

Villain 871

Chapter 871: The Great Plan of the Underworld Realm will be very lively soon

Indeed, changes are unfolding in the vast landscapes of mountains and seas. I sense the threads of destiny becoming tangled and chaotic.

Numerous causes and effects are reemerging, foretelling a cascade of unsettling events in this existence. Regrettably, we have only a handful of remaining bodies and souls. Even if we wish to aid you, the task is exceptionally challenging. At best, we can assist in fending off the attacks of the immortal king a few times.

Nevertheless, the Mountain and Sea World stand out as the most suitable places compared to other realities. The true essence of this world lies scattered, dispersed by a peerless and ruthless figure eons ago. It has vanished into the void, leaving the laws of heaven and earth incomplete.

Moreover, there are no supreme powerhouses in this realm, and ordinary immortal kings are unlikely to discern these anomalies. The rest of the universe is bustling with activity, and any hasty intrusion here could lead to unimaginable consequences, jeopardizing the meticulously planned strategy.

Our family's destiny now rests squarely on your shoulders, and you must proceed with utmost caution. Once you successfully seize control of this world, you will ascend to the true ruler of this reality. Empowered by my innate divine abilities from the Underworld Clan, you will stand equal to the authentic spirits. As you ponder, mountains and seas may flourish or wither at your command.

Your cultivation will skyrocket to unprecedented, terrifying heights, possibly even reaching the threshold of transcendence.

Deep within the cosmos lies a lonely and shattered star field. Countless lifeless stars dot the outskirts of the Immortal Domain, devoid of any trace of cultivators. The rare entities present are ancient star beasts scavenging for star cores in the distance.

Amidst this fractured star field, a youth in green attire sits cross-legged, surrounded by wisps of blue light, his face obscured by an indescribable aura of peculiarity and grandeur. Despite appearing fifteen or sixteen, his eyes reveal intermittent glimpses of worldly weariness.

Before the young man in green, faint soul fires swirled, dancing and hovering in the void. Within each flickering soul, fire resonated spiritual wisdom and voices, the very conduits through which communication flowed.

Expressing his thoughts, the young man, Ni Chen, maintained a composed demeanor, his eyes revealing a profound understanding.

Integrating the Heavenly Heart imprint in this realm poses a formidable challenge. I must explore alternative methods, as progressing to that stage is already complex, let alone seizing control of the genuine world of mountains and seas.

With a resigned shake of his head, he continued murmuring.

I reshaped my foundation using life-shaping, breaking free from the Underworld's constraints and rejuvenating my essence. Unfortunately, this world and the Way of the Underworld are unsuitable for my family. If I discover a suitable ancient world in disrepair and merge it with a random Heavenly Heart imprint, it might aid in my transformation into an immortal.

Ni Chen, the sole survivor of the Underworld Clan and the former young patriarch in the Underworld Realm, contemplated his circumstances.

In the bygone era, the Real World of Mountains and Seas encompassed the Immortal Realm, Foreign Lands, and Upper Realm. Although rankings once existed in the vast heavens and actual worlds, they were distant memories.

Presently, denizens of the Immortal Realm referred to themselves predominantly as descendants of the immortal clan. With only a handful of ancient ethnic groups holding onto the old terminology, most acknowledged the real world of mountains and seas, encompassing both the immortal domain and the foreign land, anticipating an eventual fusion.

Even without intervention, powerhouses from other realms sought ways to assimilate the real world of mountains and seas once they pinpointed its boundless coordinates. Devoid of the true spirit's protection, this realm became a tempting prize for peerless beings, offering unmatched fortune.

Yet, unless one encountered extraordinary luck, the mere thought of cultivators, even immortal emperors, successfully annexing and refining an entire world remained audacious.

Only the Underworld family possessed the means and supernatural prowess to seize a segment of the natural world and substitute it with a different true spirit.

For Ni Chen, his destiny was seizing the real world of mountains and seas. In that moment, his life and cultivation levels would experience an extraordinary ascent, transforming the real world of mountains and seas into the realm of the Underworld, reshaping his homeland.

At that time, I'll bring back my parents, lover, and all our clansmen.

The present chaos in the real world of mountains and seas presented an opportune moment for Ni Chen. Seated on a depleted ancient star, he harnessed the power of the Dao laws, tempering his body. A concealed desire and madness flickered in his eyes as he contemplated his long-planned scheme.

Having journeyed from the vast and broken land to the real world of mountains and seas, Ni Chen needed to be bold about his purpose. "Time waits for no one," he reminded himself.

The soul fires before Ni Chen swayed, emanating a sense of age and experience.

"Even if you can't find a suitable Heavenly Heart imprint, you'll begin your transformation into an immortal," they conveyed. "I sense other formidable beings traversing the vast sea, eventually reaching this place."

Unperturbed, Ni Chen replied flatly, "Even if I fail to become an immortal, I have time to change into another body. The younger generation of the immortal king's family provides a suitable option. Through Miss Ziji, I can connect with Wang Wushang, a descendant of the Wang family. If my immortality eludes me, I'll directly occupy his body. Then, I'll bring you into the Wang family, where there might be opportunities to replace many Wang ancestors."

A flickering soul fire cautioned, "Though my divine powers of the Underworld can govern the creation of heaven and earth, the Wang family's immortal king ancestors are not to be underestimated. Today, we may not necessarily be their equals. Prioritize the bigger picture, take advantage of Wang Ziji, but don't let emotions cloud your judgment. Her regard for you might merely be a chance encounter."

Ni Chen pondered in silence, then calmly responded, "I understand; there's no need to worry too much. Next, I aim to find a ruined ancient world and cross that threshold."

As he spoke, the intensity of the blue light enveloping his body increased. The sole light between his eyebrows radiated, spreading like a vast fog across the surrounding star fields. With deep cultivation and long lifespans, star beasts were engulfed by the soul mist, transforming into bursts of blue smoke that dissipated into nothingness.

Boom!

A sudden surge of shocking waves disrupted the tranquility in an unknown and boundless sea of worlds. Upon impact, the layers of ancient worlds before them crumbled into dust, filling the sky with remnants of their former existence.

In this expansive sea of worlds, indistinct ships sailed through the mist. However, the Dao storm in that realm was formidable, even the falling real thunder displaying a terrifyingly destructive force.

The world sprawled endlessly, shrouded in heavy mist that lingered everywhere. Ancient worlds and the vast universe seemed to sway, and a hazy mirror-like surface emerged where the sky met the earth.

Beyond the mirror surface, a corresponding ancient world mirrored the undulations of the universe, appearing symbiotic. Yet, a slow convergence between the inside and outside of the mirror was underway.

Unknowable and peculiar changes unfolded where they touched, featuring collapses, disintegration, fusions, and prohibitions. In moments of collapse, the world's barriers vanished, but during prohibitions, new meanings sprouted, enigmatic and divine.

Though the progression seemed gradual, it unfolded systematically, collisions leading to melding.

I've detected the scent of a decaying spirit.

The real world, on the brink of exhaustion, is ideal nourishment for my family's ascension.

After traversing numerous epochs, we've finally discovered it.

On those blurry ships, whispers reminiscent of ancient gods echoed, accompanied by eyes as indifferent as innate deities observing, ancient and aloof.

Constructed from unknown materials, these ships navigated through chaos and unending Dao storms. Figures standing on the vessels exuded an ancient aura as if they predated the opening of the sky. They remained silent, gazing into the vastness on the horizon.

In the Southern Immortal Domain, within Moon King's Mansion, Gu Changge sat cross-legged in a tranquil tea pavilion. Clad in pristine white attire and spotless socks, his black hair gleamed with a subtle sheen. Serene and undisturbed, he resembled a gentle breeze and a high-hanging moon.

Before him lay a chessboard, and in his hands, he held white stones that descended with a measured pace. The commotion of the outside world appeared inconsequential, leaving him focused on his pursuits, much like the unfolding chess game.

"It seems you're on the verge of losing once again," Gu Changge remarked, shaking his head lightly.

Opposite him, a woman with an aura as pure as a Buddha lotus engaged in the game, her chin resting on her hand. Possessing exquisite beauty, her black hair cascaded like a waterfall, framing a face of diminutive proportions, no larger than a palm.

Her distinctive feature was her unique temperament, a harmonious fusion of demon and Buddha nature.

Husband, can't you go easy on me?

The woman before him was none other than Heavenly Maiden Tianlu. Having successfully breached the threshold of the immortal realm and endured the immortal calamity, she had ascended to true immortality.

Her cultivation had stagnated in the Eight Desolations and Ten Regions, making progress elusive. Sensing her proximity to the immortal realm, Gu Changge transported her to the Immortal Realm through the Immortal Passage. He triggered the immortal calamity by exposing her to the laws of the immortal domain.

Having left a mark on Heavenly Maiden Tianlu, he sensed her breakthrough and summoned her from the Heavenly Passage Ancient City to his side.

As the one who guided her to the Immortal Domain, he couldn't abandon her to roam the realm alone. Though not officially wedded, their status placed Heavenly Maiden Tianlu as his concubine.

Reflecting on these circumstances, Gu Changge found it amusing. "I've already sacrificed three pawns," he continued, shaking his head as he regarded Heavenly Maiden Tianlu. Like Gu Xian'er's, her audacity did not provoke him to seriousness; he accommodated her whims as needed.

For Gu Changge, the tranquility of such a rare peaceful day felt like a luxury.

"Shouldn't your husband indulge me as a matter of course?" Heavenly Maiden Tianlu blinked playfully, a mischievous glint in her eyes.

In Gu Changge's presence, she retained the same teasing demeanor she had displayed in Heavenly Lu City.

Initially, she had sought to bind her life with Gu Changge's using the Nine Mysteries Body to save Heavenly Lu City. However, Gu Changge remained unmoved, his heart unwavering. It wasn't until she sought his assistance in avenging her master on the third mountain that their relationship began to ease.

Gu Changge casually picked up a teacup, blowing on it lightly. "I'm contemplating whether I should toss you back to the upper realm," he said, looking at ease.

Heavenly Maiden Tianlu poured herself a cup of tea, wearing an authentic smile. "Isn't it boring for the husband to be all alone?"

"It's only boring for a while; it will get lively soon," Gu Changge replied, hinting at something. Heavenly Maiden Tianlu didn't fully grasp his plans, but she sensed that he had significant ambitions.

The current owner of the Moon King Palace, a peerless, immortal king, stood beside Gu Changge, resembling a maidservant, as he prepared tea for him.

Concerned, Heavenly Maiden Tianlu asked, “Will my presence in the Immortal Domain cause any trouble for my husband?”

“There’s no problem, just a little annoying,” Gu Changge replied with a calm shake of his head. Heavenly Maiden Tianlu wondered if he found her annoying or if there was another reason behind his statement.

Smiling, she put her arms around Gu Changge’s neck and settled in his lap. “Does this scene feel familiar, husband?” she inquired, a subtle smile on her lips. She had attempted a similar gesture on the third mountain, only to learn a lesson from Gu Changge.

