

Villain 1151

Chapter 1151: The mother and child method, the loss is more than enough to make up for the deficiency

“Immortal Binding Demonic Art?” Ye Suyi was taken aback; it was the first time she had heard this name. Could this be the name of that forbidden exercise? But how did Gu Changge know about it?

Gu Changge didn’t elaborate much. The Immortal Binding Demonic Art was, in fact, a branch of the Immortal Devouring Demon Art. During his time in the upper realm of the Dao Dhang True Realm, when the Ancient Immortal Continent was opened, he had used the Immortal Binding Demonic Art to control the life and death of all the ancient immortal clans present.

However, the Immortal Binding Demonic Art he employed back then was not the true form of the technique; it could only be regarded as a partial branch evolution. The real Immortal Binding Demonic Art, as the name implies, was originally intended to bind immortals.

The Immortal Binding Demonic Art was divided into core formulas and branch formulas. Cultivators who practiced the core formulas could easily control the life and death of those cultivating the branch formulas. Moreover, they could absorb the cultivation base of these branch cultivators at any time, using it as nutrients.

Gu Changge preferred to refer to this system as the mother method and child method. The mother method was unique, while the child methods, transmitted through the mother method, could evolve into separate “false” mother methods. These “false” mother methods could, in turn, evolve further and give rise to more child methods.

It resembled a mother tree continuously growing branches, with each branch capable of independently producing other branches and leaves. This process could continue endlessly, eventually overshadowing everything else.

Gu Changge was somewhat puzzled as to why the Immortal Binding Demonic Art had appeared in Zixiao Mountain and was considered a taboo technique. He had only taught the Immortal Binding Demonic Art to Chan Hongyi and had never revealed the true form of the technique during his time in the Ancient Immortal Continent. Where had they obtained the Immortal Binding Demonic Art in Zixiao Mountain? Could it be that something had occurred during a period he was unaware of?

“Since you have cultivated the Immortal Binding Demonic Art, then you and I are destined,” he said. “I will now pass on the other part to you.”

Gu Changge returned from his thoughts, glanced at Ye Suyi, and without waiting for her response, pointed at the center of her eyebrows. For a moment, Ye Suyi felt a brilliant light shining down in her dark and profound Soul Palace, transforming into a seed that took root and began to grow there.

“This is the mother seed of the Immortal Binding Demonic Art,” Gu Changge stated lightly.

Ye Suyi’s cultivation was not her own but derived from her cousin, Zi Susu, who had used her as a test subject. However, they were unaware of Ye Suyi’s unique fate, and Zi Susu herself did not cultivate the mother method. Instead, she waited for Ye Suyi to cultivate and then adjusted her own cultivation method based on Ye Suyi’s progress. This process allowed the spiritual energy from Zi Susu’s cultivation to serve as Ye Suyi’s source of nutrition. This was also the reason behind the term “Immortal Binding” in the Immortal Binding Demonic Art.

Moreover, the Immortal Binding Demonic Art itself was quite peculiar. It did not belong to any traditional heavenly skill, nor was it classified as a secret cultivation text. Rather, it was a method of cultivation akin to the way of heaven. It drew from excesses to compensate for deficiencies, depleting one’s life, talent, luck, and other aspects to significantly enhance one’s cultivation.

As a result, cultivators practicing this method often believed it to be a form of cultivation against the heavens. The speed of their cultivation surpassed anything seen in the past or present, which was unprecedented, leading them to become obsessed with it.

In fact, what was lost somewhere was merely her own potential and future.

“Mother seed?” Ye Suyi’s expression remained dazed; she still couldn’t grasp Gu Changge’s meaning. She felt a ray of light behind her Soul Palace, as if she could tap into a hidden reservoir of cultivation power.

Gu Changge nodded, offering no further explanation. If Ye Suyi had a mother seed within her, it was only a matter of time before she comprehended the mysterious essence of the Immortal Binding Demonic Art. Taking this opportunity, he wanted to delve into Ye Suyi’s background.

“Then, can I stay by your side in the future...?” Ye Suyi didn’t dwell on the implications of the mother seed but sensed that Gu Changge’s words implied he would allow her to remain with him. Her expression brightened a bit, though she shyly pinched the corner of her clothes.

Gu Changge nodded slightly.

“I will definitely be obedient in the future and won’t cause trouble for the young master,” she assured him.

Upon hearing Gu Changge’s agreement, Ye Suyi’s happiness surged, sweeping away her previous tension and anxiety.

Gu Changge, however, said nothing more. Instead, he raised his eyes and gazed into the distance, lost in thought. The fog on both sides of the Zigui River thickened, creating a surreal atmosphere. Even at night, it remained brightly lit, surrounded by clouds and mist, with palaces and pavilions suspended high in the sky, though the lively songs from earlier had faded away.

The Seventh Crown Prince of the Demon Court, Di Kun, had arrived, and the ensuing battle with the Dao Realm elder beside Chu Xiao had nearly shocked the entire Southern Wilderness Domain. Now that the fight was over, cultivators from many lands were gathering, eager to uncover what had transpired. News of the events was also spreading rapidly to other ancient domains and universes.

Many cultivators had observed that the Dao realm elder of Xian Chu was no match for the Seventh Prince of the Demon Court. With his defeat, his fate remained uncertain; they could only speculate whether he would live or die. The heir of Chu Gucheng, the lord of Xian Chu, was likely in grave danger and might face death.

Of course, many great disciples reveled in this misfortune, eager to applaud the unfolding drama. Back when he was in Lin Shuixuan, Chu Xiao's impulsiveness had led to the tragic deaths of many innocent cultivators, and he deserved such consequences. Moreover, the conflict between Xian Chu and the Demon Realm had roots in the death of the Ninth Prince of the Demon Realm at the hands of a powerful Xian Chu cultivator. It was only natural for the Seventh Prince of the Demon Realm to seek revenge; there was nothing unjust about it.

While Xian Chu could be considered one of the most powerful forces in Xi Yuan civilization, its background was far less profound and enduring than that of entities like Zixiao Mountain and Yu Xian Palace. However, in recent eras, it had developed extremely quickly and had been excluded and targeted by many other forces.

Now, with Xian Chu engaged in a battle against the Demon Court, these forces were delighted to witness the conflict, hoping for mutual destruction so they could reap the benefits like fishermen waiting to take advantage of the chaos. The fiercer the battle between Xian Chu and the Demon Realm, the happier they would be.

Naturally, some cultivators had also noticed that Chu Xiao from Xian Chu had clashed with the mysterious young man in white, whose identity had been exposed, and then the Seventh Prince of the Demon Court arrived seeking revenge. Wasn't the timing suspiciously convenient? Or had the Seventh Prince simply been in the Southern Wilderness Ancient Domain at the right moment?

Speculation ran rampant, with some suspecting that hostile forces within Xian Chu had informed the Demon Court of the situation, knowing the Seventh Prince was nearby. This led to the swift descent of the Seventh Prince.

In summary, the current state of Xi Yuan civilization was one of tension. While the powerful forces appeared outwardly peaceful, beneath the surface, turbulent undercurrents were surging.

Chapter 1152: Chu Xiao's death, the two forces will definitely clash

Chu Gucheng, the lord of Xian Chu, had offended many enemies, and those foes would undoubtedly seize such an excellent opportunity for revenge. Numerous cultivators speculated that drastic changes might soon unfold in Xian Chu, leading to a significant reshuffle in the entire Xi Yuan civilization.

At this moment, on a barren mountain in the Southern Wilderness Ancient Domain, the sky suddenly shook violently. A terrifying hand seemed to pierce through half of the universe, descending from above. All the stars trembled, and the galaxy fractured, reminiscent of the scene before the Great Destruction.

Chu Xiao's face was pale and desperate as he spat out blood. He had been shot down from the void, landing on this desolate mountain.

"Are you going to continue running? Let me see where you can escape," Di Kun said, clad in a large cloak. His figure was burly and tall, resembling an immortal demonic mountain as he appeared not far away.

He looked at the despairing Chu Xiao with a playful expression, like a cat toying with a mouse.

"How could you catch up so quickly..." Chu Xiao's voice trembled, filled with fear and despair.

He was covered in blood and severely injured. The recent space explosion had caused the previously stable space tunnel to collapse in an instant. If it weren't for his numerous protective treasures, he would have been obliterated in that moment, reduced to a blood mist, with his body and spirit completely annihilated.

Of course, this was also because Di Kun had no intention of killing him immediately.

