

Villain 891

Chapter 891: Starting to Merge the Two Worlds, a good Wang family that offers its daughter for glory

Upon her return to the upper realm, Wang Ziji parted ways with Gu Changge and hurried to the Ancient Immortal Wang family's territory. Overwhelmed by a sense of nostalgia, she reflected on her journey. The changes in the upper realm were profound, with numerous events occurring in just a few hundred years.

Though Gu Changge had shared details with her on their journey, witnessing the transformation firsthand left Wang Ziji astounded. The Divine Kingdom now dominated all realms in the upper world, with even ancient immortal families, immortal sects, and powerful entities from distant universes surrendering to its rule. The current Divine Kingdom mirrored the grandeur of old times when ten thousand immortals congregated at court.

Learning of Gu Changge's marriage left Wang Ziji momentarily stunned and with a peculiar dryness in her heart. However, she quickly forced a smile and pushed the thoughts aside. Gu Changge's marital status, whether she led her to the Immortal Domain or not, had little bearing on the matter.

Yet, as she contemplated the changes in the upper realm, Wang Ziji couldn't shake an inexplicable sense of regret. Over the past few centuries, the realm had undergone significant alterations. Its rules transformed, and an abundance of spiritual energy pervaded the world that made it an ideal environment for cultivation.

Genius powerhouses emerged, displaying remarkable prowess across various regions. Some familiar faces from the past embarked on Dao-building expert ways, vying for opportunities to elevate their cultivation. Even Jiang Chuchu, once comparable to Wang Ziji, had attained Dao-building expertise, surpassing her in cultivation.

Amazed and reflective, Wang Ziji considered redirecting her focus toward cultivation. Gu Changge, accompanied by the two girls, swiftly returned to the Divine Kingdom upon their arrival in the upper realm. With Yue Mingkong in seclusion on the verge of becoming Dao-building expert, Gu Changge sought Yin Mei to arrange matters regarding the immortal domain.

The next step for Gu Changge involved a strategic move to integrate the immortal domain with the upper realm seamlessly.

In anticipation of potential variables arising during merging the Immortal Domain and the Upper Realm, Gu Changge took proactive measures and briefed Yin Mei. The collision of Dao laws during this merger might result in the elimination and fragmentation of nearby worlds. To safeguard any remaining creatures in those worlds, it became imperative to relocate them beforehand.

Additionally, Gu Changge foresaw potential discontent among Immortal Kings when the Divine Kingdom absorbed the vast territory of the Immortal Domain. Being below the Immortal realm in cultivation, Yue Mingkong and Yin Mei needed more means to dissuade these immortal kings.

To address this, Gu Changge embarked on the sacrifice and refinement of potent artifacts. The “Banner of Immortals,” infused with the Dao of the Immortal King, could inflict significant harm on the soul of an immortal king, creating a personal connection with Gu Changge.

Other artifacts, such as soul-gathering bottles, immortal-shocking ancient flutes, and virtual-shaped beads, were also meticulously crafted. Although not on par with immortal kings, these items possessed considerable power, serving to intimidate them. However, Gu Changge remained cautious, understanding that immortal kings might not be easily swayed.

As Gu Changge prepared for the merger, back in the Central Immortal Domain at the Wang Family’s cave mansion, an immortal mist permeated the air, and divine lights sparkled, casting a holy ambiance. Seated cross-legged, a figure with a thoughtful expression, calculating depths in his eyes, contemplated the unfolding events.

I didn’t expect Wang Wushang to be so easily overtaken. He probably didn’t anticipate that I am not only the last surviving member of the Underworld Clan but also the young master of the Underworld Clan.

My talent is undoubtedly extraordinary. That’s why I could seize control of that starry sky in this realm.

This figure was none other than Wang Wushang, who returned to the Wang family. However, the occupant of his body was not Wang Wushang himself but Ni Chen.

After the intense battle in the ruined universe, Ni Chen utilized his starry sky clone to suppress Wang Wushang and successfully took over his physical body.

Returning to the Wang family in the guise of Wang Wushang, Ni Chen seamlessly blended in. He concealed any abnormalities, even from the vigilant immortal king patriarchs of the Wang family.

Wang Wushang had yet to appear before the two immortal kings who, after returning from the Moon King mansion, entered seclusion without divulging the events that transpired.

Meanwhile, the other immortal king families, apart from the Wang family, were making preparations and consolidating their territories in anticipation of the impending unification of the Immortal Domain.

Sensing the unrest among the immortal kings and linking it to the signs of creatures crossing the boundless sea, Ni Chen speculated that a potential threat was approaching. Within a hundred years, catastrophe would occur in the Immortal Domain and the Foreign land, putting both at risk of destruction.

Uneasy about Wang Wushang's possible hidden contingencies, Ni Chen left the cave, intending to explore the Wang family's treasury for artifacts to enhance his cultivation. Now positioned as the leader of the Wang family's younger generation, he garnered immense respect from the clan members. Ni Chen planned to dominate Wang Wushang's physical body fully and gradually assimilate the surrounding Wang family members, refining them into his avatars.

With this control, he envisioned plotting against the two immortal king ancestors and even contemplated the audacious goal of seizing the real world of mountains and seas within a hundred years. This ambitious plan aimed to expedite Ni Chen's objectives significantly.

Nevertheless, according to Wang Wushang's memory, Miss Ziji attended a banquet in the Southern Immortal Domain with the two ancestors of the Immortal King. Why hasn't she returned yet?

While en route to the Wang family's treasure house, Ni Chen suddenly halted, a clouded and uncertain expression on his face. Wang Ziji had shown kindness to him by saving his life and ensuring his swift recovery during his cultivation period in the Wang family.

Though focused on resurrecting his clan members and restoring the Underworld clan's glory, Ni Chen couldn't deny some complex feelings for this intriguing woman.

Changing his direction, Ni Chen headed toward the palace where several actual immortal ancestors of the clan resided, intent on inquiring about the situation. A sense of unease lingered.

"Old Patriarch Wang Ming, I wish to know why Cousin Ziji didn't return with you," Ni Chen inquired upon arriving at the cave of a true immortal ancestor in the clan.

Wang Wushang's unique status warranted polite treatment from the true immortals, who refrained from treating him as a junior.

Wang Ming, a true immortal, sat cross-legged on a futon, radiating chaotic energy. Opening his eyes, he glanced at Ni Chen in Wang Wushang's body with a complex expression. Unaware of the strangeness, he shook his head and cautioned, "The two ancestors have explained the matter. You must not act impulsively. Avoid unnecessary discussions that might lead to a crisis."

Frowning at this response, Ni Chen pressed further, expressing concern, "Ancestor Wang Ming, please inform me about what happened to Cousin Ziji."

After a brief hesitation, Wang Ming decided to share limited details, ensuring not to delve too deeply into the subject.

You being a descendant of the clan, it's acceptable to disclose this matter to you. However, exercise caution with your words. Concerning Ziji, she's encountered great fortune and has been retained. In the future, even the immortal kings in the clan may have to rely on her.

Specific topics were shrouded in secrecy, and discussing them could lead to dire consequences. Even for an immortal king, let alone someone like Ni Chen, a mere true immortal.

Having provided the limited information allowed, Wang Ming refrained from delving any further.

Leaving the cave with an uncertain expression, Ni Chen's mind buzzed with various speculations. Wang Ziji encountered no mishaps but was left behind due to some profound fortune that averted the crisis. The future of the Wang family's immortal kings might hinge on her. As thoughts raced through his mind, Ni Chen's expression darkened.

Could it be that Miss Ziji, with her intelligence and charm, divine bone, and immortal appearance, was accepted as an apprentice by that individual?

Ni Chen pondered, drawing from his knowledge of the demon lord's inheritance and the havoc it had wreaked in the Immortal Domain.

Considering the panic that ensued upon the demon lord's recent appearance, rumors of impending catastrophe, and the destruction of the immortal palace, Ni Chen found it hard to believe that such a terrifying being would take on apprentices.

Contemplating another possibility, his eyes flickered with cold resolve, and he clenched his fists beneath his sleeves. Wang Ziji, with her unique aura, often stirred something within him.

What a Wang family, offering their daughters for glory. They once sought a marriage alliance with King Luo's Mansion, and now they conspire with that devil, sending out Miss Ziji without hesitation.

Ni Chen's eyes betrayed a simmering anger and unwillingness. Confronting a terrible devil that instilled fear across the Immortal Domain, Ni Chen felt small and powerless in the grand scheme. As it stood, he realized his current abilities were insufficient for meaningful action.

Chapter 892: The beginning of turmoil, independent from the world of mortals

However, Ni Chen was not ready to concede defeat. The prospect of seizing the mortal world of mountains and seas, transforming into a newborn true spirit, and wielding the vast realm as his incarnation fueled his determination. This metamorphosis promised a leap in strength to a level surpassing his previous peak state, granting him unparalleled power in the world.

In this life, if I cannot tread the path of transcendence, I will aim for that level.

Ni Chen declared, regaining his composure. The immediate focus shifted to gaining control over the Wang family, a crucial step towards bolstering his confidence in seizing the mortal world of mountains and seas.

Despite the urgency, Ni Chen faced a dilemma. Wang Wushang, before being seized, had erased significant memories, preventing Ni Chen from completely suppressing him. This raised concerns about the possibility of the Wang family's immortal king ancestors detecting irregularities.

Over the next few years, turmoil engulfed all ethnic groups in the Immortal Domain. Shrinking their territories, each group engaged in discrete reproduction. Simultaneously, the Immortal Kings took action, isolating the boundless chaotic turbulence outside the Immortal Domains and preparing for the imminent unification of the universes within the Immortal Domains.

Ordinary cultivators and creatures sensed the universe's gradual movement, witnessing star fields aligning with the upper realm. Previous rumors about the reorganization and unification of the immortal domain proved true. Ancient stars, emitting formidable auras, converged toward the Central Immortal Domain.

Ethnic groups received orders to prepare for the forthcoming expedition to foreign lands. The revelation that the foreign land and the immortal domain would merge, forming a supreme real world, ignited anticipation for restoring the most prosperous era in history.

The impending unification of the Immortal Domain and the Foreign Realm stirred anticipation among cultivators, promising a glorious era and the potential to touch an upper realm beyond the Immortal King. Immortality was not the ultimate destination; a more elevated level lay on the road.

Trapped in King Luo's Mansion, King Ming's family members anxiously awaited news, sensing that significant events were about to unfold in the Immortal Domain. The inability to leave and convey these developments to the Foreign land weighed heavily on them.

"If the news holds, both worlds will face terrible turmoil," Ming Yi remarked solemnly.

Despite their once amicable relationship with King Luo, they felt ignored and treated like air since returning from the Southern Immortal Domain.

There were murmurs of Immortal Domain raising troops to invade the Foreign Realm, with speculations about the involvement of an influential figure behind this aggression. Trapped in King Luo's Mansion, they could only wait for news from the Foreign Realm.

The half-step Immortal King from Ming Palace, aware of his limitations in the presence of a true Immortal King, refrained from attempting to break the restrictions and return to the Foreign Land.

The revival of an ancestor of the imperial clan in the Foreign Land further complicated the situation. A sense of dread and malice pervaded the awakened ancestor, hinting at a formidable and ominous existence observing from the shadows.

In the past few years, both the Immortal Domain and the Foreign Land experienced unrest, and the awakening of the imperial clan's ancestor added an air of foreboding to the unfolding events.

As soon as the ancestor of the imperial clan awoke in the Foreign Land, he summoned all ethnic groups to worship him and learned about the reappearance of the demon lord in the heavens. This

revelation spurred preparations across the Foreign Land, anticipating potential invasion from the Immortal Domain in the coming years.

In a desolate and ancient star field within the Immortal Domain, a group of cultivators, led by a frowning true immortal under King Luo's orders, halted upon discovering an unfamiliar continent. The landscape revealed a vast ancient forest, majestic mountains, and floating immortal fog. In the distance, towering city structures hinted at the presence of a flourishing civilization.

