

Villain 1141

Chapter 1141: If you don't kneel down and apologize to me, Uncle Fu's heart is terrified

“The Dao Realm existence...”

The moment Uncle Fu appeared, shock rippled through the cultivators and creatures in Zigui City. No one had anticipated that beside Chu Xiao stood a figure of such power. It was clear why he had been so confident, seemingly unafraid of the repercussions for his reckless actions.

“What happened today was my young master's fault. I apologize on his behalf and will compensate you for all the losses he has caused,” Uncle Fu declared, cutting off any further words from Chu Xiao. His gaze swept across the crowd, emanating an air of authority that left no room for dissent. Given his status, no one dared to refuse his offer.

Chu Xiao snorted coldly, irritation flickering in his eyes at Uncle Fu's intervention, but he held his tongue, knowing better than to argue in front of such a powerful figure.

Zi Yunchuan, Zhao Tianfan, Fairy Cai Yun, and the others exchanged glances, their expressions darkening. The revelation of a Dao realm expert by Chu Xiao's side left them feeling both astonished and resentful. Uncle Fu's indifference to their plight was palpable, and while he offered an apology and a promise of compensation, his tone and demeanor suggested he viewed the incident as a mere inconvenience.

Despite their grievances, the assembled cultivators and disciples dared not voice their discontent. A Dao realm existence was a being of immense power, standing at the pinnacle of Xi Yuan civilization. Offending him was not an option they could consider. The atmosphere thickened with unspoken tension, a mix of anger and fear that lingered in the air.

Even with their high status and talents, none of the cultivators present could be certain they would one day attain the Dao Realm. Unlike Chu Xiao, they had no powerful Dao Realm protectors at their side, sent by the forces behind them to ensure their safety.

After Uncle Fu finished speaking, his attention shifted to Gu Changge. The other cultivators and creatures in Zigui City were of no concern to him; only Gu Changge remained unpredictable, his identity a mystery. He had observed the entire conflict between Chu Xiao and Gu Changge. Though Gu Changge's actions had been forceful, it was clear that Chu Xiao had instigated the situation.

"It's just a girl. For the two of you, there's no need to escalate this matter so far," Uncle Fu said. "However, my young master was indeed in the wrong today. I offer my apologies to you, young master."

He adhered to the philosophy of avoiding unnecessary conflict and was sincere in his apology. Given his status and strength as a Dao Realm existence, his words were intended to diffuse the situation with humility, showing great respect by apologizing to someone much younger. He believed that Gu Changge would not press the issue further.

But Gu Changge's response was far from what Uncle Fu had anticipated. "Oh, an apology is all it takes?" Gu Changge smiled lightly, as though completely unsurprised by Uncle Fu's appearance behind Chu Xiao.

Hearing this, Chu Xiao's face darkened with anger. "You..." he started, but Uncle Fu's expression also shifted slightly. As a Dao Realm expert, Uncle Fu had humbled himself by personally apologizing, yet Gu Changge's refusal to accept it left him both surprised and uneasy.

"I don't know what it would take to satisfy this young master?" Uncle Fu suppressed the displeasure building within him and asked in a calm tone.

Gu Changge's response was laced with indifference and amusement. "I'm not unreasonable. However, if you have your young master kneel down and apologize, perhaps then I won't make a big deal out of this." His voice was casual, yet the words carried a heavy weight.

Zi Yunchuan, Zhao Tianfan, Fairy Cai Yun, and the others were visibly shaken by Gu Changge's audacity. None of them had expected him to remain so dismissive in the presence of a Dao Realm expert. His disregard for Uncle Fu's status and Chu Xiao's position left them stunned.

Uncle Fu's expression darkened, his gaze sharpening as it fixed on Gu Changge. "This is going too far," he said coldly.

Chu Xiao, on the other hand, was livid. To see Uncle Fu, who held such a lofty status, apologize so humbly was already unthinkable to him. Yet, Gu Changge remained unfazed, demanding Chu Xiao to kneel. This was no longer just an insult—it was an outright humiliation, an attempt to trample on his pride.

"It seems this young master is determined not to let this matter rest?" Uncle Fu's tone grew colder, and his gaze hardened. He could now see clearly that Gu Changge had no intention of backing down. Despite Uncle Fu's sincerity, Gu Changge sought to disgrace Chu Xiao further.

Chu Xiao, as the most cherished son of the ruler of Xian Chu, held an esteemed position. For him to kneel and apologize in public would be an affront to not only his dignity but to the entire Xian Chu lineage.

Gu Changge chuckled indifferently. "What now? Do you plan on forcing me?" he asked, his voice calm but with a faint mocking edge.

The moment his words fell, an eerie change swept through the air. The night sky, once illuminated by the moon, suddenly darkened as if all light had been snuffed out. A massive figure, cloaked in a black robe, materialized from the sky. Its hollow eye sockets flickered with strange, ominous flames, and a bone-chilling aura radiated from its towering form, sending a wave of dread rippling through the onlookers.

“My lord...” The tall, black-robed figure glanced indifferently at Chu Xiao and Uncle Fu, then respectfully took his place behind Gu Changge.

This figure, known as the Bone Ancestor, had actually arrived in Xi Yuan civilization several days earlier. However, in order to maintain secrecy, Gu Changge had not allowed him to openly accompany him. Now that Gu Changge was traversing the Southern Wilderness Ancient Domain, it was the perfect time for the Bone Ancestor to reveal himself.

“It’s another Dao Realm existence...” Zi Yunchuan, Zhao Tianfan, Fairy Cai Yun, and the others were utterly shocked. The black-robed figure exuded a more terrifying aura than Uncle Fu, as if his very presence could crush the heavens and destroy the universe. His calm, deep gaze alone felt as if it could freeze time itself.

The cultivators and creatures observing from afar were equally horrified. Two Dao Realm beings appearing in Zigui City was beyond their wildest expectations.

Chu Xiao, who had been relying on Uncle Fu’s presence, now felt a wave of disbelief and unease. He had always believed his position was unique, with Uncle Fu secretly guarding him because of his special status. But now, Gu Changge stood before him with an even more formidable Dao Realm being, and the respect the Bone Ancestor showed toward Gu Changge was unmistakable. It was the deference of a servant to his master.

This realization made it hard for Chu Xiao to process the situation. His confidence, already shaken, was now teetering.

Uncle Fu, meanwhile, wore an expression of intense heaviness. The oppressive aura from the black-robed figure was overwhelming. It was clear to him that this was no ordinary Dao Realm existence—perhaps this figure had even reached the level of an Ancestral Dao being. The mere thought made

Uncle Fu feel the pressure mount, knowing that he stood little chance against such a terrifying opponent.

“What is the origin of this young man in white...” Uncle Fu felt a surge of terror within him, his earlier calm demeanor now shattered. He had initially believed that his appearance would help resolve the situation, but he quickly realized that Gu Changge’s background was far more formidable than he had anticipated.

Could it be that he emerged from those taboo and enigmatic places? The thought rattled Uncle Fu. Otherwise, how could he possibly explain Gu Changge’s identity and origins?

Chapter 1142: In the face of the Lord of Xian Chu, a good show is about to be staged

Many thoughts raced through Uncle Fu’s mind, fearing that the situation would continue to worsen. The circumstances in Xian Chu were already unfavorable, and it wasn’t the right time to make new enemies. He immediately cupped his hands and said, “Young master, what happened tonight was our young master’s fault. I sincerely apologize once again.”

“My young master is from Xian Chu, and his father is the current ruler of Immortal Chu Haotu. I hope you can consider our lord’s position and overlook my young master’s offense.”

As soon as these words were spoken, the expressions of all the cultivators and creatures present shifted. Amidst their astonishment, they suddenly understood.

No wonder Chu Xiao, despite his young age, could act so domineering—it turned out his father was one of the most powerful figures in the Xi Yuan civilization today.

“I see,” murmured Zi Yunchuan, Zhao Tianfan, and the others, their expressions subtly changing as they recalled some rumors about Xian Chu.

Xian Chu's current ruler, Chu Gucheng, had a son a few years ago. Could this young man in front of them be Chu Xiao?

Chu Xiao, on the other hand, was deeply dissatisfied with Uncle Fu's deferential tone. However, being imprisoned and unable to move or speak, he could only clench his fists tightly, his eyes cold and brimming with resentment.

If his sister were here, would she allow him to be wronged like this?

"Oh, so he's the heir of the current king of Xian Chu? No wonder he's so arrogant," Gu Changge remarked with a hint of surprise after hearing this. He repeated the name "Xian Chu" softly, then smiled lightly and said, "But since he's the heir of Lord Xian Chu, I'll be magnanimous this time and let it go. After all, I might visit Xian Chu myself one day."