Di Kun smiled indifferently and said, "With that old servant of yours, you think you can stop me? You truly don't know your place. Be sensible—don't try to escape for your life; perhaps I can offer you a merciful death."

These cruel words filled Chu Xiao with terror. At that moment, endless resentment and unwillingness surged in his heart. Why was Uncle Fu, who was in the Dao Realm, unable to stop Di Kun? It had hardly taken any time at all. Was Fu Lao's so-called delay merely a deception, an excuse to flee for his own life?

"I have no grudge against your demon court. Why do you want to kill me? You have a debtor, and someone else killed your demon court's prince. Instead of seeking the real murderer, you settle the score with me!" Chu Xiao shouted in fear, unwilling to accept his fate.

Di Kun remained unmoved, sneering as he replied, "If you want to place blame, blame your father. If he hadn't insisted on fighting against my demon court, how would you have ended up like this today?"

With that, he slapped down with his massive hand, like a colossal wave crashing down, causing the sky to rumble and tremble, attempting to smash and obliterate everything in its path.

"Father, come and save me..." Chu Xiao cried out in terror, sacrificing all his life-saving items and throwing out every jade slip and charm he possessed.

The sky and earth erupted in splendor, unleashing terrifying fluctuations that sent shockwaves through the entire universe. Among these, a Dharma figure emerged, standing like a mountain, exuding an aura of extreme tyranny. These were the relatives who had bestowed their Dharma Bodies to Chu Xiao.

The weakest among these Daoism and Dharma Bodies had survived two heavenly declines. Among them was a Dharma Body gifted by Chu Gucheng himself. While it wasn't as formidable as his true form, it possessed immense power, activated only in the direst of situations.

"You dare?!" The Dharma Body of Chu Gucheng grasped the situation as soon as it manifested. His expression changed drastically, and he flew into a rage, raising his palm to strike at Di Kun.

Di Kun had long anticipated that Chu Xiao would possess numerous life-saving items, including many Daoism and Dharma Bodies bestowed by Chu Gucheng and others.

However, Di Kun didn't care; his laughter reverberated through the sky.

"Chu Gucheng, today I want you to witness your heir's death at my hands, so I can pay homage to the spirit of my ninth brother."

Accompanied by a piercing cry, the long river of time and age was thrown into turmoil. A black golden crow appeared, illuminating the entire dark sky. Terrifying heat surged all around, and a blazing, dazzling sun emerged, sweeping the heavens with its brilliance.

Di Kun was naturally no match for Chu Gucheng, but the Dharma Body of Chu Gucheng was not his full strength and wouldn't last long. Unfazed, he transformed into the body of the Golden Crow, unleashing his most powerful form to engage in battle.

He disregarded the other Dharma Bodies entirely, as they posed no threat to him.

“Father...” Chu Xiao’s eyes went pale with fear, filled with despair and panic. Seeing his father’s Dharma Body appear in that moment, he shouted as if grasping at a life-saving straw.

Yet, Di Kun’s strength was overwhelming; Chu Gucheng’s Dharma Body had to exert all its effort to confront him, leaving no room for it to respond to Chu Xiao.

The Xi Yuan civilization had not witnessed such a terrifying battle in many epochs.

This part of the universe became as fragile as paper, torn and pierced, with light soaring into the sky. Countless fragments of the shattered Dao surrounded the two combatants.

In their clash, worlds were born and destroyed with every movement; the aftermath of a mere ripple was powerful enough to obliterate an entire realm, sending chaotic light particles surging and impacting the distant cosmos.

In a far-off place, many trembling eyes gazed in shock, struggling to comprehend the spectacle before them.

Boom!!!

In the end, the two clashed in the outside world once more, unleashing terrifying energy that tore apart all tangible and intangible substances. Had it not been for the boundary barrier rules of the Xi Yuan civilization, they might have surged into the boundless sea, wreaking catastrophic havoc.

Many ancient beings in the Southern Wilderness Ancient Domain awoke with solemn expressions. If the aftermath of their battle were to spill over, the entire Southern Wilderness Ancient Domain would likely be reduced to ruins. This confrontation was akin to a clash between ancestral Dao Realm existences, an event that could only be described as unprecedented.

How many times had they witnessed such a spectacle since the Eternal Era?

Ultimately, the shocking battle came to an end, though it didn't last long. A black golden crow, surrounded by the real fire of the sun and resembling a massive black sun, dominated the sky as Di Kun laughed, exuding strength and arrogance.

“Chu Gucheng, you are nothing more than this,” he declared. Di Kun unleashed his full power. Despite being injured and having nearly lost one of his wings, he defeated the Dharma Body left by Chu Gucheng.

His laughter echoed across all the universes as he transformed into a stream of light, descending toward the despairing Chu Xiao.

A massive hand reached down and seized Chu Xiao. Amidst the trembling eyes of many ancient beings, he crushed him with a single motion, causing a blood mist to explode into the sky.

“Dead...”

“The heir of Chu Gucheng was killed by the Seventh Prince of the Demon Court!”

All the cultivators and creatures who witnessed this scene couldn't help but shiver in shock. The heir of Chu Gucheng had been slain on the spot by the Seventh Prince of the Demon Court in the Southern Wilderness Ancient Domain. Not even bones remained; real sun fire descended upon him, reducing him to ashes.

Terror gripped all the cultivators as they trembled, sensing an impending upheaval. A deadly confrontation between Xian Chu and the Demon Realm was inevitable, and an unprecedented life-and-death struggle loomed on the horizon. Chu Gucheng would never allow his heir, Chu Xiao, to be brutally killed by Di Kun.

Chapter 1153: Rumors of Forbidden and Strange Lands, Greif and Anger

After Di Kun killed Chu Xiao, his figure transformed into a round pitch-black sun. He flapped his wings and pierced through the vast universe, departing from the Southern Wilderness Ancient Domain.

The area lay in devastation—mountains collapsed, rivers shattered, and all the lakes evaporated. The land farther away was left bare, pitch black, and completely flattened. This destruction was merely a consequence of Di Kun's escaping aura; the larger universe in the distance had collapsed, leaving no intact remnants.

As the blood mist drifted across the sky, Chu Xiao's true spirit was incinerated to ashes by the real fire of the sun, leaving nothing behind.

All the cultivators and creatures who witnessed this scene were shocked and trembling. From a distance, many figures gathered and stood in stunned silence. What they saw was enough to astonish them further and send shivers down their spines.

The Xi Yuan civilization was undoubtedly on the brink of great turmoil. Given Chu Gucheng's vengeful nature, he would never let this go unpunished. Additionally, the demon court's domineering stance was evident, as they did not hesitate to come forth to exact revenge on Xian Chu.

Xian Chu would surely send powerful individuals to uncover the cause and effect of this tragedy, drawing the Southern Wilderness Ancient Domain into the fray. Many cultivators worried whether Xian Chu would hold them accountable for failing to save his life.

The consequences of such an event were beyond what ordinary people could bear, especially since even the Dao Realm elder from Xian Chu had failed to protect Chu Xiao. Any efforts from the rest would have been futile.

Tonight was destined to be a sleepless one for the Southern Wilderness Ancient Domain. Countless cultivators and creatures engaged in discussions about the matter. The informants of various forces within the Southern Wilderness Ancient Domain quickly spread the news, sparking an uproar throughout the other great universes and worlds of the Xi Yuan civilization.

Zigui City was deeply shaken, and almost no cultivators could remain seated. The genius disciples of the most powerful forces, such as Zixiao Mountain, Yu Xian Palace, Lingshen Cave, and Guangming Temple, were equally stunned.

Zi Yunchuan, Zhao Tianfan, Daoist Mingying, Fairy Cai Yun, and others were immediately questioned by the forces behind them about what had transpired that night. After all, prior to this, there had been conflicts between them and Chu Xiao. From a certain perspective, Chu Xiao's identity could be exposed, revealing connections between him and the others. It was inevitable that Xian Chu would involve them in this matter.

Of course, this did not imply that the forces behind them were afraid of Xian Chu. They simply did not want to attract unnecessary trouble or wade into murky waters at this time.

During this period, the most frequently asked questions centered around Gu Changge. Many forces were inquiring about his identity and origins, but the information they gathered was quite obscure. Zi Yunchuan, Zhao Tianfan, and the others hesitated to speak out easily, yet under the persistent questioning from the elders behind them, they were compelled to reveal some details, speculating that Gu Changge might be from a legendary forbidden and mysterious place.

Such news rapidly spread among the powerful forces, causing a significant sensation. In the Xi Yuan civilization, the legendary taboo and strange place had always been shrouded in mystery and remained largely unknown to the world.