The true immortals observed various beings, including golden-winged rocs, as they roamed the skies. Despite their immortal status, the awe-inspiring surroundings stirred their hearts. A golden-winged rocs, comparable to a middle-stage true immortal, glanced at them briefly before disappearing into the continent. [Editor note: the term golden-winged rocs is mythical birds with wings of gold.]

It dawned on them that they had entered an enchantment, transforming the once barren starry sky into a bottomless ancient continent. The land beneath their feet teemed with vitality and old energy, resonating with the roots of ancestral veins and thousands of spiritual veins.

"This place... the underground seems peculiar, with the roots of ancestral veins and thousands of spiritual veins converging here like streams returning to the sea," the true immortal exclaimed in shock, realizing the profound nature of their surroundings.

However, when they turned to retrace their steps, the path behind them had vanished, replaced by an endless ancient forest.

This is undoubtedly an ancient formation enchantment, isolating secrets of the sky and obscuring everything.

There must be numerous inhabitants here.

The true immortal's excitement surged as he recalled ancient rumors. Since the separation of the Immortal Domain and the Upper Realm, specific forces had vanished, and mighty powerhouses disappeared without a trace. Speculations arose, with some claiming they ventured into the vast unknown, while others believed they established their worlds, independent and untouched by worldly matters.

As the true immortal uttered these thoughts, a black arrow suddenly pierced through the air, carrying a terrifying aura. It tore the void, violently striking the true immortal with a loud bang. His body exploded, engulfing the area in thick blood mist before he could utter a scream.

“Who?”

The remaining cultivators snapped back to reality, terror etched across their faces as they gazed toward the source of the deadly arrow.

Standing atop a distant mountain peak was a robust figure adorned in an animal skin robe, bronze-colored skin, and handsome features, yet exuding a cold demeanor. At his feet, a wild beast with blood-red eyes stared menacingly at the group of cultivators.

It was this man who, at that moment, bent his bow and unleashed an arrow with terrifying strength, instantly piercing the true immortal.

It seems the enchantment won't hold much longer. An outsider has breached it.

The man on the mountain muttered to himself, showing no mercy. He continued to bend his bow and release arrows, systematically penetrating each remaining cultivator.

Silence descended upon the area, with only the lingering blood mist signifying the demise of everyone, both physically and spiritually.

However, the man on the mountain wore a frown, his face revealing concern.

Once the enchantment fades, our location will be fully exposed. The external situation is quite tumultuous.

The last time Mr. Yu and the others ventured out, they paid a heavy price.

He glanced at the vast mountains in the distance before straddling the beast at his feet.

Let's return, Xiao Hei.

The handsome beast darted between the mountain peaks with lightning speed, disappearing instantly. Its aura surpassed that of ordinary true immortals, indicating that the man riding it had cultivated to the formidable level of a half-step immortal king.

Exposing this place to the world would undoubtedly trigger significant upheaval and unleash colossal waves.

Chapter 893: The ancestor has a great relationship with Immortal Palace, the city of no return

This vast continent was primitive and ancient, adorned with boundless landscapes featuring old trees and majestic mountains. The spiritual energy here was vibrant, even liquefied in some areas, forming serene aura lakes. This land hosts many spiritual medicines that had long vanished from the immortal domain.

Elixirs with a growth period exceeding one million years can be found among the cliffs. In the distance, within the mountains, numerous savage beasts roam, remnants of ancient prehistoric times. These creatures, with figures dominating the sky and the sun, possess blood resembling a seething furnace, exuding a terrifying aura.

Here, ancient savage beasts reminiscent of mountain ranges are scattered everywhere. Even the golden-winged roc, cultivated to the level of a true immortal, appears diminutive compared to these formidable creatures.

Riding a hornet, a man transforms into divine light, swiftly traversing the peaks like a comet before vanishing among the mountains and ravines.

Many ancient savage beasts observe the man momentarily, then resume their peaceful demeanor, seemingly unfazed. The undulating mountains stretch majestically and expansively. In the distance, the shadow of a city emerges, with increasing numbers of cultivators and creatures.

It's Lord Qing Feng.

Around the city, numerous patrolling cultivators express excitement and awe upon seeing the approaching man from afar. Qing Feng nods slightly in acknowledgment but refrains from extensive conversation. He then guides the hornet beast towards the city's depths.

“Lord Qing Feng intends to reinforce the formation. Cracks have emerged in various places recently, allowing external creatures to infiltrate...”

“Besides Mr. Qing Feng, leaders of the hunting team have dispersed to prevent any breaches at this critical time.”

“Our peace today is owed to them.”

After Qing Feng departs, the patrolling cultivators engage in peaceful discussions.

The Qing Feng under discussion stood as one of the renowned masters in this ancient land, with almost a foot stepping into the realm of Immortal Kings. Simultaneously, he emerged as one of the most promising juniors among several elders, alongside other great commanders who had attained the status of true immortals and were anticipated to ascend to the realm of immortal kings.

During this period, the formation restrictions near the ancient land displayed signs of loosening and disintegration. Some monks from the fairyland unintentionally entered this place, venturing through the wild old forest and reaching the city’s outskirts. Though the vital individuals in the ancient land promptly handled these monks, preventing any disclosure about the ancient land, the incidents left a lingering sense of worry and unease among the local monks.

There was a prevailing fear that the formation might eventually collapse, exposing the area to the outside world and drawing the attention of Xianyu.

After all, the outside world is far from peaceful. Mr. Yu and others ventured out earlier, but they paid a steep price. The two ancestral artifacts, which had suppressed the background from ancient times until now, were shattered and reduced to ashes.

Alas, when luck can no longer be contained, the ancestral aura here will inevitably transform into a dragon and ascend into the sky.

Throughout the years, our rapid cultivation is undeniably linked to our ancestors.

These patrolling cultivators couldn’t conceal their concern. This ancient land, once a paradise sheltered from external disturbances, had harmoniously coexisted with the resident savage beasts.

Some tribes in the depths of the wilderness had also formed amicable bonds with the inhabitants. However, this idyllic life seemed fleeting.

The ancestral formation, holding the boundaries intact, neared collapse, plagued by repeated failures and fragmentation, casting doubt on its ability to endure.

Recently, numerous formidable individuals hastened to the wild ancient forest to address outside cultivators who had mistakenly entered this area. Their efforts included repairing the broken and collapsed barriers, though this was a temporary solution.

As they undertook these measures, news circulated about the reappearance of the devil who had once ravaged the Immortal Palace. A looming shadow enveloped Immortal Domain, instilling fear in countless cultivators.

Exposing themselves to the outside world at this juncture would undoubtedly attract the immediate attention of that ominous devil.

Our ancestor in the ancient land is rumored to be one of the four-star officials of the Immortal Palace, with power second only to the previous palace masters.

While the authenticity of this rumor remained uncertain, the connection between their ancestors and the Immortal Palace was undeniable. Considering the devil's temperament, it was inevitable that they would not be spared.

These thoughts ushered in a wave of panic, a realization that their tranquil days might be lost forever. In such dire circumstances, they wouldn't even qualify as cannon fodder.

The situation is far from optimistic; pessimism looms everywhere.

Mounted on the hornet beast, Qing Feng raced toward the deepest reaches of the ancient land. Numerous pavilions and palaces adorned the landscape, surrounded by drifting spiritual fog and lingering sunlight.

Silver waterfalls graced many locations, radiating brilliance. An enchantment enveloped the area, harboring potent secret power. The entire expanse floated in the air, revealing an endless abyss beneath the sound of waves, creating an awe-inspiring scene.

“City of No Return.”

On the pale blue stone tablet marking the barrier to the city, three simple characters emerged, exuding a vast and ancient atmosphere. In the town, various cultivators and creatures coexisted harmoniously—human and foreign races living side by side. Even some mortals were enveloped in precious light, displaying remarkable vitality and life spans surpassing ordinary people's.

The entire city appeared suspended in the sky, enveloped by clouds and mist, adorned with enchantment formations that radiated brilliance.

I have seen Master Qing Feng.

Qing Feng, bypassing the barrier, entered the City of No Return. Instead of riding the hornet beast, he strolled the streets on foot. Regardless of their status, cultivators along his path offered respectful salutes, showcasing deep reverence. Qing Feng acknowledged with a slight nod, and some children even approached to greet him.

The tranquility of the City of No Return will not last long.

Those demons in the Boundless Sea have not been at peace recently...

With a smile on his face, Qing Feng sighed inwardly. Passing through numerous buildings, he reached a quiet and unassuming house.

Cough cough cough!

Qing Feng is back?

In the house, an older woman with gray hair crouched, tending to herbs. Upon hearing Qing Feng's arrival, she looked up with an amiable smile.

This time, the formation is even more dilapidated. Some places have collapsed, and many external cultivators have managed to breach in.

But I dealt with them.

Approaching the older woman, Qing Feng joined her, picking herbs on the ground as he recounted the recent events.

He needed to gain knowledge of his past and origin, awakening in the City of No Return without recollection. Legend had it that the woman before him, Yao Granny, found him on the city's coast. Covered in blood, he somehow evaded the ferocious sea beasts in the City of No Return's sea.

The Sea of the City of No Return stretched infinitely beneath the city. Yao Granny, with an age unknown, was among the most respected individuals in the town. She possessed the remarkable ability to cure any ailment or injury, regardless of its nature or severity.

Chapter 894: Nine wonderlands in the world, the responsibility on the shoulders becomes heavier

The City of No Return was established countless years ago, and was intricately linked to the one who once governed the Immortal Palace. The Floating Realm's current location was originally one of the nine wonderlands in the Immortal Domain.

However, following the shattering of the Immortal Domain and the destruction of the Immortal Palace, it was seized by a peerless powerhouse with divine abilities, transforming it into an independent realm.

The Floating Realm's origin lay in a space between illusion and reality, constantly shifting and not fixed in one location. No one could rely on memory or ancient records to locate the Nine Wonderlands. The entry was only possible by chance. The Floating Realm's nature didn't imply perpetual movement. Instead, it would stay in a particular place for a duration before drifting away.

The cultivators residing in the Floating Realm were unaware of these details. They considered this realm their homeland. Some creatures had once departed, yearning for the outside world but never returning, unable to find the way back. The City of No Return was aptly named. Leaving this city or its sea meant an irreversible departure.

"It seems the enchantment formation left by our ancestors can't endure much longer."

"I've discussed this with several elders. If the situation worsens, we need to activate the formation core in the City of No Return preemptively and depart the Immortal Domain promptly."

Upon hearing Qing Feng's words, Granny Yao, still sorting through herbs, sighed with evident concern.

“But, if we choose that path, it implies leaving behind many creatures beyond the City of No Return.”

“Does it mean abandoning them to fend for themselves?”

“Is this the decision of the elders?”

Upon hearing this, Qing Feng paused his hands’ movement, remained silent momentarily, and then asked calmly. The tranquility of the City of No Return, suspended above the Sea of No Return, owed its existence to the core of the formation within the city.

Although referred to as the formation core, it was, in reality, the ancestral origin left by the city’s founders. The composition of this core, which supported the vast Floating Realm formation barrier, remained shrouded in mystery.

The Floating Realm’s concealment from the outside world and its isolation through formations were credited to the core origin in the City of No Return. However, with the exhaustion and shattering of the formation restriction, it became apparent that the core origin had reached its limit.

Mr. Yu’s recent venture to the Immortal Realm to investigate the Demon Lord’s reality further depleted the core’s energy, breaking several enchantment formations. This allowed inadvertent entry for many outside cultivators during this period.

“If that moment truly arrives, we’ll be left with a choice. Either everyone remains in the Floating Realm, or the rest follows the City of No Return.”

Granny Yao sighed, expressing helplessness in the face of this predicament. Although the Floating Realm had endured through the ages, fostering harmonious coexistence among diverse races, it lacked the power to contend with the entire Immortal Domain and the menacing Demon Lord that terrified even the Immortal Domain.

I understand. If that day ever comes.

Qing Feng nodded solemnly, gazing beyond the City of No Return. He recalled the respect and admiration he received from creatures in many towns outside. Suddenly, he felt the weight on his shoulders intensify. He was an outsider compared to the generations of animals within the City of No Return. His origin remained unknown, with only the knowledge that Granny Yao had found him

on the city's coast. Yet, this city was his home, and the looming catastrophe and signs of fragmentation heavily burdened his heart.