Hearing Gu Changge's words, Uncle Fu finally breathed a sigh of relief. He had no choice but to reveal Xian Chu's background; otherwise, the situation tonight would not have been resolved so peacefully.

"Thank you for your grace, my lord. When this old man returns to Xian Chu, I will be sure to inform the lord of this. At that time, all of Xian Chu will welcome you," Uncle Fu said, cupping his hands in respect. He didn't dwell on Gu Changge's words, assuming only that he might visit in the future.

With that, he wasted no time, grabbed Chu Xiao and Chu Xiao'er, transformed into a beam of light, and left the scene. As for any compensation afterward, that was not his responsibility to handle.

Once Uncle Fu's figure vanished, the Bone Ancestor beside Gu Changge also disappeared into the indistinct void, as if he had never been there. Many of the cultivators and creatures nearby seemed to come back to life at that moment.

Zi Yunchuan, Zhao Tianfan, and Fairy Cai Yun, who had been standing close to Gu Changge, also let out a breath of relief, cold sweat visible on their backs. The terrifying pressure from the appearance of two Dao Realm beings had been suffocating, leaving everyone struggling to breathe.

Had a battle broken out, everything in sight would have been obliterated, and Zigui City would no longer exist. No one would have been able to stop the clash between two such powerful entities.

Moreover, judging by the situation just now, it was clear that the crooked old man next to Chu Xiao was obviously afraid of Gu Changge's identity and origin; otherwise, he wouldn't have apologized so deferentially.

“Brother Gu, your identity...”

As they regained their composure, Zi Yunchuan, Zhao Tianfan, and the others looked at Gu Changge with wry smiles. Although they had prepared themselves for the possibility, they were still taken aback to discover that Gu Changge was accompanied by such a formidable Dao Realm being. This further confirmed their previous speculations about Gu Changge's true identity.

Fairy Cai Yun's beautiful eyes sparkled with intrigue. She seemed lost in thought for a moment, her lips slightly pursed in a smile that made her even more captivating.

Gu Changge casually smiled, choosing not to elaborate on the matter, as there was no need to explain. How Zi Yunchuan and the others interpreted his identity was their own concern. His goal had been accomplished, and now he simply needed to sit back and observe the unfolding drama.

After laying the groundwork for so long, the show was finally beginning, and he almost felt a bit fatigued from the anticipation.

What transpired in Lin Shuixuan that night quickly spread throughout Zigui City and then throughout the Southern Wilderness Ancient Domain, creating a sensation akin to a major earthquake. No one had expected that the youngest heir of Chu Gucheng, the lord of Xian Chu, would appear in Lin Shuixuan.

He had clashed with a mysterious young man in white over a nobleman, unleashing a terrifying forbidden weapon that nearly destroyed half of Zigui City. Many innocent disciples and cultivators from the major sects tragically lost their lives, and the chaos was witnessed by countless cultivators and beings alike.

This news spread as swiftly as if it had grown wings, shocking countless cultivators and creatures in the Southern Wilderness Ancient Domain. With the appearance of the Wanzang secret realm, disciples and geniuses from all sides had gathered in the Southern Wilderness, making it the focal point for most of the forces in the Xi Yuan civilization.

As a result, this incident didn't just circulate within the Southern Wilderness Ancient Domain—it quickly spread to other ancient regions and across the universes of the Xi Yuan Civilization. After all, one of the key figures involved was Chu Xiao, the heir of Xian Chu's ruler.

It was particularly noteworthy because Xian Chu was currently at war with the Demon Court, and the young heir to Xian Chu's throne had appeared in Lin Shuixuan, clashing with others over a woman. Many cultivators who had spent time in Xian Chu had already heard of this notorious young heir.

At first, some cultivators found the news absurd and questioned whether it was just a rumor. But after inquiring about Chu Xiao's character and his past behavior, many realized that such an incident was entirely in line with what Xian Chu's most infamous troublemaker might do.

In this particular event, Chu Xiao had used a terrifying forbidden weapon, nearly obliterating Zigui City in the process and causing the tragic deaths of many innocent disciples from prominent sects.

Naturally, this incident sparked dissatisfaction and anger among the great sects. However, due to the formidable strength of Xian Chu Haotu, they had no choice but to endure the situation and refrain from speaking out further.

At the same time, the identity of the mysterious young man in white who had clashed with Chu Xiao garnered significant attention from many cultivators and beings. The background of this individual was even more daunting than that of Chu Xiao himself. Otherwise, the Dao Realm elder accompanying Chu Xiao would not have humbled himself and sincerely apologized.

Additionally, there was a servant beside the young man who appeared to be a terrifying Dao Realm existence with unfathomable strength. As a result, various speculations began to circulate.

Chapter 1143: Is there anything whimsical? Meet this Yiyi girl

Zi Yunchuan, Zhao Tianfan, and the others were still deeply curious about Gu Changge's identity and origins, brimming with questions they wanted to ask him. However, with almost half of Lin Shuixuan destroyed, everyone needed to find a taller jade boat along the bank of the Zigui River.

The boat's hull was crystal clear like jade, adorned with exquisite immortal stones, and the shore was enveloped in mist, exuding the atmosphere of an immortal family. A few girls from Lin Shuixuan, dressed in flowing skirts with loose black hair, stood in front of the boat, playing jade flutes. The melodious notes seemed to drift from the heavens, soothing the minds of those who listened.

"It doesn't really matter what your identity is. Where do you think I come from? That's where I come from," Gu Changge said from within the jade boat, shaking his head lightly while swirling a wine glass. His casual expression suggested he was unwilling to discuss his identity.

He remained in Zigui City not only to watch the unfolding drama but also to observe Zi Yunchuan, Zhao Tianfan, and the others as they speculated about him, allowing him to traverse the Xi Yuan civilization under a different identity. This would make things much more convenient for him.

After all, there had been no news or clues from Yu Xian Palace, and certain matters would likely need his direct involvement. However, Gu Changge didn't wish to change his appearance, nor did he want to adopt a different name or use someone else's identity.

While Zi Yunchuan and the others knew that his surname was Gu, that was the extent of their knowledge. The news of this incident would undoubtedly lead Xian Chu and others within the Xi Yuan civilization to speculate further.

After all, during his time in the immortal civilization, Gu Changge hadn't hidden anything about himself. Given the power of the Xi Yuan civilization and its other formidable forces, it would be easy for them to discover his last name. Consequently, once news from the Southern Wilderness Ancient Domain spread, it would likely prompt various associations and speculations among them. This, in turn, could impact Gu Changge's future plans.

"Brother Gu, don't worry. I will never speak about you to anyone, let alone reveal your identity to others," Zi Yunchuan said earnestly. Zhao Tianfan and the others echoed this sentiment, aware that it was in their best interest not to divulge anything further about Gu Changge.

From Gu Changge's earlier words, they understood the implied meaning: they could know what was appropriate for them to know but should refrain from prying into matters that were best left untouched, including his origins and identity. After all, Gu Changge regarded them as fellow Daoists, suggesting he held them in some esteem. Without that consideration, it would have been nearly impossible for them to forge any relationship with someone of his stature.

Gu Changge took a sip of his wine and chose not to pursue the topic further. He didn't particularly care, nor did he fully trust the assurances given by Zi Yunchuan and the others. In fact, he had already played tricks on several individuals in the past for similar reasons.

When the topic of his identity arose, the memories of that part became blurred and dim. Even if a powerful being attempted to probe their memories, it would be futile, as nothing could be detected.

"Greetings, young master..."

On the other side of the jade boat, a girl in white named Yiyi, who had changed into a clean white dress, suddenly floated over. She still wore a veil, her head bowed, holding a zither tightly in her hands. Her blue hair cascaded like a waterfall, gently swaying in the night wind, while her flawless, snow-white long skirt elegantly outlined her slender and graceful figure.

“What are you doing here?” Gu Changge asked, putting down his cup and glancing at her.

Zi Yunchuan, Zhao Tianfan, and the others had keen eyesight and had noticed the figure of the girl in white by the bank earlier. Seeing her wander around for a while, they were surprised that she would approach him so openly.

Gu Changge had also noticed her but had chosen not to pay much attention.

“Yiyi, thank you for your kindness in helping me,” the girl in white said nervously, standing beside him. She seemed shy, her hand—delicate and as white as green onions—clutched the zither tightly, and her voice trembled slightly.

Gu Changge shook his head lightly, replying, “It was just a small effort; you don’t need to come here to thank me.”

Yiyi didn’t respond but simply lowered her head, standing silently beside him.

Gu Changge picked up the wine glass, took a sip, and said, “You don’t need to follow me. You are already free; you can go wherever you want.”

The girl in white quietly raised her eyes to glance at him and replied softly, "But it was you who paid to take me away from Lin Shuixuan."

Gu Changge's expression remained unchanged as he shook his head, saying, "I didn't spend a penny."

