

## Villain 901

Chapter 901: Dao follows the law of nature; Dao is ruthless, Refining the peerless heavenly medicine

Indeed, times have changed. Surprising that someone below the rank of an immortal emperor would dare to challenge me.

The faint smile on Gu Changge's face faded away. Without much ado, he thrust his palm forward.

Once again, the world shattered, traversing universes as if piercing through dimensions. The colossal black hand obliterated the universe, reducing stars to mere specks of dust. Each move operated on the laws of heaven, containing profound Dao and cosmic principles. Even a seemingly casual palm harbored the potential to eradicate the world, leaving the heavens trembling on the brink of collapse.

Consequently, an eerie sensation enveloped all foreign land's immortal kings under Gu Changge's palm. Their faces contorted in horror as their very souls felt imprisoned. The relentless suppression of their laws left them paralyzed, unable to resist or even think about resistance.

"Fellow Daoist, your arrogance knows no bounds. I'm eager to witness your true strength," Emperor Yi declared, a sudden change in expression revealing the anger beneath his previously composed demeanor.

As the current sovereign of the foreign land, commanding both heaven and myriad universes, being forced to bow before Gu Changge was an unbearable humiliation.

Without further words, Emperor Yi unleashed his might in this fractured universe. His overwhelming aura blanketed the sky, on the verge of collapsing the entire cosmos. Chaos energy surged around him, manifesting an existence originating from the very end of the time's long river. Time fragments lingered around him, creating a scene where the blow reshaped reality's same fabric.

Under this forceful strike, even an Immortal King would struggle to perceive the unfolding events. The surroundings descended into chaos, with the overflow of chaotic light hurtling towards the edges of the universe.

Hundreds of millions of foreign land's creatures found themselves tightly suppressed, their very bones on the verge of shattering as despair engulfed them. In this intense confrontation, their existence was as inconsequential as dust – taking a breath could mean instant annihilation. The bodies of nearby Immortal Kings collapsed under immense pressure, blood splattering as they hastily retreated, fleeing across several universes.

Emperor Yi, who was a quasi-immortal emperor, showcased unparalleled power, leaving even Immortal Kings in despair.

If Emperor Yi had healed sooner, the Immortal Domain might have already shifted ownership.

A foreign realm boasting a quasi-immortal emperor in its midst is beyond the Immortal Domain's capacity to contend with. Moreover, this foreign realm might conceal ancestors from other imperial clans. Even at present, they remain dormant.

Old Immortal King Gu Xuan, Immortal King Ao Di, Immortal King Ku Yin, and others from the Immortal Domain expressed their terror and shock. Even though several universes isolated the battlefield, the cold shivers ran down their spines.

It was the first taste of such profound despair for these Immortal Kings. On that battlefield, they would undoubtedly crumble and vanish, body and spirit annihilated.

They now comprehended why everyone under a quasi-immortal emperor, including Immortal Kings, seemed like ants. Crossing this threshold was an unattainable feat in their entire existence.

Amidst the exploding chaotic air, Gu Changge raised his palm, delivering another forceful strike. The virtual space erupted with infinite chaotic light, harboring supreme murderous intent. A profound silence settled over the universe, extinguishing the heavens and burying souls – the sheer terror of a quasi-immortal emperor's might capable of shattering the very fabric of reality.

At the outset, an overwhelming surge of chaotic energy flooded the surroundings, nearly submerging the heavens and earth. Various Dao laws manifested successively, interweaving divine chains of order that blanketed the void.

Furthermore, once confined to tales, ancient natural disasters materialized – Heavenly Dao Fire, Chaotic Real Thunder, Nine Deadly Winds, phenomena witnessed only during the universe's inception, now unfolding in every direction.

Any being beneath the quasi-immortal emperor level entering this realm would be gripped by terror, reduced to ashes, with life and death erased. This place transformed into a realm of death, the universe shattered, and laws dissolved into nothingness.

As they clashed for the first time, the void before them ruptured. Emperor Yi's arm quivered violently upon contact, showing signs of bone fracture. Simultaneously, intense tingling pain and supreme murderous intent assailed him, targeting his soul.

“Die!”

Gu Changge, draped in white, strode through the void. Myriads of time fragments and surging Dao lights accompanied him, employing various supreme techniques to confront and eradicate his adversary with boundless strength. His unceasing palm descended, shattering all visions before him, crashing horizontally into Emperor Yi.

“You haven't fully recovered your prime, not even an emperor. Why are you doing this?”

Emperor Yi roared, swiftly maneuvering across several universes, attempting to evade Gu Changge's relentless attack.

In disbelief, he realized that Gu Changge's cultivation had fluctuated yet had to reach emperor or quasi-immortal emperor levels. Nevertheless, the overwhelming power surpassed the world's capacity.

Gu Changge hadn't transcended this realm, so why was he quickly suppressed?

You acknowledge I haven't regained my full strength. Otherwise, why would I bother to deal with you?

Gu Changge maintained his calm demeanor, casting a hazy road that influenced the world's course. A collapsing river of time blurred scenes and summoned ancient visions.

Emperor Yi's heart trembled. He would've never dared to engage if Gu Changge had been mighty in his prime. He should have fled as far as possible. However, Gu Changge lacked quasi-immortal emperor radiance, exhibiting no aura beyond this level. Yet, the suffocating power he wielded defied comprehension.

“Dang!”

The void trembled violently as a massive black bell materialized, creating shockwaves capable of obliterating everything. This Daoist weapon belonged to Emperor Yi, accompanying him for countless years that surpassed the status of an Immortal King’s artifact and ascending to the level of a Quasi-Immortal Emperor artifact.

The black bell could not block Gu Changge’s descending palm despite its prowess. The colossal black hand struck the bell, causing the river of time to boil. The battle’s aura rippled through the long river of time, affecting the past, present, and future with countless waves.

Emperor Yi’s expression shifted as the black clock on his person trembled violently, emitting billions of ripples. Despite its unceasing tremors, the bell was constantly struck. The ensuing black ripples were formidable enough to shatter time and space. However, Gu Changge’s palm obliterated them, causing an explosion that sent the Dao flying. Emperor Yi, coughing up blood, was forced backward.

This astonishing scene reverberated through distant universes. After an eternity, Emperor Yi bore wounds for the first time. Blood coated his shoulder and, subsequently, his exploded arm. Retreating rapidly, he felt deep terror, comprehending the immense gap between himself and Gu Changge. This disparity surpassed mere cultivation-based differences; their fundamental life levels were worlds apart.

The analogy was likened to an ancient giant, weakened from its past glory yet capable of effortlessly crushing an ordinary person or ant. This life-level transformation defied comparison to cultivation realm discrepancies.

Now aware of the colossal gap, Emperor Yi regretted his earlier decision. The remaining imperial clan ancestors opted to evade or conceal themselves. Some chose immortal slumber, abstaining from interference.

In the current era, Emperor Yi stood alone, believing the world had undergone significant changes, making the appearance of a genuine emperor impossible.

The quasi-immortal emperor was deemed the pinnacle achievable by living beings. Regardless of Gu Changge’s strength, surpassing this limit was implausible. Thus, Emperor Yi dared to confront Gu Changge directly.

However, regret welled up within him in light of the present situation. Sacrificing the black bell for protection, ripples spread, blurring the universe, and the long river of time materialized beneath his feet.

Without hesitation, Emperor Yi intended to escape, fearing severe injuries from Gu Changge that could jeopardize his essence and existence.

However, upon witnessing this sudden change in Emperor Yi's demeanor, the immortal kings of the foreign lands were utterly bewildered. The influential figure who had recently commanded their surrender was planning to escape after clashing with Gu Changge.

Emperor Yi, the revered ancestor overseeing the entire foreign land, had been invincible from ancient times. It was inconceivable that another such formidable existence could emerge.

As expected.

Emperor Hong chooses to retreat, unwilling to intervene. He must have foreseen the inevitability and impossibility of altering this course.

Initially relieved to find a powerful ally, King Ming now experienced cold shivers, drowning in fear and despair. When he initially reported to the ancestor of the imperial clan, Emperor Hong, the response was a resolute acknowledgment of an unalterable destiny, emphasizing that the tide of events couldn't be reversed.

Subsequently, King Ming fell into a deep slumber, indifferent to the current state of the world. Later, Emperor Yi unexpectedly revived, assuming control over the foreign land. All the immortal kings respected and followed his commands. However, in a sudden turn of events, Emperor Yi contemplated escape, seemingly disregarding the foreign land's fate.

Gu Changge, observing Emperor Yi's imminent departure, displayed a light smile. An extensive gray fog, exuding an aura of silence and darkness, seemed to waft from an unknown location, enveloping the entire world.

"Do you believe you can evade me?"

Gu Changge questioned as Emperor Yi neared the long river of time, attempting to exit the world. The vast gray fog, with stillness and obscurity essence, appeared to drift in from an enigmatic latitude, casting its shadow over the entire realm.

Under Emperor Yi's feet, the long river of time blurred and crumbled, creating waves that quickly dissipated and thwarted his retreat.

"Is Fellow Daoist attempting to force me to die?"

Emperor Yi's face underwent a drastic change. He had yet to anticipate that Gu Changge would also block his escape route. His eyes erupted with an immeasurable divine light, conveying a profound sense of terror.

While Emperor Yi harbored a deep fear of Gu Changge, he was not one to endure humiliation without retaliation. However, even the long river of time, a potential escape route, was now obstructed by Gu Changge.

Was this a deliberate effort to trap him, to eliminate any possibility of retreat?

"Attempting to use death as coercion? You are not qualified for such tactics."

Gu Changge responded with a faint smile and a light shake of his head.

Emperor Yi discerned that Gu Changge truly intended to end his life. In response, he roared defiantly, his Dao avatar surpassing the world's confines, resembling an ancient god standing at the universe's extremity.

A renewed clash erupted between Gu Changge and Emperor Yi in a space and time unknown to the onlookers. Their battle reverberated along the long river of time, shocking even the mightiest beings of that era, causing shudders in their beings.

Boom!

With a resounding click, the universe here was torn asunder. Palms and fingers generated ripples that ruptured the world, unleashing an unimaginably dreadful shockwave. The turbulent ripples

extended outward along a vast crack, splitting the chaos and giving rise to a new universe in the blink of an eye.

Such a method was beyond belief, terrifying in its execution. A battle of this magnitude had never been witnessed since ancient times, with beings in the immortal domain, foreign land, and other realms unable to fathom the spectacle.

Even the Immortal Kings could merely use their divine powers to gain a rudimentary understanding, unable to fully comprehend the unfolding events. The long river of time became turbulent, and years were ruthlessly crushed.

In this chaotic setting, their actual bodies and Dao avatar's traversed the river, engaging in fierce combat. The divine powers exhibited at this level surpassed the imagination of the Immortal Kings, allowing them to fight in a realm beyond their era.

Ultimately, a shattered figure was expelled from the tumultuous battleground, exhibiting numerous injuries and drenched in endless blood. Emperor Yi's condition was dire, with injuries covering his entire form and his arm completely obliterated.

This harrowing scene sent shockwaves through the distant universe, leaving witnesses in awe of its unimaginable terror.

Boom!

Gu Changge advanced with a step, covering Emperor Yi with his palm, resulting in a powerful explosion that shattered his form. At the same time, his primordial spirit was seized within Gu Changge's grasp.

Even in his severely wounded state, especially with a critically injured primordial spirit, Emperor Yi growled defiantly, unwilling to succumb to death. This showcased the resilience of a Quasi-Immortal Emperor; even beings of the same level found it nearly impossible to deliver a fatal blow, and determining a victor might take countless epochs.

Buzz!

Is that so?

Gu Changge shook his head and smiled, his palm emanating a peculiar light. Initially appearing hazy, the light transformed into a gray hue with intertwining black and white threads, creating a bizarre spectacle.