“Where did Cen Shuang go?”

Qing Feng snapped back to attention, recalling another matter, and inquired.

“Cen Shuang led a group to the Land of Mount Bi to slay demons.”

Granny Yao informed him, “She’s aware that time is running out and believes seizing this opportunity will result in the destruction of more demons and the collection of some demon cores.”

The balance of yin and yang, the interdependence necessary for the City of No Return’s survival across epochs, relied not only on the core origin from the great ancestors but also on resources derived from demon cores left by deceased demons in the Cangming Realm. These demon cores played a crucial role in sustaining the city’s existence.

Some elders in the City of No Return speculated about the origin of the core, suggesting it came from a terrible demon clan in the Cangming realm. However, this remained an unproven theory, as the Cangming territory was saturated with demonic energy lethal to non-demons. Cultivators entering would be eroded, possibly transformed into bloodthirsty demons.

Over the years, demons from the Cangming territory would occasionally traverse the cracks and invade the Floating Realm, seeking to prey on its inhabitants. In return, the Floating Realm utilized the demon cores left behind by deceased demons as vital resources, creating a symbiotic cycle that endured for countless years.

“This time, Cen Shuang and Mr. Yu encountered the legendary devil in the outside world. Since their return, she has become determined...”

“She even plans to venture through the crack into the Cangming Realm for a demon massacre.”

“If you come across her, find a way to persuade her. This burden is not one she was destined to bear. It’s too heavy, and it will overwhelm her...”

Granny Yao shook her head and continued, “I see, then I will go to see Master now.”

Qing Feng nodded, leaving the place with a tinge of sadness but mostly a wry smile.

The Cen Shuang in question was the granddaughter of the old city lord of the City of No Return and could be considered his junior sister. Upon rescue by Granny Yao, he discovered he had forgotten his past, possessing strength that proved challenging to wield. In response, the old city lord accepted him as an apprentice, guiding him in using divine power and abilities.

The old city lord's granddaughter had sealed her primordial spirit for an extended period and was born in this era. However, the ancient city lord's health had deteriorated, his life force diminishing, and it was uncertain how long he could endure. During Qing Feng's visits, the ancient city lord lay weakly on his bed, his eyes closed for an extended period, managing the affairs of the City of No Return through verbal communication.

Regarded as the wisest figure by the people of No Return City, the old city lord was highly esteemed, surpassing even Granny Yao and the elders. Guided by several guards, Qing Feng soon arrived at a grand yet serene palace.

Layers of curtains resembling floating mist adorned the innermost layer, permeated by the scent of medicinal herbs. A frail older man in soft brocade lay within, a dry hand extending beyond the curtain, breathing weakly, resembling a flickering candle in the wind.

Master.

Upon arrival, Qing Feng offered a respectful salute, then stood quietly, awaiting the older man's words.

Chapter 895: Reflecting the heavens, the power of the two great worlds colliding

In the grand and serene palace, the curtain resembled a cloud that floated like a mist.

Upon hearing Qing Feng's call, the older man on the bed moved his fingers. His closed eyes shifted, but they remained shut. His dry lips opened and closed, whispering weakly, "Qing... Qing Feng, you are here..."

Respectfully standing by the bed, Qing Feng wore a complex expression. He spoke softly, "Master, as you anticipated, many of the enchantment formations around the Floating Realm have been breached."

“There is an influx of aura from the outside world, and some formidable individuals may use this to discern our location.”

“Additionally, the demonic energy outside the City of No Return has intensified during this period. Numerous powerful demons have emerged but were swiftly dealt with by the leaders of several great commanders.”

“You need not worry excessively.”

Qing Feng detailed the various occurrences outside the City of No Return to the old city lord. In truth, he understood that the ancient city lord was gradually entrusting all the City of No Return affairs to him, intending for him to assume leadership fully.

With time running out for the old city lord, even Granny Yao could only shake her head and sigh. The ancient city lord should have perished thousands of years ago, but he had prolonged his life through various secret techniques and herbs.

Faced with such a situation, he hadn't entirely handed over the City of No Return to Qing Feng, expressing genuine concern before his eventual departure.

“The omen left by the ancestors has resurfaced.”

Upon hearing this, the old city lord lying on the bed released a weak sigh after a prolonged moment and stated, “Is the continued support for the core origin of the City of No Return insufficient?”

Unable to conceal this matter from him, Qing Feng nodded and replied, “At most, ten years.”

Ten years.

The old city lord fell silent, then sighed softly, “It's too late.”

“There are some things I want to tell you directly while I am still conscious. However, that girl Cen Shuang is not in the City of No Return right now.”

“I'll share this with both of you when she returns.”

Respecting the old city lord's words, Qing Feng stood quietly, recognizing that there were separate matters the old city lord wanted to convey.

At this moment, the old city lord appeared immersed in some memories.

After a while, he slowly spoke, "Actually... I have always known that you resist the role of City Lord in the City of No Return."

"You aren't from the Floating Realm. If given the chance, you truly wish to venture into the immortal domain outside to uncover your past..."

"You often tell me that you are a person without a past, and all your memories exist within the City of No Return."

"Thinking about it, I realize I have been selfish. I wanted to keep you in the City of No Return, to pass on the leadership to you. I hoped you'd shoulder some of the burdens alongside that girl Cen Shuang."

Listening to the old city lord's meandering words, a fleeting expression of contemplation crossed Qing Feng's face.

Indeed, he was a person without a past or memory. Since waking up, he had been in the City of No Return. Over the subsequent thousands of years, it became his home. While initially desiring to leave, explore the outside world, and uncover his identity and past, his perspectives had evolved considerably. Simultaneously, the weight on his shoulders and the challenging responsibilities had increased.

Especially in the moments before entering this palace, we observed the children learning Daoism and cultivating Dao-building expertise in those schools.

Every face radiated innocence and joy. When they saw him, they respectfully addressed him as Lord Qing Feng. His lone junior sister was also exuding confidence and a belief in her strength.

"Master, you needn't say more. The City of No Return is my current home, and I won't let it be destroyed," Qing Feng reassured the old city lord.

In his current perspective, his history held less significance. Occasionally, he experienced peculiar dreams where he seemed engaged in ceaseless combat, but he considered those moments fleeting.

Although the old city lord tightly closed his eyes upon hearing this, a contented smile lingered.

He continued, "If such a day arrives, I still hope you can pursue your past."

"Qing Feng, you are the most unique individual I've ever encountered. The power within you exceeds my imagination. I contemplated taking you as a disciple then, but it was also my selfishness."

"In truth, I'm not Cen Shuang's grandfather. I'm just an old servant, tasked by my master to protect Cen Shuang as she grows."

"Cen Shuang's father was once one of the most formidable figures in the Immortal Domain. He led the Four Great Star Lords in the Immortal Palace, known as the Ancient Immortal Star-Lord."

"Even in my master's eyes, I've never witnessed such immense power..."

Qing Feng was taken aback by these revelations, previously undisclosed by the old city lord.

Cen Shuang wasn't the granddaughter of the old city lord? Her father held a prestigious position in the Immortal Palace, heading the Four Great Star Lords.

The old city lord continued, his words filled with emotion, "Don't doubt my words. Your origin is highly mysterious. Even if you can only unleash a fraction of your power presently, you've nearly touched the threshold of the Fairy King."

"Consider, in the peak era of the Immortal Dao, the Immortal King was a formidable existence—one that could emerge once in many eras."

"This time, Xiao Yu and others expended significant resources to awaken the true bones of those Immortal Kings, intimidating outsiders."

“In the current era, Immortal Kings are even rarer, each one an invincible being overlooking the past and present. But I believe that once you comprehend your origin, you will surpass the Immortal King, reaching an unimaginable realm.”

He had intended to share these words with Qing Feng later. However, sensing his diminishing lifespan, he couldn't wait any longer. If he had failed to clarify everything now, Qing Feng might never have grasped these truths in his lifetime.

The “little Yu” the old city lord spoke of was a child he had adopted many years ago. Now known as Mr. Yu, his cultivation approached the Immortal King Realm, and he had enjoyed an exceptionally long life. Mr. Yu had also become one of the esteemed elders in the City of No Return.

Still processing the old city lord's revelations, Qing Feng remained stunned for a considerable time. “Do I truly have such a background? Can I surpass the Immortal King?” he questioned aloud.

Based on the dreamlike scenes he had experienced recently, he deduced that he must have possessed an unknown identity before. Otherwise, engaging in relentless combat within that gray and misty space would be inexplicable.

Who am I?

Qing Feng couldn't help but question himself.

A long time ago, during the peak of the Immortal Palace, the Floating Realm's existence served to obstruct those peculiar ethnic groups from the boundless overseas world. The old city lord continued, revealing the secrets of this place, attempting to elucidate everything he could to Qing Feng.

Despite the names Floating Realm and Cangming Realm sounding complementary, their histories told a different story. Initially, the Cangming Realm, like the Floating Realm, was a sacred and pure land. However, for reasons unknown, a strange ethnic group from the original world infiltrated the Cangming Realm through cracks in the boundless sea, transforming it into a demonic land where monsters thrived. These so-called demons evolved from the yin and death aura permeating the original world.

The pervasive yin and death aura from the original world could corrupt and taint all beings in this realm. Throughout the years, the inhabitants of the Floating Realm had continuously struggled

against the demons that emerged from the cracks in the Cangming Realm. Yet, only some comprehended the depth of these secrets.

As the old city lord revealed these hidden truths, a radiant light sparked in Qing Feng's eyes. It felt as if some ancient memory had been rekindled within him. His heart, touched by an unseen force, carried the weight of old recollections.

"Is there a passage outside Cangming leading to the original world?" he murmured, acknowledging a memory engraved in his mind that refused to fade away—the haunting remnants of monstrous hatred that time couldn't erase.

I will break through the original world one day, dismantle its enigmatic depths, and quell the darkness that has persisted through the ages

Qing Feng resolved within himself. Though the details were unclear, he sensed this might be his future course of action.

Sensing Qing Feng's determination, the old city lord suggested, "When Cen Shuang returns, why not formalize a marriage contract between you two? I can see that you've always harbored feelings for Cen Shuang. Although I'm not her true grandfather, I've watched her grow up."

"If I have my say, Cen Shuang would likely agree as well. I can see she regards you more than just a senior brother, despite her occasional sentimental words," the old city lord continued, attempting to draw a final connection between the two before his impending departure.

Stunned by the unexpected proposition, Qing Feng's expression quickly shifted to awkwardness. Waving his hands hurriedly, he protested, "Master, please stop joking... Cen Shuang sees me only as a senior brother, and I've always treated her as a junior sister, never considering anything beyond that."

Unfazed by Qing Feng's response, the old city lord smiled, reading through his denial. However, before the conversation could progress further, the heavens and earth violently trembled.

A terrifying aura, distant yet approaching rapidly, caused the sea below the City of No Return to churn with tumultuous waves, submerging the sky in chaos.

The entire city shook as if in the throes of a significant earthquake. Shocked cultivators and creatures peered outside, while some took to the skies, nearly falling due to the seismic disturbance.

“The laws of the outside world are colliding... This is the Dao-building expert attempting to merge two worlds. After countless epochs, is the immortal domain set to unite with the once-separate world?” remarked the old city lord, his eyes still closed but wise to the unfolding events.

Initially perturbed, Qing Feng’s face shifted to seriousness as he gazed toward the distant horizon. Within the confines of the Floating Realm, they couldn’t witness the changes in the external world, but they could sense the shifts in the laws of the immortal domain.

“Master, are you suggesting that the immortal domain outside is converging with the realm of origin that was separated?”

Qing Feng inquired, recognizing that, in their terminology, the realm of origin referred to the higher realm, with little distinction between the two.

A tall and heroic figure emerged in the distance, wielding a blood-stained spear and accompanied by an ancient gray beast resembling a giant wolf. She approached the palace swiftly, and no guards dared to impede her progress.

Junior Sister Cen Shuang.

Qing Feng couldn’t conceal the complex emotions on his face as he observed her arrival.