While he had helped the girl in white at the time, it had primarily been to take advantage of the situation during his conflict with Chu Xiao, thus forcing her to reveal her identity. If not for this reason, Gu Changge wouldn't have bothered with such trivial matters. Now that he had achieved his goal, the girl in white was of no further use to him.

Upon hearing this, the girl in white lowered her head, and the face beneath her veil seemed to grow slightly pale. She didn't say anything else but held tightly onto a clean white handkerchief—the same one Gu Changge had handed her earlier.

Witnessing this, the others in the jade boat remained silent, while Fairy Cai Yun couldn't help but sneer inwardly. In her opinion, the girl in white was simply trying to cling to Gu Changge because of his extraordinary background, hoping to gain something from it. But how could such a whimsical notion possibly come to fruition? Even she wouldn't dare to entertain such thoughts.

On the contrary, Zi Yunchuan frowned and studied the girl in white carefully. The more he looked, the more familiar she seemed, even through the veil. What had once felt distant now felt close, and he couldn't shake the feeling that he had seen her somewhere before.

"You are Suyi..." he suddenly exclaimed, his voice filled with disbelief.

"Why? Brother Yunchuan knows this Yiyi girl?" Zhao Tianfan, Daoist Mingying, and the others looked on in surprise, their expressions reflecting their curiosity.

The girl in white kept her head lowered, trembling slightly at his words. She hadn't expected that her cousin would remember her. Back in Lin Shuixuan, she thought he had chosen to stand by and watch, forgetting about her as family.

"Can you take off the veil?" Zi Yunchuan asked again, his tone becoming slightly awkward.

As he spoke, it dawned on him that those somewhat familiar eyebrows and eyes had indeed been seen before. However, he couldn't comprehend how his cousin had ended up in such a predicament, reduced to being sold into Lin Shuixuan.

Gu Changge was also taken aback; he hadn't delved into the past of the girl in white. He hadn't anticipated that Zi Yunchuan would actually recognize her.

When the girl in white heard Zi Yunchuan's words, she raised her eyes to glance at Gu Changge, her surprise evident as she looked at him. After a moment of hesitation, she gently lifted her hand to her ear and slowly removed the veil.

Zhao Tianfan, Daoist Mingying, and the others were left stunned, astonishment flashing across their faces. Even Fairy Cai Yun was momentarily taken aback, followed by a wave of envy.

The girl in white kept her gaze downcast. She appeared no more than seventeen, her natural beauty striking. Her delicate features seemed sculpted from immortal jade, her skin as white as snow, giving her an ethereal quality as if she were covered in frost.

The veil she had worn in Lin Shuixuan was a secret divine weapon, preventing cultivators from prying into her true appearance. Previously, she had a scar on her face that she had inflicted upon herself, nearly running through half of it, but few had seen it.

Such scars were minor concerns in Lin Shuixuan, though. Before coming to the jade boat, the girl in white had deliberately sought out Madam Liu, asking for an elixir that would heal her injuries and remove the scars, restoring her previous appearance.

Chapter 1144: Ye Suyi's identity experience, the timing is just right

“Suyi, it's really you.”

Upon seeing the face of the girl in white, Zi Yunchuan was momentarily stunned. Once he regained his composure, a hint of embarrassment appeared on his face. He had wondered why the girl in white seemed so familiar. After all, this astonishingly flawless face had been imprinted in his memory since he had seen it at Zixiao Mountain, making it hard to forget.

The girl in white was named Ye Suyi, and according to her status, she should be considered his cousin. However, Ye Suyi had no blood relation to Zixiao Mountain; her father had married into the sect, meaning he wasn't a core member. Zi Yunchuan's mother was the granddaughter of the current owner of Zixiao Mountain, and he had an aunt who shared a close bond with his mother. Ye Suyi's father was the husband of that aunt.

The situation was somewhat complex but fundamentally involved Ye Suyi's father. She was born to him and his ex-wife, but they had separated for unknown reasons. Due to her stunning beauty and extraordinary demeanor, Ye Suyi caught the attention of Zi Yunchuan's aunt, who brought her to Zixiao Mountain. Ye Suyi only learned about her father after her mother passed away and sought out Zixiao Mountain to find him.

Zi Yunchuan had met Ye Suyi by chance a few years ago and was struck by her beauty, leaving a significant impression on him. Otherwise, he might not have remembered an ordinary woman.

Aside from the shock and embarrassment he felt at that moment, Zi Yunchuan explained Ye Suyi's origins to everyone. Zhao Tianfan, Fairy Cai Yun, and the others were all intrigued by this secret matter known only within Zixiao Mountain.

In Zi Yunchuan's account, his uncle, Ye Suyi's biological father, had no significant talent or background; he lacked any skill or ability in cultivation and was merely adept at charming women. Of course, he was also quite handsome. Among the beautiful men Zi Yunchuan had encountered in his life, only Gu Changge could surpass him by a slight margin.

After marrying into Zixiao Mountain, his uncle essentially lost contact with his former life. If it hadn't been for Ye Suyi seeking refuge with her biological father a few years ago, Zi Yunchuan would have remained unaware that his uncle had such a daughter.

Zhao Tianfan and the others expressed their amazement at this revelation. They pondered how a man of such rare beauty could have attracted Zi Yunchuan's aunt, who had once been a celebrated beauty herself, with admirers and suitors swarming around her like crucian carp crossing a river—too numerous to count.

As they considered this, everyone gazed at Ye Suyi in a daze.

This girl was stunningly beautiful, clearly having inherited some of her father's looks. Ye Suyi took off her veil and carefully examined Gu Changge before standing beside him again, her head bowed and her lips sealed. It seemed she had not heard Zi Yunchuan's explanation of her origins and identity. During her time at Zixiao Mountain, she had grown accustomed to bowing her head in front of others, striving to remain inconspicuous.

Her half-sister was not fond of her beauty, insisting that she never look up whenever they crossed paths. Although she should be referred to as her younger sister, the other girl resented this title and always considered herself the elder sibling.

Gu Changge gently stroked the wine glass in his hand, remaining silent. A subtle and elegant fragrance wafted from his presence. Even though Ye Suyi was lowering her head, she stole glances at him from the corners of her eyes, clutching a plain white handkerchief as if she wanted to return it to him.

“Suyi, why are you here? I remember my aunt encouraged you and Susu to grow closer, and in your position, you shouldn’t be here,” Zi Yunchuan asked again, puzzled by the thought of Ye Suyi being sold to Lin Shuixuan. After all, she could be regarded as a disciple of Zixiao Mountain now; who would dare to do such a thing?

The Susu he referred to was Zi Xiaoshan’s daughter, Zi Susu, who was as well-known as he was, born to his aunt and uncle and slightly younger than Ye Suyi.

“I accidentally broke a teacup that Ms. Susu cherished very much, and I owe her a lot of spirit stones...” Ye Suyi replied, momentarily taken aback by Zi Yunchuan’s question. She hesitated, feeling a bit embarrassed, and finally spoke in a low voice.

“So it is,” Zi Yunchuan responded, his expression freezing once more. Although he knew Ye Suyi was not welcomed, he hadn’t expected her to be sold to Lin Shuixuan by her own sister. The incident with the teacup seemed merely an excuse.

Zhao Tianfan and the others looked at Ye Suyi with a touch of sympathy, pondering that if she went to join her so-called father, her life might not be any better than it was outside. How could they possibly justify selling their own sister? However, this was a private matter of Zixiao Mountain, and they could not involve themselves further; all they could do was sigh inwardly and treat it as a conversation held during tea and dinner.

Zi Yunchuan wore an embarrassed expression. Even if he was aware of the situation, it was not easy for him to intervene. His aunt harbored a deep-seated disdain for Ye Suyi, and her strong personality meant that, within Zixiao Mountain, his uncle did not dare to defy her commands.

Ye Suyi was not at all surprised by Zi Yunchuan’s reaction. After spending many years in Zixiao Mountain, she had grown accustomed to this kind of attitude and response. Although she and Zi Susu were nominally sisters, she felt more like a servant—often worse than a slave in many cases. Her father held no authority in Zixiao Mountain and never dared to contradict Zi Susu’s mother.

Before her mother passed away from illness, she had urged Ye Suyi several times to seek out her biological father. This instilled hope in Ye Suyi, who viewed her father as a source of solace in her life. After a long journey, she finally reached the boundary of Zixiao Mountain, but given her status, it was impossible for her to enter its gates, let alone meet her father.

In the end, she knelt outside the gates of Zixiao Mountain for several months. Her persistence moved an old man guarding the mountain gate, who relayed her situation and eventually sent a message on her behalf. When she finally reunited with her father, her heart brimming with hope and anticipation, what awaited her was indifference and disgust.