Only a few words were recorded in some of the oldest classics and jade slips. Even for influential forces like Zixiao Mountain and Yu Xian Palace, their understanding of these topics was superficial. They knew that in extremely ancient times, the paths of many orthodox forces had existed at an extreme level. When faced with the certainty of life approaching its end and the inevitability of their paths being cut off, leading to death under the catastrophe of heavenly decline, they set out to seek those taboo and mysterious places in hopes of finding a new path and living anew.

However, no one knew whether those existences and former sages who sought out the way ultimately perished or succeeded in finding a new path. A significant reason those places were labeled as taboo and strange was their inherent danger and peculiarity; they were considered off-limits and could not be approached.

These lands existed not within the known world but drifted into illusory, lawless realms. Ordinary individuals could not reach them at all; if they accidentally ventured into such areas, they would face death and despair.

Of course, in the distant past, there were figures who emerged from these taboo and strange places. Only the oldest groups and forces within the Xi Yuan civilization had interactions with individuals from those realms. Some speculated that those forces and ethnic groups had gained tremendous benefits from such encounters and had established some form of agreement with those places.

Therefore, compared to the ongoing conflict between Xian Chu and the Demon Realm, the powerful factions were clearly more intrigued by Gu Changge, who was suspected to have emerged from a taboo and strange place.

As soon as they received this information, many forces began dispatching their strongest members to the Southern Wilderness Ancient Domain, hoping to visit Gu Changge and inquire about the mysterious realms.

These forces were cautious, however, as they learned that Gu Changge was accompanied by a terrifying servant who was close to the ancestral Dao Realm. Such a figure, regardless of which side he was on, was a person of high esteem and needed to be treated with utmost respect.

Yet, the fact that he was reduced to a servant at Gu Changge's side prompted much speculation among various forces and orthodoxies.

The news from the Southern Wilderness Ancient Domain spread rapidly, particularly under the deliberate promotion of various forces, quickly reaching Xian Chu and the Endless Demon Realm.

In the distant kingdom of Xian Chu, in Chu Wang City, an earth-shattering roar erupted, causing all cultivators and creatures to tremble, instinctively wanting to kneel. Countless stars in the sky and on the earth quivered as if they were about to explode under this tremendous sound.

Suddenly, they beheld an incomparably stalwart figure appearing at the edge of the world. He wore a black robe and exuded a majestic demeanor, surrounded by countless lights from various realms. It seemed as though three thousand worlds were surrendering around him, making the figure appear taller than the universe itself, deserving of reverence from heaven and earth.

However, at that moment, this figure was consumed by rage; his eyes burned red, and his murderous aura soared skyward like a boundless wave threatening to tear the sky apart. All the cultivators and beings in Chu Wang City trembled and knelt before him.

Many were bewildered, uncertain of what had transpired. Why had their usually calm and majestic lord, Chu Gucheng, unleashed such an enraged roar as if he sought to shatter the heavens? They had never witnessed him act in such a manner, revealing the depths of his grief and fury.

After a long moment, the figure let out a lamenting sigh, and the dharma body gradually dissipated.

Chapter 1154: At this time, the overall situation must be taken into account, and multiple forces plan to participate.

Many ministers and Star Kings of Xian Chu were already gathered in the hall, their expressions heavy, and the anger in many eyes was difficult to conceal. They had learned that Chu Xiao, the beloved son of Lord Chu Gucheng, had been killed by Di Kun, the Seventh Prince of the Demon Court, in the Southern Wilderness Ancient Domain.

At first, they found it hard to believe, deeming it impossible. However, as the news continued to spread, they had no choice but to accept this shocking reality. Chu Xiao was indeed dead, confirmed by Lord Chu Gucheng himself. The soul lamp was extinguished, the life card shattered, and even the dharma body that Chu Gucheng had left behind had collapsed.

The Seventh Prince of the Demon Court did not conceal his aura at all; a simple deduction revealed who was responsible for Chu Xiao's death. They never imagined that Di Kun would be so arrogant and powerful as to descend into the Southern Wilderness Ancient Domain and kill Chu Xiao in front of numerous witnesses. This was clearly an act of revenge for the Golden Crow Clan's Ninth Prince, Di Wen, regardless of the consequences it might provoke.

Did Di Kun not fear that this would lead to an all-out war between Xian Chu and the Demon Realm?

In the magnificent palace, the atmosphere was suffocating. All the ministers, star kings, and generals remained silent. Chu Gucheng stood with his back to them, as if he had not yet recovered from his overwhelming grief. It was difficult for him to accept that his most beloved son was lost to him forever. The thought that Chu Xiao had left Xian Chu to seek treasures for him only deepened his sorrow, as if he were being cut by a knife.

He wished he could leave Xian Chu himself, track down Di Kun, and avenge Chu Xiao. However, as the lord of Xian Chu, he was not merely a father; he could not afford to be willful and selfish. He had to consider the larger situation.

Chu Gucheng was filled with a mix of hatred and helplessness in his heart. If he were younger, he would have exacted a terrible price from the Demon Court, no matter the cost. However, he was no longer the hot-blooded young man he once was.

Despite his understanding, Chu Gucheng could not shake his feelings of resentment. If he hadn't listened to his wife and insisted on having Chu Xiao brought back, would things have turned out differently? But in this world, there were no "what ifs." No matter how powerful he was, he could not save Chu Xiao's life now that his true spirit was gone and his bones turned to ash.

Unless he could rewrite the past, altering the entire history of the Xi Yuan civilization. Yet, such a method would inevitably disrupt the very fabric of the Xi Yuan civilization. Even a being in the supreme realm could not afford the catastrophic consequences that would ensue.

"Xiao'er is dead, but something feels amiss. I suspect that someone is secretly plotting against Xian Chu, intent on provoking war between the Demon Realm and us," Chu Gucheng finally spoke, his voice slightly hoarse. "Until we have investigated this matter thoroughly, we must avoid any conflict with the Demon Court, lest we fall into someone else's scheme."

After a long moment of silence, he had managed to regain some composure. He knew that the news of his heir's death at the hands of Di Kun, the Seventh Prince of the Demon Court, would soon spread throughout Xian Chu, inevitably stirring up uproar and indignation.

Chu Gucheng worried that some individuals might choose to defy his orders and seek vengeance against the Demon Court. Although Chu Xiao had been somewhat headstrong and domineering in his past, he was still his heir, and his death would not be met with applause.

"My lord..." the ministers and Star Lords in the hall exchanged worried glances upon hearing this. However, they also breathed a sigh of relief. Faced with such a dire situation, they had feared that Chu Gucheng might succumb to anger and disrupt their carefully laid plans, potentially jeopardizing the overall situation. Fortunately, it seemed that he remained clear-headed.

In the eyes of many, while Chu Xiao was the heir of Chu Gucheng, he was vastly inferior to his siblings. He was seen as someone who floated in the sky while they remained grounded. In his everyday life, he bullied both men and women, displaying an arrogant and domineering attitude. He relied heavily on his status to wreak havoc in Xian Chu, even going so far as to proclaim himself the number one dude in the region.

His actions had caused significant trouble, such as when he arranged for the wives and daughters of several ministers to be ranked on a list of outstanding talents, an event that brought shame to many families. Now that Chu Xiao was embroiled in conflict with the Seventh Prince of the Demon Court and had exposed his identity, his downfall could be seen as a form of karmic retribution. Many felt it was just punishment for his misdeeds.

Starting an all-out war with the Demon Court over such a reckless heir would be unwise and could jeopardize the overall situation. This stance was at odds with the rational, calm, and diligent king that the ministers had come to respect.

As for the possibility of someone plotting behind the scenes, that was a different matter altogether. In the current climate, engaging in a war with the Demon Court would play directly into the hands of other forces, benefiting them instead of Xian Chu.

Not wanting to prolong the meeting, Chu Gucheng did not issue further orders. He waved his hand dismissively, signaling for the ministers to leave, as fatigue washed over him. He was well aware of their thoughts, and that worried him even more.

“Master...”

Once the ministers and Star Kings had departed, the hall felt increasingly empty. After a long silence, Chu Gucheng finally spoke up. “You said that Xiao’er was killed by Di Kun. Is it a coincidence, or is there someone orchestrating this behind the scenes? I can’t shake the feeling that I’m being watched.”

From behind him, a figure in a loose white robe materialized. It was his master, the Dharma Sage.