“There are issues in the Cangming Realm as well. Numerous demons, stronger than before, have appeared and seem to be crossing the border,” Cen Shuang reported, wasting no time in detailing the problems that had surfaced in the Cangming Realm.

Before she could finish speaking, her gaze shifted to the scene unfolding on the distant horizon. Her brows furrowed, revealing her deep-seated resentment.

Reflecting the heavens.

Cen Shuang articulated these words meticulously.

At the farthest reaches of the expansive heavens and earth, an eruption of boundless celestial radiance unfolded—an unpredictable display of lights. A vague figure appeared to be seated amidst the Daoist sounds, offerings, and the enveloping cosmos. The heavens and myriad realms around him undulated, attaining an almost sacred state.

Even though it wasn't the tangible body but merely a manifestation across endless distances, countless universes, and boundless spaces, it compelled cultivators to kneel in worship. Witnessing the scene, they felt an instinctive urge to bow and pray to that celestial point—a supreme majesty akin to the true Dao-building expert of heaven.

In the profound realms of the Divine God in the upper realm, after meticulous preparations, Gu Changge materialized at the cosmic center, standing amidst the heavens and myriad realms.

Seated in meditation, countless immeasurable lights emerged behind him, accompanied by grand sacrificial sounds, world sounds, melodies, and reverential prostrations filling the universe. Every creature and cultivator knelt, devoutly offering prayers in that direction.

Hum!

The universe quivered at that moment as Gu Changge's aura extended to every nook, filling every inch of emptiness. His figure blurred, resembling a fiery conflagration. The radiant light of immortality illuminated the world, bringing forth manifestations in every universe and dispelling the encroaching darkness.

The Immortal Domain, lost across countless epochs, finally began its descent into the present world. Vast lights and shadows manifested in the sky, and the upper realm's myriad immortal forces and cultivators watched in astonishment and excitement. They could sense the formidable aura of heaven and earth pouring in as the two ancient and boundless universes harmoniously overlapped.

Chapter 896: Witnessed the birth of mythology, merit, and demerit is to be judged by the future generations

After numerous ages, the Immortal Domain and the upper realm once again materialized and converged. The essence of both worlds held formidable and weighty might, reflecting and intertwining across the expanse of heaven and earth.

At this moment, countless entities from the upper realm witnessed a vast light emerging in the sky's depths. Various visions unfolded—a radiant ancient world with immortal light emanating and diverse enduring substances permeating every corner of the upper realm.

The world's boundaries turned transparent and indistinct, allowing a clear view of the interaction between the two realms. The extensive aftermath possessed enough force to shatter any universe.

Certain ancient realms in the middle resembled broken eggshells, emitting a crisp cracking sound and gradually disappearing. The inhabitants of these realms had already evacuated, avoiding being reduced to ashes by the squeeze and collision, even for those in the immortal realm.

One side of the world crumbled, disintegrated, shattered, and reverted to chaotic disarray. Yet, within these fractured worlds, vitality surged anew. The essence of new life persisted like Daoism, undeterred by the collision of worlds.

At this juncture, Gu Changge appeared as if seated cross-legged at the edge of the heavens, assuming the role of the ruler of heaven and earth. Behind him, a blurred river of time flowed, exhibiting phantoms and shadows.

Raising his palm to envelop the ground, Gu Changge initiated the convergence of the Immortal Domain and the Upper Realm. The Dao-building experts of both realms merged, and three thousand distinct Dao marks emerged and condensed.

The new Dao-building expert extended its influence over both realms, casting light into every corner. The Immortal Domain commenced its amalgamation with the Upper Realm, with the initial point of contact being the expansive universe where the Southern Immortal Domain resided. It promptly crumbled, unable to withstand this new chaotic power.

The cultivators residing in the Southern Immortal Domain witnessed the unfolding events with dread, fearing they might succumb to the collision of the two worlds. However, Gu Changge's gaze descended, and ripples traversed the Dao-building expert with a gentle wave of his sleeves, mending the traces of collapse. A formidable force emerged, stabilizing the barrier between the two realms.

The convergence of the Dao-building expert from both worlds occurred at a deliberate but unswerving pace. Although a gradual process, it would be brief. Gu Changge's proper form exerted dominance over heaven and earth, his eyes vigilant over every stretch of the sky.

This marks my first encounter with the Immortal Domain since the Heavenly passage incident.

I anticipated he would breach the passage between the Immortal Domain and the Upper Realm, not merge the two realms into one.

Is he aspiring to revive the ancient glory and restore the world to its pinnacle?

With such audacity, I feel humbled.

Numerous ancient cultivators in the Upper Realm were profoundly moved by this spectacle, expressing admiration for Gu Changge. Those well-versed in historical records understood that Gu Change wasn't associated with virtue. He embodied cruelty and indifference, deceiving the world with his laid-back and aloof persona.

Since his birth, his actions have drawn the ire of various races. Though rarely spoken about, his deeds were widely known. It was acknowledged that the swift development of the Divine Kingdom, from its inception to its present state, owed much to Gu Changge.

Intimidated by his terrible power, the races and traditions had chosen to submit willingly, relinquishing their autonomy and allowing him to dictate life and death.

Gu Changge's move to unite the Immortal Domain and the Upper Realm was deemed the first significant accomplishment since the Forbidden Era.

In this moment, the heavens and myriad domains resonated, and radiant brilliance bathed every inch of heaven and earth. Golden holy lotuses blossomed in the universe while the resounding echoes of the Dao filled every void. The profound meaning within seemed capable of guiding all beings towards the ultimate Dao-building expert.

The entire Immortal Domain was instantly enveloped, and every cultivator and creature sensed this profound transformation. It felt like a newborn Heavenly Dao had emerged, its will blanketing the world.

This consciousness extended to the heavens and myriad domains, seeking to encompass everything except the Boundless Sea and the uncharted realms teeming with chaos from ancient times. The forbidden areas, independent of the mortal world, were the only exceptions. The new Dao-building expert extended its influence over every inch of existence.

Cultivators and creatures from the Immortal Domain or the Upper Realm keenly perceived these changes. It wasn't merely that the aura had intensified and the laws of heaven and earth had become more explicit. The most palpable sensation was the clearer perception of the Dao-building expert.

Previously, the existence of Dao-building experts had been elusive and indistinct, beyond the reach of ordinary cultivators. The new Dao-building expert was lucid and comprehensive, rendering the entire world more conducive for cultivation.

This is the true great world.

Many creatures overwhelmed with excitement, kneeling in utmost reverence toward Gu Changge. Certain cultivators, facing a bleak outlook for further progress in their current lives, were so moved that tears welled up, finding renewed hope for advancement.

It could be asserted that without Gu Changge, their lives would have concluded prematurely, with vitality and vigor drained and an uncertain future awaiting them—a mere waiting game for aging and death.

This achievement wasn't merely a noteworthy accomplishment but a genuine blessing!

Once relegated to the background, even the ancient beings couldn't conceal their enthusiasm.

I find it increasingly incomprehensible. If only I had foreseen such a situation hundreds of years ago.

Will those individuals who vied for the era tree regret their choices? Clearly, there was a chance for greater progression.

The rejuvenated Golden Sun Heavenly Goddess stood on the clan soil, silently observing the unfolding events, her expression a mix of complexity. She stood on the verge of immortality, with the opportunity to touch the elusive Dao-building expert now emerging with the fusion of the two realms. The path forward seemed illuminated, even for her.

In the current world, given her exceptional talent, she was destined to become immortal after years of dedicated effort.

The achievements of the ages can be recorded in the annals of future generations.

Beside her, Jiang Luoshen also stood and felt the crystal-clear Dao-building expert descending like light rain, bestowing blessings upon the heavens and reflecting across the world.

Gu Changge's existence was unique for the beings in the Upper Realm. Some respected him while others feared him, and some harbored deep hatred, eager to dismantle the Divine Kingdom and avenge their fallen ancestors. Gu Changge's journey was marked by steps stained with endless blood and bones.

In the past disaster of Mount Kun, countless forces and ancient worlds in the universe met their demise. A brief historical fault in the Upper Realm saw many background figures murdered and refined into potent elixirs.

These deeds were too numerous to tally, not to mention the myriad events preceding the disaster of Mount Kun. The queen of the demon world, Xi Yao, muttered to herself, recalling the words Gu Changge had once spoken to her: "Right and wrong, merits and demerits will only be judged by future generations."

Empress Xi Yao pondered whether Gu Changge had harbored such a purpose and plan from the beginning. His ambitions seemed to transcend the world's imagination, indifferent to the title of the demon lord. Today's act of uniting the two worlds using his supreme divine power left her contemplating the magnitude of his achievements. The complexity in Empress Xi Yao's gaze deepened at the thought of these considerations.

Boom!

A resounding roar filled the air as the new Dao-building expert materialized, causing the six realms of reincarnation to plunge into the universe's depths, transforming into a vast and mysterious dark silver ocean. The World Tree emerged, colossal in size, its trunk resembling a mythical tree that reached the sky. The leaves on it were luxuriant and dense, each possessing the capacity to encompass an ancient world.

New Epoch Tree!! No, it's the World Tree now!

I've witnessed the birth of a myth.

Countless creatures and monks prostrated themselves on the ground, devout to the extreme. The appearance of the World Tree, observed firsthand, diminished the universe's enormity. Each leaf swayed, representing a world, and the collective rustling triggered a thunderous resonance, echoing through countless worlds.

In a distant land veiled in surging mist, immortal kings of foreign races stood tall amidst endless chaotic air. Though not directly connected to the foreign realm, they perceived the changes in the Immortal Domain. The vast sound of the world, despite the infinite distance, reached them.

"The Immortal Domain and the former realm of origin have begun to be unified..."

"I just don't know when it will spread to the foreign realm."

These foreign immortal kings spoke with a heavy heart, refraining from intervening at this critical juncture.

They could sense that the Dao laws of the Immortal Domain suppressing them had become even more formidable. Venturing into the Immortal Domain at this time would undoubtedly exact a heavy toll. Moreover, the orchestrator of these events was Gu Changge—an existence feared even by the ancestors of the imperial clan.

The awakened patriarch of the imperial clan maintained an ambiguous stance on the matter, leaving many immortal kings uncertain about the unfolding situation. Speculations arose that the imperial clan's ancestor might decide with far-reaching consequences for the foreign realm.

In the Floating Realm, within the city of no return

"Is this the power to integrate the two worlds?" questioned the old city lord, eyes shut tight as he murmured. Despite his closed eyes, he keenly perceived the events, given that the Floating Realm existed within the Immortal Realm.

Everything occurring in the Immortal Domain was reflected and manifested in this place.

The inhabitants of the Floating Realm could feel the impact, as this significant event blessed both the heavens and ordinary people. The manifestation of heavenly Dao-building expert and bestowed merit brought immeasurable benefits.

“The Immortal Domain has become a more conducive environment for cultivation. For ordinary creatures, this is indeed a blessing and a supreme achievement,” remarked Qing Feng, his expression complex.

Despite harboring a dislike for the world-destroying demon due to his experiences in the city of no return, witnessing the current scene left Qing Feng’s emotions in turmoil.

“No matter what, I can’t change the fact that he is my sworn enemy. I believed he was buried in that era, but since he reappeared in this era, I will make him pay for what he did before,” declared Cen Shuang with intense hatred evident in her eyes.

Her father, the Ancient Immortal Star-Lord and one of the four most powerful Star Lords of the Immortal Palace had perished at the hands of this devil, and she was determined to avenge this deep-seated enmity.

Upon hearing Cen Shuang’s determined words, Qing Feng sighed, understanding the weight of her vengeance. He recognized the slim chances of her achieving Revenge with her current strength. Cen Shuang apologized, acknowledging the difficulty of her path. She turned away with a blood-stained spear, her resolute departure echoing the spirit of moving forward.

Cen Shuang had overheard the conversation between the old city lord and Qing Feng but had spent her entire life focused on Revenge and cultivation, leaving no room for personal matters. Her relationship with Qing Feng was that of an elder brother, devoid of romantic sentiments. Her words were meant to spare him the disappointment of a direct refusal.