Moon King, observing from a distance, was stupefied by the scene. His beautiful eyes widened in disbelief. Was this still the taboo existence he had always dreaded and feared?

Chapter 872: This is a catastrophe, panic in the immortal domain

He wouldn’t have believed it if Moon King hadn’t witnessed it himself. Could this be the exact figure that instilled fear across the Immortal Domain and the Foreign Lands?

Connecting the taboo existence that caused people’s eyes to pale with the easy-going and handsome young man before him was challenging.

The character who once struck terror into the hearts of many now appeared no different from noble sons who freely engaged in conversation. Although Gu Changge had not embarrassed him in the past few days and hadn’t threatened to devour her as rations or nourishment, the deep-rooted fear within Moon King prevented him from making any overstepping remarks or actions. He cautiously stood around, occasionally boiling tea.

Despite the recent ease in Gu Changge’s demeanor, Moon King’s apprehension persisted, and he dared not cross any boundaries. His fear of him ran deep in her soul.

As Moon King observed from a distance, his emotions were complex and tinged with a hint of something different.

...

That taboo existence has returned to the Immortal Domain. This decree doesn't originate from Moon King; it's his intent.

He's summoning all the immortal kings in the Immortal Domain for homage.

Simultaneously, in Luo Wang City, King Luo's announcement brought about an eerie silence throughout the Immortal City. The cultivators were left stunned, struggling to believe their ears.

Luo Xuan, Wang Wushang, and others, who had suspected such an event for a while, gasped in astonishment. Although they had held onto a glimmer of hope that such a thing might not occur due to other reasons, confirmation from an immortal king left them trembling with terror.

The taboo existence returned to the Immortal Domain again?

In the Purple Bamboo Forest, the voice of an ancient true immortal quivered, saturated with fear and disbelief.

At this moment, the gaze of many shifted, filled with dread, struggling to accept the reality before them.

Although they hadn't experienced the Forbidden Era firsthand, the ancient books recounted the horrifying deeds of that taboo existence. The Immortal Palace itself had crumbled at his hands.

The immortal domain and the original world disintegrated with a sweep of his hand, traversing the three thousand states without opposition.

The return of such a terrifying figure to the Immortal Domain sparked fears of a repeated world-shattering event.

It's a catastrophe. With such a character returning in this era, is there anyone capable of stopping him?

An ancient figure trembled, eyes reflecting sorrow as if glimpsing a foreboding future.

The immortal domain shattered into countless fragments and faced a terrible challenge in reconstruction. Everything exploded into ashes, consumed by the relentless flow of time.

All cultivators shared the fate of the immortal domain, eradicated from existence. What could it be if this wasn't a catastrophe for the world's inhabitants?

Even the Immortal Kings were mere nourishment in the mouth of that taboo existence. Once standing at the pinnacle, their unimaginable cultivation now seemed insignificant when confronted by the returning force.

The immortal kings in the depths of the void fell into a heavy silence, their moods showing restless. The immortal king who had questioned Bai Chuan earlier remained silent and a chaotic mist veiled his expression, but the turmoil within was evident.

The prison-like power of the Immortal King permeated the surroundings, causing the billions of stars in the sky to ripple like waves on the verge of collision and explosion.

Bai Chuan, surprised that Luo Wang appeared to be aware of this situation in advance, narrowed his eyes. However, his primary goal was to deliver the decree and prevent Moon King from facing a life-threatening crisis. The plan for rescuing Moon King would be his next consideration.

"Everyone, this concludes our discussion. Please forgive me for not being able to stay longer; I must inform the rest of the immortal domains about this matter," Bai Chuan said, cupping his hands. His stern face betrayed little emotion as he prepared to depart.

Bai Chuan swiftly rode away on the heavenly horse, crossing the universe in the blink of an eye, urgently heading toward the direction of the other immortal domains.

The onlookers in Luo Wang City were left speechless as Quasi-Immortal King Bai Chuan disappeared, plunging the city into panic and unease.

Even with several immortal kings present, an aura of tension persisted. A looming fear, as if facing imminent doom, unsettled the ancient true immortals of various races. Despite being considered powerhouses, they couldn't shake off their restlessness.

King Luo himself materialized in the depths of the void. Crushing Ming Yi's and others' orders, he murmured, "Perhaps King Ming is right. This time, the Immortal Domain and the Foreign Realm must unite. Otherwise, none will be spared."

With a wave of his sleeves, he vanished into his mansion to inform the other immortal kings about the decree.

“Did Duke Ming sense the arrival of this person in the Immortal Domain?” queried Immortal King Tai Wang, a boyish-looking figure.

Upon hearing this, his eyes deepened, and he remarked, “If that’s the case, we might not stand a chance.”

The other immortal kings fell silent, their eyes revealing diverse visions, and their emotions fluctuated significantly. None wished to become nourishment for such an entity, especially not the Immortal Kings, who, like ordinary creatures, harbored fear and disturbance.

“King Ming has gone to consult the ancestral figures of the imperial clan, discussing this matter and sending word for us to prepare,” revealed King Luo in a hushed tone. “This time, we face a common enemy. Regardless, we cannot wait for our demise. Regarding the matter in half a month, let’s suspend it for now and observe the reactions of the other immortal domains.”

“In any case, the Central Immortal Domain is the largest, covering the widest range in the universe, and boasts the highest number of surface Immortal Kings. Additionally, there are numerous artifacts and caves from the innate era before the Taboo Era within my Immortal Domain. It might be possible to find some innate items and the presence of those secluded families.”

“As far as I know, the Gu family has been residing in the Nine Heavens in seclusion, with a profound heritage dating back to before the taboo era. This family may harbor the existence of an emperor.”

When Luo Wang spoke of the existence of an emperor, he referred not to an ordinary Immortal King but to an immortal emperor, a quasi-immortal emperor at the very least.

Comparable to the ancestor of the imperial clan in a foreign land, this being’s cultivation base was inscrutable. To him, an immortal king was no different from an ant, albeit slightly more significant.

“Brother Luo is correct. Despite the darkness and historical gaps after the Forbidden Era, some forces managed to hide in restricted areas, eluding detection by outsiders. Moreover, the ancient existences surviving the taboo era have vanished. This could be a method to draw them out,” added the Immortal King of the Wang family, his eyes exuding a terrifying immortal light.

He spoke slowly, contemplating various countermeasures. No one desired to be at the mercy of others, akin to a fish on the chopping board, destined to become someone else's nourishment.

"What concerns me the most is the possibility of the rest of the real world learning about this matter. The boundless battlefield hasn't seen peace. The once-destroyed Underworld Realm is showing signs of resurgence. Recently, Luo Xuan, a descendant of my family, reported encountering a young man named Chen who seemed to wield the divine power of the Underworld Realm," revealed Luo Wang, his gaze deep and his tone calm, yet a hint of coldness lingered.

He looked at the Immortal King ancestor of the Wang family and continued, "Brother Wang, I deduced the young man named Chen but obtained only a vague sense of nothingness. He was saved by a descendant of your family, Wang Ziji. If he's connected to the Underworld Realm, the cause and effect cannot be severed from your Wang family."

The Immortal King of the Wang family frowned upon hearing this, recalling that Wang Wushang, a descendant of the family, had mentioned the matter. Initially dismissing it as insignificant, he now grew wary.

Although dealing with a young man wasn't daunting for an immortal king, King Luo's words raised concerns. If it genuinely involved the Underworld Realm, caution was warranted to avoid entanglement in its cause and effect.

In ancient times, the Underworld Realm stood as a powerful entity, ranking extremely high among the heavens and earning the title of No. 1 Realm.

The demise of the Underworld Realm was linked to the Mountain and Sea World. They had reached their current status by inheriting the legacy of the Underworld Realm, notably the formidable Underworld clan.

The divine powers of the Underworld Clan were ghost-defying, capable of reverse reincarnation and duplicating the underworld, reproducing characters or things that had once manifested.

The Immortal King of the Wang family, aware of the potential threat, spoke with a cold tone, expressing concern over the Underworld Clan's waiting to return and the possible consequences.

“I’ll instruct Wushang to keep a close eye on that boy,” he decided, acknowledging the uncertainty surrounding the Underworld Clan’s lingering capabilities.

If they seize an opportunity, we could all face annihilation.

In the Purple Bamboo Forest, Wang Wushang, upon receiving the sound transmission, initially felt shocked, then adopted a serious expression. He relayed the message to Luo Xuan, emphasizing that even the Immortal King’s ancestors had taken notice of the peculiarities surrounding the boy named Chen.

Despite the imminent catastrophe looming over the immortal domain, Luo Xuan harbored no less malice toward Chen. “Excellent, I’ll instruct others to locate him,” he remarked.

The events in Luo Wang City quickly became known throughout the Central Immortal Domain, spreading like wildfire across the universes ruled by the immortal kings. The news caused a stir, like a meteor crashing into the deep sea, creating monstrous waves and instilling fear and unease among all cultivators.

After all, even a quasi-immortal king from the Southern Celestial Realm personally rushed over to relay a message, instructing all immortal kings to gather at the Moon Palace in the Southern Immortal Realm half a month later.

Could such a matter be a mistake?

Moreover, during this time, envoys from foreign lands arrived, engaging with immortal kings like King Luo in discussions, suggesting there might be some significant event. In a blink, the entire immortal realm buzzed with activity, and in many universes, immortal families began deliberating and strategizing.

Even in the ancient forbidden zones, where matters of the immortal realm were traditionally ignored, there were signs of immense activity. Within billions of star domains, a terrifying pressure permeated the surroundings as if some dreadful entity was awakening. Nebulas fragmented, and many grand stars crumbled under this upheaval.

Although the immortal realm appeared calm on the surface, underground currents were surging. Many felt the premonition of an impending storm, akin to the calm before a tempest filled the building.

On the orders of Ancestor Ming Wang, we will stay in the immortal realm for this period. If Senior Luo Wang makes a decision, feel free to inform us at any time.

Inside Luo Wang's residence, beings from various foreign lands, including Ming Yi, temporarily reside here, showing no intention of returning to their respective realms. Witnessing the situation in the immortal realm over these days, they were as concerned and anxious as they were when they first received the news.

Even the taboo existence personally ordered all immortal kings to pay respects half a month later.

What could this mean? A Hongmen banquet?

In the past, if beings from foreign lands received such news, they would revel in relish. However, the current atmosphere was one of sorrow and despair, marked by an oppressive feeling that could not be ignored.

If the immortal kings from foreign lands were suddenly issued such a decree, they would likely experience the same fear and anxiety as those in the immortal realm.

Regardless of the central immortal realm or other realms, these days were undoubtedly filled with tremors and unrest. Even heavenly kings were in a state of panic, discussing countermeasures.

Half a month might seem neither long nor short, but it was merely a blink of an eye in the eyes of many immortal beings accustomed to closing themselves off for tens of thousands of years.