Gu Changge extracted Emperor Yi's primordial spirit. The luminance of the spirit resembled a scorching flame, exuding a rich fragrance of the Dao-building expert. Gradually, it became a heavenly medicinal plant, exuding an abundant and fragrant essence.

It has been refined into a peerless medicine.

The Immortal King, observing from a distance, trembled in terror. The horrifying scene of Emperor Yi's true spirit being refined left him shivering.

Emperor Yi's true spirit, still dissipating, experienced terror as it witnessed its refinement. He howled in a desperate attempt to break free, but Gu Changge's palm seemed to have evolved into a universe. The way of a Dao-building expert, merciless and unyielding, descended like a cutting blade.

Chapter 902: This is a real immortal emperor; try to kill me in the future

Gu Changge's palm transformed into heaven, earth, and the universe in brilliance, severing Emperor Yi's Daoism and dispersing his primordial spirit into a rain of light. The potent aura of the Great Dao-building expert permeated the world, creating an atmosphere akin to an ascension realm.

Like blood-colored mountains, the sky and the earth mourned as brilliance flitted across the deep universe. A breathtaking vision of Emperor Yi's fall. Gu Changge raised his palms, drawing them together as the scorching light dissipated, concentrating on the heavenly medicine refined from the essence of the Quasi-Immortal Emperor.

With a breath, Gu Changge sucked in the light and rain, unleashing an endless, terrifying devouring power, as if even the laws of the Dao would be swallowed up. The sky's myriad lights converged in front of Gu Changge and swallowed in one gulp.

The shocking scene plunged the entire world into immortal darkness, sending a biting cold that made distant immortal kings tremble with fear. Witnessing an invincible emperor fall, his origin transformed into a heavenly medicine and effortlessly consumed, leaving them in a state of horror.



Many immortal kings even felt empathy, their scalps numb. In an instant, the entire universe fell into deathly silence. In the vast expanse of the foreign land, hundreds of millions of foreign creatures looked at that terrifying figure in horror, kneeling on the ground, not daring to move an inch.

All the immortal kings from other lands also dared not move, fearing a tragic fate similar to Emperor Yi's. After a long time, Gu Changge emitted a sound, expressing either emotion or a sigh. He looked around, his eyes sweeping across the fragmented universe.

“How long do you want to hide? Do you still think that I can't find you?”

Gu Changge asked unhurriedly to himself. These words stunned all the immortal kings from the foreign land, not knowing the meaning behind Gu Changge's statement.

Were there other immortal kings present besides them?

As Gu Changge's voice echoed, ripples expanded in the shattered universe around him, followed by a dense fog of chaos. As if existing since the dawn of time, four statues resembling terrifying figures stood amidst fragments of time, their entire forms seemingly living both before and after eternity. Four gazes, each expressing different emotions, are fixed upon the universe.

At that moment, creatures throughout the entire foreign land, including the immortal kings, felt a vibration, almost compelled to bow down toward this mysterious presence. This overwhelming feeling swept the world, unsettling the long river of time, where creation and destruction unfolded, and the light vanished.

“The aura of the emperor—what's happening? Besides Emperor Yi, could there be another emperor in this foreign realm?” questioned the old Immortal King Gu Xuan and Immortal King Ao Di in the distant universe, both trembling.

Despite being immortal kings, they, too, felt an unsettling shudder, suggesting that the four formidable figures that emerged were not only quasi-immortal emperors but perhaps even more potent immortal emperors.

They found it difficult to believe—had the four ancestors of the imperial clan awakened in the foreign land? When did this occur?

They hadn't noticed at all. Could these imperial clan ancestors be stirred during the battle between Emperor Yi and Gu Changge?

"Perhaps these emperors are not native to this world. They might be stronger than Emperor Yi," observed the old Immortal King Gu Xuan, his gaze fixed on the mysterious figures. Suddenly, he sensed something, and his voice trembled slightly.

"Not from this world?"

Immortal King Ao Di, Immortal King Xue Xiao, and others were immediately intrigued.

Could these figures have come from the other side of the long river of time, from a different world? Did the battle's fluctuations draw them?

Even the Immortal King could, to a certain extent, defy the natural flow of time and influence the past, present, and future. This capability was even more pronounced in a quasi-immortal emperor, surpassing the strength of an immortal king or emperor.

Here, all the immortal kings felt a sense of terror. Legends said that two emperors should not coexist in the same era. The clash of the Dao from the two worlds would suppress the entire world, potentially causing the universe to explode. Even if an emperor achieved the Dao Fruit in another era, they would avoid multiple emperors coexisting within a single lifetime.

However, at this moment, four total emperors appeared simultaneously, their far-reaching aura instilling fear in those who sensed it. If one listened carefully, grand scripture voices seemed to resonate in the heavens.

From a distant perspective in the universe, a blurred figure covered by the thick Dao of time rules could be vaguely seen. This was the true emperor's figure, not existing in the current time and space but appearing as an imprint engraved in the long river of time.

Inspired by Gu Changge's power, they manifested together – true emperors, overseeing the ages as invincible beings.

Under their feet, the power of time intermittently emerged, and Daos was condensed. Stepping on these manifestations, it seemed as if they were born to complement the emperors.

Although the saying went, “Emperors do not see emperors,” witnessing four emperors appear together was shocking.

“Latecomers? Perhaps that’s an apt term for you,” Gu Changge declared, standing in the sky calmly as he surveyed the four terrible figures before him.

He couldn’t pinpoint the era these four emperors came from, but one thing was sure – they were not from the present world; they might even belong to the ancient era. Moreover, among the four emperors, one emanated the aura of an immortal emperor, shrouded in a strong sense of future time.

While the other three king’s auras approached the Immortal Emperor’s level, they had yet to reach it. The shifting lights, shadows, and overwhelming power compelled even the heavens and the earth to surrender beneath their feet.

Rumble!

The resonance of ten thousand roads echoed, causing the entire universe to tremble. Concealed within a dense fog, their eyes appeared deep and vast, as if an infinite cosmos surrounded them. At this moment, their gaze was fixed on Gu Changge, almost as if they sought to penetrate his very being.

“Billions of years ago, I heard your name,” said one emperor. His face differed significantly from that of the human race, boasting eight heads and six arms. Each head emanated an aura capable of crushing the eternal blue sky, and their ages surpassed description.

Despite transcending eras and manifesting in the present world, they could articulate words without fearing the repercussions of cause and effect.

As the emperor spoke, thousands of genuine lightning bolts descended from the depths of the void, transforming into a sea of thunder and lightning that engulfed him. Yet, his proper form stood majestic and unyielding; no tremor coursed through him despite the potentially devastating impact of these authentic thunders.

It’s worth noting that even a single bolt of these genuine thunders could cause an Immortal King to explode, annihilating both body and spirit. However, upon contact with the emperor, not even a ripple formed.

“Oh?”

Gu Changge responded with a faint smile upon hearing the emperor’s words, maintaining an unwavering expression.

“Billions of millions of years ago, when exactly was that? Was it before the first mountain and sea calamity?”

“I am the Emperor of the Eight Heads. During the robbery of the mountains and seas, I severed the Xiao Liudao at the location of the Heavenly Tomb,” declared the emperor, enshrouded in thick fog, with the river of time flowing around him.

The six arms behind him evolved with supreme power, each arm representing a portal and embodying the mysterious power of reincarnation within the heavens.

“Do you intend to attack me?”

Gu Changge arched his eyebrows and grinned. This apparition lingered from that era, etched into the long river of time due to the reflection and manifestation of the clash between him and Emperor Yi.

The genuine Eight-Head Emperor likely perished long ago during the ancient calamity. However, when faced with an impending assault, Gu Changge couldn’t remain indifferent.

With a casual sweep of his sleeves, the power of time unfolded, distorting the space before him as if giving rise to a spatial passage. Maintaining composure, he stepped directly into it.

Rumble!

The time channel began to crumble as Gu Changge engaged in a relentless battle with this emperor across endless time, space, and universes. His movements were agile and forceful, wielding the power of time.

The dense fog of time expanded as Gu Changge simultaneously pointed forward. A formidable sword light appeared, seemingly tearing through the universe, obliterating everything in its path as it cleaved along this passage.

The immortal emperor, adorned with eight heads and six arms, hesitated momentarily. Six portals materialized behind him, embodying the six realms of reincarnation. The gleaming silver light held a terrifying, enigmatic power, delving into the most mysterious realms of existence.

These two entities traversed different times, spaces, and universes, causing the long river of time to shatter into fragments and evaporate. This being, almost on par with an Immortal Emperor, surpassed the earlier Yi Emperor in strength. Whether a Dharma Body or an afterimage, it exudes terror, as if the heavens themselves quivered within its grasp, on the verge of descending in unison.

Swoosh!

Gu Changge's gaze penetrated the depths, marking the first time he gouged his current form's prowess. Surpassing the quasi-immortal emperor but not yet reaching the echelon of an immortal emperor, he anticipated an additional surge in strength after refining Emperor Yi's essence. This, however, required other methods.

With a calm finger movement, he unleashed a grandiose sword aura, its sharpness unparalleled, as if the entirety of the celestial stars transformed into a sword's essence. Dense and weighty, it blanketed everything.

Clang, Clang, Clang!

The spatial barrier crumbled to dust instantly, and billions of universes dwindled into oblivion.

The eight-headed emperor wielded the potent force of reincarnation through a primitive method, a divine power so powerful that it resonated across the boundless river.

Swiftly, the battle concluded. Gu Changge's palm cleaved through the phantom of the eight-headed, six-armed immortal emperor. The laws akin to those of an immortal emperor intertwined, casting a blur upon his form, his eyes reflecting astonishment.

Gu Changge's profound eyes scanned the depths of time and space as the colossal palm descended again, clashing with the eight emperors.

In an instant, the heavens quaked, an ancient universe crumbled, and innumerable beings across different times and spaces sensed the terror and shock emanating from this battle.

This disturbance rippled across various epochs, traversing the entirety of the long river of time. To these entities, it originated from before or after eternity. Such beings effortlessly manipulated time and space, rendering the long river a plaything they could use at will. Only a confrontation of this magnitude could instantaneously impact immortal time and space.

You are truly formidable, even in this era.

Ultimately, the phantom of the eight-headed emperor dissipated, acknowledging the prevailing circumstances. His physical form eluded detection, even by his phantoms.

Although his strength was the pinnacle of the Eight-headed Emperor, it still fell short against Gu Changge. A ghost of the Four Emperors vanished utterly.

The other three emperors closely observed the battle. Their forms blurred, concealed by thick fog at various intervals. However, they had all dispersed now and refrained from interfering in the present world.

Moments ago, the fluctuations in the clash between the eight-headed emperor and Gu Changge showed that, in this era, even a genuine immortal emperor would think twice before acting rashly. Only the enigmatic figure from the future remained, standing defiantly against Gu Changge.

His eyes, golden and reminiscent of a radiant sun, marked the true immortal emperor Gu Changge had encountered thus far. Despite the aid of the long river of time, the figure manifested in this world remained overwhelmingly potent.

I can see the despair in your eyes.

Gu Changge murmured, a light smile gracing his lips as he gazed directly at the immortal emperor veiled in the fog of time as though capable of discerning his thoughts instantly.

“You are different from these three individuals. You hail from a later time, seeking to end me in this life, correct?”

Gu Changge's words, delivered with calm assurance, bore a subtle smile. However, golden pupils imperceptibly contracted for the entity shrouded in the limitless fog of time, causing ripples in his heart.

Many distant immortal kings were also taken aback by Gu Changge's revelation, finding it almost unbelievable—an existence more formidable than Emperor Yi, originating from later generations, aimed to terminate Gu Changge.

“This might be a genuine immortal emperor from the future,” exclaimed the Immortal Kings of both the foreign land and the Immortal Domain.