Not intending to linger, Cen Shuang departed towards the land of Biyou, ready to continue her mission of suppressing and eliminating demons. Qing Feng, watching her as leaving.

Revenge? I may not be able to help you.

The old city lord, lying on the bed, sighed at Cen Shuang’s resolute demeanor. He then emphasized another crucial matter to Qing Feng.

It seems time waits for no one, Qing Feng. Next, you must find a way to locate the other seven wonderlands. Many supreme powerhouses, along with their descendants, hid within them. Some were once members of the Immortal Palace.

If you can locate the Nine Heavens, perhaps you can change something.

While the Nine Heavens was a place of mythical legends. It was, in reality, a relic predating the opening of the sky. Some families had origins older than the age of innate mythology, possibly from places beyond the territory, born before the sky opened.

Chapter 897: Heaven and Earth may reshuffle, Kowtowing to the Heavens

The Nine Heavens, a legendary place, was not unfamiliar to ordinary creatures in the Immortal Domain. Many classics and histories contained records about the Nine Heavens, describing it as a divine origin of immortals. Even some immortal kings in the fairyland had tried to seek its location, yearning to visit and uncover the path to the immortal Dao-building experts.

However, whether anyone had found the Nine Heavens remained unknown, and no one claimed to have seen it. Some dismissed it as mere rumor, a longing for an upper realm of immortality.

The old city lord continued to guide Qing Feng, instructing him to head east upon leaving the city of no return. He described a waterfall hanging from the dark sky, urging Qing Feng to follow it and search for the source where the hidden Nine Heavens might be found.

It was challenging to decipher the cryptic words of the old city's lord. It remained unclear whether Qing Feng could authentically pinpoint the location of the Nine Heavens based on the knowledge handed down by his master.

Nine Heavens.

"I know, Master," Qing Feng nodded, expressing his earnest acknowledgment. He understood the significance of the old city lord's guidance and believed in the possibility ahead.

With the power of the sky dominating outside the Floating Realm, the collision and convergence of the two worlds had a profound impact across the ages. Qing Feng wasted no time, swiftly setting out on his journey. Riding a hornet beast, he transformed into an afterimage, embarking on the search for the Nine Heavens and the other seven wonderlands.

Aware that the Floating Realm would soon vanish and the external formation might cease to operate, Qing Feng aimed to return promptly after completing his quest.

Observing these events from a distance, Cen Shuang, riding Bixia and leaping among the mountains, gazed with a complex expression.

Soon after observing the unfolding scene, Cen Shuang swiftly turned around and plunged into the secluded land saturated with demonic energy. The thick, dark purple mist continuously emanated from this place, revealing cracks that released gusts of potent wind. She cried out determinedly, her spear cutting through the air with a heroic presence akin to an unrivaled war goddess.

In the Bi You Realm depths, a rift in the Cangming Realm harbored even more vital demonic energy, inhabited by more formidable demons. By defeating these demons, she could obtain energy crystals from their bodies, called demonic cores, from the cultivators in the city of no return. These cores served as energy sources to sustain the City of No Return, support its external formations, and protect the Floating Realm.

The fusion of the Immortal Domain and the Upper Realm unfolded as an unstoppable force of heaven and earth. Even Immortal Kings could only observe, refraining from intervention. Involvement by ordinary cultivators would result in an instant explosion, annihilating both body and spirit, reducing them to ashes and nothingness.

The sky turned transparent, revealing numerous ancient visions. Cultivators in the fairyland witnessed the fusion of the two worlds. The territory of the Upper Realm displayed collapsing universes, but amidst the destruction, energies gathered—a new force emerging, shaping chaos and evolution.

Golden lotuses blossomed between heaven and earth, and crystalline rain fell, blessing every living being. Cultivators sensed a protective embrace from heaven and earth. Those with suppressed cultivation bases found clarity and released their bottlenecks. Some experienced sudden enlightenment, radiating a luminous glow and entering an indescribable wonderland.

Even ordinary individuals without a cultivation base saw ailments vanish, and their lifespans significantly extended.

The new heavenly Dao-building expert is conceived and born, blessing all living beings and spirits.

New power flows in, and a new era of Daoism emerges. This is a world rare in all ages.

Excitement filled the discussions among cultivators as endless heavenly lights radiated across the heavens and ten thousand realms. The new Dao-building expert abolished the incomplete laws of

heaven and earth, marking the final unification of the Immortal Domain and the Upper Realm. Although an adjustment period was expected, everyone was willing to wait.

Gu Changge's figure appeared in the Divine Kingdom, his eyes carrying a thoughtful expression.

"My lord, it seems that the Divine Kingdom will need to expand its territory several times in the future. In the past few days, I have already contacted those immortal kings in the immortal domain. I'm thinking about how to determine the positions of the many long-lived families and immortal forces in the upper realm..."

Yin Mei continued, expressing concerns about the potential conflicts that might arise during the division of responsibilities. The lack of true immortals in the upper realm compared to the immortal domain posed a challenge, especially when dealing with different ethnic groups and immortal forces.

"I have considered this matter before. The unification of the Immortal Domain and the Upper Realm is only the first step, and the Divine Kingdom is still in its preliminary stages," Gu Changge replied.

"I will establish Dao rules, making a clear distinction between the immortal and the upper realm. These rules will be natural, and in the Cactus Fairyland, people will govern the upper realm, with immortal creatures refraining from interfering in the lower realm."

Gu Changge shifted his focus and shared his plan with Yin Mei. The establishment of the Divine Kingdom initially served to coordinate the upper realm for subsequent plans.

The current prosperity and power of the Divine Kingdom exceeded Gu Changge's expectations, attributing much credit to those around him—Yin Mei, Ji Qingxuan, Bai Lian'er, and others.

Despite being the Lord of the Divine Kingdom, he functioned more as a passive overseer, leaving the day-to-day matters to his capable companions.

"Lord of the Immortal Domain? Human Lord of the Upper Realm?"

Yin Mei nodded, acknowledging the necessity of such distinctions. The potential threat of immortal figures descending to the lower realms was a concern, given historical instances of chaos caused by fleeing immortal figures.

As they worked on formulating the rules of the new covenant, Gu Changge collaborated with influential figures such as Moon King, Immortal King Ao Di, Old Immortal King Gu Xuan, and others to reorganize the immortal realm.

The universe in the palm brought all the broken universes back into the fairyland. Various shattered lands and universes were drawn from chaos, restructured, and reassembled. Amidst the surging chaos and divine light, a new universe emerged. Although the process was time-consuming, it was simple for the Immortal Kings.

Countless years after their separation, the Southern and Northern Immortal Domain collided again, finally restoring the integrity of the immortal domains. Gu Changge formulated the new covenant rules alongside this restoration.

Immortal beings were prohibited from descending to the lower realms. Violators would be imprisoned by the shackles of heaven, rendering their strength nonexistent.

The laws of the New Covenant materialized, imprinting the traces of the Dao-building expert between the two worlds and establishing these rules. The shock among the immortal kings was palpable, as this act was akin to altering the rules of heaven and uttering actual words. The immense power displayed was beyond their wildest imagination.

Subsequent days were surprisingly peaceful compared to the earlier turmoil, leaving many creatures who had anticipated a catastrophe in the immortal domain incredulous.

Ordinary beings, even true immortals, remained unaware of the happenings in the immortal domain, given the vast gap in levels between them and the immortal kings.

The stabilized environment of the two realms prompted numerous geniuses in the immortal domain to seize the opportunity for training in the lower realm and engage in battles against the upper realm's geniuses. This great world presented an unparalleled opportunity for the younger generation, stirring envy among the older generations.

Both worlds experienced vigorous development, giving rise to numerous brilliant characters who shone with dazzling brilliance. After three years, rumors surfaced from the Immortal Domain, revealing that all Immortal Kings had voluntarily sought orders.

They urged Gu Changge to govern the Immortal Domain, rebuild the Immortal Palace, and restore its ancient glory. The news spread rapidly, creating a buzz among various ethnic groups and forces.

Throughout countless years, the Immortal Domain had existed without a ruler since the fall of the former Immortal Palace. As forces were reluctant to submit, no one had the strength to rule and unite this expansive territory.

The prospect of monopolizing a section of the universe and exerting dominance seemed preferable to living under someone else's rule. The news generated speculation among cultivators, pondering the authenticity of the claims.

While the validity of the immortal kings voluntarily seeking orders remained uncertain, signs indicated that the unification of the immortal domain was an inevitable trend.

Similar to the unification of the upper realm, the unification of the Immortal Domain appeared imminent in only a matter of time.

The name of the Immortal Palace is tainted.

From today onwards, the Immortal Domain shall bear the name Heavenly Court.

In a magnificent palace, numerous Immortal Kings of the Immortal Domain gathered, their expressions solemn and speech restrained. Besides those who attended the banquet at Moon King Mansion, several other Immortal Kings were present. Surrender seemed to be the only option unless they desired to confront Gu Changge, an inevitability.

As Gu Changge stood in the palace and uttered these words, a deep, booming sound reverberated between heaven and earth.

In the distance, a terrifying scene unfolded, marked by strange crimson lightning striking down from the universe. It seemed as if shadows of mountains of corpses and seas of blood accompanied the eerie screams and the rush of evil spirits from an endless distance. Even the Immortal Kings felt a chill down their spines, a sense of horror as if an indescribable entity scrutinized them.

This is the great cause and effect.

The old Immortal King Gu Xuan's expression was grave, understanding the implications behind the term "Heavenly Court." The original Immortal Palace avoided this name due to the immense cause and effect that would eventually lead to backlash, decay, and collapse.

The power of the Immortal Palace, influential since the inception of the Immortal Domain, had a profound impact on many supreme existences in later generations.

In ancient times, various existences like the Court of Gods, the Court of Demons, the Court of Saints, and the Court of Immortals existed briefly before collapsing in the river of time.

Establishing such power required enduring unimaginable cause and effect, possessing supreme authority, and having the will to rule the heavens and myriad domains. The many Immortal Kings present understood this more deeply than ordinary individuals.

A significant part of this massive cause and effect stemmed from a curse. Before the ancient era, there was a Heavenly Court. At that time, many mythical existences existed. However, the reasons for the collapse and destruction of the Heavenly Court remained unknown.

"The first generation Lord of the Heavenly Court was a figure from the age of innate mythology. According to Ao Ling, he perished in a grand and tragic battle..."

Immortal King Ao Di wore a complex expression as he shared insights gained from his ancestor Ao Ling. Ao Ling had hinted that shortly, some of the oldest beings, including her former brothers, might return.

This revelation shocked Immortal King Ao Di, considering Ao Ling's lineage traced back to Ao Zu, the ancestor of all dragons. The return of such ancient beings hinted at a significant upheaval in history, leaving even an Immortal King feeling uneasy.

On this day, the resounding sound of the Supreme Dao-building expert echoed across the universe, accompanied by grand and ancient sounds of sacrifice, world sounds, and prostration sounds, resonating worldwide.

Simultaneously, magnificent temples and structures ascended from the center of the Immortal Domain. Radiating resplendent brilliance, they possessed a majestic aura capable of influencing the heavens and myriad realms.

In unison, many Immortal Kings reopened training grounds in the chaos, creating a grand spectacle. Countless chaotic particles surged within, and the resulting fluctuations swept across various domains.

Amid it all, Gu Changge stood at the center, drawing the power of all living beings from the shadows. This action reflected the ancient understanding that the will of all living beings could both come from and be fed back to them.

“Heavenly Court, stand today!”

A majestic voice resonated from the dojo, causing a sensation in numerous universes and stirring waves among various life forms. At this moment, the boundless power of faith in the heavens and earth found its direction, surging toward the temples and buildings, aiming to converge within.

A magnificent and majestic silver river could be seen in the upper realm, pouring into the Immortal Domain and heading straight for the dojo.

The Heavenly Court, grand and glorious, featured a colossal figure seated cross-legged within, towering higher than the universe. It emitted divine light akin to the radiance of millions of stars positioned at the very center of the world. Creatures from all walks of life bowed down, proclaiming, “I’ll wait, bow down to heaven!”