Unlike the turmoil in the central immortal realm, where various universes were quaking, the southern immortal realm seemed unusually calm. The different clans and sects were still unaware of the situation, experiencing a quiet before the storm.

Deep within the Southern Immortal Realm, the Buddhist kingdom exuded a vast expanse of radiant Buddha light. In every temple, believers knelt in devotion, their faith flowing like a silver river, boundless within the kingdom.

Although referred to as a Buddhist kingdom, it was, in reality, a fragment of an ancient universe. The Buddha King had refined it into his Buddhist kingdom, isolated from the outside world. However, the Buddha King hadn't appeared in this world for nearly a million years.

If it weren't for his Dao avatar still existing in the heavens and earth, many immortal kings would speculate whether he had exhausted his lifespan, unable to withstand the five signs of decay, and had already entered Nirvana.

Chapter 873: The six realms are empty, but the Buddha's path is deeply rooted in the universe that has long depleted

The radiant light of the brilliant Buddha illuminated the entire sky, creating a vast aura that filled the surroundings. Majestic mountains and rivers stretched across the landscape while the sun and the moon hung high above.

Pagodas and Buddhist temples nestled in forests on each star, with dedicated cultivators practicing diligently. They immersed themselves in Chana Ancient Buddha, chanting scriptures and contributing to the flourishing Buddha kingdom where the power of faith permeated every corner.

Even fierce-looking demon cultivators, adorned with solemn treasures, exhibited gentle eyes and a compassionate demeanor. Transformed into calm and profound beings, they coexisted in this sacred place.

"Ever since the Buddha King established this kingdom, outsiders avoid setting foot here," explained Moon King, guiding Gu Changge toward the universe where Buddha King resided.

"True immortals who linger may be influenced by the pervasive Buddha nature, potentially converting to the Buddha kingdom. Buddha King, inheriting from a giant of Buddhism and Dao-building expert before the taboo era, once effortlessly defeated an immortal king."

Gu Changge, uneasy about the mysterious Buddha King and the profound level of Buddhism he mastered, felt a subtle fear. Uncertain of the origin of his inheritance, she feared being influenced by his teachings, as even immortal kings could be affected.

Though Buddha King hadn't appeared for a while, her apprehension remained. He refrained from meddling in Buddha Kingdom affairs and seldom asked questions. Despite only two Immortal Kings in the Southern Immortal Domain, others dared not venture here for opportunities.

Indifferent to worldly matters, Buddha King maintained his distance. “The six realms may be empty, but the Buddha’s path runs deep,” Gu Changge remarked, standing at the universe’s border, surveying the scene within the Buddha Kingdom. He planned to recruit suitable subordinates before the half-month period elapsed.

The cautious Moon King, an immortal ruler, avoided unnecessary conflicts, prioritizing his interests. While not the strongest among immortal kings, his utility was undeniable.

From Moon King, Gu Changge discovered that within the Buddha Kingdom, there was an isolated immortal king named Bo Wang. However, upon reaching the outskirts of the Buddha Kingdom, Gu Changge felt a pang of regret.

He shook his head and informed Moon King, “The Buddha King you mentioned has long vanished from this world. The aura you sense is just a remnant after his demise.”

Moon King was stunned, finding it unbelievable that the Buddha King had disappeared. Many immortal kings believed he delved deep into the Buddhist kingdom’s depths, transcending worldly affairs.

Gu Changge’s revelation left Moon King puzzled. He couldn’t fathom why the Dao avatar of the Buddha King persisted in the world after his death, creating an illusion of his continued existence. Perhaps, he mused, it was a mystery inherent to Buddhism.

Without any further doubts, Moon King could only speculate. Though his practices contradicted Buddhism, they seemingly converged toward the same ultimate goal.

Gu Changge, without uttering a word, advanced into the Buddhist Kingdom, heading directly for the most profound Buddhist mountain.

Clouds and mists enveloped the surroundings, adorned with pagodas, majestic treasures, and radiant Buddha lights. The silver power of faith drowned the area, resembling a vast undulating abyss.

At the pinnacle of Buddha Mountain, glorious and grand temples stood, with one bearing the name “Leiyin Temple.”

Gu Changge was slightly surprised by the familiar name, recognizing it from mythology. However, using the name Leiyin Temple came with consequences, and the current state of the Buddhist Kingdom was a testament to that reality.

Moon King trailed behind Gu Changge, entering the Buddha Kingdom for the first time. He was previously confined to the universe under her rule, so he refrained from trespassing into others' domains.

Outside Leiyin Temple, he observed the radiant Buddha light and heard the resonating chants of scriptures filling the sky. The overwhelming Buddhist aura permeated the heavens and earth, capable of dispelling devilish energy and converting any potential hostility.

Monks and arhats appeared in front of Leiyin Temple, expressing various emotions with different postures. They sat with solemn treasures, surrounded by flowers.

Boom!!!

A booming voice echoed from the temple, asking, "Since you see Buddhism, why don't you worship?" The sound, reminiscent of an ancient bell, left Moon King momentarily affected, his eyes briefly entranced before he swiftly recovered, feeling a sense of horror.

"Is this the method left by the Buddha King?" he wondered.

Despite Buddha King's demise, the Dao avatar he left behind possessed immense influence. The colossal Buddhist voice, bright and upright, could even affect an immortal king. Moon King pondered the potential cultivation level the Bodhisattva might have reached if still alive.

In awe, he contemplated the era's limitations, where the Immortal Domain's pinnacle was the Immortal King.

However, the Buddha King seemed to have touched the threshold of an upper realm, surpassing his understanding. Knowing her strength, Moon King acknowledged his incapacity to match Buddha King.

Contrastingly, Gu Changge's expression remained unchanged, unaffected by the Buddha's voices. "Looks like it's really late," he remarked.

He is indeed much stronger than ordinary immortal kings but is still far from breaking free from this realm. The current Immortal Domain doesn't allow existence above the Immortal King to be born.

Gu Changge, standing atop Buddha Mountain, calmly observed the distant glorious scene—countless pagodas, temples, spiritual mountains, and flourishing Buddhist and Dao schools.

In the blink of an eye, Gu Changge waved his sleeves, and the once-prosperous Buddha Kingdom seemed to be dispersed by the wind. The radiant brilliance faded, leaving behind only ruins.

Temples and pagodas crumbled, including the previously illuminated Lei Yin Temple, now worn and lonely, with scorched black areas.

Moon King's eyes widened in disbelief. Was the dazzling scene he witnessed a mere illusion? Even as an immortal king, he failed to perceive the reality of the Buddha Kingdom.

Gu Changge, amidst the decayed temples, picked up a khaki-coloured relic the size of a pebble. It emitted Buddha's light, clear yet tinged with dullness.

As he held the relic, the sky surged with the power of faith. It gathered before a seated Buddha as if all the faith-filled energy in the universe had diffused from this relic.

Although the Bodhisattva was not found, Gu Changge gained by discovering the relics left behind. Upon leaving the Buddha Kingdom, the universe rapidly decayed, collapsing and dilapidated. It aged abruptly, losing all vitality, and chaotic energy flooded in, crushing numerous stars.

Sensing the anomaly, the universe's powerhouses became instantly terrified, unaware of the truth. "The Buddha Kingdom has been destroyed, turned into a lifeless land, devoid of Buddha's voice and vitality," someone tremulously declared.

Chapter 874: Who can stop the persistent extermination of the world? Inevitably, it will suffer liquidation.

The Buddha Kingdom lay lifeless, and the entire universe crumbled into oblivion. The once vibrant world, teeming with vitality and Buddha light, vanished without a trace. Observing this unprecedented upheaval, many powerful beings were gripped with fear.

In a single day, the flourishing Buddhist Kingdom had turned to ruins, devoid of living presence. Immortal kings, once seated in the Buddha Kingdom, had vanished, their existence erased from the river of history.

Terrified true immortals speculated on the cause. “It must be that forbidden existence who destroyed the Buddha Kingdom and slew the Buddha King,” they conjectured, trembling at the distant remnants of the collapsed kingdom.

With no knowledge of the events within the Buddha Kingdom, they could only guess, and the idea of a taboo existence causing this calamity seemed the most plausible. Even with an immortal king present, the sudden demise of the Buddha Kingdom was beyond comprehension.

The horror deepened as they contemplated the swift obliteration of an immortal Buddha kingdom within a day, leaving no trace behind. Some wondered if the Buddha King had offended a forbidden existence, recalling the four foreign immortal kings who met their demise in the Western immortal domain.

The universe blurred, a decaying atmosphere spreading as nearby star fields collapsed. The passing of an immortal king altered the laws of heaven and earth, causing the great Dao’s traces to flow and intertwine.

The demise of the Buddhist kingdom triggered violent fluctuations. With its collapse, the Daoist aura left by the Buddha King rapidly dissipated, transforming into an eerie, lifeless ghost. Silence and nothingness enveloped the universe as the sky crumbled, stars shattered, and the world succumbed to ruin.

In the once-prosperous Buddhist kingdom, where faith flowed like an endless sea, countless Buddhist schools and believers were reduced to ashes, buried beneath the collapsing universe.

Near the northern immortal domain, closest to the southern immortal domain, three immortal king statues formed a triangle, silently overseeing the now-ruined northern immortal domain.

At that moment, the Immortal Kings collectively sensed the fading breath of the extinguished Buddha Kingdom. A solemn realization spread among them.

The Buddha King’s aura has vanished.

I never anticipated this. When I first encountered the Buddha King, I believed he would ascend even further.

It’s a pity.

A white-haired, white-bearded older man, seated cross-legged under a tree, arose with profound eyes. He emitted a long sigh, having received the order from Bai Chuan.

Previously, he contemplated how to navigate the situation—whether to delay or attend the banquet in half a month. Despite the awareness that it was a Hongmen banquet, he felt compelled to participate.

Even if those terrible beings from before the Forbidden Era return, there's no way. He is undoubtedly the most powerful being of all time. If he decides to destroy the world, no one can halt him.

The old immortal king's eyes expressed a mixture of sighs and helplessness, yet he wasn't as sad as others. Having lived through countless epochs, many things had become bearable. Accepting the unchangeable nature of fate, he recognized the futility of resistance.

The scene of the Buddhist kingdom's demise mirrors the ancient books, where the heavens collapsed, and all generations turned to ashes. Is he offering a warning by destroying the Buddha Kingdom now?

The void blurred, and a figure emerged—flame-haired, the immortal king approached.

While terrified by the news of the Buddha Kingdom's destruction, he also harbored a sense of unwillingness. He foresaw his next destiny, realizing that even an immortal realm like the Buddha Kingdom could collapse within a day. What could contend with such a formidable force?

Word of the Buddha Kingdom's demise in a single day rippled through the Immortal Domain, instilling tremors and unease even among the Immortal Kings. It signaled an impending catastrophe for the rest of the creatures, leaving them with the unsettling conviction that none would be spared.