Hearing Chu Gucheng's concerns, the Dharma Sage responded with a serious expression. "From the beginning, the ancient immortal jade I placed beside Xiao'er showed no signs of disturbance or any abnormal activity. It does not seem that anyone is plotting behind this. His fate is also intertwined with yours; unless an existence far superior in strength were involved, it would be impossible for anyone to detect his fate and thus ascertain his identity."

"But if no one is plotting behind the scenes, then why did Di Kun of the Demon Court coincidentally appear in the Southern Wilderness Ancient Domain right after Xiao'er's identity was exposed? Could it be that other forces are secretly collaborating with him, informing him of the news as soon as it broke, and it just so happened that Di Kun was nearby?"

Chu Gucheng nodded, fully aware of the complexities surrounding this situation. His worries and confusion only deepened. If it was merely a coincidence, there were far too many coincidences for it to be believable. Yet, if it wasn't a coincidence, what kind of entity would dare to scheme against Chu Xiao in such a calculated manner?

Furthermore, why hadn't he and the Dharma Sage detected anything amiss? The existence of such a being was terrifying, capable of orchestrating an elaborate plan without leaving a trace.

"If you want to uncover the truth behind this, the only option is to use the Mirror of Reincarnation to replay Xiao'er's past fate," the Dharma Sage advised, his expression grave. "Perhaps we can discern any anomalies within it. I suspect that it's not just a single force behind this; rather, multiple forces are conspiring together to target Xian Chu."

Chapter 1155: So what if the demon court is used as a pawn? The high-spirited Di Kun

The Mirror of Reincarnation indeed held many mysterious and profound truths. The Dharma Sage, having existed for a long time, was well-versed in numerous secrets and ancient texts. With his words, Chu Gucheng's resolve to obtain the mirror strengthened. Without it, navigating through this crisis would be exceedingly difficult for Xian Chu.

He had always respected the exalted status of the Xi Yuan Temple, but he never anticipated that the Holy Maiden Xi Yuan would choose to sever ties with Xian Chu. Her lack of compassion meant she should not blame him for any actions he might take in the future.

Consequently, Chu Gucheng ordered all his subordinates and family members to refrain from leaving Xian Chu to seek vengeance against the Demon Court. He feared that his other children, in their fury, might act impulsively, playing directly into the enemy's hands. Until the causes and effects of this incident were fully understood, escalating conflict with the Demon Court would only create an even greater burden for Xian Chu.

At present, the enemy lurked in the shadows while they stood in the light. Any misstep could lead Xian Chu into an irredeemable situation.

After Chu Gucheng issued his orders, the once-furious and chaotic atmosphere in Xian Chu gradually settled. Many observing forces were taken aback and astonished. They had anticipated that Chu Gucheng would act out of anger, launching a large-scale assault on the Demon Court in revenge for his son. However, to their surprise, he remained clear-headed, choosing to restrain his clansmen instead of allowing the situation to spiral out of control.

In stark contrast, when the heir of the Demon Ancestor fell, the response was immediate and furious. The Demon Monarchs were mobilized at once; the Demon-Gathering Whistle echoed across the land as they prepared to launch an all-out assault on Xian Chu. This swift and aggressive reaction only heightened the unease among the major powers. While Chu Gucheng maintained his composure and focus, the Demon Court's impulsive actions revealed their volatility. Such a calculated enemy was undoubtedly terrifying.

This only intensified the fear many factions felt towards Xian Chu. In just over a hundred epochs, Xian Chu had grown immensely; if given enough time, could it unify the entire Xi Yuan civilization?

While Xian Chu was shrouded in an atmosphere of oppression, mourning, and anger, the Endless Demon Realm, located far away in the expansive time and space of another universe, erupted in cheers and revelry. Atop a mountain teeming with monstrous life, a great Monster King emerged, surrounded by both large and small demons. They brought forth fine wines and delicacies, and the scene was a tapestry of darkness, filled with laughter and celebration.

The Demon Court held a grand feast to commemorate the triumph of the Seventh Prince, Di Kun. With news of Chu Gucheng's descendant being slain by Di Kun himself, the Demon Ancestor felt a wave of relief wash over him. To honor this victory, he ordered a three-month-long celebration, inviting all monster creatures to partake in the festivities.

In this jubilant atmosphere, Di Kun became the most prominent figure in the Demon Court, overshadowing the other demon princes. Many, including Tang Gu and Yu Yuan, along with numerous monster generals and kings, heard of Di Kun's daring feat. They came to pay their respects, eager to align themselves with the Seventh Prince. They admired his audacity to kill Chu Gucheng's heir in front of numerous witnesses, a bold move that elevated the reputation of the monster clan significantly.

The demon race was distinct from other factions, as they rarely resorted to conspiracy or cunning; instead, they held a deep respect for power and strength. Xian Chu had killed the Ninth Prince of the Demon Court and had been reluctant to provide an explanation or hand over the murderer. This situation had long left many in the Demon Court seething with anger, seeking an outlet for their frustrations.

Now, with the Seventh Crown Prince, Di Kun, stepping forward to kill the heir of the Lord of Xian Chu, excitement surged through the ranks of the monster clan. Many powerful figures from the monster race flocked to Di Kun, eager to follow him and pledge their allegiance.

Di Kun, brimming with confidence, reveled in the glory of his newfound status. It was a day he had never imagined would come. However, even his brothers eyed him with a mix of admiration and apprehension. While Di Kun acknowledged that his victory over Chu Xiao was significantly aided by a mysterious presence, he hadn't heard from that enigmatic figure since the day on the Scarlet Plateau.

Amidst the chaos, various forces speculated on how Di Kun had managed to rush into the Southern Wilderness Ancient Domain and kill Chu Xiao. Whispers circulated that he might have allied with other factions to conspire against Xian Chu. Di Kun was fully aware of these rumors but chose not to clarify anything. The more confusion and speculation surrounded him, the more advantageous it was for him.

It was during this tumultuous time that the Demon Emperor began to recognize the exceptional qualities of his heir. While other heirs were also seeking vengeance for Di Wen, they were hesitant to confront Xian Chu, aware of its formidable strength. Although he had often distanced himself from the affairs of the Demon Court, the Emperor had observed how all the demon kings had dutifully followed his orders over the years.

Now, recognizing the potential in Di Kun, he personally ordered the blowing of the Demon-Gathering Whistle, summoning all demons from across the realm to prepare for an attack on Xian Chu. This decisive action aimed to channel the fury and frustrations of the demon race into a unified effort against their adversary.

Many demon kings exhibited a mix of obedience and defiance, often disregarding the Demon Emperor's commands.

"The current Demon Court needs rectification," the Demon Ancestor mused, his deep-set eyes reflecting a calculating nature. "I never noticed that the little Seventh had such courage and ambition before. This could be a chance to sharpen him and assess his capabilities. If he can prove himself, perhaps I can entrust him with the Demon Court in the future."

As he sat in the innermost palace of the Demon Realm, his aura was as vast as the sea, instilling a sense of awe and trepidation in those who approached. He considered Di Kun's potential as a leader. As for how Di Kun had learned of Chu Xiao's whereabouts, the Demon Ancestor felt no need to inquire further. If Di Kun possessed the capability to act decisively, what did it matter if he killed Chu Gucheng or just one of his heirs?

The Demon Court had deep roots in the Endless Demon Realm, its existence tracing back to the dawn of the Xi Yuan civilization. It was the oldest and largest ethnic group within that civilization, and the Demon Ancestor felt no fear of Xian Chu. If the Demon Court could regain its former glory and return to an era when the Demon Emperor commanded respect from all races, then even a land like Xian Chu could be obliterated with the slightest effort.

The Demon Ancestor cared little for the possibility of other forces orchestrating schemes behind the scenes. If the Demon Court was merely a pawn in a larger game, it was a risk he was willing to take. For now, he focused on the crisis looming over Xian Chu, knowing that it could be the catalyst for the resurgence of the Demon Court's power and influence.

"Hehe, Xian Chu should never have made such a mistake. Protecting the one who killed the little Ninth and inviting such disaster upon themselves is their own fault," the Demon Ancestor mused, an overbearing aura glinting in his eyes.

Rising from his seat, he took up a writing brush and began to compose a decree. With each stroke, the air thickened with power, and the decree soon pierced through the universe, descending upon the Di Kun Palace. The golden demon script shimmered, reflecting the heavens and the earth, seemingly infused with boundless divine energy. All the demon clan members were left in awe.