Trembling and horror seized them, their voices quivering. In this era, a genuine immortal emperor was a rarity. Even the all-powerful ancestor of the imperial clan in the foreign realm merely attained the quasi-immortal emperor status.

Though a mere “quasi” differentiated these two realms, the gap in strength was colossal. Before an Immortal Emperor, what difference was there between the Immortal Emperor and ants?

Chapter 903: When You Are Still Weak, I stood at the end of all visible and invisible

Standing in a thick fog of time, a fearsome figure with golden pupils, flowing like molten lava and emitting a dazzling light, exuded a commanding presence. A sharp sword appeared in his eyes that seemed to pierce through the ages, attempting to tear apart the universe before him.

“Not necessarily... There's no chance,”

The figure spoke after what felt like a moment and an eternity. His voice was extremely hoarse, carrying the weight of ages and exhaustion. As he said, a vision more astonishing and terrifying than when the previous eight-headed emperor spoke manifested in the world.

Thick, blood-red thunder struck the entire universe, aiming directly at him. The sky and earth stretched apart, the universe torn asunder, creating an oppressive scene that made people tremble.

Instantly, the place transformed into a vast sea of thunder and lightning, as if any matter and existence would explode into endless powder under this fluctuating aura.

This was genuine destruction. Under this aura, the entire foreign universe became as fragile as a boat, torn and riddled with holes. Countless foreign creatures knelt on the ground, trembling incessantly, their souls on the brink of being crushed. This scene was more terrifying than Gu Changge's recent battle against the Eight-headed Emperor; it was like facing extinction.

Even the foreign immortal kings felt their bones cracking. Unable to withstand the aftermath, their bodies fissured, and traces of blood flowed, a frightening sight. Hastily retreating, they evacuated several universes and appeared in the distance.

"Just speaking triggers such a terrible vision. Once they engage in battle, it'll be even more unimaginable. I'm afraid this world will be destroyed, and chaos will reign again," remarked the old Immortal King Gu Xuan.

Such a terrifying cause and effect—even the Immortal Emperor can't bear it.

This Immortal Emperor was a true embodiment of timeless existence, not bound by the constraints of the current world. Any words or actions on his part carried significant consequences, capable of disrupting everything and reshuffling the established order.

In simple terms, if this Immortal Emperor were to make a move at this juncture, it could potentially dismantle the entire era, leaving an enduring impact on the future.

Of course, the forces within this realm had the inherent ability to counter and restrain the Immortal Emperor, preventing complete annihilation.

Despite the Immortal Emperor's ability to traverse the long river of time effortlessly, viewing the span from one end to the other was a mere casual observation. Time was akin to a plaything in the hands of the Immortal Emperor. However, altering disturbances within the long river of time proved impossible even for the Immortal Emperor. Such interference easily reshuffled events, causing past occurrences to repeat and even plunging the world back into chaos.

Rumble!

Thousands of blood-red thunderbolts surged from the sky's edge, resembling an enraged dragon's roar, obscuring the sun. Amidst the thunderous display, ancient pavilions and palaces floated, with faint figures comparing heavenly soldiers and generals wielding celestial swords and divine weapons charging forth.



This extraordinary manifestation resulted from the profound cause and effect set in motion by the Immortal Emperor's utterances. Burgeoning within the world's depths, a formidable power akin to an explosive mill sought to erase him from existence. The Immortal Emperor from later generations had significantly disrupted the laws and order of this existence.

Yet, there he stood amidst endless fragments of time, his eyes as menacing as a heavenly sword, fixed unwaveringly on Gu Changge. He neither moved nor chose to depart, demonstrating an unwavering stance amid the turmoil he had set in motion.

Chi, Chi, Chi!

With a slight motion of his hand, an unimaginable power surge swiftly dissipated the sea of thunder emerging from the sky's depths. All the laws crumbled, transformed into dust, and vanished into thin air. Thousands of laws refrained from touching his form, seemingly grounded in an unknown realm, even causing the Dao-building expert to rupture.

"There might not be a chance?" Gu Changge responded to the Immortal Emperor.

Yet, I discern despair in your eyes. You simply wish to end me, conclude an era, and settle everything.

Gu Changge repeated his words, but the faint smile on his lips remained undiminished.

Impossible.

The Immortal Emperor seemed to react suddenly, his eyes radiating terror akin to sword energy traversing the ages, illuminating the entire river of time, erasing the past and present. His figure trembled as if on the verge of instability, expressing disbelief.

Isn't it hopeless?

Gu Changge's gaze remained unwavering, attempting to pierce through the fog of time, veiling the Immortal Emperor and unveiling his origin.

"Who are you?"

The Immortal Emperor's voice trembled uncontrollably, a realization dawning upon him. His golden pupils constricted, revealing various terrifying visions – universes collapsing and the long river of time annihilating.

“It doesn't matter who I am; what matters is, I want to know who you are.” Gu Changge's smile remained light.

“Why have you come to this world to end me?”

An Immortal Emperor traversing the long river of time from the future with the intent to kill him left Gu Changge contemplating the impending third calamity in the Mortal World of Mountains and Seas. The timing of the catastrophe remained unknown to him.

However, if the long river of time in the Mortal World of Mountains and Seas continued without collapse, it indicated that the Real World of Mountains and Seas would still exist in the future. If so, why would an Immortal Emperor from the future come to kill him?

What purpose did he serve?

Logically, considering the background of the Mortal World of Mountains and Seas, surviving the initial calamity was deemed impossible. Gu Changge, having transformed into a demon lord, led the Mortal World of Mountains and Seas to escape the catastrophe, acting as a former heaven-slayer.

This decision resulted in heavy losses and the demise of many peak powerhouses during the calamity. Some individuals entered a deep sleep, while others, using alternative methods, reshaped the cycle of reincarnation, anticipating the future reemergence of the world.

The second calamity was strategically avoided through the ingenuity of Qing Yi and Gu Changge. Their clever design deceived the heavens, delaying the impending calamity measurement and allowing all beings and spirits in the Mortal World of Mountains and Seas to recuperate over an extended period.

The current third calamity measurement appeared to need more fortune than previous events, especially considering Gu Changge had other plans. The entire Mortal World of Mountains and Seas would face catastrophe once the third calamity arrived, foreseeing only three calamities. No one could escape this reckoning.

However, if the World of Mountains and Seas did not endure the third calamity, where did this Immortal Emperor originate from in the future? Was it from alternate timelines of other real worlds?

Intrigued, Gu Changge began to speculate along these lines. After all, the vast river of time extended across the boundless heavens and actual worlds, with the long river of time in the Real World of Mountains and Seas being merely one facet.

“Indeed, as you said, everything can only be pacified by killing you. There is no other choice,” the Immortal Emperor admitted.

“But... who are you? Why have you not been seen in the past and future?”

The Immortal Emperor’s demeanor swung wildly, evidently ensnared in the boundless fog of time. His face teetered on the verge of collapse and dispersal as if its existence in this world hung by a thread.

His utterances triggered substantial cause and effect, pushing his body to the brink of cracking and imminent explosion. The looming collapse left him feeling suffocated, incredulous, and even desperate.

In the present world, Gu Changge had yet to attain the Immortal Emperor’s level. He was still in a “weak” stage by comparison.

Curiously, within Gu Changge’s form, the Immortal Emperor couldn’t perceive other times and spaces, alternate times’ aura, or the existence fluctuation. Gu Changge seemed to have gathered all the figures on the timeline, unifying endless time and space – a singular entity across all time.

As an Immortal Emperor, he comprehended this significance and found it difficult to believe, even plunging into despair. Though he stood tall in the current world, he couldn’t locate Gu Changge’s presence in the past.

Gu Changge appeared absent in the past and future, existing solely in the contemporary world. Consequently, the Immortal Emperor needed help to gain insight into Gu Changge’s past in the long river of time, discern his origin, foretell his future, or understand the nature of his existence. It was as if Gu Changge materialized out of thin air – a horrifying realization.

Traditionally, as an Immortal Emperor, the plan was to arrive from the future and confront Gu Changge during his “weak” phase. Despite the potential monstrous karma and the rewriting of future history, the Immortal Emperor deemed it the only chance and hope. However, upon reaching this world, he was disillusioned as everything unfolded differently from his expectations.

Gu Changge’s apparent “weakness” proved merely a facade, and the current Gu Changge might also be a deceptive guise. The Immortal Emperor harbored an even more chilling suspicion – that the genuine Gu Changge was not present before his eyes. It might be nothing more than a reflection body, a disturbing revelation.

Gu Changge had ascended to a level beyond the Immortal Emperor’s comprehension or anticipation. After attaining the Immortal Emperor realm, he understood that a path called detachment existed in the subsequent stages.

Detachment was the key to true freedom and immortality, allowing one to condense the status of Great Luo. In this context, Great Luo signified immeasurability, boundlessness, and the capacity to accommodate all beings.

While Dao was boundless and Da Luo was limitless, there was still a limit. In a sense, Da Luo had transcended freedom and eternity, consolidating its own Dao and becoming the singular entity throughout all heavens and ages, encompassing every timeline.

Regardless of the era, as long as there was a body, it represented the true self, unique and exclusive to that particular self.

Gu Changge had already shattered his detached body before the forbidden era. Otherwise, entering reincarnation and rebuilding would have been impossible. Without the destruction of the independent body, there would be no need for reconstruction. Every life embodied the true self, spanning past, future, and present.

Yet, the perplexing question lingered: why, in all ages, couldn’t the Immortal Emperor find Gu Changge’s figure?

Gu Changge before his eyes was not even an Immortal Emperor.

“It seems you truly understand me well, or you have meticulously studied me and arrived fully prepared,” Gu Changge remarked, smiling casually as he observed the immortal emperor’s changing expression.

“Have you been to this world before and gained insight into everything in advance?”

Gu Changge had a rough idea about the origin of this Immortal Emperor.

“I made a mistake. I didn’t anticipate that the mastermind from ages ago had an origin beyond my imagination.”

A terrible chaotic light emanated from the immortal emperor’s eyes, and the time around his natural body began to distort, breaking apart and collapsing.

Uttering these words subjected him to overwhelming karma, causing bleeding from his mouth and nose.

He stood on the brink of collapse, about to dissipate in the current world, finding it difficult to sustain himself. At his level, every action could trigger remarkable changes. Considering he hailed from the future, every word he spoke had the potential to reset the world, reshuffling everything in the future.

“The big black hand from ages past? The great black hand from ten thousand ages ago?”

Gu Changge slightly smiled, dismissing the title without concern. The existence of his true self had long been anchored at the culmination of all tangible and intangible things for the residents of the infinite heavens.

This endpoint symbolized the conclusion of the concept, akin to the end of the Dao-building expert itself. Alternatively, it could be interpreted that the idea of Dao originated from the existence of his true self.

The immortal emperor, however, stood silent, rejected by the entire world as his natural body crumbled. Despite veiling himself in thick fog, he couldn’t endure, and blood spewed from his mouth and nose.

The turbulent, long river of time witnessed his swift retreat until his figure vanished, and the overwhelming aura that had rendered the heavens silent receded like a retreating tide.

It was impossible, even if he desired to act now. Uttering those words had subjected him to a tremendous karmic backlash.

Gu Changge refrained from making a move, merely observing the Immortal Emperor's disappearance. Although the shattered fragments of time seemed to linger, the actual body had long vanished.

The years to come?

Gu Changge's eyes held a hint of depth. However, in the long river of time, he surveyed, no immortal emperor would be born in the future. The question lingered – from which time and space did the Immortal Emperor, who had just appeared, originate?

Chapter 904: The Son of Luck from the future, we will meet in the future

It was unrealistic for Gu Changge to deduce the origin of the Immortal Emperor. He sensed that this Immortal Emperor did not seem to come from the time and space where the Mortal World of Mountains and Seas was situated.