Even the weakest among them, the true immortals, faced the direction of the Heavenly Court with unparalleled reverence.

Voluntary power, drawn from all living beings, can also be fed back to all living beings.

Gu Changge stood in heaven, sensing the power of faith emanating from all corners. His celestial body was reflected in the heavens, magnificently grand with an immeasurable extent. From the power of these vows, he could perceive and understand the thoughts of all living beings.

Although the Heavenly Court had just been established, many Immortal Kings were already seated. The background of the dojo remained unfathomable. The existence of the Divine Kingdom in the upper realm provided excellent shelter for the Immortal Domain, and a continuous stream of faith fervently poured in.

Chapter 898: The Incarnation of heaven, Xiao Liudao, Gu Xianer’s choice

With the Immortal Domain stabilized all races and spirits were recovering, bringing more peace than the tumultuous times of millions of years ago.

A few hundred years back, a hidden dark heaven existed in the upper realm, concealed and not disclosed to the world. Many knew it was a secret method by Gu Changge, the mastermind behind the dark heaven.

The establishment of the Heavenly Court marked a new era, surpassing the grandeur of many ancient immortal traditions. Members of the Heavenly Court traversed various realms, leaving their footprints across the entire universe.

In the star fields, devoted cultivators erected shrines, golden bodies, and statues in honor of the Heavenly Court. Others roamed, enlightening future generations with divine powers and spreading the Dharma cultivation.

Over the years, collective efforts from all forces contributed to revitalizing the immortal domain. The Heavenly Court, though not as opulent as the immortal palace of the past, showcased a glimpse of the grandeur to come.

During this time, the Heavenly Court actively recruited talents from diverse backgrounds, achieving unprecedented success and prosperity.

Under the governance of the Heavenly Court, all realms flourish, and every spirit can undergo tribulations to attain Dao-building expertise.

Gu Changge, a figure resembling an ancient god, spoke from the void, his words echoing through the myriad domains. The voice conveyed supreme majesty, the Dao resonated, and the heavens seemed to reverberate with a tone of authority.

As Gu Changge's palm extended, darkness blanketed the universe, casting a shadow over the immortal domain.

A resounding roar echoed through the cosmos as the Dao receded, destiny materialized, and boundless Dao light enveloped every corner. This was Gu Changge's desire, causing the river of time to surge with the tremors of his proclamation.

Initially, beings in lower realms and some distant universes struggled with incompleteness due to the laws of heaven and earth. Even with enlightened cultivation, they faced challenges in inducing

enlightenment calamity and achieving true Dao-building expert's level. Crossing into other worlds subjected them to the suppression of unfamiliar universal laws.

However, following Gu Changge's words, the Dao-building expert of every universe felt an impact. Cultivators sensed an indescribable relief as if shackles were released within their souls.

The suppression of heaven and earth is gone.

Many creatures rejoiced, sensing newfound excitement.

It's not that the suppression is gone, but that peerless figures in the boundless heavens broke the shackles of the realm and compelled the retreat of Heavenly Dao-building experts.

Excitement filled the air as powerhouses anticipated a blowout change in cultivation, offering a chance to touch the pinnacle of Dao-building expertise.

"Is this intended to give everyone the opportunity to become a Dao-building expert?" voices echoed in astonishment.

Gu Changge remained calm, his gaze fixed on a distant foreign direction. While many perceived his actions as a blessing to restore the immortal domain's ancient glory, his true purpose was to elevate the overall strength of the Immortal Domain, fostering the rapid emergence of powerhouses across all universes.

The prosperity of the Immortal Domain was crucial for Gu Changge's plans. Over the next few years, the blessings of heaven and earth resulted in the birth of numerous geniuses across all universes. Ancient figures, long sealed away, also emerged during this dazzling era, resembling stars in brilliance.

The geniuses from various races in the Upper Realm and Immortal Domain were particularly prominent, causing disturbances in multiple factions. Young true immortals, labeled as evildoers, continuously surfaced. The surge in luck and prosperity painted a vibrant world comparable to ancient eras.

Contrary to the apprehensions of a few years ago, today's various ethnic groups live in harmony and peace. There was no longer the worry that Gu Changge would usher in a dark era that shattered the

heavens. The era that once brought about chaos transformed into a historical tale, subject to differing debates regarding its authenticity.

Many people believed that Gu Changge wasn't as terrifying as rumors suggested. The notion that he fed on immortal kings, displayed cruelty, and treated all living beings callously appeared unfounded.

Since the establishment of the Heavenly Court, prosperity reigned across all universes, and even foreign lands grew quiet. They retreated far from the Immortal Domain's border, no longer daring to be as arrogant as before.

Gu Changge's blessings benefited all living beings, accelerating the cultivation of cultivators and creatures alike. Yet, there remained creatures who harbored extreme hatred towards him. They argued that his past misdeeds couldn't be concealed despite his contributions to the heavens.

Gu Changge's true nature was well-known for those living in the upper realm. The losses of morals and lives due to his actions were immeasurable. The universe's collapse during the disaster of Mount Kun and its resulting destruction left a lasting impact. However, ordinary cultivators couldn't approach Gu Changge. Only the immortal kings were qualified to meet him when significant matters arose.

Otherwise, if you have work on weekdays, the only option is to visit his wives and concubines.

Some of Gu Changge's former peers aimed to touch the realm of Nirvana and prepare to become Dao-building expert. The vast world created opportunities for everyone, with various possibilities emerging and the world's luck undergoing significant changes.

Meanwhile, in a perpetually still world, the dim void echoed with silence, creating an eerie atmosphere. A fluttering crimson brilliance felt like a strange substance in the depths of the sky. The endless gray world, characterized by antiquity and vicissitudes, emanated a bleak autumn wind, evoking a sense of indescribable regret and sadness.

The woman in a long red dress appeared in this dim void, staring blankly at fiery snake-like creatures, weeping with endless sorrow. A tattered futon was in front of these creatures as if someone had sat on it.

Are these all fire spirits?

The woman, dressed in fiery red, had a snow-white complexion with a touch of cinnabar between her brows, giving her a clear and demonic appearance. If Gu Changge had been present, he would have recognized her as Yan Ji.

Gu Changge brought her into the upper realm when he was in the lower realm, but they hadn't seen each other for hundreds of years. Though Yan Ji referred to him as lord, Gu Changge rarely interfered in her affairs, granting her freedom. In the bright world full of opportunities, Yan Ji had reached the Great Sacred Realm while Gu Changge was still in the lower realm. Over the years, she had ascended to Quasi-Emperor, standing only a step away.

What kind of place is this, and why did it draw me in?

Yan Ji frowned, examining the area that exuded a quiet yet profoundly sorrowful atmosphere. The legendary fire spirits held apparent dangers, but they seemed gentle and even somewhat familiar in her eyes.

Suddenly, Yan Ji spotted a blurry figure on the broken futon – tall, with fiery eyes that burned like a flame.

“My name is Zhu Rong, I am the God of Fire,” a boundless roar echoed in Yan Ji's ears, and she could not move. Before her, a colossal figure, as tall as the sky and covered in flames, fought with creatures, obliterating star fields and destroying universes.

The power displayed was enough to make even an Immortal King seem like mere cannon fodder.

This ancient battlefield, preserved from an unknown era, still instilled terror even after countless years. Yan Ji, overwhelmed, couldn't contain her emotions and found tears in her eyes.

“Is this my ancestor?” she muttered, moving involuntarily towards the broken futon.

Hundreds of fire spirits on either side looked at her and then made their way, emitting a sound that resembled a choked sacrifice. The world shifted, and during this period, numerous cultivators and beings discovered previously unseen ancient ruins that now appeared everywhere.

Some gained ancient inheritances. While others found treasures; some uncovered ancient truths, and a few disturbed long-dormant creatures. On the primordial road, a girl in a chiffon dress, accompanied by a large red bird, stood before a grave resembling a mountain range.

“I didn’t expect this tomb to appear here. Everything was preordained long ago.”

The big red bird remarked, its eyes reflecting complexity. The reappearance of this burial ground, absent for countless epochs, was unexpected after the world’s upheavals.

“According to what you said, my fallen body is buried here?”

Gu Xian’er asked calmly, standing atop the grave, looking diminutive.

“It can be said that the incarnation of heaven is buried in this tomb, and you died with it, also buried here. Besides, one of the incarnations of Heavenly Dao was beaten to death in this grave,” the big red bird explained.

“I thought this tomb had been destroyed, but I didn’t expect it to still be alive and reappear at this time.”

The big red bird explained many things to Gu Xian’er during this time. The concept of the third life was not hard to grasp, but it contradicted the Daoism she had cultivated and challenged her belief in invincibility.

As a result, when she embarked on the original road, she intentionally severed that connection, treating it as a past life with no relevance to her current self.

The incarnation of heaven, Xiao Liudao?

Gu Xian’er mumbled to herself, runes condensing in her hand before disappearing, transforming into strands of immortal brilliance. Having recently broken through the emperor’s realm, she was now in the process of condensing the imprint of Immortal Dao-building expert, attempting to advance into the Immortal Realm. However, this was a gradual process, and she knew it would take considerable time to touch the threshold of the Immortal realm.

Before she rested, the Incarnation of Heaven, Xiao Liudao, and her shattered weapon were in the grave. For Gu Xian'er, it represented a tremendous opportunity. The incarnation of heaven was a supreme powerhouse who seized the Dao-building expert of heaven with spiritual thoughts, crafting it into an incarnation of unimaginable strength.

According to the big red bird, this fallen incarnation could obliterate all living beings with a mere thought, reducing even an immortal king to cannon fodder.

Furthermore, Xiao Liudao buried there was no ordinary figure. It was one of the six realms of reincarnation that had once evolved in this world. Similar to the incarnation of heaven, laws originally condensed the six reincarnation portals and order, sharing an origin with the operation of heaven.

The supreme powerhouse could control even heavenly Dao-building experts with a single thought, let alone the six realms of reincarnation. Xiao Liudao represented real reincarnation and possessed its characteristics.

"Are you sure you want to go in?" the big red bird asked, its demeanor serious compared to its previous unscrupulous expression.

Gu Xian'er gazed at the tomb before her, standing tall as a mountain, and fell silent. As the breeze swept by, her long dress fluttered, and her blue hair covered half her face.

Beneath her skirt, a stretch of white calf gleamed crystal-clear and fair. She uttered no words in this moment of silence, resembling a flawless immortal – refined and cold. She was fully aware of the tomb's contents and understood that stepping inside might lead to an irreversible journey. There was a chance that she would cease to be herself.

"I'll go in. If I don't, I feel I'll never catch up with him. He's gone too far, far away from me," Gu Xian'er declared, shaking her head with determination. She walked resolutely towards the tomb, her figure disappearing like a stream of light.

The big red bird trailed behind her, releasing a long sigh. Gu Xian'er's choice did not surprise him.

Rumble!!!

The substantial tomb shook violently. Initially towering like a mountain, it now rapidly crumbled and disintegrated, on the verge of vanishing from this world. This tomb could only be observed at a specific time and place; any shift in time and space would cause it to disappear.

Chapter 899: What year is it? The land where the Nine Heavens are located

The immortal realm underwent significant and transformative changes in just a few short years. Throughout the universe, tremendous luck surged, giving rise to numerous geniuses. This development even led many to believe that returning to the most prosperous era of ancient times was conceivable.

The Heavenly Court, extending its rule over the world and the heavens, now encompassed the vast territories of the immortal domain. The upper realm, and foreign lands. This monumental event marked a unique occurrence, distinct from when the Immortal Palace governed the Immortal Domain before the forbidden age.

The surging luck resembled billowing smoke rising to the sky and lingering within the palace. Eventually, it coalesced into the indistinct form of a woman. Majestic and opulent, she bore the semblance of an empress, gazing down upon all living beings.

The path of luck and good fortune is truly miraculous, allowing me to unlock the realms within my heart and recreate the chaos.

The celestial fortunes are boundless, the continuous flow of good fortune, and the birth of prosperity.

Seated in the palace with crossed legs, Yue Mingkong opened her eyes, revealing a profound calmness within them. The once terrifying majesty had dissipated, leaving her with a more magnificent appearance. If a true immortal were to appear at this moment, the aura emanating from her would be overwhelming, compelling them to kneel.