As the full moon sank in the west, the melodious sound of a flute echoed from the jade boat, while a thin layer of mist rose from the center of the riverbank. The pavilions lining both sides of the strait appeared increasingly hazy, resembling an immortal palace in the heavens. The singing voices in the boat were few, and the dancers moved with graceful poise, while mellow wine drifted through the air.

Zi Yunchuan didn't want to delve too deeply into the private affairs of Zixiao Mountain and chose not to further mention Ye Suyi's situation. The group engaged in conversation about the emergence of the Wanzang secret realm and, after some time, took their leave. Zi Yunchuan bid farewell to Gu Changge, and after the events of the night, each of them formed different speculations about Gu Changge's origins and identity. Although they appeared similar on the surface, they were acutely aware that their identities and statuses were entirely different, placing them on unequal footing where true friendship seemed impossible.

Before leaving, Zi Yunchuan considered asking Ye Suyi if she wanted to leave with him, planning to take her back to Zixiao Mountain once the incident in the Wanzang secret realm concluded. However, judging by Ye Suyi's current demeanor, it seemed she likely did not wish to return to Zixiao Mountain. Zi Yunchuan speculated that Zi Susu might be in Zigui City, and that Ye Suyi had probably left Zixiao Mountain with her, only to be sold to Lin Shuixuan later on.

In the jade boat, Gu Changge and the girl in white, who had been standing beside him like a wooden statue, were left alone in an instant. He lightly shook his wine glass, remaining silent as he gazed into the distance at the night sky, lost in thought. Ye Suyi lowered her head and stayed quiet

as well, occasionally stealing glances at Gu Changge, unsure of what he was observing or what thoughts occupied his mind.

“It’s almost time…” Gu Changge remarked, treating the girl in white beside him as though she were invisible, a faint, enigmatic smile playing at the corners of his mouth.

“Um?” Ye Suyi replied, bewildered and puzzled by his words.

Chapter 1145: It took no effort to get it, the seventh prince of the demon court attacked

“The heir of Chu Gucheng?”

“It appeared in the Southern Wilderness Ancient Domain?”

“I see; it didn’t take much effort to get here.”

At that moment, within the Southern Wilderness Ancient Domain, there stood a renowned mountain, characterized by jagged rocks and sparse vegetation, located adjacent to the entrance of the Wanzang Secret Realm. Here, Di Kun, the Seventh Prince of the Demon Court, loomed tall, draped in a grand cloak that enhanced his menacing aura and cold gaze.

Suddenly, he let out a booming laugh that resonated throughout the land, his eyes shining like the sun, piercing through the thick fog and rending the sky asunder. In the next instant, he stepped forward, tearing open the void before him with his mighty hands. An overwhelming demonic aura surged forth, akin to an enormous river, continuously rising into the heavens.

As Di Kun advanced through this torrent of demonic energy, it roared violently around him, enveloping the entire starry sky while the earth quaked beneath its weight. Countless cultivators and

creatures sensed an overwhelming fear and reverence, unable to resist the urge to kneel in his direction and pay homage.

Di Kun vanished from the famous mountain, hastening toward Zigui City with a singular focus. At this moment, his spirit soared; he felt as though the heavens themselves were favoring him. Was there such coincidence in this world? He had never expected that the descendants of Chu Gucheng would not be found in Xian Chu, but rather in the Southern Wilderness Ancient Domain, triggering an incident that reverberated throughout the region. It was as if fate itself was lending him a hand.

Since Xian Chu had chosen to cower and was unwilling to compensate the Demon Court, Di Kun resolved to eliminate the heirs of Chu Gucheng. He was curious to see how Chu Gucheng would react when faced with such a crisis. Moreover, for Di Kun, this presented a prime opportunity to gain favor with his father.

“No, there are no such coincidences in this world. I came to the Southern Wilderness Ancient Domain entirely because of that mysterious voice in my heart.”

His gaze deepened as he reflected, and his heart raced with a mixture of anticipation and awe. The “omnipotent” presence that had guided him was becoming more significant in his mind. Initially, he had been uncertain about his reasons for venturing into the Southern Wilderness, but he had subconsciously trusted that voice. Now that he learned of the descendants of Chu Gucheng appearing in this region, Di Kun began to grasp the purpose behind his arrival.

Yet, he was not naive; he wondered if he had been manipulated by someone. Still, he thought, such manipulation could only serve to benefit him, not hinder him. So what if he had been used? Besides, if that voice had intended to exploit him, why go through such elaborate means? With his strength, it would have been easy for him to eliminate Chu Xiao without any fuss.

“Even if he wants to provoke Xian Chu and the Demon Realm, so what? The Demon Realm should have made a move long ago. Xian Chu’s people killed the ninth brother, and they must pay the price for it.” Di Kun’s gaze turned colder as he contemplated this.

Meanwhile, in a remote courtyard in Zigui City, Uncle Fu, Chu Xiao, and Chu Xiao’er had gathered after leaving Lin Shuixuan.

“Uncle Fu, why were you so humble toward that guy? I’ve never felt so wronged before,” Chu Xiao exclaimed, frustration evident in his tone. “Even if you couldn’t match the black-robed figure beside him, you are still a Dao realm expert. Speaking in such a low voice makes my Xian Chu lose all its dignity.”

He continued, “Once this matter gets out, Xian Chu will become the laughingstock of other forces. How can we hope to maintain our foothold in Xi Yuan civilization after this?”

Uncle Fu, however, merely shook his head in helplessness, not bothering to explain further. He understood that Chu Xiao was just a spoiled child, unfamiliar with the harsh realities of their world, making it difficult for him to grasp the potential consequences of their actions. Chu Xiao cared only about his own pride, failing to consider the broader implications.

Xian Chu was currently at war with the Demon Court, and the other powerful forces in Xi Yuan civilization were beginning to isolate it, drawing a clear line of separation. Among them, the Xi Yuan Temple, which had always maintained a neutral stance, had already expressed its position. Chu Gucheng had personally visited three times, pleading to see the Holy Maiden of Xi Yuan, hoping to borrow the Mirror of Reincarnation, a treasure crucial to their civilization.

However, the Holy Maiden of Xi Yuan used retreat as an excuse and conducted her affairs behind closed doors, preventing Chu Gucheng from even entering the hall of the Xi Yuan Temple. Xian Chu was on the verge of an unknown catastrophe, and Chu Gucheng had ordered everyone to remain within Xian Chu’s borders to avoid exacerbating the impending crisis. Any further complications could plunge Xian Chu into greater chaos.

At this moment, Uncle Fu was particularly wary of the young man in white; his identity was shrouded in uncertainty. Fu Lao speculated that he might hail from a legendary taboo place, a mysterious realm sought after even by the most formidable figures. However, this was merely speculation, and he needed to report these concerns to Chu Gucheng so that a decision could be made. Until then, it was crucial to avoid stirring up any trouble.

Chu Xiao's expression was a mix of displeasure and indignation. He felt that the events of the night had not only tarnished his own reputation but had also cast a shadow over Xian Chu's honor. After all, Uncle Fu was a Dao realm expert—someone who stood at the pinnacle of their world. For him to address a young man in such a humble manner was an affront to their lineage.

Recalling the scene, Chu Xiao seethed with anger and humiliation; his face burned with embarrassment, and his expression darkened.

“Young master,” Uncle Fu cautioned, “Xian Chu is currently facing turbulent times. If we can avoid causing trouble, we should. Moreover, I harbor a deep concern. Given the conflict between the Demon Court and Xian Chu, your identity is especially sensitive. It has now been exposed, and the king had many enemies. If you are used by others for their own ends...”

Uncle Fu shook his head, his voice tinged with a sigh, the worry evident in his eyes. Compared to the calm determination Chu Gucheng had exhibited in his youth, Chu Xiao seemed remarkably unreliable, as if he had not matured at all. Among his siblings, who wasn't a dragon or phoenix, a true prodigy of heaven?

They all inherited some of their father's character traits, such as forbearance, intelligence, and perseverance. In contrast, Chu Xiao had been domineering and arrogant since childhood, lacking the depth of thought that characterized his siblings. He was primarily concerned with his own feelings and interests.

“Uncle Fu, let's not dwell on it. I understand; I'll return to Xian Chu with you,” Chu Xiao replied quietly. “Once we're back, I'll focus on my cultivation and strive to break through to the Dao Realm as soon as my sister and the others do.”

Upon hearing this, Chu Xiao acknowledged Uncle Fu's concerns. He wasn't oblivious to Xian Chu's current troubles; he simply felt reassured by his father's divine powers and unfathomable

strength, which led him to believe he didn't need to worry. Nevertheless, since Uncle Fu had spoken, he had no choice but to comply and return to Xian Chu.

Uncle Fu nodded in relief. "If you can break through to the Dao Realm as soon as possible, the lord will be very pleased..."