This decree overflowed with the Demon Ancestor's praise and rewards for the Seventh Prince, Di Kun. Its remarkable content not only astonished but also sparked envy among the other princes of the Demon Court. Many demon kings and generals within the court recognized the significance of this moment. It was clear that the Demon Ancestor was beginning to place great value on Di Kun. The question loomed—could this signal a shift in the hierarchy of power within the Demon Court, perhaps even a change in who would be the next Demon Emperor?

Chapter 1156: The Grace of Saving Life, It Has Its Own Purpose and Arrangement

Just as the undercurrents of Xi Yuan civilization surged and various forces began testing and guessing one another, a slightly quiet courtyard in Zigui City held a different scene. An old man, his face resembling crumpled gold paper and his hair gray, lay in bed with his eyes tightly closed, his breath as light as gossamer. Were it not for the faint pulse of life sustaining him, others might have assumed he was on the verge of death, about to slip away.

At that moment, the door creaked open, and a veiled girl dressed in white entered, holding a bowl of pitch-black medicine. The old man lying on the bed managed to open his eyes with great effort upon hearing her approach. Seeing him awake, the girl in white appeared pleasantly surprised. She quickly set the medicine bowl on the table beside her and said, “Senior, are you awake? I’ll go tell Young Master right now.” Without waiting for a response, she vanished from the room, closing the door behind her.

“Where am I?” The old man, still disoriented, looked around with slightly cloudy eyes, confusion etched on his face. He had not yet clearly seen the girl in white before him, but her presence felt familiar—where had he seen her before?

Suddenly, clarity struck him, and he recalled the moment when Di Kun transformed into the Golden Crow, the devastating palm strike that nearly drained his source of life, the collapse of his dharma body, and his subsequent fall into the void.

“It turns out that I was saved by that girl in white from Lin Shuixuan at that time...” The old man, Uncle Fu, who had served Chu Xiao, remained in a daze, struggling to accept the fact that he had been rescued by the seemingly unremarkable girl in white. No, based on her words, it seemed that the real savior was the mysterious young man in white who had stood beside her. But why had he chosen to save him?

After all, during his time in Lin Shuixuan, conflicts had arisen between Chu Xiao and the mysterious young man in white, which ultimately led to the exposure of Chu Xiao’s true identity.

“Young Master, I’m afraid the news isn’t good...” Uncle Fu thought, a mixture of complex emotions and bitterness clouding his expression. Though he had survived, Chu Xiao had lost his strength. At that time, Di Kun had been solely focused on killing Chu Xiao, opting not to waste time on Uncle Fu. Otherwise, he might have faced a similar fate, as he had come perilously close to death.

Using the weak spiritual energy he still possessed, Uncle Fu attempted to sense Chu Xiao's breath of life, but his eyes clouded with despair as he found no response. This deepened the gloom on his face, leaving him with the sinking feeling that Chu Xiao had indeed been killed.

Just then, the door creaked open, and a young man in white entered—Gu Changge. He looked at Uncle Fu lying on the bed with surprise, then remarked with a faint smile, "Looks like he finally woke up."

Uncle Fu was not surprised by his arrival; he had already suspected that Gu Changge was the one who had saved him. Otherwise, given Di Kun's nature, it was likely he would have returned to eliminate Uncle Fu after dealing with Chu Xiao, ensuring there would be no future threats.

Struggling to sit up, Uncle Fu cupped his hands in gratitude and said, "Thank you for saving my life, sir." No matter the circumstances, Gu Changge had sent someone to rescue him, and Uncle Fu was a man who valued gratitude.

Gu Changge waved his hand dismissively, saying, "You don't have to be so formal; this was just a small effort on my part. I have always admired those who value loyalty and righteousness. You risked your life to buy time for your young master in the face of an overwhelming and powerful enemy. That is truly commendable."

Uncle Fu didn't dwell on such formalities. His concern for Chu Xiao's life weighed heavily on him, still clinging to a glimmer of hope. He hurriedly asked, "Master, may I ask about my young master...?"

Gu Changge didn't appear surprised by Uncle Fu's words; he simply shook his head slightly and said, "Your young master has been killed by the Seventh Prince of the Demon Court. The prince is indeed powerful, and I worry that this could lead to unnecessary trouble. Therefore, I must say there is nothing more I can do to help." His tone was flat and matter-of-fact, as if discussing a trivial issue.

At the same time, he conveyed to Uncle Fu that his decision to save him stemmed from a sense of loyalty and righteousness, but he had no obligation to save Chu Xiao. Uncle Fu understood that if Gu Changge had managed to send someone to rescue him, that would be the extent of his kindness—Gu Changge owed them nothing. He had no obligation to intervene on Chu Xiao's behalf, especially since even the other supreme forces had chosen to stand back and avoid the conflict.

Yet, for some reason, Uncle Fu couldn't bring himself to appreciate Gu Changge; something always felt amiss. Back in Lin Shuixuan, had it not been for the conflicts and disputes with Gu Changge over the girl in white, his young master's identity might never have been exposed, and Di Kun might not have sought revenge. In a way, there was still some cause and effect tied to Gu Changge. But then again, this was also due to Chu Xiao's own actions.

"You are seriously injured right now, so it's best to focus on recuperating. The people from Xian Chu may soon arrive in the Southern Wilderness Ancient Domain. If you want to leave, it will be more convenient to join them," Gu Changge added casually, omitting too many details, as though someone were obligated to save Uncle Fu.

After speaking, he left. Uncle Fu remained somewhat dazed, his expression growing more bitter and complex. Chu Xiao was dead, but he had survived. How would he face Xian Chu? How would he confront Chu Gucheng and the others? The irony was that the person who had rescued him was Gu Changge, who had previously had conflicts with Chu Xiao. This complicated the situation, as karma would inevitably be involved. What would Chu Gucheng and the others think of this turn of events?

Thinking about this, Uncle Fu felt increasingly complicated and entangled. Although he was highly respected in Xian Chu and this matter would not affect him greatly, his situation might become extremely awkward in the future.

“It seems I must recover as quickly as possible, then leave as soon as I can, trying to avoid encounters with the people from Xian Chu. The fact that I was saved by him also needs to be concealed as much as possible.” Uncle Fu sighed inwardly. Although this approach felt somewhat wrong, it was the only solution he could think of.

Outside the courtyard, Ye Suyi still held a medicine bowl in her hand. Upon seeing Gu Changge emerge, she followed him and asked in a low voice, “Master, do you want to bring this medicine in?”

Gu Changge remained calm, waving his hand dismissively. “Since he is already awake, there’s no need for that. Just throw it away.”

“Yes, Young Master.” Ye Suyi complied, leaving with the medicine bowl in her hand. Although she didn’t fully understand Gu Changge’s intentions, she refrained from asking further questions.

This bowl of medicine was actually a prescription she had casually concocted in Zigui City, and it held no real efficacy for curing someone at the Dao Realm. Gu Changge had instructed her to pretend to care for Uncle Fu, ensuring he understood that he had been saved upon waking. As such, Ye Suyi had taken the time to bring the bowl of medicine in multiple times, reheating it each time.

Naturally, Gu Changge hadn’t saved Uncle Fu solely for his sake. His actions were driven by his own purpose and arrangements. Even if he were to explain this to Ye Suyi, she wouldn’t grasp the full context. Moreover, it was impossible for him to divulge these details to her.

Chapter 1157: People’s hearts are always the most unpredictable force, the current situation

Time passed quickly, and several days had gone by since Chu Xiao was killed by Di Kun, the Seventh Prince of the Demon Court. Gu Changge did not linger in Zigui City; he had no interest in the so-called Wanzang secret realm. At his current level, he couldn’t be bothered, even if it were a secret realm left by supreme beings, let alone an ordinary realm at the Dao level.

On the second day after Uncle Fu awoke, he quietly departed, not considering it a farewell. On the table beside him, he left a letter of thanks, expressing his gratitude to Gu Changge for saving his life. However, as a member of Xian Chu, he understood that even though his young master had met with misfortune and his own body had not fully recovered, he must return to the frontlines as soon as possible and could not stay there any longer. He vowed that if there was a chance in the future, he would surely repay Gu Changge's life-saving grace.

After reading the letter left by Uncle Fu, Gu Changge smiled indifferently and casually destroyed it. He had not expected Uncle Fu to repay him; after all, he had merely survived two catastrophes. In Gu Changge's eyes, Uncle Fu didn't hold much significance anymore. What he valued was Fu Lao's identity and connections in Xian Chu.