This transformation had nothing to do with strength but was a remarkable change resulting from elevating her life level. The luck from the heavens and myriad domains had now converged and condensed in the Heavenly Court, forming a vast and boundless expanse. Yue Mingkong utilized this convergence to comprehend and catch glimpses of her luck and fortune.

Initially possessing peerless talent, her potential was further enhanced by the liberation from Gu Changge's suppression, making her brilliance even more dazzling. The path of luck represented a profound stroke of fortune, the envy of even an immortal king. For Yue Mingkong, realizing her

path through luck was a momentous achievement, one seldom accomplished throughout ancient and modern times.

Naturally, from her perspective, her current standing paved the way for her departure from this path. Some cultivators referred to her as the empress, while others hailed her as the queen of heaven. After all, she held the position of Gu Changge's first and primary wife. Even immortal kings from various races were compelled to treat her respectfully.

This distinguished identity granted her the ability to grasp the power of controlling such majestic and expansive luck. She utilized this insight to delve into the mysteries that unfolded before her.

Buzz!!!

The void blurred, and a minuscule vortex materialized as Yue Mingkong waved her hand. Within it, myriad mysteries and transformations unfolded. At times, it resembled a bottomless black hole, while at others, it appeared like a vast and endless sea.

She believed a mere thought could spawn a tiny world from the vortex before her—an astonishing power that intrigued and surprised her. Was this the essence of good luck?

If the essence of good luck lies in the direction of the mind and the unraveling of mysteries, does that mean the ability to create a world is within reach?

Yue Mingkong pondered deeply.

Despite her status as the empress, she refrained from meddling in many Heavenly Court affairs, delegating authority to Yin Mei, Ji Qingxuan, Bai Lian'er, and others. This afforded her ample time to explore the realms of luck and good fortune.

Perhaps I can seek Changge's counsel; he should possess knowledge on this matter.

Yue Mingkong contemplated but eventually shook her head, choosing instead to comprehend it independently. Relying too heavily on Gu Changge's guidance might foster dependence.

The Dao-building expert of luck.

In the vast and boundless void, Gu Changge sat cross-legged, his gaze spanning the heavens. Observing Yue Mingkong facing a bottleneck, he refrained from assisting and averted his gaze thoughtfully.

If she could unravel this understanding, it would present boundless opportunities for her to amass good fortune.

The vast heavens are undeniably flourishing at this moment.

Gu Changge murmured, casting a glance at Yue Mingkong, Yin Mei, Jiang Chuchu, Wang Ziji, Xiao Ruoyin, Heavenly Maiden Tianlu, as well as the parents and relatives of this life. Observing each immersed in their creations and engaged in their pursuits, their expressions swiftly returned to normal.

He sensed a subtle shift in his state of mind during this period, as if he had become a spectator to the vicissitudes of life—the stars sinking, the moon rising, and time unfolding. However, this was merely a nuanced change of mood. He couldn't embody the Heavenly Dao-building expert, and the Heavenly Dao-building expert remained nothing more than an extension of Gu Changge.

It's nearly time.

Rising from his seated position, Gu Changge took a step, and beneath his feet, the lines of the Dao-building expert of time intertwined. In an instant, he vanished from the boundless void.

As Gu Changge departed, the Immortal Domain erupted in a resounding roar, akin to a thunderous ocean threatening to shatter the universe. Immortal kings were immediately alarmed, their complexions shifting dramatically as they exited their caves and materialized in the sky.

This aura emanates from the direction of a foreign land.

Old Immortal King Gu Xuan's voice trembled slightly as he stood amidst the cosmos, gazing toward the foreign land.

It appears that my lord is poised to launch an assault on the foreign lands, and this day has finally arrived.

In King Luo's mansion, King Luo appeared with a complex expression. Although tasked by Gu Changge to locate survivors of the Immortal Palace, after numerous years, there was still no news.

Those sent on the mission disappeared inexplicably, leaving him perplexed. Yet, Gu Changge showed no impatience and refrained from mentioning it. After the establishment of the Heavenly Court, the matters of the Immortal Palace were left behind and were no longer a concern.

Is he preparing to attack the foreign lands?

Ming Yi and others, confined in King Luo's Mansion, wore bitter expressions, a sense of unease and trepidation evident.

For them, these days felt like an eternity, each passing moment a torment. The merging of the immortal domain and the upper realm intensified the laws of heaven and earth, casting a more oppressive environment for foreign creatures. Naturally, they suffered significant consequences, their strength limited to a mere ten percent, allowing them only three or four moves at most.

However, with no updates from the foreign land, they remained confined to King Luo's mansion, unable to venture elsewhere. When news of Gu Changge's emergence in the direction of the foreign land reached them, all the clans in the Immortal Domain swiftly reacted.

An immortal king personally took charge, leading the army to the border between the immortal domain and the foreign land. Immortal King Ao Di, brandishing an ancient starry flag, guided hundreds of millions of sea people across the star field. The universe ruptured, stars quivered, and a formidable cosmic tunnel materialized through which the vast army surged.

Immortal King Ao Di's decisive move left many profoundly shaken, perceiving it as a rare opportunity. This presented a chance to display loyalty and the prospect of ultimately conquering the foreign land, which had been a constant adversary.

Subsequently, Immortal Kings hurriedly mobilized, leading their clans to the frontier of the foreign land.

Of course, Immortal King Ao Di's actions were prompted by the order of Little Ancestor Ao Ling, emphasizing the importance of aligning with Gu Changge in this era. There was no room for error in following Gu Changge's footsteps.

Has the long-awaited day finally arrived?

Ni Chen pondered, a member of the Immortal King family, the Wang family. Excitement gleamed in his eyes, anticipating the reorganization of the natural world of mountains and seas. Gu Changge's expedition to the foreign land signified the impending realization of this day.

Once the mortal world of mountains and seas underwent reorganization, the original power of this world would become more complete. By acquiring the mortal world of mountains and seas, he could streamline a significant portion of his efforts and ascend directly to a level comparable to a genuine spirit.

Now, it's time for me to commence.

Ni Chen swiftly regained his composure, recognizing that he had fully adapted to Wang Wushang's body over this period. He had begun making meticulous arrangements, gradually encroaching upon and claiming the surrounding starfields through the celestial expanse he had seized.

Over the past few days, he had contemplated ways to shift that segment of the starry sky into the Wang family's territory. Utilizing the assistance of the residual souls of ancestors on his body, he seized the body of a true immortal ancestor from the Wang family, refining it into a clone to operate outside.

With this detailed and seamless plan, the two Immortal King ancestors of the Wang family detected nothing unusual. Ni Chen harbored confidence that within ten years, he would gain complete control over the Wang family, simultaneously capturing the two Immortal King ancestors.

When he moved the starry sky avatar to the Wang family's territory, that would be the moment to unveil his machinations.

Go east!

In the fractured universe, a figure atop a hornet beast continued muttering, gazing eastward while trekking for several years. Passing through numerous worlds and universes, his eyes remained resolute, undeterred by the challenges faced during these years. On the contrary, his determination to locate the Nine Heavens strengthened.

This figure was Qing Feng, who had departed the Floating Realm to pursue the Nine Heavens. Throughout his journey, he encountered various dangers—from fierce beasts hidden deep in the universe to entities comparable to half-step immortal kings. Yet, relying on his innate combat experience, Qing Feng defeated them all.

An innate intuition guided him, assuring him that he would inevitably find the Nine Heavens by continuing in this direction. Suddenly, a thunderous sound reached Qing Feng's ears, akin to the roar of a mighty river emanating from an invisible source.

Is the Nine Heavens just ahead?

Excitement and joy flickered in Qing Feng's eyes. His unwavering determination made it difficult to conceal such expressions. As he progressed through this region, the grandeur and profundity of the world became increasingly evident.

Vast stars dotted the cosmic canvas, and ancient trees stretched across the heavens, absorbing the essence of heaven and earth. Every branch and leaf seemed to uphold the cosmos. The river of stars, surrounded by chaotic energy, cascaded from the front, growing thicker and more majestic.

Rumble!

Waves splashed, creating formidable ripples in the universe. Each wave resembled the convergence of innumerable small worlds, carrying a momentum akin to a portion of the sky plummeting into the deepest darkness.

Qing Feng advanced a few steps, halting before this colossal galaxy waterfall. The entire universe appeared severed, with stars drifting within the galaxy, surrounded by the sun and the moon, appearing like specks of dust.

Once this galaxy descended into the starry sky, it could instantly submerge countless small worlds.

Is it possible to ascend to Nine Heavens along this Waterfall of the River of Stars?

Qing Feng pondered aloud as he reached this awe-inspiring location. Along his journey, he had engaged in numerous battles. Though his cultivation had not increased, his strength had grown significantly.

Yet here, he sensed a majestic coercion, as if the Dao-building expert's blade had suddenly pressed down, causing his bones and cells to quiver faintly. He was sure that this was the path to the Nine Heavens.

According to the guidance of the old city lord, reaching beyond the Nine Heavens required the use of the Qingyun Immortal Boat. However, locating the Qingyun Immortal Boat posed a challenge in the vast universe.[Ed note: Qingyun is a Chinese term that conveys the idea of a clear and blue sky.]

“Fellow Daoist, do you seek to ascend?”

Suddenly, an ancient and weathered voice resounded, seemingly materializing out of thin air. If ordinary individuals heard this voice, they would undoubtedly be astonished.

After all, there was no sign of life here, and even a true immortal would struggle to penetrate such depths. However, Qing Feng remained composed, displaying no surprise, as if he had visited this place before.

Gazing at the galaxy before him, the voice emerged from within.

“Why not reveal yourself, Fellow Daoist, and cease hiding in the shadows?” Qing Feng inquired.

In the next moment, a tremendous and formidable force manifested ahead.

Boom!

The expansive galaxy, hanging down from the zenith of the universe, now revealed an immense and incomparable gap. The majestic aura gradually unfolded, showing an unmistakable form.

Dragon head, turtle body, snake tail!

A Xuanwu of incomprehensible proportions emerged. Its vast body seemed to span a million miles, and as it shifted, the sky turned upside down, causing the entire universe to tremble.

This ancient Xuanwu shone as bright as the moon, adorned with a flying boat resembling a blue cloud. Thick black immortal iron chains securely bound its body, tethering the blue-green flying boat to it. Positioned within the starry waterfall. It appeared as if it had just awakened, fixing its star-like eyes upon Qing Feng and emanating a terrifying coercion.

“Fellow Daoist, are you bound for the Nine Heavens?” it spoke, its voice resonating with such strength and depth that it shook heaven and earth.

Qing Feng gazed upon the creature resembling the legendary Xuanwu, deeply shocked by the encounter.

Simultaneously, on a magnificent and boundless suspended continent, numerous palaces and pavilions adorned the landscape, exuding an ancient grandeur. Ancient fierce beasts, savage birds and beasts, primitive forests, majestic mountains, and old palaces contributed to the breathtaking scenery.

The Chaos Immortal Waterfall descended among the peaks, shrouded in immortal mist and interwoven with immortal lights. A myriad of colors and rays filled the air, creating a spectacle resembling a pure land beyond the worldly realm—a terrestrial paradise.

Creatures in this realm possessed an ethereal charm entirely distinct from those outside. Immortal medicines and divine springs, rare in the world, adorned the landscape.

Purple rocks stood tall, smooth cliff walls, lush grassy squares, and the breath of ginseng permeated the surroundings. A lone Qilin rested beneath a bluestone, a silver waterfall cascaded, and the fragrance of ancient medicine lingered in the air.

“Master, it appears the old tortoise has brought guests after many epochs. No living beings have set foot here in ages. Unexpectedly, strangers have arrived,” remarked a middle-aged man in white clothes seated cross-legged on the edge of an ancient cliff. A chessboard lay before him, surrounded by a mysterious aura, as if enveloped by billions of stars, manifesting boundless immortal spirit. He bore the semblance of a genuine ancient immortal.