However, before he could finish his sentence, a vast and raging demonic aura surged toward the sky outside Zigui City, astonishingly powerful. The entire sky trembled, as if an invisible and terrifying hand were pushing a boundless sea of monstrous energy toward them, threatening to engulf everything in its path.

Bang!!!

Accompanied by terrifying purple thunder, bolts as thick as mountains continued to strike down. Within the swirling monster mist, a pair of eyes emerged, glowing brightly as if they were staring directly at them. They were scarlet, resembling a blood-colored lake. A fearsome figure, cloaked and imposing, could be faintly seen standing upright, surveying the sky and the earth.

Uncle Fu's expression changed instantly.

Chapter 1146: Today it's time to pay the price, the most important move

"No, Master, let's go!"

In the courtyard, Fu Lao's face changed drastically. Without hesitation, he grabbed Chu Xiao and Chu Xiao'er, who were still in a daze, and prepared to tear open the void to escape. A menacing demon from the Demon Clan, who didn't even bother to hide his aura, was clearly coming for Chu Xiao.

Xian Chu and the Demon Realm were engaged in an intense battle. The Ninth Prince of the Demon Court, Di Wen, had tragically fallen at the hands of a powerful figure from Xian Chu. Despite this, Xian Chu remained steadfast, refusing to surrender the man responsible, which only fueled the fury of the Demon Court. In the ensuing chaos, many strong demons had gathered at the border of Xian Chu, ready to confront them.

The exposure of Chu Xiao's identity was likely to draw the attention of the Demon Court's powerhouses, a concern Fu Lao had long harbored. However, he never expected the powerful demons to arrive so swiftly, as if they had been waiting in the Southern Wilderness Ancient Domain. How else could their rapid arrival be explained?

"Uncle Fu, what's the matter?" Chu Xiao asked, his expression one of confusion, unaware of the impending danger.

The void in front of him blurred, revealing a large crack. Fu Lao seized the opportunity, pulling him and Chu Xiao'er into it.

"It turned out to be a terrifying Dao Realm existence..." Uncle Fu thought grimly. "The Southern Wilderness Ancient Domain and the Endless Demon Realm are separated by billions of light years. How did they get this news so quickly?"

Fu Lao's face was serious; he had no time to explain anything to Chu Xiao. A nagging feeling of unease gripped him, as if someone was watching and calculating their every move. Chu Xiao had just caused a commotion in Zigui City, and now, barely a night later, a powerful monster from the Demon Clan was here. It was clear that the other party was targeting Chu Xiao.

"The secret of the young master's body has been concealed by the king. He also possesses a very mysterious mixed-primary ancient jade. If someone plots against him, it will undoubtedly reveal a vision." Uncle Fu's mind raced as he considered the implications. "And I'm by the young master's side; if anyone tries to harm him, it's impossible for me not to notice. Is it really just a coincidence?"

Uncle Fu wasn't skilled in deduction, and there was no time for contemplation. His only option was to take Chu Xiao and flee as far as possible.

Boom!!!

A boundless evil spirit blanketed the sky, pushing from the far edge and completely obscuring the stars and moon. Darkness enveloped the earth, except for indifferent eyes resembling a blood moon, which hung high, as if the heavens and the earth were burdened with untold weight. The monster mist rolled ominously, and within it, Di Kun stood tall, his figure resembling a faint outline comparable to a mountain.

“I have sensed your aura. Where else do you think you can escape?” he declared coldly, his tone devoid of emotion, as though he were passing judgment on some insignificant creature. Countless cultivators and beings trembled in fear, and the entire Zigui City quaked under the weight of his presence. Even ancient immortal emperors, who had spent years cultivating, were gripped by terror. The moment Di Kun’s gaze swept over them, chills ran down their spines, and their souls trembled.

This was the majesty of the Dao Realm—one glance could cleanse the past and the present, penetrating eternity, with no secret hidden from its gaze. No one had anticipated the appearance of such a formidable figure from the Demon Court at this time, and his identity hinted at him being a prince of the Demon Court.

The battle between Xian Chu and the Demon Court was known throughout the world. Even in the Southern Wilderness Ancient Domain, nearly all cultivators and beings were aware of it. Now, as Di Kun revealed himself and descended upon Zigui City, he sought to locate and eliminate Chu Xiao, instilling terror in everyone present.

In the center of the Zigui River, jade boats floated serenely, mist rising and creating a hazy atmosphere. Gu Changge stood at the bow of one boat, hands clasped behind his back, sleeves fluttering as if he were preparing to face the wind. He surveyed the scene in the distance, a smirk gracing his lips.

As expected, Di Kun did not disappoint him; he attacked Zigui City without delay, proving that Gu Changge's extensive efforts had not been in vain. Xian Chu had insisted on avoiding the world and steering clear of disaster, but Gu Changge would not allow that to happen.

The turmoil sweeping across the Xi Yuan civilization should have its origins in Xian Chu. Though the Demon Realm and Xian Chu were at war, the killing and karmic retribution inflicted thus far were far from sufficient. Neither side had truly engaged in an all-out conflict, meaning another opportunity was essential at this juncture.

The demon ancestor, having lost a son, was furious and had dispatched numerous demon clan troops to confront Xian Chu. If Chu Gucheng's heir were also to perish in this chaos, the stable situation he had worked tirelessly to maintain would surely collapse, spiraling into uncontrollable chaos.

At that moment, the flames of war between Xian Chu and the Demon Realm would undoubtedly spread throughout the entire Xi Yuan civilization, leaving no one able to stand alone or remain uninvolved. For Gu Changge, the chaos within Xi Yuan civilization would be like a massive gap dug in a long embankment, signaling that it was only a matter of time before he seized control over the entire realm.

The Xi Yuan civilization was distinct from the immortal civilization. Gaining control over this supreme civilization would mean that Gu Changge had made a critical and stable move on the entire chessboard. Many of his future plans would become significantly easier to execute.

Those blood-colored, indifferent eyes hung high in the sky, strands of blood-colored sunlight intertwining as if weaving a supreme law. It felt as though the entire world, along with time and space, had been frozen.

Di Kun was capable of pinpointing the location of Chu Xiao and Uncle Fu. Though he was not the strongest among the demon ancestor's descendants, he was not to be underestimated. He had survived six heavenly declines and was on the verge of reaching the ancestral Dao realm. The

Southern Wilderness Ancient Domain, vast and boundless, could not conceal Chu Xiao from him; with a mere breath of divine sense, he could easily discern where the young man was.

In the next moment, the sky trembled like thin paper as an endless demonic aura surged forth. Di Kun raised his palm and pressed it toward the ground, intent on erasing all obstacles. The entire universe appeared to blur, and the chains of the Dao of order, which had been rising and falling like a lone boat caught in a tempest, became crystal clear and transparent beneath his hand.

A specific area suddenly brightened, as if time and space had been imprisoned within it. Uncle Fu, fleeing with Chu Xiao, was reflected in this moment of illumination. His face changed drastically upon realizing that the figure pursuing them was a crown prince of the Demon Court—extremely powerful and undoubtedly not an opponent he could contend with.

All the cultivators and beings in Zigui City watched this scene unfold in horror. Such a miraculous method could only be wielded by someone of the Dao Realm. The sky continued to collapse and tremble under Di Kun's watchful gaze, plunging the entire heavens into turmoil.

Chapter 1147: When the disaster is approaching, we fly separately, I don't want to die here

“A prince from the Demon Court? How did he find out where I am?” Chu Xiao exclaimed, his expression shifting drastically as he grasped the dire situation. His body trembled uncontrollably, and an icy dread washed over him, but amidst the fear, anger bubbled up within him.

Uncle Fu, too, wore an extremely solemn expression, acutely aware of the danger lurking in the night. The feeling of imminent death loomed over them, heavy and suffocating. The distance between Zigui City and Xian Chu was far too great, making it impossible for Chu Gucheng to rush over in time, even if he sensed the peril.

“Where do you think you're going to escape?” Di Kun's voice dripped with cruelty and mockery as he gazed at Chu Xiao and Uncle Fu, his indifference palpable. In his eyes, Fu Lao was merely a third-tier Dao Realm cultivator, far from a worthy opponent. He believed that no matter what protection Chu Xiao had in the form of Chu Gucheng's bodyguard, it would be utterly insufficient to stop him.

To Di Kun, they were nothing more than fish on a chopping board, their fate already sealed.

Fu Lao's expression turned grim, fully aware that escape was impossible with Chu Xiao by his side. Di Kun's strength dwarfed his own, and he was not adept at combat. Compared to others of the same level, his realm was largely illusory, lacking the substance to stand against a true powerhouse.

"Are you trying to provoke a war between Xian Chu and the Demon Court?" he asked, his voice low and tense, attempting to buy time while simultaneously reaching out to other powerful figures in Xian Chu for help.