In the vast expanse of time and space, the long river of time extended everywhere. The long river of time that Gu Changge and others were currently in only spanned across the Mortal World of Mountains and Seas.

It was essential to acknowledge that besides the World of Mountains and Seas, there were other mortal worlds, some of which were older and more substantial than the World of Mountains and Seas.

Gu Changge needed to find out if this Immortal Emperor originated from the timeline of other time and space. Consequently, Gu Changge couldn't see through the long river of time before him, comprehending everything at its conclusion.

Since he comes from the future, it implies that in that future, this person has encountered insurmountable troubles.

As I mentioned earlier, does he aim to come to this world to confront me while I am still weak? To pacify everything?

Gu Changge's expression grew more intriguing. From a particular perspective, the arrival of this Immortal Emperor indicated that, in a specific time and space in the future, he had become the ominous figure referred to as the big black hand.

However, I believe it's more akin to a Son of Luck rising from the future, the protagonist of a particular world. We will meet again.

Gu Changge shook his head slightly. His gaze swept across the fractured universe, where the lingering aura, comparable to that of an immortal emperor, had been riddled with holes.

The chaotic energy surged towards the universe, annihilating everything in its path. Except for beings of this level, any other cultivators stepping into this realm would meet a fate of physical and spiritual demise.

Rumble!

With a sweeping motion of his sleeve, the fractured universe began to mend. The collapsed starry sky reorganized, and the shattered stars condensed once more.

Overtaken mountains, rivers, and cities were in the process of restoration. The fragmented Dao was condensed, radiating a dazzling brilliance. The scene resembled a staggering reversal of time and space, reproducing the landscape before the battle.

The lingering aura of the remaining Immortal Emperor swiftly dissipated, scattering throughout heaven and earth. In the distant foreign realm, the immortal kings observed this confusedly, unsure how to react. Old Immortal King Gu Xuan, Immortal King Ao Di, and others from the Immortal Domain also watched from a distance, hesitant to tread into this universe casually. The spectacle they witnessed was so astonishing that even they found it hard to believe.

The arrival of the four emperors, including a genuine immortal emperor from the future, left a profound impact. Such an individual could transcend ages, even causing the ancestral figures of imperial clans to bow before him.

The heavens and earth took on a scarlet hue, casting the entire universe crimson, misty and eerie. It was the lament of the Great Dao-building expert, steeped in desolation and sorrow.

This realm had once belonged to Emperor Yi, but with his demise, the imprints of life vanished. Gu Changge, through his reorganization, restored the collapsed world, bringing back the previous

scene. Sorrow touched many creatures from the foreign land, influencing them with the compassion of heaven and earth.

Tears streamed down their faces as they experienced great compassion. Even true immortals found their hearts stained with sadness, moved by the fate of the fallen quasi-immortal emperor. His tragic death involved being looted and refined by Gu Changge into a peerless medicine.

This poignant scene resonated with the Dao-building expert of the foreign land, and the blood-colored light reflected the world. King Ming and other immortal kings dared not move at this moment.

The ancestors of other imperial clans sought refuge, hiding from view and avoiding exposure. The profound impact of these events left all witnesses in awe, unwilling to confront the aftermath directly.

In the presence of Gu Changge, these immortal kings seemed as insignificant as dust. King Ming and the others remained skeptical, unwilling to believe the unfolding events. The few ancestors of the imperial clan likely feigned ignorance, choosing to stay in a deep slumber to avoid being entangled in the upheaval.

Amid the cosmic galaxy, winds whispered through, an unusual occurrence in a starry sky devoid of any breeze. The fall of Emperor Yi triggered numerous abnormal phenomena.

Boom!

A resounding boom echoed through the void as blood-colored lotuses emerged, taking root in the universe. Each blossom unfurled, showering the surroundings with a cascade of blood rain, creating a striking yet macabre spectacle. Subsequently, black lightning flashed, crimson clouds spread, and peculiar scenes manifested throughout the diverse territories of the foreign land.

Gu Changge gracefully descended from the universe to the cave where Emperor Yi had once resided. A vast chaotic atmosphere lingered, and quasi-immortal emperor-level restrictions safeguarded various treasures, ancient artifacts, and a collection of old books. Beyond these, rare treasures and even a self-contained universe formed a small world within.

Gu Changge gathered all the accumulations Emperor Yi had amassed over countless years with a sweep of his sleeves. Despite not requiring these resources for himself, figures like Yue Mingkong, Jiang Chuchu, and others behind him did.



Moreover, despite the recent establishment of the Heavenly Court, limited resources were available, and several immortal kings were still in the early stages of building their legacies. Directly searching for many immortal kings in the immortal domain could destabilize the situation, again throwing it into disarray.

Gu Changge contemplated these considerations as he shook his head lightly.

With Emperor Yi's demise, Gu Changge naturally claimed all the amassed resources for himself. As Gu Changge mused aloud, seemingly addressing himself, King Ming and the other immortal kings in the distance trembled.

Some bravely voiced their willingness to surrender the treasures they had accumulated over many eras and wanted to join the Heavenly Court. No one wanted to risk their lives in these uncertain times. Reflecting on the situation, they saw parallels with the Immortal Domain's cooperation with Gu Changge, which had ultimately proven beneficial.

The initiative taken by the foreign land's immortal kings prompted a cascade of others expressing their willingness to submit to the Heavenly Court and serve Gu Changge. Unfazed by their sentiments, Gu Changge demanded they hand over a strand of their life soul from their soul palace, granting him control over their life and death. Despite their reluctance, the immortal kings dared not voice their objections, fearing Gu Changge might change his mind. One by one, they surrendered a fragment of their souls.

In contrast, King Ming breathed a sigh of relief, feeling relaxed. Living in constant fear, he had worried that Gu Changge might arrive in the foreign land through his coordinates. Now, after relinquishing his soul, although he lost his freedom, he also shed the anxiety that plagued him.

Leaving Emperor Yi's cave, Gu Changge unleashed a vast divine sense, sweeping across the foreign realm. The heavens and earth rumbled, and even the Dao retreated in Gu Changge's imposing presence. He sought the ancestors of the remaining imperial clans in the foreign land, believing they wouldn't dare to linger in their caves after the recent events. Gu Changge suspected they might temporarily try to leave the foreign land to escape the upheaval.

"Judging from the current situation, I still need a few quasi-immortal emperors," Gu Changge remarked, his words eliciting terror from King Ming and the others trailing behind him.

In the foreign land, only one Emperor Yi had fallen, and now, Gu Changge seemed to be orchestrating another round of schemes against the ancestors of the other imperial clans.

The Immortal Kings, currently rejoicing, recognized their limitations—they were mere Immortal Kings, far from attaining the status of a Quasi-Immortal Emperor. They believed they were not yet eligible to be targeted by Gu Changge.

Even Emperor Hong managed to escape.

Even in his state of relative relief, King Ming widened his eyes in astonishment. The patriarch of the imperial clan he had sought refuge in was none other than Emperor Hong.

They had planned to exchange the imitation of the Eight Desolation Demon Halberd, but now it seemed Emperor Hong had long disappeared from the frontier. Only a dao avatar remained in the empty cave, collapsing and dissipating with the arrival of Gu Changge.

In retrospect, Emperor Hong's calm demeanor and suggestion to let nature take its course seemed ironic. King Ming couldn't help but feel wry amusement. Several other well-known ancestors of the foreign imperial clans had similarly vanished without a trace, leaving the immortal kings bewildered.

The revelation stunned all the immortal kings of the foreign realm, realizing that the ancestors of the imperial clan had anticipated these events and sought a way out from the beginning.

As quasi-immortal emperors, they knew the situation could not be changed, yet they still fought for their lives. The immortal kings naively believed that the actual imperial clan ancestors would be revived to lead them against Gu Changge. Emperor Yi had also been a pawn in the hands of the other imperial clans.

It's possible that when Emperor Yi faced this adversary, the ancestors of the imperial clans were already on alert, plotting their escape from the foreign realm.

Immortal kings exchanged glances, wry smiles reflecting in each other's eyes.

Crossing the boundless sea was much easier for the quasi-immortal emperors than for the Immortal Kings. Despite its dangers, it proved a far better alternative to remaining in the foreign land as a source of nourishment.

The beings of the immortal domain had anticipated a catastrophic battle with the foreign land, expecting a sweeping conflict that would affect countless creatures. However, everything concluded abruptly. The foreign realm surrendered, and all the immortal kings submitted to Gu Changge. The fall of an ancestor from a foreign imperial clan marked the unexpected and swift end to what was once thought to be an impending cataclysm.

The ancestors of the remaining imperial clans had successfully evacuated with their clan members, leaving the foreign realm ownerless. The news of this battle reverberated through the mouths of several immortal kings in the Immortal Domain, causing shockwaves and stirring discussions.

Gu Changge's absolute strength left everyone in awe, with the impact reaching the quasi-immortal emperor level, spanning the heavens and myriad domains, and even alerting a future immortal emperor.

The fall of a quasi-immortal emperor had profound implications, and mentioning Gu Changge as the "black hand of immortality" sparked further speculation about the future after ten thousand ages.

In the aftermath, blood-colored lightning and rain of blood marked the landscape, casting a sense of trepidation upon the Immortal Domain.

Gu Changge spent the subsequent years contemplating reuniting the Immortal Domain and the Foreign land for the sake of the world of mountains and seas. However, the long separation between the two realms and their incompatible laws presented significant challenges, surpassing even the exclusion of the upper realm from the Eight Desolations and Ten Regions.

During this period, Gu Changge became aware of a mysterious occurrence reported by other immortal kings, including King Luo.

Numerous subordinates had inexplicably gone missing, and efforts to deduce their whereabouts proved futile. Gu Changge suspected that these subordinates might have entered a particular place.

Upon investigation, King Luo confirmed the disappearances and explained, "A few years ago, such incidents began to occur. Initially, I didn't pay much attention, but the situation has escalated recently. After joint efforts with other immortal kings, we noticed a clue. The last aura of those who vanished still lingers within the Immortal Domain. However, some formation or restriction conceals the secret and aura, making it undecipherable even for Immortal Kings. We speculate that there are

small worlds hidden in certain places within the current Immortal Domain, possibly not limited to the rumored Nine Heavens.”

Gu Changge raised an eyebrow at the mention of Nine Heavens, prompting further discussion on the mysterious disappearances within the Immortal Domain.

Gu Changge’s eyes took on a mysterious glint as he recalled a fortuitous encounter with a specific individual named Qin Wuya.

This senior brother, hailing from the forbidden era, had unintentionally ended up in Nine Heavens due to unforeseen circumstances. Spending hundreds of years within, his essence eventually became encased in origin, forming an origin stone later unearthed at the True Immortal Academy.

Upon delving into Qin Wuya’s memories, Gu Changge discovered that Nine Heavens was where his stay had been limited to the periphery.

Qin Wuya remained unaware of the comprehensive panorama of Nine Heavens. As fragments of his memory returned, Gu Changge discerned the location of this enigmatic realm.

People worldwide had long yearned for Nine Heavens, but it harbored traps and graveyards and served as the abode of the deceased.

The name “Nine Heavens” derived from the Nine Heavens, resembling a stacked pyramid where each heaven was adjacent to the next, totaling nine. Each of these heavens was a genuine “Heaven,” harkening back to the “Heaven” that had been crusaded against in the celestial battle.

Chapter 905: Maybe she is preparing something, a hope for all of us

The origin of the Nine Heavens, in essence, preceded even the existence of the mortal world of mountains and seas. Initially known as the heavenly tomb, it functioned as a celestial burial ground.

True “heaven” could not be extinguished. Therefore, the entities interred in Nine Heavens were akin to a distinct species, each with diverse origins.

These celestial beings might ascend to become the embodiment of heaven through sheer strength. Alternatively, after an extended period, they could spontaneously acquire wisdom.