According to the information Gu Changge had gathered, although Fu Lao was not top-tier, he was one of the most respected figures in Xian Chu. He had taken good care of Chu Gucheng in his youth and had witnessed his rise; it was not an exaggeration to say that the ascent of the isolated city could be attributed to him. Now that Chu Xiao was dead, Fu Lao's situation would undoubtedly shift subtly upon his return to Xian Chu.

The human heart was unpredictable, and it always remained the most elusive force. Xian Chu was currently suffering from foreign aggression, but the internal situation was relatively stable. Disintegrating it would not be an easy task. Moreover, Chu Gucheng had traveled across various civilizations and cultivated many friendships, allowing him to seek assistance in critical moments.

On the other side, in the Xu Dan civilization, there existed an individual with whom Gu Changge shared a deep friendship. Initially, it was this person who noticed Gu Changge's prying into matters and used it as a warning for the Xi Yuan civilization. Xian Chu could be considered the biggest obstacle to Gu Changge's control over the Xi Yuan civilization, and it was also the easiest point of entry.

At this moment, he was not in a hurry. With the key moves already made, it now depended on whether anyone on the other side could confront him. Chu Gucheng's character was cautious and

steady; he was not easily swayed by anger. In fact, this was already part of Gu Changge's calculations. He hadn't expected that with just one Chu Xiao, he could disintegrate and destroy Xian Chu.

The embankment of a thousand miles is destroyed by the nests of ants; no matter how strong the city wall, once there is a gap, it will eventually collapse.

After leaving Zigui City, Gu Changge took Ye Suyi back to Yu Xian Academy temporarily. The Yu Xian Academy in the Tai Yuan Ancient Domain was under his control, so there was no need to worry about anyone discovering his identity. Ye Suyi, unaware of Gu Changge's origins and true identity, never asked about them and behaved extremely well, showing obedience during this time.

Upon returning to Yu Xian Academy, Gu Changge instructed her to cultivate hard like the other disciples, rather than following him everywhere. During this period, he had the dean of Yu Xian Academy go to Yu Xian Palace to gather information, and there was some progress.

The founder of Yu Xian Palace had indeed left the palace later with a group of people. This was a closely guarded secret, known to only a few. However, the location where the founder ultimately chose to live in seclusion remained unknown.

After receiving this news, Gu Changge pondered for a long time. The descendant of the founder of Yu Xian Palace had a significant causal connection with the sealed town of Liuhe Tianyuan. If he wanted to reclaim Liuhe Tianyuan, he would need to navigate that layer of cause and effect to uncover the place where the town was sealed.

Otherwise, he would have to seek out other civilizations to find individuals who were also causally connected to the original sealing of Liuhe Tianyuan. This approach would entail considerable trouble and a waste of time. With this in mind, Gu Changge felt it was necessary to visit Yu Xian Palace in person to uncover the clues he sought.

During this time, all forces in the Xi Yuan civilization were searching for him, eager to uncover his background. While keeping an eye on the developments within the Xi Yuan civilization, Gu Changge also monitored changes in the immortal civilization and the Heaven Slaying Alliance.

The existence of the Heaven Slaying Alliance had only recently spread across the lands of the Xi Yuan civilization. In more distant Supreme Realms, few creatures were yet aware of it. Additionally, due to previous news from Xian Chu, many believed that the Heaven Slaying Alliance's emergence in the immortal civilization was linked to the remnants of the black disaster, suggesting that those remnants might have returned. This news caused significant panic within the Xi Yuan civilization.

However, these forces and ethnic groups soon discovered that the Heaven Slaying Alliance was not as terrifying as they had imagined; it was merely spreading its teachings and purposes to some newly emerging real worlds around them. Consequently, in several shattered civilizations nearby, many devout and fanatical followers of the Heaven Slaying Alliance began to surface.

Unfortunately, the strength of these believers was quite low. Many great worlds had only experienced minor upheavals and remained in an era of barren civilization. Among these believers were some who claimed to have received the blessing of the Overlord. They referred to themselves as the Heaven-Slaying Guardians, possessing abilities beyond those of ordinary individuals. These guardians stirred up turmoil in their respective worlds and displayed a fanatical, almost morbid, worship of the Heaven-Slaying Alliance Leader.

These developments were detectable by various forces within the Xi Yuan civilization. It was this information that led many groups in the Xi Yuan civilization to relax their vigilance, believing that this newly rising force, under the banner of slaying the heavens, posed no significant threat in itself.

Among them, there seemed to be no ancestral Dao realm. The only one who was more mysterious and difficult to assess was the leader of the Heaven-Slaying Alliance; only the core figures of the Heaven-Slaying League had seen his true face and knew his identity. Ordinary cultivators had no knowledge of his strength or origins.

This aspect made many forces in the Xi Yuan civilization quite wary, and it was also of utmost importance. However, regarding the existence of the Heaven-Slaying Alliance, they remained somewhat contemptuous and indifferent. Throughout the long river of time, there had been many

forces like this, but most did not end well. They either collapsed halfway or encountered backlash, turning to ashes overnight.

From this perspective, it was indeed difficult to link the Heaven-Slaying Alliance with the once-catastrophic Black Disaster. At most, the mysterious leader of the Heaven-Slaying Alliance might have some causal connection to it or perhaps received blessings left by it. Many forces in the Xi Yuan civilization held such attitudes toward the current Heaven-Slaying Alliance and didn't pay much attention to it.

Yet, the impending catastrophe, foreseen in the shadows, remained a source of confusion for many forces, making it challenging to decipher the situation for the time being.

Chapter 1158: The Fascinating Immortal Binding Demonic Art, throw the Blame?

Gu Changge was naturally pleased to see this situation. The more the Xi Yuan Civilization underestimated the Heaven-Slaying Alliance, the more room he had for planning. He didn't require the Heaven-Slaying Alliance himself; he was being watched by all civilizations, existing in the shadows where he could act without being seen. However, he estimated that this situation would not last long. Once the circumstances of the Xi Yuan civilization were entirely under his control, it would essentially mean that the situation of the boundless world would be fully opened. After that, many matters wouldn't need to be planned as meticulously as they were now.

The Taiyuan Ancient Domain was located within the territory of Yu Xian Palace. During this period, it remained relatively calm and was not significantly affected by the conflict between Xian Chu Haotu and the Demon Court. Although Ye Suyi accompanied Gu Changge, she didn't see him very often. Due to her outstanding appearance, she had gained considerable fame at Yu Xian Academy. Many disciples speculated that she might be the apprentice of the mysterious elder from Biluo Peak.

Gu Changge seemed to spend all his time at the cloud-shrouded Biluo Peak, invisible to outsiders, leaving them unaware of his activities. Occasionally, Ye Suyi would visit Biluo Peak under the pretense of needing help with her cultivation, but most of the time, she would find no one there. She was unaware of what Gu Changge was doing and noticed that he didn't seem to require the same closed-door cultivation as the other elders. Instead, she had seen the dean of Yu Xian Academy appear at Biluo Peak respectfully, as if reporting something.

This scene only heightened Ye Suyi's curiosity about the origin and identity of the mysterious Gu Changge. However, she never asked and simply focused on her own activities. She diligently practiced the Immortal Binding Demonic Art that Gu Changge had taught her. She had to admit that the exercises he provided were entirely different from those that Zi Susu had given her back then; the disparity in cultivation speed was incomparable. She could achieve the cultivation levels that typically took ordinary people ten or even a hundred years to reach in just a few days.

Such a terrifying speed of cultivation would captivate and drive people to madness. Ye Suyi didn't have much ambition regarding her realm strength, but she still felt a sense of dreamy disbelief at her progress.

Several months passed in this manner. Contrary to what many forces in the Xi Yuan civilization anticipated, a full-scale war between Xian Chu and the Demon Realm did not occur. Instead, Xian Chu maintained a low profile during this period, summoning many experts back to its ranks. Chu Gucheng, the lord of Xian Chu, seemed to have sensed an undercurrent pushing against Xian Chu, leading it toward potential collapse.

Realizing the danger, he knew that if he made enemies everywhere before the situation was clear, it would only lead to further destruction. He had no choice; he did not wish to become the enemy of the entire world. Therefore, he had to exercise restraint, minimize conflicts, and avoid entanglements that could lead to karma.

The leaders of various forces were deeply moved, recognizing that they lacked the determination and perseverance of Chu Gucheng. They could not exhibit the same tolerance he did; one of their most beloved heirs had been killed, and they struggled to bear it. It was clear that his rise to power and the establishment of such a vast immortal domain were not without reason.