However, Di Kun had already anticipated Fu Lao's intentions. He sneered, "I told you, even if Chu Gucheng were to descend today, he wouldn't be able to save you. Don't think you can buy time with your words." His gaze swept across the surroundings, and as he continued, the worlds trembled, the fabric of the universe quaking as if on the brink of collapse. "When you people from Xian Chu killed my ninth younger brother, did you ever think about today? There is a cycle of karma in the law of heaven. Chu Gucheng will surely regret his decision."

The pressure from Di Kun's gaze bore down on Chu Xiao, overwhelming him. Blood erupted from his mouth as he gasped, feeling as though his body was on the verge of exploding. His nose and mouth gushed with crimson, his bones crackled under the strain, and he felt his spine threatening to shatter. For the first time in his life, he truly faced the specter of death. His face turned pale, and he could not hide the fear that gripped him.

"Master, I have a rare treasure given to me by the lord of the country. It may be able to delay him for a moment..." Uncle Fu's voice was urgent, carrying a gravity that matched the dire circumstances. "During that time, you must use every means possible—every treasure at your disposal—and run toward Xian Chu."

Under the immense pressure, Uncle Fu's stooped body trembled, his face a mask of solemnity. He quickly transmitted his thoughts to Chu Xiao, steeling himself for the desperate task ahead. Yet, uncertainty gnawed at him; he couldn't be sure whether Chu Xiao would survive.

Hearing this, Chu Xiao's horror was palpable. "Uncle Fu, with my strength, escaping very far is impossible. Even if I use the teleportation charms my sister and the others gave me, I'll likely be killed almost immediately. This person is right behind us!" Panic flooded his words. "You have to find a way to delay him for me! I don't want to die here!"

"Please, you must trust that I can avenge you," he pleaded, desperation lacing his tone. "As long as I live, I will make sure to take revenge for you. My father, who is as capable as the heavens, will definitely avenge your death."

He had never faced such a desperate situation before; fear clawed at his heart, and despair filled his eyes as he confronted the terrifying reality before him.

In that moment, Chu Xiao's thoughts were consumed by hatred for the man who had killed the Ninth Prince of the Demon Court. It seemed profoundly unjust to him that he, an innocent party, should bear the brunt of this vengeance. After all, it was not his actions that had led to such bloodshed. Uncle Fu, aware of Chu Xiao's nature, felt a chill creep into his heart upon hearing his thoughts. This was a moment of desperation, yet the young man's anger seemed misplaced.

Unlike the lord who had taught Chu Xiao the values of restraint and gratitude, Chu Xiao's current feelings did not reflect the qualities of his lineage. But Uncle Fu refrained from voicing his concerns; he was merely an old servant, after all. Everything they had—every moment of stability—was due to Chu Gucheng's influence. If it meant sacrificing his own life to save his young master, so be it.

"You needn't worry, young master. I will do everything in my power to help you buy some time," Uncle Fu assured, a sigh escaping him. His demeanor shifted from anxious to resolute; his previously hunched frame straightened as a determined fire ignited in his silver-haired eyes.

He stepped forward, locking eyes with Di Kun, who towered like a storm on the horizon. In the folds of his bulging sleeves, glimmers of starlight began to coalesce, signaling his intent to strike.

“You don’t know your own strength,” Di Kun remarked disdainfully, already aware of Uncle Fu’s intentions. With a sneer, he raised his palm and countered, preparing to meet Uncle Fu’s attack head-on.

Bang!!!

At that moment, the sky trembled violently, as if hundreds of millions of laws were clashing in a cataclysmic confrontation. The starry expanse seemed ready to collapse under the weight of the power unleashed. Every cultivator and creature in Zigui City felt as though their physical forms were on the verge of disintegrating, the sheer aura of the Dao Realm battle making their very souls tremble. The aftermath of their clash was so intense that it threatened to tear the universe apart.

Seizing this moment of chaos, Chu Xiao gritted his teeth and summoned a crystal-clear ancient jade talisman, tearing through the void as he prepared to escape.

“Master, don’t abandon me!”

Chu Xiao’er, his most loyal follower, was pale and terrified, having been left behind in the turmoil. Panic coursed through him as he pleaded for Chu Xiao to return.

Turning back, Chu Xiao hesitated for a brief moment, uncertainty flickering in his eyes. But soon, that uncertainty was eclipsed by the overwhelming dread of death looming over him. Despite having several life-saving items on him, he knew they would be futile against a terrifying Dao Realm existence.

If he took Chu Xiao'er with him, it would only consume precious time and energy that Uncle Fu had sacrificed his safety to buy.

"I can't waste the time that Uncle Fu gave his life to buy on him..." he thought resolutely, his mind made up. "But I will find a way to avenge you in the future."

With a steely determination, Chu Xiao's gaze turned cloudy as the void in front of him blurred. In an instant, he vanished without looking back at Chu Xiao'er, who was left filled with despair.

To the countless cultivators and creatures watching from Zigui City, this scene was one of shame and fear. Yet, in such a life-threatening situation, they understood the harsh reality of survival. Just a short time ago, Chu Xiao had unleashed chaos in Lin Shuixuan, indiscriminately killing many innocent disciples of the great sect using a terrifying forbidden weapon.

Now, this scene left many feeling a sense of darkness, as if it were a manifestation of the cycle of heavenly retribution.

"Considering the power of this demon court prince seeking revenge, it's unfathomable. This young master of Xian Chu is likely dead," some cultivators murmured, their eyes flickering with apprehension. Few believed that Chu Xiao would manage to escape.

The battle between Uncle Fu and Di Kun reverberated across the entire Southern Wilderness Ancient Domain, transporting them to a battlefield beyond the known world. Their figures loomed immense, far surpassing billions of feet, as they clashed, causing the long river of time to evaporate into fragments around them. Their struggle was almost on par with the universe itself.

In the depths of the world's end, a dull thunder echoed, and countless Daoist chains of order emerged, embodying the essence of powerful Daoisms. It was as if countless slender willow leaves

interwove and danced, capable of splitting time and space, cutting through fate, and illuminating the dark sky with brilliance.

In the midst of this chaos, a cry of the Golden Crow reverberated, resounding through all heavens and ages. It contained the supreme majesty of the Dao, leaving indelible ripples that spread across existence.

Then, a crooked figure was sent hurtling down, bloodied and battered. The crimson light from the blood reflected much of the universe in a bloody hue before crashing onto a patch of primitive land in the ancient Southern Wilderness, leaving its fate uncertain—whether alive or dead.

“With your ability, you dare to stop me?” Di Kun sneered disdainfully, his voice shaking the heavens. There was a hint of cat-and-mouse banter in his tone as he took a big stride, disappearing to pursue the fleeing Chu Xiao.

His strength was terrifying; he had defeated Fu Lao in less than a hundred moves. And this was only because Fu Lao had wielded a powerful strange treasure. Had he been solely reliant on his own strength, Di Kun could have effortlessly dispatched Fu Lao.

But now, the true fire of the sun burned within Fu Lao, the ripples of the Dao having stripped away his vitality. His life rings had withered, and it was clear that his time was running out.

Chapter 1148: I’m Actually Clean, Ye Suyi’s Wish and Hope

In the Zigui River, a jade boat floats gracefully. Gu Changge stood alone at the bow, hands clasped behind his back, his black hair fluttering in the breeze, while his white clothes appeared even more snow-covered and spotless—like an exiled immortal stepping out of a picture scroll.

Nearby, beside the tea stove, Ye Suyi set down the zither she had been playing and used a small fan to regulate the heat. The tea was bubbling, filling the air with its rich fragrance.

Though her circumstances in Zixiao Mountain were challenging, she had once been a wealthy lady raised in a secluded boudoir before her mother's illness claimed her life. She had never touched dirt with her five fingers and was well-versed in zither, chess, calligraphy, and painting. Her talent for the zither was particularly remarkable, making her stand out among her peers from a young age.

After arriving at Zixiao Mountain to search for her biological father, she became a maid to Zi Susu. In this role, she honed her skills in both zither and tea preparation. Her slender, jade-like hands resembled flawless green onion roots—crystal clear and white—as she picked up the teapot and meticulously cleaned the tea set. Even her movements while pouring tea were uniquely graceful and pleasing to the eye.

Ye Suyi focused intently on making tea and tidying the tea set, occasionally glancing up at the slender figure at the stern of the boat, a hint of shyness in her gaze. The act of helping and supporting her at that moment might have been an unintentional gesture for Gu Changge, or merely a fleeting act of compassion. However, for her, it represented a ray of light capable of illuminating the gloom and despair of her troubled past.