Some could be tainted by high-level substances, giving rise to spiritual wisdom, complete with senses and emotions resembling living beings. Yet another possibility was the introduction of life by a higher power, making them its subordinates.

The actual “heavens and myriad domains” seemed like an omnipotent powerhouse, culminating in profound laws, uniting all timelines, and achieving self-unification. It projected its influence across countless worlds, mirroring endless years and rivers of time.

These billions of “heavens” were essentially identical shadows cast by the actual “heaven.” The authentic “heaven” resided in the original world, governed by the genuine progenitor.

“Nine Heavens exist not only in the world of mountains and seas but also in other realms, the nine days... The Nine Heavens in the Realm of Mountains and Seas is just one of them,” Gu Changge explained with a slight shake of his head.

However, pondering Nine Heavens led him to contemplate a grand scheme of his own, one with an extensive timeline, intricate design, and implications so profound that even the world of mountains and seas appeared somewhat trivial in comparison.

“Since we can’t pinpoint the whereabouts of the Immortal Palace survivors, we should search all suspicious locations,” Gu Changge declared, shifting the focus away from the matter of the Immortal Palace survivors, which, in truth, held lesser importance.

Gu Changge’s primary objective was to locate Qing Yi. As the true spirit of the natural world of mountains and seas, her presence signified the sustained prosperity of their realm. If she were to vanish, it could lead to a swift depletion and decline of their world, potentially even before the arrival of the third calamity.

The perplexity for Gu Changge lay in the fact that Qing Yi, who left the upper realm centuries ago, had seemingly disappeared over the intervening years. Despite his attempts at deduction, there were no traces or auras of her in the immortal domain. Gu Changge wondered if she had lost her true spirit and wholly faded from existence.

In light of this, he contemplated abandoning the world of mountains and seas and choosing another reality. A world where the true spirit had entirely dissipated held no practical value for Gu Changge and would only result in wasted time.

Although the vest of the demon lord finally stirred after a prolonged period, Gu Changge remained uncertain whether Qing Yi was deliberately concealing herself. He expected her to reveal herself if she was aware of his presence in the Immortal Domain.

Throughout countless epochs, the Immortal Palace had once ruled the Realm of Mountains and Seas. Now, after numerous epochs, Qing Yi had established forces to govern it, a plan they had agreed upon in advance. The primary motive behind this arrangement was to avert disaster during the second calamity measurement.

The demon lord's action in collapsing the heavens and the real world of mountains and seas eliminated the need for a significant reckoning. In return, the demon lord's vest was "accidentally" noticed by a specific true ancestor in the primordial world, who sought to erase it.

Qing Yi played a crucial role in helping the demon lord retain a vital fragment of the true soul during this process. This fragment was then sent to the land of reincarnation, where it underwent reincarnation, leading to the creation of Gu Changge's present life.

All these plans seamlessly led to the establishment of the enigmatic vest of the demon lord.

In that case, Qing Yi might also be in the land of reincarnation, perhaps preparing something.

Gu Changge speculated suddenly. However, finding the land of reincarnation in the real world of mountains and seas, hidden deeply by Qing Yi, posed a challenging task.

As Gu Changge prepared to issue orders, all the immortal kings in the Immortal Domain promptly deployed large numbers of individuals to search the area where the cultivators had disappeared.

After a thorough search across the universe, the target was eventually narrowed down to a specific star field. However, locating the entrance to the deliberately concealed small world within this vast star field was challenging.

"If that's the case, then destroy those star fields. I don't believe they haven't come out yet," Gu Changge responded dismissively to King Luo's and others' reports. The collapse and demise of these star fields held little significance for him.

In the expansive immortal domain, countless star fields naturally perished daily.

“Yes, but should we evacuate the creatures in the star field in advance?”

King Luo inquired anxiously. Many of these star fields belonged to the immortal kings there.

Gu Changge, however, calmly suggested their destruction, showing no inclination to expend too much time on the matter. Despite being an immortal king, he acknowledged the vast difference in status between himself and ordinary creatures. Nonetheless, deciding the fate of a star field involving millions of living beings took a lot of work.

If they wish to move out, they can do so. If not, they’ll face ruin. Time is of the essence, and I don’t want to waste extra time on such matters.

Gu Changge murmured. If he couldn’t locate the survivors of the immortal palace, he would swiftly prioritize the land of reincarnation.

In the Floating Realm territory, a tall, heroic woman stood atop the high platform of the City of No Return, observing the gradually thinning and dimming light curtain in the distance. Draped in a fiery red war robe that billowed in the wind, she exuded a commanding presence.

Her furrowed brows betrayed the sadness on her face as the light curtain approached complete extinction. The imminent exposure of the City of No Return to the Immortal Domain meant confronting numerous immortal kings and the formidable devil that instilled fear in everyone.

While the city could escape before the light curtain vanished, the countless creatures in the Floating Realm couldn’t. Despite the city’s size, it couldn’t accommodate the entire population. After lengthy discussions with the old city lord and many elders, a unanimous decision was reached to stay and face the impending challenges.

“At most, half a year before the curtain is extinguished. Immortal Domain creatures are already searching, likely indicating that Immortal Kings have sensed the Floating Realm’s presence,” remarked an old man in a gray robe with a tortoise-like face and numerous scales, standing beside Cen Shuang.

Observing the distant screen, the older man sighed, expressing a complex mix of emotions. Cen Shuang turned her gaze towards him, seeking his thoughts.

“As the old turtle sees it, is the Floating Realm on the brink of destruction?” she inquired.

Withdrawn from the screen, the older man, one of the genuine immortal kings among the City of No Return’s elders, pondered the question. Some time ago, they attempted an attack on Gu Changge by using ancient bones to reflect the dao avatars of several immortal kings and assaulting the Moon King Palace.

Back then, Gui Lao had overseen the altar formation from a distance without making an appearance. However, the ancient bones used in the attack were irreparably shattered, causing significant loss to the City of No Return’s heritage.

“With one of the foreign lands imperial clan ancestors dead, what power does the Floating Realm have to resist all of this?” Gui Lao responded with a wry smile, expressing a deep sense of powerlessness.

Cen Shuang fell into a sudden silence. Despite diligent practice, she still needed to reach the Immortal King’s threshold. Even if she achieved that status before the curtain was extinguished, it would likely be insufficient to alter the impending fate.

“Do you want to use what your father left behind? But what change can be brought about with this?” Cen Shuang couldn’t help but feel a tinge of despair.

During this period, the Cangming Realm also witnessed significant changes with the emergence of numerous demons. The City of No Return’s great commanders were engaged in battles with the demons in the land of Biyou. Strange mist emanated from the cracks, threatening those with weaker cultivation bases.

“Didn’t Qing Feng leave the City of No Return for the outside world? Perhaps he can find a solution. I recall that the city lord had shared many things with Qing Feng,” suggested Gui Lao, his posture reflecting the weight of his age and the helplessness on his face.

Hearing this, Cen Shuang felt a glimmer of hope. The old city lord had mentioned Qing Feng’s unique background, hinting at a potential source of significant support.

The sea of no return at the base was home to ancient ferocious beasts, some beyond the Immortal King’s prowess and potential threats. No one knew the sea’s end, and when Qing Feng was discovered on its shores, he displayed no injuries.



From the sea's distant end, where he had wandered for an unknown number of years, he had drifted to the City of No Return, his past forgotten. Despite the uncertainties, his innate fighting instincts and rapid mastery of divine powers and spells marked him as an exceptional genius.

"Indeed, perhaps Senior Brother Qing Feng will bring us hope. We await his return," Cen Shuang nodded, anticipation evident in her eyes.

Rumble!

Suddenly, a rumble echoed from the far end, causing the dim curtain to shake violently. It seemed as though a formidable earthquake had struck outside, making the already faint brilliance appear even more ominous, as if on the verge of vanishing. All the Floating Realm's creatures sensed the sky's trembling and focused on the disturbance.

Chapter 906: The final choice of the City of No Return must be the order of the big Devil

What's happening?

The expressions of Gui Lao and Cen Shuang shifted dramatically. They leaped into the air simultaneously, departing from the elevated platform of the City of No Return to gaze into the distance.

The sky quivered like a terrible force descending from a distant place, attempting to eradicate this realm. Ripples spread layer by layer like water waves, yet they carried an incredibly menacing power sufficient to obliterate everything.

Even with the protective curtain, they witnessed the astonishing scene unfold. A crimson flame descended from the depths of the universe like a meteor. Big stars followed suit, plummeting and igniting into blazing flames, as if the entire heavens were withering and the whole universe was collapsing.

All living beings in this universe would be interred, returning to the ruins and buried together. One terrifying star crashed directly onto the large formation outside the Floating Realm, generating endless ripples, with cracks appearing in some places.

The original robust formation outside the Floating Realm, already delicate, could dim any moment. It grew increasingly unstable, accompanied by continuous clicking sounds, resembling a mirror surface on the verge of shattering.

The entire Floating Realm quaked, experiencing multiple tremors. Mountains quivered, and dust billowed into the sky. Many ancient trees shattered under this onslaught.

Further away, numerous ancient savage beasts gazed up in horror and anxiety. The majestic sacred mountain beside them collapsed with a bang, transforming into smoke and dust that filled the sky.

What's going on?

“Could this be an invasion by foreign enemies?”

All the cultivators and creatures in the City of No Return swiftly comprehended the situation, intending to ascend to the skies.

However, the entirety of the Floating Realm was in upheaval, causing numerous individuals to plummet from the sky. Even flying became unstable amidst the chaos.

Rumble!

The external realm appeared to be descending into chaos, with countless cracks spreading and engulfing the world. In response, all creatures and cultivators in the City of No Return received orders to converge on the central main city.

The ancient bell, typically reserved for large-scale demon invasions, echoed through the air, reaching every corner. Meanwhile, in the distant land of Biyou. City's soldiers and leaders engaged in battle with numerous demons. With alarmed expressions, they hastily made their way back to the city.

However, the violent upheaval of the Floating Realm intensified the devilish energy emanating from the Cangming Territory. New space cracks emerged in some locations, releasing a vast surge of demonic energy and unleashing a horde of demons. Some posed a significant challenge even to real immortals due to their spiritual wisdom and formidable strength.

A magnificent high platform stood in the heart of the central city. Under a lingering sun and amid surging energy, the core origin of demons, obtained from years of hunting, lay deep within. This core sustained the city's operation and the Floating Realm's formation, but its current resources needed to be improved.

The old city lord, weakened and unable to open his eyes, insisted on being brought out. Accompanying him were several elders, each an immortal king. Among them were figures who had survived the Forbidden Era, their seniority and experience making them formidable.

In the past, they had remained dormant to suppress their auras. However, the current circumstances forced them to awaken.

Cen Shuang, alongside Granny Yao and Gui Lao, wore a serious expression. Their gaze fixed on the distant curtain. Each tremor of the curtain heightened the tension, and the uncertainty of how much more shock it could endure loomed over them.

Beneath the high platform, many cultivators and creatures from the city gathered, anxiously awaiting the elders' decisions. In the distance, several ancient beasts at the level of the Immortal King, inhabitants of the neighboring barren land, observed the scene. They maintained a peaceful coexistence with the City of No Return for many epochs.

Gui Lao, the respected elder, addressed the crowd with a voice that, though quiet, reached every ear. The previously bustling central city fell silent as residents looked on, anticipating the elders' guidance. Gui Lao, known for handling many aspects of daily life, was especially revered in the absence of the old city lord, whose vitality was waning.

Gui Lao's words carried weight, "Judging from the current situation, the large formation outside the Floating Realm can't last long." The gravity of his statement settled over the onlookers.

He continued, "All of us must prepare for the worst. Once the Floating Realm is exposed, we, as descendants of the Immortal Palace, cannot escape extermination. The Immortal King from the outside world is searching for the location of the Floating Realm and has already destroyed the star field outside, trying to force us to reveal ourselves."