The Buddha Kingdom, situated in the southern immortal domain, stood as a stark example. Speculation ran rampant that the collapse of the prosperous Buddhist kingdom in a single day was the result of the Buddha King's demise at the hands of a forbidden existence. However, the truth remained a mystery, as no one dared to approach the Buddha Kingdom or the collapsed universe.

The formidable power at play was genuinely frightening, reducing the laws of heaven and earth in that area to nothingness. Fear prevented anyone from seeking the truth.

In a distant foreign land, King Ming respectfully stood before a cave bathed in immortal light, reporting to the ancestor of the imperial clan within.

“I cannot dissolve the mark on your body,” King Ming confessed.

Cross-legged in the cave’s deepest recesses, the ancestor of the imperial clan resembled an ancient god, surrounded by the lingering light of the Great Dao and the faint sounds of the world.

Couldn’t even the supreme ancestor of the imperial family remove the mark?

King Ming’s complexion paled at the undeniable truth, struggling to accept it.

The foreign land is descending into chaos. Even without this mark on your body, nothing would change.

The ancestor of the imperial clan stated after a moment of silence.

The foreign land had existed since ancient times, predating the taboo era in the immortal domain. In an even more distant era, multiple ancestors of the imperial clan, including the one King Ming paid homage to, had slumbered. The ancestor in question had awakened tens of millions of years ago.

During that time, the ancestor of the imperial clan had summoned King Ming, intending to exchange the imitation of the Eight Desolation Demon Halberd he possessed.

Are we just supposed to wait for death and become his sustenance? No immortal king can stand against such a being when he reappears in this world.

Despite King Ming’s formidable stature as an immortal king, in the presence of the ancestor of the imperial clan, he appeared like an ordinary cultivator, fear etched across his face.

In truth, King Ming earnestly wished for the ancestor to intervene, emerging from the cave to restore balance to the world. There were several slumbering ancestors within the imperial clan of the foreign land, and if they united their strength, there might be a chance for the foreign land.

King Ming surmised that Gu Changge had yet to return to his former peak state; otherwise, why would he be hunting Immortal Kings? Even the mightiest patriarch of the imperial clan fell far short of his strength.

The foreign land and the immortal domain are destined for restructuring in this era. The true world of mountains and seas will unite, and past existences will return. If we are prematurely revived and an accident occurs, we'll inevitably be eradicated.

The patriarch of the imperial clan divulged, offering rare insights into upcoming events.

The unification of mountains and seas and the restructuring of the immortal realm and foreign land were unavoidable and predetermined futures.

As the ancestors of the imperial clan, they ranked among the strongest in the actual world of mountains and seas, surpassed only by characters from the oldest era.

Secrets were shrouded in chaos on the other side of the immortal realm. Some powerful beings from various ethnic groups had, in the ancient past, initiated plans to escape the impending era's calamity. They might be in reincarnation or hiding somewhere deep within.

"Even the Supreme Patriarch of the Imperial Clan might face eradication?" King Ming quivered.

"The current situation is uncertain. Let's observe how it unfolds. This may be an opportunity for testing."

The ancestor of the imperial clan spoke smoothly, devoid of fluctuation.

"Perhaps some individuals won't endure and will reveal themselves..." The voice carried a calm certainty.

Chapter 875: Time cuts the world like a knife, Ziji; why must you do this?

King Ming exited the cavern of the imperial clan's forebear, wearing an uncertain expression. He needed to figure out the individual's stance, but based on their recent words, they didn't truly wish to get involved.

The imperial clan's forebear wouldn't emerge in the world anytime soon. There was concern that being born prematurely could result in termination. But in this realm, what force existed that could threaten the immortal ancestor of the imperial family?

At that moment, King Ming pondered the distant and boundless land. Did this imply that numerous powerful beings from ancient times were poised to return from that place?

The merging of the foreign land and the immortal realm was an inevitable trend. Even the Immortal King sensed the aura and direction of fate in the darkness.

This trend was unstoppable. Even the Immortal King couldn't assert that he would defy fate and alter the course; otherwise, he'd undoubtedly be crushed by terrifying cause and effect, his essence obliterated.

If that's the case, are you treating the Immortal King as an abandoned son?

King Ming's expression darkened. He sensed that the imperial clan's forebear feared that forbidden existence. Knowing the forbidden entity wasn't in its peak state; they dared not confront it directly now, opting to maintain their prime state to avoid catastrophic consequences.

So, must I witness the Immortal King of a foreign land become prey before my eyes?

King Ming was truly unwilling, especially since he bore the imprint left by that individual. It served as a coordinate, allowing them to descend at any time and locate him. Even if he escaped the foreign land, eluding that person's grasp was impossible. His fate was sealed, as the imperial clan's forebear claimed.

Is there truly no alternative?

King Ming felt anxious and uneasy, unwilling to accept this as the end. Individuals reaching the level of the Immortal King were the central figures of every era. They wouldn't willingly meet a tragic demise.

Upon returning to the universe under his jurisdiction, King Ming initiated orders and exerted every effort to discover a way to perpetuate his legacy.

Simultaneously, he received word from Ming Yi that she had delivered the decree to King Luo. The unfolding events hinged on the decisions King Luo and his associates made.

This brought a glimmer of hope to King Ming. However, shock seized him when he discovered that the Buddha Kingdom of the Southern Immortal Domain had crumbled within a day, and the entire universe had collapsed into decay. Bitterness crept onto his face as if glimpsing his impending fate.

He believed this outcome resulted from the Buddha King's decision to confront Gu Changge, leading to such devastation. Even the Buddhist kingdom he had established lay in ruins.

The scene seemed eerily familiar as if a cycle of reincarnation was playing out – reminiscent of the Immortal Palace that once ruled the Immortal Domain in its prime.

Subsequently, King Ming sought out other Immortal Kings in the foreign land, eager to strategize with them. The higher the beings, the more they felt the weight of oppression and fear. Learning that Gu Changge directly consumed Immortal Kings for sustenance intensified their unwillingness to await their demise passively.

Half a month, neither lengthy nor brief, they were passed in the blink of an eye for the Immortal Kings. After countless years of conflict, the immortal domain and the foreign land plunged into a rare tranquility.

Recently, time felt like a relentless blade, cutting away at each day, attempting to erode the souls of cultivators worldwide. This premonition heightened anxiety and terror, permeating every universe with uneasy emotions.

The impending change loomed on the horizon, with the knowledge that the sky might crumble and hope might be extinguished. Yet, preparations persisted, whether in the immortal or foreign lands. Even the younger generation silently readied themselves.

Within this atmosphere, a shroud of gloom enveloped the hearts of all ethnic groups and cultivators. The Central Immortal Domain, in particular, grew increasingly quiet. As time advanced, nervousness escalated.

Several ancient Immortal Kings, dormant for an extended period, awakened from forbidden places of ancient times or concealed lineages within the hidden world. Their intuition roused them from a deep slumber, sensing a colossal and fearsome supreme being slowly opening its eyes, poised to pay attention to the heavens.

Discovering the resurgence of the taboo existence that had once annihilated the world shocked them even more. Such a character, especially in the current world, seemed beyond resistance. Not even during the zenith of the Immortal Realm could anyone contend; the original Immortal Domain fell to their might.

“Do the ancient heroic spirits, the immortal war gods, plan to return? Just like before, to save the world and avert this impending catastrophe,” sighed the ancient existences of all races.

Anxious and uneasy, their hearts yearned for the return of those powerful entities who had vanished from the immortal domain over an extended period.

With time running out, discussions among the ancient beings ensued.

It will be half a month in three days. We must devise countermeasures, or our fate will mirror the Buddha Kingdom’s. The destruction of the Buddha Kingdom is merely a demonstration to intimidate us, like killing chickens to scare monkeys.

In the universe of the Wang family, a pure land enveloped in immortal mist, the two surviving immortal kings convened to strategize. Holding the most profound heritage in the Central Immortal Domain, the Wang family boasted an ancient lineage that had endured across the ages.

Despite having two peak-level Immortal Kings, they acknowledged the uncertainty.

My royal family must send an immortal king, but even that may not ensure safety. Preserve the background and inheritance, urge the younger generations to depart, and seek refuge in a remote small world. In the event of a major conflict, the flame of my Wang family will persist, avoiding true extinction.

The consensus was reached to allow some clan members, including the younger generation, to depart with their heritage—the hope for the future of the Wang family.

After millions of years of cultivation, these talented individuals might ascend to become immortal kings and restore the family’s glory.

Both Immortal Kings decided to leave permanently, deeming that even if one remained in the family, it would bring about no change. On the contrary, it might provoke the taboo existence.

Soon, the entire clan received the orders of the two Wang family ancestors, and a somber atmosphere enveloped the faces of the members.

A profound sense of sorrow permeated the Wang family. Who could have anticipated that the immortal king of a lineage that had endured countless epochs would one-day face collapse and the threat of extinction?

This calamity extended beyond the family; it was a crisis that the entire era and immortal domain would confront. In the vast expanse of time, such changes might seem as inconsequential as dust, but in this era, they loomed like a mountain, capable of crushing everyone.

Even Wang Wushang, known for his deep contemplation, remained silent, his fists clenched beneath his sleeves. The rapid and unexpected nature of these events caught him off guard. He hadn't yet assumed leadership of the Wang family and rose to prominence.

Now, he grappled with the challenge of survival in this dire situation. Immortals within the Wang family sought ways to preserve their lineage. However, Wang Wushang, still a part of the younger generation, had not attained true immortality, let alone the elusive status of an immortal king. He felt a profound sense of powerlessness in the face of these circumstances.

The rest of the Wang family's younger generation shared Wang Wushang's sentiments, harboring compassion and unwillingness in their hearts.

"I'm going to have a banquet with my two ancestors," declared Wang Ziji, contrary to the prevailing atmosphere, displaying an unusual calmness.

She didn't wish to hide; the prospect of a secluded life troubled her. In the face of an impending catastrophe, she preferred to face it head-on rather than conceal herself like a mouse.

Wang Ziji's decision left many members of the Wang family stunned and puzzled. As a seedling personally nurtured by an immortal king ancestor, she held a promising future, destined to become an immortal king. Despite this bright outlook, she chose to face death alongside the two immortal king ancestors.

Wang Wushang, though perplexed, chose not to voice his concerns. Persuading Wang Ziji was impossible at this juncture, and she likely wouldn't heed his words.

Subsequently, several true immortals opted to join the two immortal king ancestors at the Moon King Palace, fully aware that it might be a banquet leading to dire consequences. They chose to live and die alongside their ancestors.

"Ziji, why are you doing this?"

One of the true immortals, aware of Wang Ziji's choice of the immortal king ancestor, expressed softness in his eyes but shook his head, conveying a sense of helplessness.

She appeared as a benevolent older woman, her hair silver like snow. Unlike other immortal kings, she lacked an unrivaled aura and exuded a gentle demeanor. Wang Ziji, without offering any explanations, smiled.

In truth, her life resembled that of a caged canary. Although brought to the Wang family in the immortal domain, she didn't enjoy the same freedom as she did in the upper realm. Back then, she could do as she pleased, free from any constraints.