Meanwhile, the secret enemies of Chu Gucheng were quite disappointed; they did not witness the anticipated turmoil. They were also curious about which force might be plotting against Chu Gucheng from the shadows. After all, an enemy's enemy is a friend, and for them to seek revenge on Chu Gucheng seemed unrealistic given their strength.

For Chu Gucheng to reach his current position, he must have offended many enemies, and numerous foes were lurking in the dark, even hidden from his awareness. This uncertainty weighed heavily on him; he could not afford to let anyone leave Xian Chu when their lives were at stake.

Although the death of Chu Xiao and Xian Chu's retreat had somewhat eased tensions with the Demon Realm, everyone knew that this was merely a temporary reprieve.

Blood is thicker than water; it was impossible for Chu Gucheng to allow his heir to be killed by the Demon Court without consequences. Once the pressure eased, Xian Chu would undoubtedly launch a significant counterattack against the Demon Court. However, the Demon Court was not foolish; it had been actively seeking ways to establish contact with various forces in the Xi Yuan civilization. Many demon clan factions in the Endless Demon Realm had also received word and sensed that a decisive battle between the Demon Court and Xian Chu was imminent.

The current predicament of Xian Chu brought a mix of gloating and concern among many forces. While some delighted in the chaos, ancient beings worried that the downfall of the Xi Yuan civilization might originate from Xian Chu itself. During this time, powerful factions such as Yu Xian Palace, Lingshen Cave, and Zixiao Mountain sought ways to uncover Gu Changge's whereabouts.

After a period of speculation, the events that transpired in Zigui City had spread throughout the many great universes of the Xi Yuan civilization. Countless cultivators and beings engaged in discussions, speculating about Gu Changge's true identity. Some forces questioned the timing of his appearance, finding it difficult to feel secure given the uncertainty surrounding the Xi Yuan civilization.

Meanwhile, those who had conversed with Gu Changge that day—Zi Yunchuan, Zhao Tianfan, and others—were left in the dark about his whereabouts. The Wanzang Secret Realm in the Southern Wilderness Ancient Domain opened as scheduled, drawing many geniuses eager for opportunities. Zi Yunchuan and his companions hurried there, suspecting that Gu Changge might have already arrived. However, within the Wanzang Secret Realm, they found no trace of him, forcing them to give up in disappointment.

The forces backing them instructed that if they encountered Gu Changge, they must extend an invitation for him to return to their sect. As speculation and deduction ran rampant regarding the

Zigui City incident, many began to ponder whether it was as simple as a coincidence. Could it be that the enigmatic Gu Changge was the true mastermind behind the scenes, orchestrating events to unfold as he intended?

However, the origin of that girl was later deduced and investigated, revealing a secret about Zixiao Mountain. This revelation shocked many forces that were closely monitoring the situation. If it were true that Gu Changge had intentionally orchestrated a conflict with Chu Xiao for the sake of that girl, it would seem unreasonable. After all, there appeared to be no connection between the two incidents, making their simultaneous occurrence seem purely coincidental.

Yet, if Gu Changge had prior knowledge of Chu Xiao's identity, the question arose: why would he deliberately engage in conflict with him? In short, the myriad doubts and confusion left the speculations of all the forces muddled, ultimately leading them to attribute the situation to mere coincidence. Or perhaps they were overthinking it?

Another possibility lingered: what if Gu Changge had been in contact with the Seventh Prince of the Demon Court, Di Kun, for an extended period? Was he secretly plotting against the Demon Court? However, as soon as this possibility was raised, powerhouses from various factions shook their heads and laughed, dismissing it as fantasy and utterly unimaginable.

First and foremost, why would Gu Changge conspire against Xian Chu? How could he have known Chu Xiao's identity in advance, and when had he established contact with the Demon Court? The premise of all these theories was impossible to explain.

As a result of this incident, a myriad of speculations emerged throughout the great universe of the Xi Yuan civilization. Many cultivators believed that the events were actually the result of various joint forces within the Xi Yuan civilization, using the Demon Court as a pawn in a conspiracy against Xian Chu. The timing of Gu Changge's appearance was deemed too coincidental; thus, rumors and speculations were deliberately circulated to tarnish his reputation, casting him as the scapegoat for the events and raising suspicion about his involvement.

Though this method was somewhat inferior, it did align with the known tactics and styles of various forces.

Chapter 1159: Lord of Zixiao Mountain, one of the biggest crises in his life

“Reporting to the ancestor, this is all that happened that day. On the way to Zigui City, the disciples and a group of followers accidentally encountered a crack in time and space and nearly fell into it. At the critical moment, the mysterious young man in white appeared and rescued us...”

In Zixiao Mountain, the glow was vibrant, and the famous peaks loomed majestically. This place felt like an ancient world detached from the outside, infused with the strong atmosphere of the immortal family. As far as the eye could see, there were magnificent mountains and rivers, silver waterfalls cascading down, strange pines and cypresses standing tall, lush greenery surrounding them, and large islands sinking and floating in the depths of the sky, all shrouded in clouds and mists of various colors.

Now, within a magnificent palace hidden deep in the void of time and space, Zi Yunchuan, who had just returned from the Wanzang secret place, knelt respectfully on the ground, detailing how he met Gu Changge.

Inside this grand palace, chaotic light flickered as the laws of time flowed. Immortal mist permeated the air, and many indistinct figures sat on futons around the space. These beings were the elders of Zixiao Mountain, having survived numerous heavenly declines, their strength unfathomable. The mere stamp of their feet could easily cause a major earthquake in the outside world, and a single word from them could determine the life and death of countless cultivators.

At the center of the palace stood the current Lord of Zixiao Mountain, his arms crossed behind his back and his back turned to everyone. He was tall, adorned with a robe embroidered with the sun, moon, and stars on his wide sleeves, and a purple-golden crown rested upon his head. He exuded a majestic aura that commanded surrender from the depths of one's heart, like a true god who had transcended the long river of time.

If one were to count the strongest figures recognized by the Xi Yuan civilization today, the Lord of Zixiao Mountain would undoubtedly hold a prominent position. He had become enlightened

countless years ago, his true form spanning many epochs. He had experienced many small and large purges and was once known as a fearsome killer long ago.

At this moment, upon hearing Zi Yunchuan's report, everyone in the hall focused their attention, appearing quite concerned. The Lord of Zixiao Mountain, with even more profound eyes, remained with his back turned to everyone, saying little. However, within the depths of his gaze, it seemed as though a scene was unfolding, as he attempted to deduce the circumstances from Zi Yunchuan's words to ascertain the truth.

Zi Yunchuan lowered his head and knelt there, astonished that he had been summoned by the ancestor himself upon returning to Zixiao Mountain due to this matter. While he felt nervous, he dared not hide anything and recounted everything he knew. However, he found himself feeling a bit dazed and incredulous. When the group of elders inquired about Gu Changge's name and origin, the memory of that part of his mind began to blur, as if it were slipping away. He knew Gu Changge's surname, yet he could neither mention it nor even think about it.

The incredible power of this phenomenon shocked Zi Yunchuan, leaving him feeling cold and shivering.

"Go down; Susu stay behind," the Lord of Zixiao Mountain finally spoke, breaking the tense silence. He did not look back, as if still immersed in thought.

Zi Yunchuan was momentarily taken aback, then glanced at the girl in the purple dress, who also hung her head, and hurriedly exited the hall without asking further questions. The skin of the girl in the purple skirt was like white porcelain—delicate and fair. Her figure was exquisite, with ample curves, making her a rare and stunning beauty; she was Zi Susu, the renowned heavenly maiden of Zixiao Mountain.

Zi Yunchuan couldn't understand why Zi Susu had also been summoned by the ancestor, just like him. Could it be related to Ye Suyi's matter?

"According to Zi Yunchuan's words, he did not lie, but it is still difficult to determine whether that mysterious young man in white emerged from those taboo and strange places." After Zi Yunchuan left, the other elders in the hall spoke slowly. Although the conflict between Xian Chu and the

Demon Court was arousing tensions, it was not their primary concern. Many forces and ethnic groups in the Xi Yuan Civilization were questioning and speculating about Gu Changge's origins, and Zixiao Mountain was no exception.

"I'm afraid things are not that simple. If he truly came from the rumored taboo and strange place, things would be much easier," the Lord of Zixiao Mountain said, shaking his head, his eyes revealing a depth of thought. He had already deduced everything that Zi Yunchuan had reported, and the young man had nothing to hide. However, when he tried to use this information to deduce Gu Changge's origin, he encountered significant obstacles. A vast and thick fog enveloped his vision; the sky darkened, and silence prevailed in all directions. If the deduction continued, even he might face unforeseen consequences.