He further explained, "Now that the star field outside is collapsing, if the Floating Realm doesn't take action, the entire Floating Realm will be buried in chaos. Along with those destroyed star fields, it will return to the ruins and perish together."

“While it is fortunate that the outside world hasn’t truly discovered the location of the Floating Realm,” Old Turtle added, his gaze heavy.

“We have seen glimpses of their intentions. The Immortal King from the Immortal Domain has dismantled the surrounding Star Domains, aiming to unveil those hidden within the Floating Realm.”

This ruthless act could only be described as cruel. The destruction of the star fields meant the annihilation of any other creatures residing there, condemning them to the same fate.

“At first, they wiped out my Immortal Palace lineage, and now they aren’t satisfied; they want to eradicate every last trace?”

“Fight back with everything you have!”

Gui Lao’s words stirred a wave of resentment among the crowd below. Many gritted their teeth, their ancestors having deep connections with the Immortal Palace, some former officials or generals.

The glorious days of the Immortal Palace, ruling the heavens and being revered by thousands, had now given way to hiding like mice in the gutter. The prospect of the Floating Realm, their refuge, being destroyed fueled a deep-seated hatred, with many yearning to confront their ancient enemies.

Cen Shuang observed the collective resentment below, a tinge of sorrow on her face. As the heir of the Ancient Immortal Star-Lord, she couldn’t shield the former subjects from their impending fate. Forced to hide and prolong their lives, she felt a deep sense of powerlessness.

“The curtain protecting the Floating Realm won’t endure for much longer. Our only chance is to leave the Floating Realm with the City of No Return.”

“But what about the creatures outside the City of No Return?”

Gui Lao sighed, leaving the unsaid consequences hanging in the air.

The City of No Return could only accommodate some, implying that some had to stay behind. The implications of such a decision were clear to everyone, prompting a somber silence in the central city.

This was their homeland, where former friends lay buried in distant mountains. Leaving their roots and risking death, or staying behind and awaiting demise — the choice was agonizing.

“Some must leave, and the legacy must continue,” Gui Lao declared.

“I’ll give everyone three days to decide. After that, the City of No Return will leave the Floating Realm, regardless.”

The old turtle’s sadness was evident in his eyes. With no other choice, who would willingly distance themselves so far from their homeland?

As the central city succumbed to a heavy silence and deep sorrow, the sky outside trembled again. A colossal hand descended, stars falling in its wake.

An Unrivaled Immortal King attacking, executing the destruction of the star field through supreme methods.

“This must be an order from that vile devil...”

Cen Shuang spoke through gritted teeth, her eyes ablaze with hatred.

Chapter 907: Not seeing her every day is like three autumns; you can call me the grave keeper

Beyond the shattered star field, an indifferent Immortal King stood. His colossal form enveloping the universe, eyes gleaming like brilliant suns. His massive hand descended, obliterating stars that cascaded down like flowing fire toward the earth below.

Rivers broke, evaporated by vast spiritual energy. Lands disintegrated, and sacred mountains crumbled. Once-thriving planets were reduced to desolation and evacuated overnight as people fled their homes and abandoned their homeland.

Under the Immortal King’s majesty, the starry sky shattered, leaving nothing in its wake. In a distant place, another Immortal King unleashed ruthless attacks, suppressing Daoism and collapsing the universe.

Following Gu Changge's orders, they sought to force the survivors of the Immortal Palace to reveal themselves.

For ordinary creatures, this was an impending catastrophe. The unwavering determination of the Immortal King left no room for negotiation. With a mere gesture, a universe could be erased.

During this time, terrifying disaster scenes unfolded in the star fields, casting reflections in the immortal sky. Cultivators and creatures in the distant universe trembled, fearing the impending repercussions.

In the Immortal Domain, at the Wang family residence, Ni Chen, who occupied Wang Wushang's body, contemplated the unfolding events. His eyes flickered with understanding as he sat cross-legged in a cave, radiating a seven-colored light.

"It appears to be an effort to force the remnants of the former Immortal Palace to reveal themselves. Even the two Immortal Kings of the Palace have set out. This signals a major event," he remarked.

Rising from his meditation, an old true immortal stood respectfully outside the cave.

However, upon closer inspection, one would notice that the expression in his eyes remained astonishingly indifferent, devoid of any discernible emotion. During this period, Ni Chen, utilizing the talents of the Underworld clan and aided by the heroic spirits of the ancestors, successfully apprehended several true immortals within the palace.

In the current palace, aside from the two immortal king ancestors and a few formidable beings approaching the quasi-immortal king level, no one threatened his safety.

Moreover, Ni Chen had relocated his starry sky incarnation to the Wang family's territory, gradually asserting control over this starfield. According to his plan, the entire palace would be under his dominion within ten years.

"It's time to descend to the lower realm to meet Miss Ziji," Ni Chen contemplated.

The only person he remembered was Wang Ziji, who had been dedicated to Gu Changge by two immortal kings of the Wang family. There had been no news of her since then, causing Ni Chen considerable worry.

After capturing several real immortals in the palace, he discovered a clue. Wang Ziji seemed to have known Gu Changge for a long time. This realization prompted Ni Chen to plan a visit to the lower realm.

As the second person he missed deeply, Wang Ziji possessed an inexplicable aura that even Ni Chen found challenging to articulate. Her absence had left him longing, and he began contemplating the plan to reunite with her.

Not seeing each other for a day felt like three autumns, and he pondered the length of time since their last meeting.

If I go to the upper realm, true immortals will be bound by rules, and the odds are slim. In the lower realm, however, it should be more than sufficient. I don't need to worry about that.

Ni Chen rose from his contemplations and departed from the cave, issuing orders to descend to the lower realm, announcing his intention to visit the upper boundary. Given his esteemed status, none in the clan would dare to disobey him, as the Immortal King's ancestors highly valued him.

The palace swiftly arranged a boundary-breaking chariot, transporting Ni Chen directly to the upper boundary. A true immortal accompanied him, ostensibly for protection, but in reality, this real immortal had long been taken over by Ni Chen, serving as an incarnation puppet.

Simultaneously, after leaving the Floating Realm, Qing Feng pursued the clues that led him to the Nine Heavens. He stood atop a mountain, silently observing a chessboard before him.

A middle-aged man in white sat cross-legged, calmly contemplating the chess pieces before him. His expression exuded a detached calmness, transcending worldly concerns. A mysterious aura enveloped him as if surrounded by billions of stars, evoking boundless immortal spirits—a true ancient immortal.

The surroundings resembled a magnificent mountain range, akin to the paradise envisioned by the world. Energy surged, chaos pervaded the atmosphere, and the soil glowed, nurtured by the mother energy of chaos. Fragrant immortal medicines swayed, and the landscape featured towering purple rocks, smooth cliff walls, verdant grass, and flourishing ginseng.

A lone Qilin rested under a bluestone, silver mane hanging down, steam rising, and spirit birds soaring. This legendary realm was the Nine Heavens, a place sought and yearned for by countless beings draped in endless immortal intent.

Qing Feng arrived at this sacred location after being carried by an old white turtle resembling Xuanwu and guided by a Daoist boy with red lips and white teeth.

Although appearing young, the Daoist boy exuded an aura of age and wisdom, with eyes reflecting the weight of time.

The middle-aged man in white, acknowledged as “master” by the Daoist boy, had seemingly remained engrossed in the chessboard since Qing Feng’s arrival, unmoved even when addressed.

Frustration welled within Qing Feng, yearning to convey that he had discovered the Nine Heavens’ location and a potential means to save the Floating Realm.

As impatience peaked, the middle-aged man in white shifted his attention away from the chessboard, acknowledging Qing Feng’s presence. Before Qing Feng could utter a word, the man’s deep gaze enveloped him as if unraveling every secret within.

Aware of the scrutiny, Qing Feng respectfully inquired, “I already know your origin. As the only person who has truly stepped into the Nine Heavens in so many eras, there is something about you that makes me curious.”

The man’s flat tone carried an underlying depth, prompting Qing Feng to concentrate and address him respectfully, “I don’t know how to call the senior?”

Prompted by a smile from the man, Qing Feng awaited his response.

“What do you call me?”

“You can call me Gravekeeper,” the middle-aged man in white replied with a light smile.

Chapter 908: Eternal Daoist Monarch who buried the battlefield of the heavens and ruled the nine heavens



Grave keeper?

Those three words reverberated in Qing Feng's ears, sending shivers down his spine.

As soon as the middle-aged man in white finished speaking, Qing Feng witnessed a colossal ancient battlefield materializing behind him. It stretched higher than the sky, more comprehensive than the sum of infinite universes.

The scene was gruesome, with the sky raining blood, black winds rising from the ground, and a golden giant engaging in a fierce battle against a terrifying adversary in the sky.

As the thick fog rolled in, a massive black hand descended, covered in frightening scales, brutally ending the golden giant's existence. The explosion of golden blood and the universe's collapse painted a vivid picture of destruction.

Amid this grand and ancient battlefield, living beings appeared minuscule, while the black mist at the world's edge hinted at the presence of unimaginable entities observing the carnage.

Countless corpses rained down, hitting the ground like a heavy downpour. The chaotic and fragmented world showcased universes reduced to dilapidated battlefields.

The middle-aged man in white remarked, "You can see these. It seems you can find Nine Heavens because there is a cause and effect here. I seem to see your origin, but I don't seem to see it. It's really strange."

The man's light smile suggested he observed the shocking scenes reflected in Qing Feng's pupils.

Bewildered, Qing Feng asked, "What's this?" The battle triggered a sense of déjà vu as if he had experienced it before.

"This was once a war against heaven."

The middle-aged man in white looked elegant, yet his eyes held the weight of countless ages.

Fighting the heavens?

Qing Feng repeated these four words in a mutter, the shocking scene replaying in his mind.

“That’s right, a battle against the heavens. The individuals buried here are those who perished in that celestial conflict.”

“There are immortal emperors, supreme powers encompassing heaven and earth, and colossal giants who scorn eternity and defy the ages. In short, you can find all kinds of ancient powerhouses’ graves here.”

The middle-aged man in white shook his head with a wry smile.

“Isn’t Nine Heavens the birthplace of immortals in the legend? How could it be a tomb?”

When Qing Feng heard this, he was utterly stunned again, finding it hard to believe. The old city lord’s words had led him to the Nine Heavens in search of a way to rescue the Floating Realm. Now, he was told it was simply a tomb.

“Don’t worry, I’m not finished yet.”

Sensing Qing Feng’s confusion, the middle-aged man in white shook his head and continued, “I understand that people come to the Nine Heavens in pursuit of immortal secrets.”

“And you, coming to the Nine Heavens, probably sought a solution to the world’s salvation. The outside world where you currently reside is likely facing some kind of catastrophe.”

“Your ancestor came to the Nine Heavens for a reason and left a message. You came here following his trail.”

Hearing this, Qing Feng was once again taken aback. While some details didn’t align perfectly, the general idea made sense. Before the Immortal Palace, many ancestors had indeed left records of their journeys to the Nine Heavens. His reason for coming here was the imminent crisis facing the Floating Realm.

The middle-aged man in white didn’t seem surprised by Qing Feng’s reaction. He spoke with a faint smile, “Over countless years, there have been quite a few outsiders like you who have sought Nine Heavens.”

Although Qing Feng might be the only one from his era who had ventured to the Nine Heavens, many others had followed various clues. Nine Heavens wasn't forbidden for outsiders, and an old turtle at the border facilitated the passage between the Nine Heavens and the outside world.

"In that case, senior, did you mean to say that the Nine Heavens is merely a cemetery? Are you the grave keeper?"

Qing Feng had numerous questions, but finding the ancestors of the Immortal Palace was his top priority.

He respectfully cupped his hands and continued, "Honestly, senior, I am here to seek you out. The homeland of our ancestors is currently facing a catastrophe. Only by locating you do we stand a chance of saving our homeland."