However, within the immortal domain, even venturing outside brought the watchful eyes of the Wang family's maids, subjecting her to various restrictions. Moreover, the Wang family intended to use her as a pawn in marriage, linking her to King Luo's Mansion.

In recent days, she delved into the Wang family's ancient books, particularly seeking information about the Forbidden Era. Despite the associated taboos and significant risks, her curiosity surpassed any concerns.

While in the Upper Realm, she only knew fragments from the records in the Human Ancestor Hall's classics, which needed to be more detailed. Now, within the immortal domain, she sought more precise records.

Although the classics described the taboo existence as the source of heavenly disasters, the chief instigator of dark eras, heinous, hideous, with three heads and six arms, feeding on immortals, and the lord of all demons.

Wang Ziji found these accounts reminiscent of the unofficial histories from her previous life. They were written by later generations based on conjectures and guesses, lacking substantial evidence.

If the records were accurate, how did those who had witnessed the true face of the taboo existence manage to document these unofficial histories?

Chapter 876: Misfortunes never come alone; there is not much time left for me

Wang Ziji held her perspective as an opinion, well aware that not many would believe it even if she vocalized it. In a world where people staunchly adhered to ancient historical records, discussing taboo characters could provoke severe consequences, leading to a reluctance to speak freely.

What puzzled Wang Ziji the most was the seemingly erratic behavior of the taboo existence.

If it intended to destroy the Immortal Realm, why not act immediately instead of allowing preparations? Was it a whimsical game of cat-and-mouse, a complete indifference, or perhaps it harbored no thoughts? These questions lingered, demanding answers that only firsthand experience could provide.

As time passed, scenarios akin to the plight of the Wang family unfolded across the Central Immortal Realm. Various ethnic groups sought ways to migrate, preserving their legacies and fearing extinction. Panic ensued, and a pervasive sense of terror and unease gripped everyone, apprehensive of the impending day.

Immortal kings orchestrated exit strategies for their clans, prepared to sacrifice themselves to sustain their lineage. Fluctuations signaled the reawakening of old immortal kings who had slumbered for countless epochs deep within ancient forbidden areas. Their emergence, however, exacerbated the turmoil rather than alleviating it.

Having been dormant for so long, many were unaware of their existence until the decree stirred them from their deep slumber. United, they resolved to confront the challenges alongside all beings in the world.

Simultaneously, cultivators scoured ancient texts, seeking the relic caves left by the vanished powerhouses of the bygone era, eager to discover the current whereabouts of those long-lost beings.

In a distant realm, far removed from the Immortal Realm, lay a mysterious place known as Nine Heavens.

In the past, certain ethnic groups migrated into Nine Heavens, but the lack of a discernible exit thwarted future generations from locating the precise entrance. Given the current predicament, many immortal kings endeavored to establish contact with Nine Heavens to secure assistance.

A conclave of immortal kings convened in the Central Immortal Realm to deliberate on the situation. Representatives from the Eastern and Northern Immortal Realms joined forces, eager to devise a solution.

There is no movement in the foreign land. Presumably, the ancestor of the imperial clan in the foreign land has no intention of intervening and prefers to witness the Immortal Realm endure this disaster.

One immortal king observed, expressing a tinge of regret.

“It’s unfortunate that, in this era, no creatures beyond the Immortal King inhabit the Immortal Realm. Otherwise, we might have a chance to converse with that one. He seems far from recovering to his heyday, providing us with a slim chance.”

Another resurrected immortal king shared his sentiments, witnessing the situation but not succumbing to despair.

“The original world is the origin of our realm, holding abundant vitality. If there is an existence beyond the Immortal King, it may only emerge from there.”

A venerable immortal king, the creator of a peerless, immortal art, contributed to the discussion. Despite the presence of numerous immortal kings, they respectfully addressed him as a senior. He revealed that the peerless, immortal art he had crafted was fortuitously discovered near the original world.

During a journey to the heavens, he encountered a vast and boundless world suppressed by the laws of heaven and earth. There, he stumbled upon a piece of immortal art. Later, he realized it originated from the Realm of Origin, isolated from the Immortal Realm.

The revelation stunned all the present immortal kings, fully aware of the magnificence of the peerless immortal art. Yet, it had only been found near the realm of origin, leaving them contemplative and speechless.

The Immortal Realm couldn't produce an existence beyond the Immortal King, seemingly incapable of taking that crucial step. The question lingered: Why was this limitation linked to the realm of origin?

The enigma of the world of origin is traced back to the inception of the Immortal Realm. Ancient lore posited that the Immortal Realm was initially an expansive continent within the realm of origin.

In those primordial times, it was purportedly refined by a supreme existence with divine powers, subsequently separated and integrated with the realm of origin.

In that era, cultivators could inhabit the Immortal Realm without achieving the immortal position. "Immortal Realm" merely denoted another name, not indicating the absence of beings beyond Immortal Realm cultivators. Even cultivators of the immortal realm reproduced offspring, though the more robust the cultivation base, the more challenging it became to conceive.

King Luo sighed, disclosing a stark reality, "Contemplating without an existence beyond the Immortal King is futile. Tomorrow, we will hasten to the Southern Immortal Realm For a banquet. Fellow Daoists, if time permits, ponder how to impart a few last words to the younger generations."

His words bordered on rudeness, nearly dismissing the need for funeral arrangements. However, all the immortal kings present remained silent, inwardly sighing at the prospect of being bound and resigned to their fate.

Regret surfaced as one immortal king remarked, "It's unfortunate that Bai Chuan returned after leaving the Central Immortal Realm. Otherwise, we could inquire about the Moon Palace's situation."

Many had hoped Bai Chuan, who had come to summon them before, might possess relevant information.

However, a chilling and terrifying incident unfolded on that day, within the immortal realm and in the distant foreign land, leaving many cultivators trembling and unnerved. Legs weakened, and some knelt on the ground.

An unusual mist materialized at the horizon, seemingly emanating from an endlessly distant place. Thick, gray clouds shrouded the world's edge, accompanied by the sound of waves and the rumbling of a fractured ancient world, faintly reaching the ears of the Immortal Kings.

What is that?

Is someone attempting to destroy the Immortal Domain?

This apocalyptic scene filled the inhabitants of the Immortal Realm with terror. Unaware of the phenomenon's origin, they sensed an overwhelming power pressing upon them. Ordinary cultivators trembled, feeling like ants about to be obliterated under these intense fluctuations.

The Immortal Kings experienced an intensified sense of vulnerability as the sky seemed on the verge of shattering under the weight of the dense gray fog.

“That is not a real scene but a projection from a distant place. Something is approaching the Immortal Realm,” a seasoned Immortal King spoke in a deep voice, his heart weighed down by an impending dread.

Simultaneously, on the foreign land side, a similar spectacle unfolded. The scene radiated from a distant location as if reflected in the universe, seemingly foretelling something significant.

The aura of the boundless sea.

Has someone discovered the broken coordinates of the Mountain and Sea World?

In the luminous cave of the foreign land, the awakened ancestor of the imperial clan opened his eyes. Darkness filled his pupils as terrifying scenes played out—stars sinking, the moon destroying, the sky collapsing, and the earth cracking.

Attempting to deduce the situation, he ultimately shook his head, sighed, and mumbled, “At the latest, ten thousand years; at the earliest, probably less than a hundred years.”

Navigating the boundless sea was exceedingly difficult, even for an immortal king. Escape routes were nearly nonexistent. Yet, an entity capable of traversing the endless sea possessed unimaginable cultivation, depths beyond comprehension.

Epochs ago, when the real world of mountains and seas shattered, the dispersed true spirits ignited a bonfire, casting light in the infinite darkness.

Creatures in the boundless sea, noticing the broken coordinates of the natural world of mountains and seas, sought to reach it—whether to occupy, annex, or migrate.

Within this abyss were terrifying existences trapped for eons. Some sought to migrate from their depleted real worlds, while others aimed to hunt and bolster their domains. The horror of the boundless sea was unfathomable. Even the ancestors of the imperial clan dared not tread lightly, having less than 30% certainty of survival within its depths.

Furthermore, due to the absence of the protective true spirit, the real world of mountains and seas was suddenly bare to the boundless sea. Unless the distance was considerable, one could discern the coordinates of the natural world of mountains and seas.

The boundless sea itself was fraught with terror and disasters. The existence of the true spirit shielded a world, concealing its coordinates and hiding the bonfire, preventing exposure to the boundless sea. The source of darkness lay here, and throughout history, many real worlds have perished due to the accidental revelation of their coordinates.

“It’s true that misfortunes never come alone...” sighed the patriarch of the imperial clan, his words unable to conceal his concern.

The sudden appearance of this terrifying vision further fueled chaos and panic in the already distressed immortal domain and foreign land.

Despair gripped countless cultivators and creatures, interpreting the phenomenon as a harbinger of universal destruction, a sign preceding the world’s end. In the Southern Immortal Realm, within the Moon King Mansion, Gu Changge sat cross-legged on a futon, raising his eyes at this unexpected sight.

What is that?

Beside him, Heavenly Maiden Tianlu also looked on with astonishment, observing the distant end of the world where the light image was about to dim, transitioning into a foam-like substance.

Gradually, something became distinct in the remote reaches, approaching the world with a wave-like momentum.

While ordinary individuals might not hear it, cultivators within the immortal realm could discern the terrifying force, regardless of their distance from the immortal domain.

“That’s the outline of the boundless sea. After endless epochs, someone finally found the coordinates of the real world of mountains and seas...”

“Perhaps they intend to come here,” Gu Changge spoke calmly, seemingly unsurprised.

“Is it the boundless sea that connects to the other end of the boundless battlefield?”

Moon King expressed extreme shock, familiar only with the existence of the boundless battlefield—a rift in the universe within the Central Immortal Realm.

Numerous immortal cities and Ancient Passages connected to this battlefield, offering the only path for beings to leave the realm. However, many immortal king families, serving as guardians, controlled the road behind them. The younger generation would periodically venture to the battlefield for combat experience and opportunities.

Moon King had heard tales of King Luo obtaining a mysterious bronze monument from the Boundless Battlefield. Other immortal kings had also acquired enigmatic items, including the remains of unknown creatures, obscure ancient mirrors, artifacts from unknown eras, and cosmic garments. Jealousy welled within her as he contemplated these prizes.

“If the beings from that place come to this world, what will happen?” inquired Heavenly Maiden Tianlu, unable to contain her curiosity.

After arriving in the Immortal Realm, she had realized the world was far from the peaceful realm she had initially believed it to be, concealing numerous hidden secrets and profound causes and effects.

Moon King also turned his gaze towards Gu Changge, his eyes seeking answers and hoping to unravel the mysteries surrounding this impending event. He observed that Gu Changge, contrary to the terrifying rumors, appeared easy-going, and his fear had lessened these past days. Many things were fabrications.

The recent rumors, for instance, falsely attributed the destruction of the Buddha Kingdom to Gu Changge when, in reality, he had merely stepped into the kingdom without taking any action. The kingdom's demise was revealed once the illusion dissipated.