This was the first time the Lord of Zixiao Mountain had encountered such a phenomenon, and it was highly likely that he could become lost in the deduction and never return. Although he appeared calm, he had been in a cold sweat moments ago.

"Don't worry too much about this in advance; just wait and see what unfolds. If a calamity is to occur, it will likely be Xian Chu that faces it first. Why should we rush?" The Lord of Zixiao Mountain snapped back from his thoughts and waved his hand, signaling all the elders to leave.

Before the Great Land of Xian Chu was established under Chu Gucheng, the Lord of Zixiao Mountain had plotted against him to seek fortune. He had even ventured to find the world from which Chu Gucheng emerged, disregarding the terrifying backlash and cause and effect, attempting to alter the long river of time to strike down Chu Gucheng in his weak past.

At that time, it was one of the biggest crises that Chu Gucheng faced in his life, and he nearly fell. In the end, it was his Master, Dharma Sage, who intervened, leveraging his life-and-death friendship with a powerful being from Xu Dan Civilization to stop the Lord of Zixiao Mountain and save Chu Gucheng. This incident was not a secret within the Xi Yuan civilization. Although Chu Gucheng ultimately survived, those who witnessed the events knew he paid a tragic price.

Now, having established Xian Chu and risen to become a top figure in the Xi Yuan civilization, Chu Gucheng had never forgotten his hatred for the Lord of Zixiao Mountain. While they maintained a facade of cordiality, he was determined to take revenge on the Lord of Zixiao Mountain whenever the opportunity arose. Everyone in Zixiao Mountain was well aware of this, and they naturally hoped that Xian Chu and the Demon Court would engage in a fierce battle, leading to mutual destruction.

“Is there something you are hiding from me?” After all the elders had left, the Lord of Zixiao Mountain turned to look at Zi Susu, who was also kneeling on the ground with her head bowed.

Chapter 1160: it's also just a line of slaves under him, the congenital five canals

Zi Susu's complexion was a little pale as she knelt on the ground, her body trembling as if she were sifting through chaff; she was clearly extremely afraid of this ancestor.

“Old Ancestor... Ye Suyi knows my secret...”

She didn't dare to conceal anything and hastily confessed everything she had been worried about these days. It had never occurred to Zi Susu that she had effectively sold Ye Suyi to Lin Shuixuan out of anger. Now, by a twist of fate, Ye Suyi had ended up following that mysterious young man in white. How could she possibly go back to reclaim Ye Suyi now?

All along, Ye Suyi had been her subject for experimenting with the immortal binding demonic art. In an effort to instill fear in Ye Suyi, she had shared some details about the technique, which ultimately led Ye Suyi to discover her biggest secret.

Originally, Zi Susu was not considered the most outstanding talent among Zixiao Mountain's generation; her current achievements stemmed from a fortunate encounter many years ago when her ancestor met her by chance. For reasons unknown, the ancestor had deemed the immortal binding demonic art a taboo technique of Zixiao Mountain, taught it to her, and instructed her to cultivate it.

Zi Susu was naturally ecstatic at first, captivated by the almost terrifying speed of her cultivation. However, it wasn't long before she began to feel uneasy, sensing that something was amiss. Given that it was a skill capable of transforming a person into a dragon in one fell swoop, the term "mystery" hardly sufficed to describe its power. How could this possibly be a taboo practice?

So, Zi Susu began seeking out people to experiment with, aiming to verify the side effects and dangers of the immortal binding demonic art. As she had anticipated, although the technique was against the natural order, those who cultivated it did not live long. It was even possible that, someday in the future, she would encounter a sudden disaster that could lead to her death.

The conditions of death were all kinds of strange: some individuals committed suicide, ensnared by the demons; others became exhausted and turned to dry bones; some unexpectedly encountered a strong opponent and perished in the aftermath.

Zi Susu developed a preliminary understanding of the weirdness and horror associated with the immortal binding demonic art. However, she found it impossible to give up cultivating the technique. Having become accustomed to the obsessive and terrifying speed of her cultivation, adapting to her previous life of penance felt nearly impossible.

Therefore, Zi Susu could only continue to hypnotize herself with the excuse that she was uniquely suited for the immortal binding demonic art, allowing her to persevere in her cultivation. In the process, she also gathered people for her experiments, seeking a way to neutralize the art's effects.

"It's really foolish. Since I granted you this technique, it naturally means you are suited for cultivation," the Lord of Zixiao Mountain remarked. "Do you think the Old Ancestor wants to harm you?"

He had not expected Zi Susu to engage in these activities without his knowledge, and a sullen expression appeared on his face, revealing his displeasure.

Upon hearing his words, Zi Susu became even more terrified. She did not dare to raise her head and kept shaking in fear.

The Lord of Zixiao Mountain snorted coldly and said, “When I gave you this taboo technique, it was precisely because you were suited for its cultivation. In you, I seem to see my former shadow, which is why I didn’t hesitate to show up and teach you personally. But who would have thought you were so foolish as to worry that your ancestor would harm a junior like you? It’s the juniors who are useless and have let down the good intentions of their ancestors.”

Zi Susu’s face turned pale, filled with panic and fear, and she quickly apologized. The Lord of Zixiao Mountain waved his hand dismissively and said, “This matter is neither big nor small. If Ye Suyi leaks information about the taboo magic skills, you should know what to do at that time.”

“Susu understands,” she replied quickly, knowing full well that she dared not mention it was her ancestor who encouraged her cultivation. If this matter were exposed, she would have to find a way to take all the blame upon herself and then apologize with her life.

The Lord of Zixiao Mountain nodded at her words and chose not to say anything further. He waved his hand, dismissing her from the palace.

“She’s a clever one, knowing how to find subjects for her experiments,” he mused. “But it’s a dead end, one the ancestor walked before. If the threat of the immortal binding demonic art could be easily eliminated, why would I have to devise countless ways to address it?”

He gazed out of the palace, his expression growing cold and deep. Many people in Zixiao Mountain were unaware that the current master’s achievements were, in fact, thanks to the very same immortal binding demonic art.

In the beginning, the reason he sought to snatch Chu Gucheng’s good fortune and Dao fruit was rooted in his concern that one day his own Dao fruit and cultivation would be consumed by the immortal binding demonic art. The immortal binding demonic art itself represented the loss of his future good fortune; only by continually replenishing this part of his lost potential could he hope to

fill the vast void left in its wake. Otherwise, like those cultivators Zi Susu had brought for experiments, he too would inevitably face unforeseen disasters and meet a premature end.

This was something the Lord of Zixiao Mountain could not tolerate. He aimed to cultivate Zi Susu with the intention of having her walk the same path he had trodden, hoping she might uncover a way to break through the limitations imposed by the immortal binding demonic art. Of course, there was another aspect to his plan: Zi Susu's Dao fruit could be harvested by him whenever he needed it in the future.

The existence of the immortal binding demonic art loomed over him like a cursed nightmare that could not be shaken off. This legacy had been passed down through generations of the Zi family, reaching him today. Originally, Zixiao Mountain was founded by the head of the Zi family. It was only in later generations that other branches and forces emerged, yet the Zi family remained respected overall.

The immortal binding demonic art was, in fact, the ancestral skill of the Zi family, not something acquired from some hidden ruins. It had been handed down since ancient times, but it was only during his father's generation, the master of Zixiao, that it was officially designated as a taboo exercise, with all members of the Zi family strictly prohibited from cultivating it.

None of the members of the Zi family who had previously practiced the immortal binding demonic art experienced a good end; very few lived to the end of their lives. Even the Lord of Zixiao Mountain had cultivated it in secret, keeping it hidden from his father and others, ultimately achieving his current stature. In his view, while the Zi family had found success with the immortal binding demonic art, they were equally ensnared by its curse.

It was said that the original creator of the immortal binding demonic art had devised it as a means to enslave the world, casting the Zi family as mere slaves in that grand design. The exact path through which the immortal binding demonic art was transmitted to the Zi family remained unclear to the Lord of Zixiao Mountain, though he had heard rumors suggesting it might be connected to the five congenital canals.

The long river of luck was an illusory entity, flowing ceaselessly from its source to distant realms, with its origins and destination remaining unknown. In contrast, the long river of fate converged like oceans, drawing in countless tributaries, and its mysteries were so profound that even the most powerful individuals found it challenging to grasp.

The fact that the immortal binding demonic art found its way to the Zi family seemed to have a significant connection with the long river of destruction among the remaining three innate canals.