The middle-aged man in white smiled lightly and responded, "There is no issue with that. Anyone seeking entry into the Nine Heavens must obtain my consent, as I am the grave keeper."

"But the Nine Heavens is vast and boundless, with each heaven being distinct and separate. They overlap like the levels of a tower. Which specific heaven are you trying to find your ancestor in?"

Qing Feng was utterly astonished, as he had been unaware of these divisions within the Nine Heavens. Although the old white turtle had mentioned that the Nine Heavens consisted of nine different realms, Qing Feng hadn't given it much thought until now.

In this scenario, how long would it take him to locate his ancestors from the Immortal Palace's past?

The Floating Realm might already be on the brink of destruction when he found them.

"And how can you be sure that they will attend to these matters even after finding your former ancestors? What if your predecessors are also deceased?"

Having encountered individuals like Qing Feng searching for their ancestors before, the middle-aged man in white shook his head, his attention returning to the chessboard.

He sensed something distinctive about Qing Feng, different from those who had ventured to the Nine Heavens, prompting him to share more.

“Each level of the Nine Heavens has a designated master. If you are unwilling to abandon your quest, you can inquire with them. I observe that you’ve nearly touched the realm of the Immortal King, making you a respectable cultivator. Those individuals should accord you some respect.”

“However, the Heavenly Sect, a Daoist sect led by the Immortal Daoist Monarch, currently presides over the Nine Heavens. If you find this complicated, you may approach him directly, provided you can traverse the Ninth Heavens and reach the highest level.”

With these words spoken, the middle-aged man in white swiftly flicked his sleeves, shrouding Qing Feng in a thick fog and instantly transporting him to a different mountain range. The strength displayed astonished Qing Feng. It was mysterious and unpredictable. Even with his connection to the level of the Immortal King, he couldn’t detect any anomalies.

Standing on the new mountain range, he gained a panoramic view of the land. Vast continents floated in the air, surrounded by clouds and mist, with immortal light surging—a place for seeking immortality beyond the mundane world.

At the highest point of the Nine Heavens, a majestic palace stood in the vast cloud realm. A figure in Daoist robes, his countenance deep as if immersed in boundless chaotic mist, sat within. His eyes contained myriad heavens and horrifying visions, followed by moments of silence, resembling an endless abyss that could induce tremors.

Below him, several figures knelt, reporting an incident.

“Reporting to Daoist, the master of the Boundary Hall Palace in the Yanyang Realm appears to have failed during the eighth decline, suffering a significant backlash. The Dao fruit shattered, leading to internal turmoil in the Boundary Hall Palace, with several vice hall masters also stirring.”

Chapter 909: Nine Decays on the Road to Transcendence, the Demon Lord descends

This palace hung high in the void, exuding incomparable magnificence as if overseeing the endless heavens. The figure seated there was even more awe-inspiring, with scenes of birth and death reflected in his eyes, reminiscent of the changing ancient era.

Adorned with a Daoist robe, countless laws and orders intertwined on the fabric, and the Dao itself flickered like a waterfall of Daoism, exerting dominance over the world.

He was the true ruler of the Nine Heavens—Immortal Daoist—sitting atop his celestial throne. “Immortal Monarch” was both his Dao and the world’s names, emphasizing his lofty and terrifying status.

From a particular perspective, he indeed deserved the title of eternal monarch. Before the conception and birth of the natural world of mountains and seas, the Nine Heavens existed adjacent to many real worlds and enjoyed an immensely detached status.

The name of Nine Heavens spread to other real worlds as countless cultivators and souls sought its location in pursuit of immortal destinies.

In contrast, the mortal world of mountains and seas was just one among many. Upon hearing the report about the master of the Boundary Hall’s failure in the eighth decline and the ensuing turmoil, the Daoist Immortal Monarch’s deep and boundless eyes showed a ripple of emotion.

The Yan Realm, as the most potent real world within the vast expanse, boasted a truly detached figure. An independent person transcended the emperor’s realm, surviving nine declines of heaven and man without perishing.

They beat the shackles of the original realm, condensing the Dao fruit, embodying freedom and eternity—an existence unparalleled in the heavens of all ages.

Such a figure, invincible and able to rule multiple real worlds, provided shelter during calamities, enduring like the sun across the sky, reflecting the immortal heavens.

Even though he was hailed as the Daoist Immortal Monarch, he acknowledged that he was still on the journey to pursue that elusive realm. Only a few genuinely detached individuals had appeared in the past, each illuminating the existence of all living beings with their name, reaching unimaginable realms to others.

“The master of the Boundary Hall sustained severe injuries when contending for a chaotic spiritual treasure in the vastness. Despite the passing of many epochs, it seems he’s still unable to overcome that threshold. It appears he’s running out of time and intends to make a final attempt at that threshold during this critical moment. The eighth decline is a threshold that poses difficulties for all of us,” the Daoist Immortal Monarch explained.

While his voice hinted at regret, his eyes revealed a sense of detachment.

Not only was the Hall Master of the Boundary Hall facing challenges, but even as he approached the eighth decline, the Daoist Immortal Monarch himself was uncertain about successfully crossing it. In the face of the drop of heaven, they were no different from ordinary mortals.

Lifespan would be exhausted, spiritual energy depleted, the soul light extinguished, and the physical body would collapse into ruins. True immortality, apart from detachment, did not exist in this world. Moreover, the supreme original world observed everything from afar, questioning the claim of invincibility even for those who achieved detachment.

“Daoist, we have news from several deputy hall masters at the Boundary Hall. They express their intention to cooperate with us and plan to take control of the Boundary Hall after the master’s demise. We’ll have the opportunity to choose 30% of the resources from the Boundary Hall,” the figures below reported respectfully.

Are we able to select 30% of the resources from the Boundary Hall?

Upon hearing the report, the Daoist Eternal Monarch’s eyes flickered, and a passing thought crossed his mind.

He responded indifferently, “It appears that the Boundary Hall has drawn the attention of other forces in the Yang Realm. In this situation, they seek cooperation with the Nine Heavens.”

Apart from the Boundary Hall, the Yang Realm housed several other significant forces, each boasting an ancient and enduring orthodoxy. These forces, such as the Extinction Mansion, Wu Nian Mountain, and the Rebirth Cave, held backgrounds equal to the Boundary Hall. They ruled over vast universes encompassing billions of beings.

The Extinction Mansion, in particular, shared the exact origin of the Boundary Hall, tracing their lineage back to the legacy a detached figure in the Yang Realm left. However, due to various reasons, this orthodoxy eventually divided into the Extinction Palace and the Boundary Hall.

master of the Boundary Hall, were formidable figures who had survived the seven declines, standing at the pinnacle of the vast real world.

In these influential establishments, numerous strong individuals abounded, including ancient immortal emperors and immortal kings. Some had even trodden the path of detachment, surviving multiple declines. The dominance of the Yang Realm was not arbitrary. It was grounded in the profound background derived from the transcendence of the world.

However, the Yang Realm did not dare to provoke the Daoist Immortal Monarch easily, a supreme existence at the seventh stage of detachment. Moreover, each of the Nine Heavens had its ruler. The first few heavens sealed the “heaven” that fell during the battle of conquering the sky, making the masters of these heavens beings of immortal emperor status.

Countless epochs had passed, and some individuals in the Nine Heavens had successfully broken through the decline of heaven and man, embarking on the path of detachment.

Their terrible backgrounds allowed the Nine Heavens to transcend the ordinary natural world. Only the most potent realms, such as the Yang Realm and Yin Realm, could capture the attention of the Nine Heavens.

Even the once-mighty real world of mountains and seas, with numerous immortal emperors and true spirits on the path of detachment, could have garnered more interest from the Nine Heavens. In their eyes, it was still lacking.

With rulers who had survived the decline of heaven and man, the Nine Heavens remained a force to be reckoned with. The masters of the first few heavens were beings of immortal emperor status. Some have broken through the decline and pursued detachment in the present era.

With its transcendent existence, the Nine Heavens regarded most other real worlds with indifference. The only exceptions were the powerful realms like the Yang Realm and Yin Realm.

The Daoist Immortal Monarch, seated at the pinnacle of the palace, calmly closed his eyes and spoke flatly, asserting the Nine Heavens’ claim.

Thirty percent is insufficient. Additionally, the Heavenly Sect desires the Primal Chaos Treasure that was seized by the Boundary Hall’s master.

The Boundary Hall’s master and the other deputy lords had not survived beyond the fifth decline, making their attempts to retain control mere fantasy. The Extinction Mansion, another formidable force in the Yang Realm, would undoubtedly be interested.

“I understand. I will convey the message to the individuals in the Yang Realm,” responded the figures kneeling below.

They vanished swiftly, their true strength as Immortal Kings concealed, their existence overshadowed within the Nine Heavens’ hierarchy.

The entire Nine Heavens resembled a pyramid, with layered continents stacked one upon another. Crossing the distances between each heavenly layer was a formidable challenge, and ascending from the first heaven at the bottom to the Ninth Heaven was impossible for ordinary individuals.

Qing Feng found himself standing in the first heaven, amazed by the vastness of the place, yet several soldiers in immortal armor halted him outside the city gates. Despite his lack of fear towards these soldiers, Qing Feng refrained from acting rashly in this unfamiliar realm.

Fortunately, Grave Keeper, accompanying the middle-aged man in white, intervened just in time, asserting that Qing Feng was a guest personally received by their master. The soldiers at the gate then allowed him entry. However, the mysterious boy vanished before Qing Feng could express his gratitude, leaving an enigmatic aura behind.

Qing Feng entered the city with the boy’s assistance, feeling as if he had traversed countless epochs and landed in ancient times. During their time in the Nine Heavens, he flowed similarly to the outside world, with no discernible differences.

As Qing Feng embarked on his quest to locate the ancestors of the Immortal Palace, chaos unfolded outside the Floating Realm. An unrelenting wind swept the land, and stars fell like fiery projectiles from the sky. The ground ruptured, and a colossal black hand descended, causing the heavens to tremble. The once-stable Floating Realm now faced turmoil and destruction.

The outer space is in complete chaos, extending over a million miles, with nothing remaining.

The demonic energy around Cangming is intensifying, and the outer space turmoil has widened the cracks in Cangming.

Residents of the City of No Return gazed upward at the sky with a range of emotions—despair, resentment, calmness, and prayers. This scene captured the essence of all living beings confronting an impending catastrophe.



As the curtain dimmed and stars fell, a sense of impending doom enveloped the scene.

Terrifying giant hands traversed the sky, causing the earth to explode, and mountains appeared no more significant than specks of dust. The Immortal King of the Immortal Domain had located the Floating Realm and relentlessly attempted to penetrate the crack in the broken curtain.

Cen Shuang, adorned in a blood-red gown and soft armor, stood calmly in the sky above the City of No Return, wielding a long spear. Several elders from the city, emanating the pressure of the Immortal King, positioned themselves behind her, prepared to confront and combat the Immortal King once the curtain shattered.

A majestic middle-aged man, once a golden-winged roc, now stood transformed beside Cen Shuang. Accompanying him were powerful ancient beasts, including Crocodile Ancestor, all exuding an aura comparable to that of an immortal king. They silently awaited the moment when the curtain would collapse.

Initially, a plan was in place for some inhabitants of the City of No Return to evacuate after three days, leaving behind a glimmer of hope. However, the Immortal King discovered the Floating Realm's location sooner than expected.

The star fields outside were obliterated, and the unique nature of this realm could easily be discerned with exploration. Consequently, an Immortal King descended outside the protective barrier, attempting to breach the enchantment formation.

The formation's core energy within the City of No Return has depleted rapidly in the past two days. Now, it appeared dim and lifeless, displaying numerous cracks resembling spiderwebs that threatened to rupture at any moment.

It seems Qing Feng's support won't arrive in time. The barrier outside the City of No Return can hold for no more than a day at most.

