples, all eager to seize the remaining pages of the wordless scripture.

Of course, the Wanzang secret realm harbored many other opportunities and fortunes, not just the wordless scriptures. Moreover, the formation method of the Wanzang secret realm was very peculiar; even cultivators in the Dao Realm dared not rush in. There had been instances where Dao Realm existences had met tragic ends within it. The laws inside seemed to have been refined by some powerful Daoist force, and if they were fully restored, they could easily suppress and eliminate ordinary Daoist beings.

This was also why the most powerful forces and great sects sent their younger generations to explore the secret realm instead of their strongest Daoist existences.

Gu Changge did not decline Zi Yunchuan's invitation. His main purpose in coming to Zigui City was to instigate hatred between the Demon Realm and Xian Chu. Such matters were trivial; it mattered little whether he accepted or declined. Although the death of the Ninth Prince of the Demon Court had enraged the entire court, Gu Changge regrettably overestimated the current deterrent power of the demon ancestors. The group of demons obeyed and defied orders, and they did not count as truly working for their interests. Consequently, Gu Changge could only change his approach and provoke Xian Chu into taking the initiative against the Demon Court. Di Kun, the Seventh Prince of the Demon Court, was a crucial pawn in this scheme.

Lin Shuixuan was situated along an open river named Zigui in Zigui City. Today, the sky was gloomy, and twilight lingered. Dragon boats and jade boats glided along the riverbank, piercing the calm waters. Bean-like lights scattered across the scene, while the melodious sound of silk and

bamboo instruments filled the air. The piano's enchanting tunes mingled with the mist, and clouds swirled, creating an ethereal atmosphere that resembled a paradise on earth.

Inside Lin Shuixuan, exquisite music floated through the air—mellow and serene, it intoxicated the listeners. The melodies resembled the music of the Nine Heavens, captivating hearts and cleansing souls. This establishment belonged to the renowned Tianxiang Sect within the Xi Yuan civilization. Despite its romantic allure, ordinary cultivators were not permitted entry, regardless of their wealth or power; it depended on one's background.

Disciples from the Tianxiang Sect often appeared in Lin Shuixuan to cultivate within the mortal realm. This led to frequent encounters and entanglements with disciples from many great sects, creating numerous connections and fateful interactions. Surrounding Lin Shuixuan was also a lively area filled with the ambiance of romance. Even before nightfall, melodious sounds wafted from the dragon boats and jade boats, creating an enchanting atmosphere.

Many cultivators who came to Zigui City sought enjoyment at Lin Shuixuan.

“Zi Yunchuan from Zixiao Mountain is also here...”

“It seems he must be here for Lin Shuixuan.”

“Before, I saw Zhao Tianfan from Lingshen Cave and the miss from Guangming Temple; I guessed these disciples from the most powerful sects would certainly gather here.”

“I just wonder about the identity of the young man in white whom Zi Yunchuan personally accompanied. Someone mentioned that Zi Yunchuan appeared very polite to him.”

The riverbank was not very wide, adorned with beautiful trees and peculiar stones on the other side. Many cultivators paused to look enviously as they passed by. At this moment, discussions buzzed among the crowd, filled with surprise and intrigue.

“It looks like tonight will be lively, with people from Zixiao Mountain and Lingshen Cave present.”

“I wonder if Zi Susu, the number one beauty in Zixiao Mountain, will have a chance to make an appearance.”

Not far away, Chu Xiao wore a cynical expression as he hurried toward Lin Shuixuan, accompanied by the boy named Chu Xiaoer. The conversations around him piqued his interest.

“Master, I heard that Lin Shuixuan will be hard to enter tonight. Unless you reveal your identity, we might be stopped outside,” Chu Xiaoer said, a hint of worry in his voice. He had already learned that Lin Shuixuan would host many distinguished guests tonight, making entry difficult even for some notable disciples.

Chu Xiao curled his lips in disdain and replied indifferently, “It’s not difficult; at worst, we’ll just throw some more treasures around.”

Although he had been advised against bullying others to avoid unnecessary enemies and trouble, Chu Xiao had always been accustomed to arrogance and dominance. While he had shown some restraint compared to before, being stopped outside a place bustling with romance was something he couldn’t tolerate. After all, he was the number one dude of Xian Chu. Being denied entry in a place known for its allure would be a laughingstock.

Chu Xiaoer was well aware of his young master’s extravagant habits and wealth. “But, young master, could it cause trouble if people guess your identity?” he asked with concern.

Chu Xiao waved his hands dismissively. “What trouble could there be in Zigui City? Do you think Zi Yunchuan, Zhao Tianfan, and the others even know me?”



Hearing this, Chu Xiaoer considered his words and nodded in agreement. The young master loved beauties but rarely caused any actual trouble. Since people like Zi Yunchuan and Zhao Tianfan had never met him, it was unlikely they would suspect anything.

Soon, the master and servant approached Lin Shuixuan but were intercepted at the door by a few beautiful women dressed in strikingly flamboyant attire. Chu Xiao was not surprised; he casually tossed a few divine artifacts their way. The women's expressions changed instantly, as they recognized the immense value of the artifacts. Especially given Chu Xiao's youth, their demeanor shifted to one of respect. They dared not pry too deeply into his identity and instead led the way, ushering him inside.

Once inside, Chu Xiao smiled and began to inquire about the outstanding beauties of Lin Shuixuan, his eyes gleaming with curiosity and desire.