The speaker at this moment was a young boy clad in a Daoist robe, seated across from the middle-aged man in white. He gave the impression of youthfulness with red lips, white teeth, and delicate features. Yet, his actual age spanned countless epochs.

Oh, what year is it?

The middle-aged man, seemingly absorbed in the chessboard before him, hadn't made a single move for an eternity. His attention only shifted upon hearing the words.

"Reporting to the master, it is now 980 billion years in the Nine Heavens Calendar, and the third calamity has not yet begun. The Heavenly Sect is under the control of Daoist Eternal Life. The exact time is unknown," respectfully replied the little boy.

"The visitor is a guest; go and welcome him."

The middle-aged man nodded slightly upon hearing this, but his primary focus remained on the chessboard as if he had been engrossed in it for countless years.

Chapter 900: After burying layer after layer of heaven, can a Quasi-Immortal Emperor also be called Emperor?

To the external world, Nine Heavens had always symbolized mystery and legend. How many creatures had laid eyes on the elusive Nine Heavens throughout ancient times?

Qing Feng had initially presumed that locating the Nine Heavens would be a prolonged endeavor.

Encountering the ancient Xuanwu-like creature up close for the first time, he found it astonishing that it served merely as a conveyance for the cloud boat in front of the Heavenly Passage Waterfall. This revelation further heightened his amazement.

Despite the familiarity and the inexplicable feeling of having visited this place before, Qing Feng couldn't decipher its reason. Subsequently, he rode the hornet beast, traversed the back of the aged white turtle, and descended on the blue-colored immortal boat.

The boundless Milky Way Waterfall descended with a staggering momentum, capable of quickening one's heartbeat.

“Fellow Daoist, remain seated,” the old white tortoise instructed in a commanding yet straightforward voice. Its figure then leisurely stepped into the Xinghe Waterfall.

The blue cloud-colored flying boat, seemingly unadorned, featured a layer of immortal mist floating on its surface. Isolated from external forces and advancing against the waterfall, it remained remarkably composed, akin to an ancient boulder.

Despite the terrible force resembling a celestial descent, the old white turtle stood firm, attesting to the strength of its physical form. Qing Feng, seated cross-legged, observed the simple yet profound stars revolving beneath his feet, marveling at the legendary craftsmanship of Nine Heavens.

The blue-cloud-colored immortal boat boasted a majestic nebula, ancient wood beams of immortal gold, a body constructed of supreme immortal gold, and paddles emitting nine-colored immortal light. It exuded a sense of vastness and antiquity, evoking a feeling of navigating through the river of time.

What kind of place is the legendary Nine Heavens?

Master, Cen Shuang, you all must wait for me.

Qing Feng murmured, fixing his gaze on the expansive land beyond the waterfall. A profound shock suddenly gripped his heart.

The scene resembled traversing fragments of the ancient universe, with the long river of time stretching far beneath one’s feet, weaving through ancient and contemporary realms.

Fellow Daoist, what kind of place is the Nine Heavens?

Qing Feng struggled to compose himself, unable to resist posing the question to the old tortoise before him. In response, the old white turtle emitted a sound resembling a derisive snicker mixed with a hint of emotion.

“Since Fellow Daoist intends to reach the Nine Heavens, won’t you discover it upon arrival?” the old white turtle retorted.

A common belief held that the mysterious Nine Heavens served as the wellspring of immortals, the foundation of all dharmas, housing numerous opportunities and enigmas.

However, for the residents residing in Nine Heavens, it more closely resembled a prison or a cage. Trapped in perpetual reincarnation, life after life, they were bound to this place.

Why was it called Nine Heavens?

The nine heavens comprised layers of celestial realms, each concealing countless buried ancient histories. Even the old white turtle remained unaware of the contents within the nine heavens. Was it a heavenly resting place or a repository where each heaven buried its predecessor?

Simultaneously, the world surged in the borderland between the immortal domain and the foreign land, the river of time quivered, and the entire universe teetered on the brink of collapse. The endless star field struggled to withstand a daunting aura as if it sought to shatter the world.

Gu Changge’s figure materialized at the border, standing as if at the world’s edge, overlooking the vast foreign universe before him. Many shattered universes dotted the border between the foreign land and the immortal domain, remnants of conflicts that rendered them broken and nonexistent.

Few living creatures remained, all incomplete and deceased, reduced to a buffer zone during the ongoing war between the two realms.

With the arrival of Gu Changge, the barriers of the immortal domain reverberated. Above the foreign land, a terrible wave-like momentum swept through the sky, causing it to collapse and the earth to shatter, annihilating everything in its path.

In the distance, several Immortal Kings from the Immortal Domain, including Immortal King Ao Di and Immortal King Xue Xiao, followed suit. All of them sensed the tremors and quivered in response.

Although ordinary cultivators couldn't witness this scene, they felt the entire immortal domain trembling, with countless celestial bodies on the verge of plummeting from the sky.

“Who governs the foreign realm now?”

Gu Changge inquired indifferently, his body emanating hundreds of millions of chaotic immortal lights, dazzling and radiant. A supreme aura emerged in the foreign realm's sky, akin to an unrivaled immortal ancestor awakening. The coercion enshrouded every corner of the world, throwing the universe into turmoil. Vast expanses of the incomplete ancient universe seemed to crumble and transform into ashes.

Such terrifying power prompted even the Immortal Kings to change their expressions, submitting and kneeling on the ground.

“It's the aura from that day...”

In the broken universe of the foreign land, numerous powerful beings who had achieved immortality before the ancient era still lingered. At this moment, their souls involuntarily quivered, forcing them to kneel. They were overwhelmed with shock.

“This is undoubtedly the aura of the imperial clan’s ancestor level, and it surpasses even that...”
Their voices trembled, expressing sheer fear.

“Could it be the one who obliterated the Immortal Palace, arriving here for a grand reckoning?”

“Has the grand reckoning commenced?”

They quivered, unable to resist speculation. In fact, after the fall of the four foreign kings many years ago, numerous speculations emerged from this realm. Many Immortal Kings from foreign lands grew restless, sensing imminent danger and fearing potential raids on their territories.

In this era, who could withstand and halt the presence of such an existence? Even King Ming, a figure they feared, sought refuge far away from the cave of the imperial clan’s ancestor. Furthermore, with the unification of the Immortal Domain and the Upper Realm during this period, that terrible power was transmitted across vast distances to the foreign realm.

Numerous foreign creatures sensed this fluctuation, experiencing suppression by the Dao-building expert once they approached the immortal domain, a severity surpassing anything felt before.

Faced with such pressure, they dared not set foot in the immortal domain again. Against the taboo entity that once laid waste to the Immortal Domain, could the current foreign realm possibly resist?

A calamity of epic proportions unfolded. The sky quivered; millions of paths descended in an orderly, resembling a waterfall, with the Dao-building expert resounding through the air. The world before the foreign realm collapsed, and a formidable aura spread, plunging everything into darkness.

Gu Changge acted swiftly, his enormous hand sweeping the sky, tearing the foreign realm's heavenly and earthly barrier like a curtain. In the eyes of the universe's residents, the world abruptly darkened.

A colossal hand, extending beyond sight, descended from the sky, enveloping big stars that appeared like minuscule specks of dust—too insignificant.

The Immortal Kings of our realm have already fled.

At this moment, even Immortal Kings can only face death.

Foreign creatures who had reached the immortal level quivered in fear beneath the aura of impending extinction, forced to tremble and kneel.

Fortunately, Gu Changge harbored no cruel intentions toward them. Breaking open the foreign realm's sky, he extended his massive hand, causing countless territories to collapse and strike the territory cave of an Immortal King in the foreign land.

Yet, the cave stood empty, devoid of remnants—the Immortal King had long fled, abandoning his people and territory.

Gu Changge remained silent, his gaze cold and profound. Advancing, he reached the foreign realm. The Dao's myriad restraints extended, materializing in the void and descending from the sky in an attempt to confine him.

However, his radiant body outshone the sun, and every cell expanded like an ancient universe. Tempered to the extreme and further elevated after refining the demon lord's actual blood, his body had attained an unimaginable level of immortality, resilient against the world's attempts to subdue it.

Click.

In an instant, the chains of Dao-building experts shattered, and Gu Changge remained unrestrained. As his body descended into the foreign realm, he stood tall between heaven and earth, seemingly causing the universe to strain under the weight of his presence. Countless foreign creatures observed this in horror, falling into a pit of despair.

Has the Immortal King not come to greet me?

Gu Changge's calm and indifferent voice echoed throughout the universe, sending shivers down the spines of countless foreign beings.

With a raised palm and a subsequent press, a vast and terrifying aura swept once more. Gu Changge's move unleashed a bone-chilling, cold energy from all corners of the universe, carrying supreme murderous intent. The affected world appeared as though it had been torn apart by an unfathomable force, resisting any attempts at healing.

Even the Immortal Kings of the Immortal Domain, including Immortal King Ao Di, Old Immortal King Gu Xuan, and others, observed from a distance, were shocked beyond words.

Despite their imposing presence and the thousands of troops at their disposal, their significance appeared minuscule in this situation. If an actual conflict erupted between the foreign realm and the immortal domain, the consequences would be immeasurable, with the universe and the lives entangled in it facing unimaginable devastation.

The cold aura of death flourished in the expansive darkness, establishing an immortal silence in the universe, one destroyed piece after another, losing its color forever.

Fellow Daoist, what is the meaning of this?

Puff!

The heavens and myriad realms trembled as the aura of death swept across the sky and earth, instilling terror in all living beings. Finally, a supreme being from a foreign realm descended, sighing deeply as he gazed at Gu Changge.

This powerful entity was surrounded by endless fragments of time, surpassing the Immortal King in magnitude. It felt as though the Immortal King and this being belonged to entirely different levels of existence. The aura emitted by this Quasi-Immortal Emperor was profound, dark, vast, and terrifying to the extreme. Under full awakening, the being exuded a boundless momentum.

Behind this supreme being, King Ming and several other immortal kings from foreign lands also appeared. With him as the focal point, they all observed the unfolding events with fear and trepidation.

From the moment Gu Changge broke open the heavenly gate of the foreign land, traversed the many universes between the two worlds, and arrived at this place, only a few breaths of time had passed.

The laws of heaven and earth in the foreign lands proved powerless against Gu Changge, collapsing and splitting apart upon contact with his body. This level of strength surpassed the speculations of even an Immortal King.

“Are you the awakened ancestor of the imperial clan in the foreign land?”

It’s a pity that there is only the realm of the quasi-immortal emperor. Before reaching the immortal emperor, countless epochs have passed. Can the ancestor of the imperial clan in a foreign land be a quasi-immortal emperor?” Gu Changge’s voice remained flat and devoid of any fluctuations.

Observing the quasi-immortal emperor before him, he felt a tinge of regret. At the height of the foreign realm’s power, the ancestors of the imperial clan reached the realm of the immortal emperor, with some even surpassing it and touching the threshold of detachment. Now, affected by various circumstances, the quasi-immortal emperor stood as the ancestor of the imperial clan.

Gu Changge was unsure whether the true patriarch of the imperial clan was hiding or had genuinely fallen to such a state. His decisive actions, venturing directly into the foreign realm and destroying universes adjacent to the immortal domain, did not prompt any action from the foreign land until the current appearance of the imperial family’s ancestors. This stirred a sense of regret in Gu Changge.

“I, Emperor Yi, have met fellow Taoists,” said the ancestor of the imperial clan.

Gu Changge’s response was a shake of his head and a laugh that Emperor Yi perceived as mocking or emotional. The complexions of immortal kings from other lands changed drastically. Emperor Yi was the backbone of the foreign realm, and their allegiance rested with him.

“Even the quasi-immortal emperor now dares to call himself emperor?” Gu Changge’s words elicited a further shake of his head and a mocking laugh.

Emperor Yi, while maintaining his composure, felt a tinge of anger. He emphasized that the world had changed, questioning whether Gu Changge still thought he could act as he pleased, as in the past.

Though angry, Emperor Yi did not let his emotions disturb his mental state. Inwardly, he wished to test the strength of Gu Changge, the demon lord who had once troubled the heavens and was the chief culprit in the destruction of the immortal palace.