"If they come, they will sacrifice this world, guide the real world behind them to come, and then annex this world. All creatures, everything in the world from ancient times to the present, and the entire universe will be sacrificed..." Gu Changge explained calmly as if discussing a commonplace matter.

What?

Moon King froze, his body turning icy cold, struggling to believe what he had just heard.

"Sacrifice everything?"

Heavenly Maiden Tianlu echoed, equally shocked, unable to fathom the gravity of Gu Changge's revelation.

This news sent shockwaves across all worlds. Panic and fear spread among beings from ancient universes who were unnerved by the horrifying scene, anticipating an impending catastrophe. Though the vision was brief and the reflection dissipated, various rumors circulated.

Someone is coming across the boundless sea, and it's feared they will reach the true world of mountains and seas in less than a hundred years.

We don't have much time left.

In an incomplete universe, Ni Chen, shrouded in soul mist, abruptly opened his eyes, sensing the fluctuation. Murmuring to himself, his aura spread continuously, and the entire universe seemed to collapse, absorbed into his body.

This ability showcased the ominous power of the Underworld Clan, capable of absorbing even the universe itself. Now, with the awareness of the impending vision, time-pressed heavily on Ni Chen's heart.

If he could seize the real world of mountains and seas, binding the dissipated true spirits before the arrival of those beings, he could block the coordinates and the illuminating light of this world, enabling its escape from impending disaster. Otherwise, all his plans would crumble.

Chapter 877: He probably can't even remember me, Xiao Zu of the Age of Innate Mythology

The entire immortal realm and foreign land plunged into panic due to a sudden, terrifying vision of the world's end. Many ancient cultivators diligently searched their old books to uncover relevant records.

Ancient immortal kings, awakened from bygone eras, also sought answers. They concluded that the ominous visions were linked to the distant, boundless sea.

The term "Boundless Sea" was unfamiliar to ordinary cultivators; they had never encountered it. However, with their prolonged survival, ancient aristocratic families possessed specific records about the place. Knowledge of the boundless sea induced fear in those aware of its existence.

It's a place where even immortal kings fear to tread.

In this tense atmosphere, the entire Immortal Realm grew more disturbed. Many ethnic groups contemplated relocating their entire clans. Yet, surprisingly, the Southern Immortal Realm remained peaceful compared to other realms.

The Moon King, governing various clans, issued a calming order from Moon King City. In three days, all tribes were to gather for worship.

Assuring the tribes not to worry, the Moon King declared he was not the true master of the Southern Immortal Realm.

The new master, he claimed, was benevolent and accepting. As long as the tribes submitted willingly, there would be no trouble.

With the Moon King's guarantee, the tribes in the Southern Immortal Realm felt considerably more at ease. The impending downfall of the Buddha Kingdom heightened anxiety as the Southern Immortal realm faced an unknown crisis.

The following day, the Moon King emerged beneath the radiant sun and surging immortal spirit. He ordered her maids to prepare a banquet for numerous immortal kings across the domain. Within the Moon King's Mansion, a vast hall served as the venue for the Moon King's teachings.

However, he had now repurposed it as a venue to host the immortal kings from all races of the immortal domains. The surroundings were enveloped in fairy mist, surrounded by majestic mountains and forests of immortal islands.

Near the Dao platform, a large piece of immortal bamboo remained, and pavilion futons were already arranged, anticipating the arrival of immortal kings from various races across the immortal realm.

The Moon King, adorned in cage-colored gauze, stood on the bluestone. His figure appeared blurred, with Dao rhymes flowing around him, resembling a flawless moon god.

"Take your seats and await the arrival of the immortal kings from around the world for worship."

He stood with her hands behind her back, sweeping his eyes across the Dao platform. He exuded an air of peerless beauty as if carved from immortal jade.

The Moon King's mood could have been more relaxed. Despite being an immortal king, he never anticipated a day when he would be worshiped by immortal kings worldwide. Without Gu Change's prestige, the other immortal kings might not heed her orders.

Today's events shook the entire Southern Immortal Realm. Many ordinary creatures only knew that the Moon King was hosting Immortal Kings from various domains, unaware of the underlying reason.

Compared to other immortal realms, the overall strength of the Southern Immortal Realm was relatively low, with only one or two immortal kings in charge. With the fall of the Buddha King and the disappearance of Dao-building experts, the Moon King became the sole ruler.

For thousands of years, Immortal Kings from other domains had never visited the Southern Immortal Realm. It was considered barren compared to the others. Today's lively scene was a rare occurrence in countless epochs.

Divine lights rushed in one after another, with figures visible almost every moment. Heaven and earth rumbled as ancient chariots descended, bringing high-level figures from various old ethnic groups under the jurisdiction of the Moon King.

The Tuoba Ancient Clan is here for worship!

The Yin Xian lineage is here for worship!

Boundless Immortal Mountain is here for worship!

...

The servants regularly encountered prominent figures from various clans outside the Moon King's Mansion. Even the weakest ones who managed to come were Dao-building experts by experience.

Additionally, ancient true immortals, standing at the pinnacle of immortal Dao, served as the true powerhouses behind various ethnic groups. Not every faction had an Immortal King in command, as seen in the vast Southern Immortal Realm, where only one or two Immortal Kings presided.

However, a considerable number of true immortals existed. Any ethnic group with a more extended heritage had the time and resources to accumulate true immortals.

Outside the Moon King's Mansion, the entities represented significant ethnic groups in the Southern Immortal Realm. Some immortal ancestors arrived with their descendants, displaying utmost respect and refraining from probing too much. They followed the servants into the mansion and, guided by Moon King Mansion's attendants, entered the Immortal Bamboo Forest.

"Can we truly witness the legendary taboo today? I heard he's the new master of the Southern Immortal Realm, and even the esteemed Moon King must obey his orders," ventured some courageous young individuals, curiously peering into the depths of the platform.

Yet, a vast, chaotic air obscured the scene, resembling a thick fog, making it impossible to see. The Moon King was not visible; only the busy servants and a group of maids were present.

Upon hearing the youth's chatter, the elders' complexions changed slightly. They sternly instructed the youngsters to remain silent. Despite the Moon King's assurance that the new owner would not harm them, offending him could bring unwarranted misfortune to their family.

The guests speculated as they awaited developments. Suddenly, a sea of terrifying coercion swept from the distant sky. It abruptly restrained itself as it approached, and a middle-aged man, seemingly in good spirits, descended from on high.

Clad in a black robe with dragon horns on his head, his eyes held a depth that even real immortals wouldn't dare to meet. Around him, a sense of space-time distortion and broken laws created a terrifying and shocking aura.

"The Immortal King Ao Di of the Eastern Immortal Territory has arrived!" announced the servants at the Moon King's Mansion gate, revealing the person's background. Guests were taken aback, seeing the true face of this immortal king for the first time.

Ao Di, Immortal King, allegedly connected to the actual dragon lineage, ruled the boundless sea area of the Eastern Immortal Domain and commanded numerous aquatic beings. He stood as a pivotal force in the Eastern Immortal Domain. Behind him, several real immortals, including several young-looking men and women, accompanied him.

That's Princess Ao Ling, an outstanding genius in the Eastern Immortal Domain, rumored to possess the talent of an Immortal King. I didn't expect Immortal King Ao Di to bring this descendant here.

Many guests murmured as they observed a charming girl with sparkling dragon horns trailing behind Immortal King Ao Di.

She wore a gentle smile, donning a light blue flowing immortal dress that created a stark contrast with the solemn figures surrounding her. However, her few clansmen shielded her, never straying more than three steps from Immortal King Ao Di, emphasizing her significance and the protection afforded by the Ao clan.

"Where is the Moon King now?" inquired Ao Di Immortal King, middle-aged yet exuding an aura of calm majesty. His eyes, when opened and closed, seemed to encapsulate the evolution of stars in the universe. He posed the question to several Moon Palace servants, his expression somewhat sullen.

Despite his status as an immortal king, the Moon King hadn't personally greeted him. Instead, a few servants waited at the door without acknowledging a genuine immortal.

Bai Chuan, a quasi-immortal king, approached at this point, wearing silver battle armor and displaying a handsome, young face. He gestured to Ao Di to step aside, indicating a familiarity that suggested a significant relationship.

Bai Chuan...

Immortal King Ao Di nodded slightly at Bai Chuan's appearance, the sullen expression on his face dissipating. He followed Bai Chuan to the side, paying little attention to the trembling Moon Palace servants.

Witnessing this scene, many guests felt a sense of confusion, anticipating that something significant would unfold. Immortal King Bai Chuan had been absent for several days, reappearing only today. Before that, many assumed he had left the Southern Immortal Domain.

"It appears your words were true—Moon King is now under control," Immortal King Ao Di remarked as he and Bai Chuan conversed nearby.

The space around them blurred, preventing outsiders from observing clearly. They spoke discreetly, unconcerned about being overheard by the other entities present.

"I returned to Moon King's Mansion for a few days, but I only encountered Moon King once. No one can approach the cave where he usually cultivates, not even me," Bai Chuan shared, shaking his head with a hint of doubt clouding his originally stern expression.

His bond with Immortal King Ao Di ran deep; they had become acquainted in the Eastern Immortal Domain, cultivating a connection beyond friendship.

"I don't think you need to overly worry about Moon King's safety. Considering the current situation in the Immortal Domain, it seems likely that the one in control has other motives and may not easily destroy the Immortal Realm," reassured Immortal King Ao Di, understanding Bai Chuan's concern for Moon King and expressing relief.

“Despite that, I’m still concerned about the methods used to control Moon King...” Bai Chuan admitted, his worry evident in his words. “That’s why I asked you to help me, brother, to use the Nine Profound Divine Mirror to spy on reality at this banquet.”

Bai Chuan sighed, unable to conceal his anxiety. The Nine Profound Divine Mirror, a supreme treasure from the Eastern Immortal Domain, was shrouded in endless mysteries.

Originating from Outland, it was once wielded by an immortal king and later came into the possession of the Sea Clan. Now, it rested in the hands of Immortal King Ao Di.

Bai Chuan sought Ao Di’s assistance to use the mirror to uncover the truth about Gu Changge during the banquet and understand his current state. Immortal King Ao Di, after a moment of silence, nodded.

“Don’t worry, I will find a way to help you. Now is not the time to discuss this further. If there’s anything, we can talk later,” he said, mindful of the multitude of beings in the Moon Palace. He was concerned that other immortal kings might notice any abnormal behavior on his part.

Bai Chuan nodded, and the two parted ways without further conversation. While Bai Chuan hesitated to take direct action against Gu Changge, he planned to approach the situation strategically, aiming to rescue Moon King from imminent danger.

“It’s best not to meddle in such matters. Remember, our purpose here is simply to observe the spectacle,” advised Immortal King Ao Di. After parting ways with Bai Chuan, he deviated from the other guests, heading directly into the depths of the immortal forest.