At that time, she was already contemplating that she might as well die and end this hopeless life. Yet, in her moment of greatest helplessness and despair, Gu Changge appeared. He extended his hand to her, offering a clean veil to wipe away the blood. To Ye Suyi, it felt like a life-saving straw had suddenly appeared, reigniting her hope. It turned out that there were still good people in this world, individuals willing to help her.

“Looks like it’s over. It’s a bit slower than I expected, but it doesn’t hurt,” Gu Changge remarked as he walked over from the other side of the stern, his gaze distant. The battle at the edge of the sky had concluded, just as he anticipated; Fu Lao could not match Di Kun’s strength. Although Fu Lao had delayed for a time to assist Chu Xiao, it ultimately proved ineffective against Di Kun. After all, Di Kun was an entity who had survived six heavenly declines, his power comparable to that of figures like Zhuo Fengxie and Hun Yuanjun. It was only a matter of time before he caught up to Chu Xiao.

“In that case, it’s time for me to make another move,” Gu Changge said, a faint smile playing on his lips.

Then, the void behind him blurred, and the figure of Bone Ancestor materialized.

“My lord...”

“Go and bring back this old servant beside Chu Xiao,” Gu Changge ordered.

Bone Ancestor looked slightly surprised and puzzled but refrained from asking any further questions. He disappeared, rushing toward the wild land where Uncle Fu had fallen.

After the Bone Ancestor left, Gu Changge turned his attention to Ye Suyi, who remained on the boat. Seemingly sensing his gaze, Ye Suyi, focused on cleaning the tea set, felt a sudden warmth in her ears and didn’t dare to look up to meet his eyes.

“You are free now; you don’t need to stay by my side. No one will restrain you from this point forward. Go wherever you want.” Gu Changge averted his gaze, casually walking over and repeating what he had said before.

He had no intention of letting Ye Suyi follow him. If she possessed power, outstanding talent, or remarkable luck, he might have had a reason to keep her close. Unfortunately, she had none of these qualities.

In this world, countless beautiful and stunning women existed; if he desired, he only needed to command, and numerous heavenly beauties and peerless goddesses would present themselves as willing companions. But for Gu Changge, no matter how attractive someone was, it was ultimately just skin deep.

The allure of beauty was fleeting; if someone did not hold sufficient value for him, then beauty was merely that—skin—and would not elicit any desire to keep them close.

“My lord, are you trying to drive me away?” Ye Suyi asked, lowering her head, her complexion suddenly paling.

Gu Changge sat down in a chair nearby, still speaking casually. “If you follow me, you will merely serve others like a maid, just as you did in Lin Shuixuan. Instead of this, you might as well pursue something you truly want to do. Why follow me?”

He was being quite straightforward.

However, when Ye Suyi heard this, she whispered, “But you saved me, my lord. Even if I am just a maid by your side, I am willing.”

“I don’t need a maid to serve me,” Gu Changge replied.

“If you’re worried about being bullied after returning to Zixiao Mountain, I can speak to Zi Yunchuan and have him take care of you.”

Gu Changge shook his head slightly, unwilling to waste time on such trivial matters. He couldn’t understand why this girl in white was so stubborn. They had exchanged only a few words and barely knew each other. If she felt such gratitude simply because of his kindness during their time in Lin Shuixuan, then that kindness felt too trivial to him. He considered erasing that part of her memory but ultimately dismissed the idea. Perhaps his time spent in Green Mountain Village had influenced him in some way. The hope and longing in the eyes of the girl before him reminded him of Su Qingge, stirring a fleeting sense of pity within him.

“I don’t want to go back to Zixiao Mountain,” Ye Suyi suddenly said, shaking her head. She looked at Gu Changge with a mix of hope and timidity, pleading, “My lord, can you not drive me away?”

“If you suspect that I’ve stayed in Lin Shuixuan...” she continued, her voice softening. “But actually... I... I am very clean. I have always guarded myself like jade and have never had any contact with the opposite sex.”

She couldn’t explain why, but she genuinely wanted to remain by Gu Changge’s side. It wasn’t just because he had helped her during her time in Lin Shuixuan. There was also an inexplicable aura about him—strange yet kind—that drew her in.

Gu Changge’s gaze fell on Ye Suyi once more, and he frowned slightly. In truth, he didn’t want to expend energy or time investigating the past of such an ordinary person. It felt akin to salvaging a tiny thread of fate from the vast river of destiny.

Chapter 1149: Changing the Personality of Changing Fate, Missed a Calculation From Thousands of Calculations

Ye Suyi was not a person of great fortune, and there was nothing particularly special about her. Of course, it was easy for Gu Changge to discern the fate of an ordinary person; it only required a moment’s thought. However, in his view, delving into such unnecessary matters that offered no benefit was not something he would undertake.

“That’s all...”

Seeing the pleading and timid eyes of the girl in white, Gu Changge shook his head slightly and glanced thoughtfully at her past and future. Soon, though, his brows furrowed, and a look of surprise crossed his face. There were very few beings in this world capable of causing him such fluctuations in mood.

In the future timeline of the girl in white, he detected some unexpected entanglements involving himself. “It turns out her fate-defying personality has changed. Was she reincarnated? Or did someone leave a hidden hand?”

After pondering for a moment, Gu Changge's gaze fell on Ye Suyi, as if he wished to see through all her past lives. However, as he attempted to deduce her past, a vast fog seemed to drift from nowhere, enveloping the entire river of time and obscuring the imprint of reincarnation. This scene felt oddly familiar, as if he had encountered it before.

"This is somewhat akin to the general outline of detachment that appeared in the Blue Heavenly Realm of the fairy civilization, as well as in the handbook left by the Eternal God at that time. It can isolate my prying and deduction..."

Gu Changge's expression darkened. He hadn't anticipated that Ye Suyi would possess a fate-defying personality capable of transforming from mortal to immortal. This personality was reminiscent of a variable personality, potentially arising from natural or artificial causes. Based on Gu Changge's recent deduction, he suspected it was man-made; otherwise, how could such a thick fog obscure his insights?

From this perspective, it bore some resemblance to the variable identity of a time traveler that Gu Changge had created for himself. If this were the case, then Ye Suyi's origin might not be as simple as it appeared.

"It just so happens that I encountered her, and there will be many entanglements with me in the future timeline," he mused. "However, if I hadn't encountered her, then in the future timeline, there should be no intersection with me. The future I see now is already the result of my choice..."

"Whether I choose to let her follow me or not, the future entanglements will remain unchanged. But if I think that way, it's not entirely accurate. Her appearance shouldn't be a coincidence; rather, someone has been orchestrating this behind the scenes."

"That person has been scheming for a long time, and what they are plotting is directly related to my identity as someone traversing the boundless world."

At that moment, Gu Changge began to comprehend many things. No wonder, after leaving the Dao Chang Realm, he felt that someone had tampered with the current Boundless Realm. Heaven's will had severed itself, eliminating the concept of "heaven slaying" for many creatures in the real world and civilization.

It was precisely because of the absence of the concept of "heaven slaying" and the emergence of the Heaven Slaying Alliance that there were fewer obstacles and difficulties. The other party seemed to have deduced some of Gu Changge's plans, paving the way for him in advance. Was this to be called a "greeting ceremony"?

The other party had figured out that he would make a comeback, just as before, acting in the name of heaven, and they anticipated that he would reemerge as the "demon lord."

Thinking of this, Gu Changge couldn't help but laugh. Yet, despite all their calculations, the other party had overlooked the most crucial detail.

Whether it was the Heavenly Organization in the past, the Heaven Slaying Alliance today, or the guise of the "Demon Lord," they were all merely parts of his plan. The other party might have counted to the third floor, but Gu Changge was actually standing on the tenth. Perhaps Ye Suyi's appearance before him was part of that person's scheme, or maybe she was "Her" herself.

"If this is how you approach me, then I want to see what kind of means you intend to use."

As many thoughts flashed through his mind, Gu Changge's expression returned to its usual calm. Ye Suyi, unaware of his contemplation, lowered her head again, tightly clutching half of her sleeves with her jade hands, feeling intensely nervous. It was as if she were awaiting a final judgment, a determination of her fate.

During her time on Zixiao Mountain, she had followed Zi Susu. Although they were sisters in name, Zi Susu had always treated her like a maidservant, scolding and punishing her at every turn. Zi Susu despised Ye Suyi's beauty, believing that her presence attracted the attention of other men. This made Zi Susu uncomfortable, leading her to command Ye Suyi never to raise her head in front of outsiders. If she dared to do so, Zi Susu threatened to scratch her face.

Her father resided in Zixiao Mountain, where he had no authority or voice. Even as his biological daughter, he often wore a disapproving expression, believing her arrival had diminished his standing with his wife. Throughout her time at her father's house in Zixiao Mountain, Ye Suyi had never received a title or acknowledgment. Her father disapproved of her, while Zi Susu's mother, whom she described as "kind-hearted," was willing to keep her but only granted her the lowest status as a servant.