There, he discovered Ao Ling, the girl in the flowing blue fairy skirt, leisurely wandering near a deep pool. Her lively demeanor and the smile on her face suggested a positive mood. Immortal King Ao Di approached her respectfully, displaying an attitude of deference toward the younger generation.

“But little ancestor, if our Ao people merely watch the spectacle without taking action, could it potentially displease the one in control?” respectfully inquire Ao Di Immortal King.

“No, if it’s truly that one, he’s not as formidable as the rumors claim. I truly don’t understand the forbidden era that your future generations speak of...” Ao Ling expressed casually, throwing a stone into the cold pool.

Her tone seemed carefree, yet the information conveyed left Immortal King Ao Di's heart quivering.

He knew that the little ancestor before him held a terrifying seniority, reaching back to an era older than the Forbidden Era, known as the Age of Innate Mythology. However, he hadn't anticipated that she had encountered "that one" long ago.

Chapter 878: The sudden change is simply bold

The era of ancient mythology was a time absent from classical records, reaching back to the dawn of the world. Before the Forbidden Era, it stretched through countless epochs like an undiscovered compartment.

If the girl Ao Ling hadn't informed Immortal King Ao Di, he would have remained unaware of this lengthy ancient period.

Furthermore, the girl before him hailed from that era and had been sealed away indefinitely. It wasn't until modern times that she awoke from the deepest forbidden area of the Ao clan.

Regarding seniority, Immortal King Ao Di didn't exaggerate in calling her a little ancestor; it could even be considered an honor. Ao Ling was the heir of the Dragon Ancestor, renowned as the progenitor of myriad dragons. While the current Ao clan possessed its blood, the pure dragon bloodline was absent.

Even the first-generation ancestor of the Ao clan would respectfully address Ao Ling as "Old Ancestor." Despite being a peerless Immortal King, Ao Di immensely respected her and safeguarded her every step, viewed by outsiders as an expression of deep affection for his junior. The tribe remained unaware of Ao Ling's true identity.

"If the little ancestor recognizes this person, then I won't be concerned," said Immortal King Ao Di. Despite Ao Ling appearing seemingly powerless, her true capabilities were unfathomable. Her body concealed an immensely potent force that nearly brought Ao Di to his knees when it was first revealed.

Moreover, based on the information shared by Ao Ling, many creatures from the age of ancient mythology were poised to return. Although the current state of the immortal domain was chaotic, it wouldn't significantly impact the overall situation in the future. Beyond this world, supreme beings observed everything, biding their time for the opportune moment.

“I would be delighted to meet this individual. In this era, even though immortal ages seem empty, we can still encounter people from the past,” Ao Ling remarked, shaking her head slightly. She then clapped her hands and proceeded toward the depths of the immortal bamboo forest, where white mist floated and pavilions awaited guests.

However, the innermost part of the Dao platform remained bathed in brilliance, veiled in a chaotic aura that obscured clear vision. The Moon King had already instructed the maids to prepare tea for the guests, giving the place an atmosphere reminiscent of ancient gatherings to discuss Dao-building experts.

Friends who hadn’t seen each other for years reminisced, evoking emotions on the faces of many genuine immortals.

“Who would have imagined such a day would come? I heard even the formidable Immortal King might face liquidation.”

“Contrary to that, we might have a better chance of survival in this chaos.”

“Regarding the vision of heaven and earth from yesterday, after perusing ancient texts, it seems to involve a distant and boundless land. What major events might the Immortal Realm face in the future?”

Conversations paused as Immortal King Ao Di approached with Ao Ling. On the one hand, the observers were curious about Immortal King Ao Di’s evident care for his descendant, keeping her by his side at all times. On the other hand, they fell silent as the duo neared.

On each hill, numerous cultivators sat cross-legged, forming a densely packed assembly of heroes. The cultivators specializing in humanism were particularly noteworthy, standing out as the best among various ethnic groups. The figure, seemingly at the pinnacle of the immortal Dao, stood prominently near the Dao platform.

Immortal King Ao Di had a dedicated pavilion for rest, where his tribe members waited. Surprisingly, the Moon King’s figure had yet to appear. Instead, more streams of light descended outside the mansion, bringing prominent figures from various immortal domains.

Among them was a familiar face to Immortal King Ao Di, an old Immortal King from the Eastern Immortal Domain named Immortal King Gu Xuan. Accompanied by two apprentices, a man and a

woman, both had reached the true immortal realm, with one poised to become an Immortal King, given sufficient time.

The Eastern Immortal Domain boasted a limited number of Immortal Kings. With the arrival of Immortal King Ao Di and Immortal King Gu Xuan, they nearly reached the pinnacle of power in that domain.

Soon after, the Immortal King from the Northern Immortal Realm joined them, forming a trio. An older man with white hair and a beard, Ku Yin, Immortal King, stood alongside a red-haired Immortal King named Chi Lian Wang and another one called Chu Kun.

These three Immortal Kings hailed from the Northern Immortal Realm, accompanied by numerous followers, including real immortals and Dao-building experts, though no young descendants were among them.

Is the Moon King not attending?

When can we expect her?

Old Immortal King Gu Xuan from the Eastern Immortal Realm inquired politely, displaying kindness toward the Moon Palace servants.

Responding respectfully, the Moon Palace servants informed, “Reporting to the Immortal King, His Majesty the Moon King has instructed us to arrange an immortal banquet, but we do not know when she will make an appearance.” The servants, facing the gaze of several Immortal Kings, were visibly nervous.

The Immortal Kings present refrained from commenting on this. They either sipped tea, rested with closed eyes, or engaged in quiet conversations. The Moon King’s presence was not their primary focus; instead, they sought to assess the safety of the Hongmen Banquet.

Unexpectedly, an ancient Immortal King from a secluded area in the Eastern Immortal Domain descended, surprising everyone. The existence of individuals in that restricted area had been almost written off, especially by Immortal King Ao Di and Old Immortal King Gu Xuan.

Since it is the lord’s command, how could the old man dare not come?

This elderly Immortal King from the restricted life area emitted a decaying aura, not in peak condition like the other Immortal Kings. Grinning, his voice resembled the ancient creaking of a drying tree.

Could it be that the Central Immortal Realm has no intention to comply with the order?

As time passed, the figure from the Central Immortal Domain remained absent, prompting speculation and varied expressions among the Immortal Kings. Some had deep contemplation in their eyes, while others sat in silence.

Speculation arose among the gathering, suggesting a prior decree from a foreign land that had reached the Central Immortal Domain. The two sides were engaged in discussions on how to address the matter.

“Could it be that the foreign land is planning to join forces with the Central Immortal Domain?” Some Immortal Kings couldn’t help but ponder this possibility.

Boom!

Suddenly, a nebulous figure ascended at the farthest reaches of the universe, overseeing the immortal universe and casting a dominating aura within the star field’s depths. The entire world quivered, and a pervasive sense of mourning enveloped everything. Countless creatures knelt in worship, even true immortals feeling a slight unease.

An Immortal King? But the aura is unusual.

Several Immortal Kings in the Moon King Palace turned their attention simultaneously, furrowing their brows with alertness and incredulity.

Is someone daring to make a move at this time?

It’s quite audacious.

Immortal King Ao Di narrowed his eyes, rising from the pavilion and peering into the distance. Beside him, Ao Ling expressed a surprised and intrigued expression, saying, “This isn’t the real body of the Immortal King, but a faith-condensed form obtained at great cost.” While gathering faith in a Dao Body wasn’t challenging, ensuring its combat power matched that of an Immortal King was difficult.

The atmosphere grew tense as everyone awaited the unfolding events.

The terrible figure that emerged in the distance surpassed the strength of most Immortal Kings. The aura emanated was chaotic, making it challenging to discern the true identity of the entity. The startling development left all Moon Palace guests in shock, disbelief across their faces.

Ordinary beings couldn’t resist the compulsion to kneel at this moment. Attempting to kowtow in that direction proved impossible, given the overwhelming coercion from the deliberately elusive Immortal King.

“It seems to have been condensed using some mysterious forbidden weapon, and there is more than just an Immortal King behind it...” Ao Ling remarked, offering her insight.

Boom!

Another phantom materialized in that area, its form hazy and indistinct, yet it stood tall, appearing as if it had transformed from a Dao Body. It gazed upon the universe, overseeing the ages.

Then, in that same area, another terrifying aura manifested, and an immortal light tore through the universe, resembling the indifferent eyes of a supreme being. A formidable energy that shook the universe spread out, covering the sky and the earth. For a moment, hundreds of millions of star fields quivered in response.

Chapter 879: No one in the world dares to disobey remnants of the old era

One after another, commanding figures emerged in the universe, their indifferent eyes overseeing the ages as if they had existed since the dawn of time. The world appeared incapable of containing their auras, and their eyes alone hung in the sky like a terrifying blood moon devoid of emotion.

Boom!

The entire universe trembled, sweeping across the whole Southern Immortal Realm. This was the unmatched power of the Immortal Kings, capable of effortlessly subduing the world. Such a profound disturbance was extraordinary, as the recovery of any Immortal King would typically resonate throughout the entire universe.

Yet, on this day, more than one Immortal King's aura surpassed many statues, erupting in a spectacular display.

Even ordinary cultivators instinctively grasped that something significant was unfolding. The guests in the Moon Palace gazed in shock towards the end of the universe, where the majesty of the Immortal Kings erupted, threatening to engulf the world.

Successive figures of Immortal King's covered heaven and earth, appearing as if not their actual bodies but descending in a particular manner, yet retaining overwhelming power. Even the Immortal Kings within the Moon King Palace couldn't discern the identities of those figures at the end of the universe.

They're acting recklessly.

Aren't they afraid of the consequences?

In the immortal bamboo forest, the voice of an ancient true immortal trembled with fear. The appearance of an Immortal King's aura at today's banquet raised questions—was there an intention to attack someone in the Moon Palace? Such audacity seemed to pull everyone in the immortal realm into uncertain waters.

Old Immortal King Gu Xuan and Immortal King Ao Di of the Eastern Immortal Realm grew serious, silently staring at the unfolding spectacle. Since arriving in the Southern Immortal Domain, they had immediately restrained their aura fluctuations, preventing anyone from approaching except those of equal standing.

This gesture expressed their respectful attitude, a boundary they dared not surpass. However, the unveiled auras of the Immortal Kings were undeniably terrible as they revealed their Dao Bodies upon entering the Southern Immortal Realm. This act hinted at provocation – were they planning something against a particular individual?

“Even if these aren't their real bodies, the aftermath of this confrontation will undoubtedly stir great turbulence in the Immortal Domain,” mused Immortal King Ao Di, aware of the reality behind these Dao Bodies through Ao Ling's explanation. These were bodies of faith, condensed through some

forbidden treasure, possessing strength comparable to an Immortal King's. Yet, reducing such a Dao Body came at a significant cost.

The chaotic atmosphere made it challenging to identify which Immortal King or Kings these faith Dao Bodies belonged to. Immortal King Ao Di couldn't help but narrow his eyes, questioning the boldness of those who dared such a move.

"Is the Central Immortal Realm really not afraid of facing the consequences afterwards?" Ao Di pondered aloud, his skepticism evident.

The Immortal King from the restricted life area, emanating a decadent aura, couldn't help but grin, almost gloating. He played into the narrative that these Dao Bodies were the work of the Central Immortal Realm, sowing doubt and intrigue among the gathered Immortal Kings.

While the Moon Palace guests were far from the Immortal Kings, they caught snippets of the conversations. Suspicion regarding the intentions of the Central Immortal Realm spread among the crowd, questioning whether they sought to embroil the entire Immortal Realm in trouble. The looming question remained: were they unafraid of the potential consequences, or did they genuinely believe they could handle the situation?

"The current state of affairs in the Immortal Realm is becoming increasingly intriguing," remarked Ao Ling with a grin, seemingly unfazed and finding amusement in the unfolding events.

Ao Ling seemed to comprehend the motives behind the unfolding events, her eyes filled with genuine interest.

They truly don't seem to value their lives.

At that moment, the Moon King, who had been absent until now, made her appearance. She stood amidst the void, her gown dancing in the immortal winds and her gaze exuding a cold intensity. She expressed disbelief that, amidst such a significant event, there were still individuals who seemed unaware of the consequences, willingly placing themselves in harm's way. It wasn't just a matter of foolishness but a voluntary march towards death.

In the heart of the immortal bamboo forest, Gu Changge, who had been seated in meditation, rose slowly. The fragments of the Dao dissipated around him, and he adopted the appearance of an ordinary mortal.

Even when faced with an Immortal King at this moment, one might instinctively regard him as a mere mortal. There was no discernible aura or fluctuations in the laws emanating from him. However, a profound abyss lurked beneath the surface, capable of devouring everything at any moment.

“I truly didn’t anticipate that, even at this juncture, there are those unafraid of death,” remarked Gu Changge as he gazed towards the end of the universe, maintaining his composed stance.

At that moment, five figures of Immortal Kings appeared. Although they were not genuine bodies, their auras indicated strength that was not inferior to regular Immortal Kings. They stood united at the end of the universe, as if reshaping the cosmos, and the world seemed insufficient to contain their presence.

Gu Changge recognized them as Dao Bodies rather than their proper forms, leading to a mild surprise.

Heavenly Maiden Tianlu, standing beside Gu Changge, couldn’t help but express her astonishment. “Husband, who are these Immortal Kings?”

“A remnant of an old era,” Gu Changge replied with a gentle smile, leaving Heavenly Maiden Tianlu even more perplexed.

As Gu Changge’s words echoed, it appeared like a monstrous storm erupted at the end of the universe in the Southern Immortal Realm. An ancient and weathered banner unfurled, and immense chaos surrounded it like a tidal wave, shrouding the sky and the earth.

Five terrible figures stood there, evenly spaced apart, gazing indifferently toward the Moon Palace, appearing to be the only beings in ancient times.

Huaa!!!

The ancient banner was ceremoniously offered by someone, waving at the end of the world as a torrent of endless blood and rain rushed toward it. An echoing sound of iron horses clashing reverberated, resembling the heavens trembling in response to the unfolding spectacle.

In the dark void, an immortal king's voice resonated, echoing the voice of the Dao but possessing an air of supreme decree, commanding the world and compelling unquestioning obedience.

Amidst the whisper, all the creatures that had vanished from heaven and earth were resurrected from the void. They transformed into blood, morphed into bones, and were systematically reassembled and reborn.

A vast and terrifying army, virtually countless, assembled under the watchful eyes of all, seated on the back of ancient beasts and overlooking the world.

“Is this the ancient heroic spirit that once disappeared from heaven and earth? Or the army that once fell here?” gasped the inhabitants of the Moon Palace, their collective shock palpable. Even the Immortal Kings contracted their pupils, fixating on the grandiose banner.

What kind of astonishing power was at play here? A mere banner had summoned creatures that had long vanished from the world, an act seemingly against the natural order!

At that moment, Old Immortal King Gu Xuan's eyes widened even further, his expression tinged with disbelief.

He uttered, “Could it be... before the Taboo Era, the Immortal Palace commanded the heavens using the Eight Directions Banner of the Immortal Realm?”

With its eight poles, the Eight Directions Banner of the Immortal Realm was shrouded in mystery and possessed unpredictable power. It was said to have the ability to command the heavens and all races under the rule of the eight-star kings of the Immortal Palace. Countless immortal soldiers and generals were said to be under its command. However, these banners had long vanished into the river of history, becoming legends with no confirmed sightings or existence.

Chapter 880: Lamenting for the ancient era, disintegrated in one blow

A resounding blast emanated from the end of the universe, akin to blowing an immortal horn, awakening all the generals and soldiers engaged in heavenly battles from the cycle of reincarnation. As monstrous as the vast abyss, this tremendous power brought the mighty army forth from nothingness, transcending time and space.

Kill, kill, kill.

A monstrous, murderous aura swept across like the collapse of mountains and rivers, obliterating everything in its path. The immense army surged forward, and the star fields in its wake trembled and succumbed to the overwhelming aura.

If these are truly immortal heroic souls, could our ancestors be among them?

Trembling voices echoed among the inhabitants of the Southern Immortal Realm, their shock rendering them speechless.

Some say that the Banner of the Eight Directions Township of the Immortal Palace is an innate entity. It emerged eons ago and was once wielded by the Star King of the Immortal Palace. It commanded the world, and none dared to disobey.

Old Immortal King Gu Xuan, well-versed in ancient texts, solemnly explained, having risen from his futon.

Though the flag appeared broken and incomplete, its momentary revelation exuded a formidable force capable of eternal suppression.

The other Immortal Kings gasped, fixated on the unfolding scene.

“It’s the battle flag, but unfortunately, it’s been broken...” Ao Ling remarked, her expression now grave, the carefree smile replaced by a thoughtful expression. Immortal King Ao Di, beside her, remained unaware of the more profound implications.

This revelation left Immortal King Bai Chuan visibly shocked. The unexpected event unfolding at this moment was beyond his anticipation.

Someone has truly taken action at this moment; it seems I won’t need to make an attempt.

He couldn’t help but murmur to himself.

Just as the guests in the Moon Palace, including the Immortal Kings, were still in shock, another astonishing scene unfolded at the end of the universe. An ancient and weathered melody emerged seemingly from nowhere, with profound sorrow and grief. The standing Immortal King Dao Bodies made minimal movements but blew some horns.

In the darkness, melancholic ballads resonated, their mellifluous tones deeply moving yet sorrowful, akin to the lament of a peerless woman mourning for an era long buried in ancient times. In the depths of the universe, a radiance appeared, incredibly formidable, resembling two scorching blood suns spanning the sky and transcending the ages. Though it gazed at the Southern Immortal Realm, it didn't reveal its proper form. Nevertheless, the radiance in its eyes sent shivers through many real immortals, imagining the colossal creature that the entire universe could not contain.

"What kind of creature is this?" questioned all the Immortal Kings in the Moon Palace, feeling palpitations under the intensity of that scrutinizing gaze. It was as if this being had seen through every secret from top to bottom, leaving no room for concealment, freezing the blood of those it observed.

Boom!!!

At that moment, a formidable momentum surged from the depths of the Moon King's Mansion, and the immortal mist wafted through the immortal bamboo forest. The star field, spanning hundreds of millions of miles, trembled. Virtually all Immortal Kings felt a tremor in their hearts, their expressions changing dramatically as they turned their attention in that direction.

Even those not Immortal Kings found their legs trembling, their bodies on the verge of collapse, unable to withstand even a trace of the aura.

My Lord!

The Moon King, standing loftily in the sky, also changed expression. He hastily saluted respectfully, causing the immortal mist to disperse.

Everyone observed a figure at the depths of the Dao platform; its back turned to the crowd. It appeared extraordinarily tall and upright, draped in immaculate white attire that surpassed the purity of snow, with robes billowing in the ethereal breeze.

Which forbidden existence is this?

Old Immortal King Gu Xuan, Immortal King Ao Di, and Immortal King Ku Yin fixated in that direction, finally catching a glimpse of the figure's true face. Their astonishment grew as they found the figure remarkably young, lacking the feared three-headed and six-armed ferocity rumored in legends.

It's him.

Ao Ling, beside Immortal King Ao Di, stared unwaveringly, her emotions far from calm. It was the first time she had displayed such an expression, tightly gripping her sleeves.

Gu Changge stood on the platform, observing the vast army advancing toward the Southern Immortal Realm. With a simple lift of a finger, crystal clear yet possessing the authority of heaven and earth, he radiated an ancient brilliance, intercepting the universe and descending with a gentle tap.

All the Immortal Kings felt a chill, sensing that their very souls were on the verge of being erased by this singular finger.

Rumble!!!

A boundless light erupted ahead, threatening to tear the fabric of heaven and earth. The vast army summoned by the tattered flag disintegrated like ashes scattered in the wind at the mere proximity of this finger, exploding before any contact was made.

Dust to dust, ashes to ashes, dissolving into the void.

This spectacle instilled fear and trembling in all the creatures of the Southern Immortal Realm. The sheer might suggested that wiping out the entire Southern Immortal Realm could be achieved with just one finger.

The younger generation, accompanying a group of Immortal Kings to the Moon Palace, stood shocked. Finally, they comprehended why their ancestors had been so frightened and uneasy, even attempting to relocate to preserve a semblance of existence.

Under this overwhelming power capable of world destruction, true immortals and ordinary creatures appeared as mere cannon fodder, unable to withstand even a single finger.

Old Immortal King Gu Xuan expressed more profound shock, stating, "Rumors spoke of this lord annihilating the Three Thousand States with a single hand, causing the entire Immortal Realm to collapse. Seeing it now, it's not just a rumor..."

Other Immortal Kings were equally terrified, realizing they could hardly resist this finger. Even attempting to resist would likely result in severe injuries. What made it more unsettling was that this was merely Gu Changge's casual display of power.

It seemed effortlessly achievable if he genuinely intended to obliterate the entire Immortal Realm, even without him returning to his peak strength.

“What’s the point of hiding? Do you really think you can conceal yourself from me?” Gu Changge spoke calmly, remaining stationary on the Dao platform. He gazed toward the end of the universe.

The Immortal Kings of the Five Paths figures stood firm, raising the tattered flag to summon heroic spirits once again. In the void, the ashes seemed to reform, and the corrupt figures returned, flesh, mounts, and weapons materializing as if they were immortal.

Although such a formidable army posed an overwhelming threat to ordinary cultivators, it proved futile against Gu Changge. They couldn't even approach him.

With a casual wave of his sleeves, a terrifying Dao sound echoed throughout heaven and earth, as if an ancient immortal sat cross-legged, reciting ancient scriptures of reincarnation for all living beings. The sound swept the oncoming troops away, swiftly transforming into flying ash as if they had been dissolved.