Yet that "kind-hearted" lady had prevented Ye Suyi from seeing her mother's memorial tablet, going so far as to order it chopped into pieces and burned as firewood. Her father had watched the whole scene with indifference.

Zi Susu, along with her mother, sat in the first seat, sipping tea leisurely and sneering contemptuously as they ignored Ye Suyi's desperate pleas and bitter weeping. Ye Suyi had smashed her head against the ground, her knees bleeding, but to them, it was as if she were merely a bug kneeling at their feet, a source of amusement. That scene remained etched in her memory, one she would never forget. There was no way she could return to Zixiao Mountain under such circumstances. If she ever went back, it would be to seek justice for her mother.

"Do you have cultivation?"

Suddenly, Gu Changge's voice jolted Ye Suyi from her past memories. She froze for a moment, and when she regained her composure, her face turned pale with nervousness. Stammering, she replied, "Yes..."

This was actually a deeply hidden secret, one that even the people at Zixiao Mountain were unaware of. She was not a disciple of Zixiao Mountain and had never practiced their techniques.

Before arriving at Zixiao Mountain, she had never cultivated systematically. Of course, her level of cultivation was not as it appeared on the surface; in the vast cultivation world, everyone knew at least a little about cultivation techniques, and even ordinary people in the secular world had some weak cultivation bases.

Ye Suyi understood that the cultivation Gu Changge referred to must pertain to her hidden cultivation.

Chapter 1150: The existence of a limitless aptitude, the world calls it the immortal binding demonic art

Gu Changge was not taken aback by Ye Suyi's reaction. There were more secrets surrounding this girl in white than he had anticipated. Had he not deduced and investigated her just moments ago, he likely would have overlooked them. After all, her destiny-defying personality bore similarities to a variable personality in certain respects, which was quite peculiar.

Like a variable personality, her future destiny and past were shrouded in fog, making it impossible for others to pry into the achievements and levels she could attain. Even an existence that controlled the fate of all beings in the world would find it difficult to gain insight into the future fate of someone with a variable identity. No one could predict what heights she might reach or what opportunities and fortunes she might encounter.

In contrast, those ordinary people blessed with great luck, though favored by heaven, had their adventures and opportunities laid bare to the eyes of powerful beings. It was easy to see when and where they would obtain their opportunities, whom they would meet in the future, and what enemies they might face. Such plans and calculations were simpler to execute.

Thus, the strong became stronger while the weak dwindled. Among those truly great supernatural beings, which one did not seek to absorb the luck of countless individuals graced with fortune? Yet Ye Suyi, standing before him, was entirely different from those fortunate individuals.

The peculiar and unsettling aspect of her destiny-defying personality was that she appeared no different from ordinary people, lacking much luck in her essence. However, she possessed the ability to alter her destiny and future through various means, becoming a limit-breaking existence.

For instance, although her natural aptitude might confine her to reaching only the peak of human cultivation, some unknown force could enable her to surpass this limitation and ascend the immortal path. Similarly, while her lifespan might be destined to be a mere ten thousand years, she could find a way to extend her life essence, allowing her to live for hundreds of thousands of years, and so on.

Her future seemed clear and straightforward, almost simplistic, yet it was precisely this simplicity—so characteristic of a mortal—that could yield incredible miracles and fortunes. This was why Gu Changge speculated whether her fate was merely the result of someone else’s calculations and designs or if it indeed stemmed from that enigmatic “someone.”

From Gu Changge’s perspective, there was also another possible scenario: Ye Suyi could have endured countless disasters and dangers, gaining enlightenment in the process, and subsequently taken action to alter her past, smoothing the path ahead of her. Even with ordinary mortal resources, she could break through the limitations of her natural aptitude and become an existence capable of transcending boundaries, comparable to others.

If this were the case, then Ye Suyi herself was certainly worthy of Gu Changge’s attention.

Things in the future were not eternally doomed; a single moment of change could lead to terrifying transformations, like mountains giving way to tsunamis. It was impossible for Gu Changge to fully grasp or foresee the future with clarity. He still recalled an incident in the Dao Chang Realm when a son of luck from the future realm of the Immortal Emperor approached him, believing Gu Changge was not yet at his peak. This son of luck sought to eliminate him, hoping to spare future generations from dark days of despair.

However, that son of luck had severely underestimated Gu Changge’s strength. Even at a less-than-optimal state, he was not someone the Immortal Emperor could contend with. Gu Changge had seen despair etched in the eyes of that son of luck, but even now, he could not definitively ascertain from which future timeline that young man had come.

If Ye Suyi’s true nature bore resemblance to such an enigmatic existence from a fragment of the future, it might provide some explanation for the peculiarities of her personality, which allowed her to change her fate against the odds.

Noticing Gu Changge's silence, Ye Suyi's expression shifted to one of anxiety. She thought her concealment of her cultivation might have led him to believe she harbored ulterior motives, prompting her to quickly clarify, "I didn't mean to hide it, my lord. My cultivation has come very quickly; it's strange, and I can't even figure it out myself..."

Hearing this, Gu Changge snapped back to attention, casting her a slightly perplexed look before shaking his head. "I didn't mean to blame you."

Ye Suyi sighed in relief but seemed to hesitate before continuing in a whisper, "When I was in Zixiao Mountain, Miss Susu often used me as a test subject, asking me to help her cultivate a certain technique..."

"That technique is strictly forbidden in Zixiao Mountain. It's considered a forbidden art, leading to a terrible fate for anyone who practices it," she added, bewildered by how Zi Susu had come across such a technique.

Most of the time, Zi Susu secluded herself in her cave, cultivating alone and careful not to let the clansmen discover her activities. Concerned that practicing that forbidden exercise might drastically alter her personality and bring harm, she frequently invited various servants to undergo experiments. By observing the changes in these servants after they practiced, she decided whether to continue with her own cultivation.

Ye Suyi learned all this by chance. A few years ago, while cleaning outside Zi Susu's cave, she inadvertently stumbled upon a scene where Zi Susu instructed her servants to practice that forbidden technique. What she witnessed was harrowing.

Before her eyes, a once-powerful and vibrant cultivator aged dramatically in an instant after practicing the technique. It was as if the flow of time had accelerated through her body. The cultivator's youthful, radiant skin became dry and wrinkled, clinging to her bones like a layer of

bark. Almost immediately, the vitality of the entire person faded, as if some terrifying force was devouring it.

In mere moments, the once-living being transformed into a desiccated corpse. With the slightest gust of wind, that corpse crumbled to dust, scattering into the air and dissipating. This horrifying sight left an indelible mark on Ye Suyi's memory.

Rather than silencing Ye Suyi, Zi Susu seized the opportunity to pass the forbidden technique on to her, compelling her to cultivate it and complete the unfinished experiments of the other servants. The mysterious disappearances of several servants around Zi Susu raised suspicions among the people of Zixiao Mountain. To avoid drawing attention, Zi Susu needed to retain her experiments while also keeping her cultivation of the forbidden technique, which led her to make Ye Suyi, who remained by her side, her new test subject.

Ye Suyi was naturally fearful of Zi Susu and dared not disobey her commands. Despite knowing that the forbidden technique was strange and unpredictable, she had no choice but to press on with her cultivation. To complicate matters, Zi Susu never provided her with a complete method; instead, she intermittently offered fragments of instructions. Ye Suyi had to cultivate based on these snippets, and even when she made mistakes, Zi Susu would often ignore them.

Under such circumstances, Ye Suyi managed to cultivate some aspects of the technique without experiencing any backlash. Ironically, Zi Susu made no progress at all, as if she were inherently unsuitable for the forbidden technique.

"That part of my hidden cultivation must come from that taboo exercise, but I don't understand why it manifested. Many times, I can't even access it myself..." Ye Suyi explained in a low voice.

Unbeknownst to her, Zi Susu was entirely unaware of her cultivation. Otherwise, she would never have felt so confident in "selling" Ye Suyi into her experiments. Ye Suyi also guessed that if Gu Changge hadn't appeared when he did, Zi Susu would soon send someone to Lin Shuixuan to retrieve her. Zi Susu would never allow someone who knew her secret to remain beyond her control, as she only sought to humiliate her.

Gu Changge didn't seem particularly surprised by her explanations. "Since you have cultivated that forbidden exercise, do you know its name?" he asked casually.

Ye Suyi shook her head, bewildered. She knew it was a taboo technique from Zixiao Mountain, but its origins were a mystery to her. If Zi Susu hadn't sneered at her and threatened her in that moment, she might never have known such a technique existed.

"It's called the Immortal Binding technique, but in the world, it is commonly referred to as the Immortal Binding Demonic Art," Gu Changge said, his tone matter-of-fact.