Even now, it's too late to have the City of No Return escape into the void and depart from this place.

Elders shook their heads, wearing bitter expressions as they faced this seemingly inevitable outcome.

The relics left by my father in the past have yet to be used.

Even if there's no chance of success, I will make them regret not having taken a shot.

Anger and hatred etched Cen Shuang's heroic face. She clenched her silver teeth tightly, and flames emanated from her spear, infusing the atmosphere with a murderous aura.

All eyes in the City of No Return were fixed on the outside world, witnessing the giant hands descending from the sky and steadily dismantling the barrier formation.

Boom!

The sky collapsed, galaxies crumbled, the universe seemed to wail, and even the Dao-building expert trembled beneath the weight of an imposing figure. The shattered universe and star fields fell into complete silence.

The Immortal Kings, who had initiated the attack, abruptly halted, retracting their dharma bodies and transforming into streams of immortal light that descended. Outside the big screen, a slender and tall figure emerged, clad in white attire, appearing remarkably youthful. His leisurely pace gave the impression of strolling through the void.

Despite his seemingly calm demeanor, the hearts of all cultivators and creatures in the Floating Realm tightened, a sense of fear permeating them. The echo of footsteps reverberated through the universe and resonated among the heavens.

It's him.

The expressions of the other Immortal King elders underwent a drastic change, struggling to maintain the composure they had moments ago.

The devil.

Cen Shuang's pupils contracted, her teeth nearly gnashing together as she struggled to forget that face. It was the individual for whom they had left the Floating Realm, ventured outside the Moon

King Mansion, and used the actual bones of the Immortal King to entice the former heroic spirits of the Immortal Palace, attempting to spy on them.

He had arrived.

Chapter 910: Instantly disintegrating the broken curtain, I am a heinous person

In the pitch-black expanse of the universe, a vast star field lay broken and fragmented. Powerful winds swept in every direction, capable of annihilating any living beings and cultivators.

This catastrophe was terrifying and dreadful for ordinary creatures. It turned their world upside down, shattered the universe, and left no trace of life or stars.

Amidst this dilapidated sky, the Floating Realm stood out conspicuously. An invisible light curtain seemed to envelop it, creating a vacuum zone where any falling star debris would bounce away upon contact.

This peculiar scene was unmistakable. Even those ordered to destroy the surrounding star field and the cultivators who had faced nine failures on the path to transcendence recognized the presence of an Immortal King—the devil.

The truth couldn't be hidden from their discerning eyes. Immediately, a colossal hand descended, and an Immortal King relayed the situation in this place back to the Heavenly Court, informing Gu Changge.

“Greetings, my lord.”

King Luo, Xue Xiao, the Immortal King, and others materialized as divine light, descending with golden radiance beneath their feet. They respectfully bowed before Gu Changge, their reverence evident.

There is indeed an issue here.

Gu Changge stepped forth from the void, creating ripples beneath his feet. On closer inspection, the Dao-building expert of this world was beneath him, trampled underfoot, surpassing all laws. Even the laws of heaven seemed to retreat.

He gazed at the nearly transparent area before him and nodded slightly. To outsiders, it appeared unremarkable, making it impossible to discern any anomalies. Yet, in Gu Changge's eyes, the scene was crystal clear, revealing a vast world inside.

A majestic sacred mountain stood tall, emitting a lonely and ancient atmosphere, resembling an expansive continent.

This seemed like a concealed small world, but Gu Changge could sense its unusual nature. It was not a simple realm.

There is an aura of vastness within it.

Gu Changge landed in the void before him. From his vantage point, he could witness all the scenes unfolding ahead. He felt someone observing him within this small world.

The group of people who escaped from the Moon Palace back then?

Gu Changge smiled faintly, extending his hand to touch the invisible light curtain before him. Although everyone else could not see this light curtain, they all felt an overwhelming force.

At that moment, their legs weakened, the heavens and earth pressed heavily upon them, and their spines seemed on the verge of bending. The entire sky appeared to descend, carrying boundless power that crushed them. Even the Immortal Kings struggled under such pressure, nearly brought to their knees.

They were horrified, realizing that Gu Changge was exerting his force, making it seem as if the entire world was within the palm of his hand.

Crack!

A sound resembling the shattering of glass or the breaking of a sword emanated through the air. Something transparent appeared to split open in the invisible void before their eyes.

The formidable power of the heavens surged like a tide, attempting to compress and rupture it. The sky and earth echoed with thunderous roars, and the vast void collapsed.

The curtain cracked.

All the cultivators and creatures in the Floating Realm were stunned by the unfolding scene and rendered speechless. The world trembled, resembling an earthquake rumbling and shaking, as countless cracks spread.

Volcanoes erupted, lakes dried up, and auras evaporated directly. Even the combined efforts of the Immortal Kings failed to breach the formation that had safeguarded this place for countless years.

As the young man's palm descended, innumerable cracks spread like a spider web, signaling an imminent rupture.

Cen Shuang and the others wore expressions of utmost seriousness, fixated on that side. At this moment, a collective feeling of fear and helplessness overwhelmed their hearts as if confronting an unstoppable giant.

We can't stop him.

The old turtle on the high platform shook his head slightly and sighed. His originally hunched figure suddenly straightened up, a glint appearing in his cloudy old eyes. Stepping out of the city of no return, he emerged above the sky, intending to confront Gu Changge directly.

Old Turtle.

Exclamations of no return echoed the city's residents, carrying a deep sorrow. The remaining elders also bore solemn expressions. After exchanging glances, they chose to step forward, facing the impending crisis alongside Gui Lao.

The aura of Immortal Kings filled the sky, attempting to stabilize the crumbling Floating Realm. However, the number of Immortal Kings in the Floating Realm was limited. They relied on the heritage left from the Immortal Palace era. However, the divine power within those fragments of real bones had long been depleted, rendering them ineffective. Apart from Gui Lao, the other Immortal Kings were already in a state of waning strength.

Since the Forbidden Era, the town had been sealed off to alleviate the depletion of spiritual energy. However, it was still insufficient, and true immortality remained unattainable, particularly at the level of the Immortal King.

This is simply not something I can contend with.

The golden-winged roc, now in human form as a middle-aged man, shook his head and sighed, his eyes filled with fear.

Among the other ancient beasts, some possessed cultivation strength at the level of the Immortal King, but they dared not act rashly. They were well aware of the terror of the large curtain formation outside Fuyan, impervious even to the might of an Immortal King.

Despite several Immortal Kings from the outside world joining forces for days, they couldn't shatter it. Yet, under Gu Changge's seemingly effortless pressure, it crumbled completely.

This power was so terrible that it could crush all living beings beyond the reach of mere speculation. As the cultivators and creatures in the Floating Realm felt unease and trembling, the sound of cracking echoed once more from the sky.

The curtain on the brink of shattering disintegrated into a rain of light, unveiling the pitch-black starry sky above the Floating Realm. All the inhabitants could now witness the undisturbed, detached, pure land, where ancient trees stretched across the vast wilderness, and many ancient beasts roamed freely.

In the distance, a city's silhouette hung high above the sky, seemingly impervious to falling. The shock was palpable among the immortal kings, and they marveled at the strong aura emanating from this hidden transcendent place, comparable to the ancient times.

Is this one of the nine wonderlands of the Immortal Domain?

King Luo and the other immortal kings expressed their astonishment.

Gu Changge recognized this place instantly. A long time ago, there was a pure land known as Pure Immortal Mountain in the Immortal Domain. Among its features was an unparalleled wondrous root, referred to as the Nine Mysterious Roots by some or the Ninth World Mystical Root by others.

Legend had it that this root belonged to a powerhouse with an unpredictable cultivation path. He took a different route in each of his lives, surpassing the previous peak and leaving behind his Dao

fruit. The Nine Mysterious Roots represented the Dao roots left after his ninth life, as this extraordinary powerhouse aimed to undergo one rebirth for nine generations. Using an alternative method, he planned to survive the nine declines of heaven and man, ultimately leaping into transcendence.

However, the unworldly powerhouse failed during the attempt to return for the ninth time. The rootless fire ignited from the depths of his soul, reducing all of his Daoism to ashes. While nine declines represented the pinnacle of extremity in this world, attempting to break through this restriction would draw the attention of the dark forces.

Gu Changge knew about this because he witnessed the burning of this extraordinary individual in the original world. However, the “he” in question was not the current Gu Changge but the one in the actual world. No creature in this world could withstand the gaze of the original ancestor before transcending, even the supreme beings approaching the ninth decline.

After the unworldly powerhouse was incinerated, a seed was left in the black ashes – the Nine Mysterious Roots. Later, it was acquired by the owner of Pure Immortal Mountain and planted there. However, when the Nine Mysterious Roots matured, they were divided into nine pieces during a destructive lightning calamity.

Each piece transformed into a wonderland, holding various mysteries and potentially harboring the good fortune of the once-unworldly powerhouse. Rumors also suggested that the nine wonderlands were formed from the body of the once-unworldly powerhouse and that he would return someday. However, Gu Changge wasn’t interested in these rumors, and whether the powerhouse was born or not made no difference to him.

Entering the Floating Realm, Gu Changge observed several Immortal Kings approaching him. King Luo, Immortal King Xue Xiao, and others were ready to strike at the individuals before them.

“Bold,” King Luo and the others expressed their anger as they prepared for battle.

“No need,” Gu Changge waved his hand, signaling them to stop.

He spoke calmly, “I don’t want to cause unnecessary bloodshed. If you intend to destroy this place, then I don’t mind.”

The City of No Return elders, including Gui Lao, were puzzled by Gu Changge’s words.

They didn't fully understand the implications, but they didn't want to engage in a battle with several Immortal Kings. The aftermath of such a confrontation would undoubtedly devastate the vulnerable Floating Realm, now without the protection of the shattered curtain.

After all, this place was akin to a small world, and the spatial stability here was far less robust than that of the Immortal Domain. Even the Immortal Domain itself couldn't withstand the clash of Immortal King-level battles and needed to relocate to the depths of the boundless universe. Their expressions shifted, and they were reluctant to fight with Gu Changge if it could be avoided. Such a confrontation would lead to inevitable destruction.

"I don't know, Demon Lord, what is the purpose behind this action?"

Gui Lao hesitated but eventually asked, realizing that they could face death, but there were still many cultivators and beings in the Floating Realm. Gu Changge's decision to destroy this place could be carried out with just a word, and he wouldn't need to do it himself.

Gu Changge responded faintly, "I don't have any ulterior motives. I'm here to find someone."

He continued, "If I intended to ruin this place, I wouldn't need to be present. I believe you understand this."

The City of No Return elders had to acknowledge the truth in Gu Changge's words. If he wanted to destroy this place, he could do so from a distance. The location of this place was irrelevant; Gu Changge could obliterate it with a single gesture, even across multiple universes.

Gui Lao, maintaining respect in his tone, asked, "Demon Lord, who are you looking for?"

Gu Changge didn't elaborate much, maintaining his light smile. "Take me to meet the person who is communicating with you, or the most senior individual."

"The oldest person?" Gui Lao and the others' expressions changed, harboring suspicions and unease.

A vast wilderness unfolded on the border between the Floating Realm and the Immortal Realm, featuring towering ancient trees, majestic mountains, and places shrouded in purple clouds. This



environment would seem ancient to those from the Immortal Domain. Many elements showcased the style of the ancient period, including the simple clothing worn by Gui Lao and his companions, which starkly contrasted with the current era's fashion.

As they approached the city of no return, King Luo and the other Immortal Kings, witnessing it for the first time, couldn't help but be surprised. Despite the absence of visible formations around the city, it operated seamlessly, synchronizing with the celestial arrangement of stars in the sky, seeming to float in a vast sea.

This sea is quite peculiar.

And why does this place exude such a profound aura?

King Luo and the others' expressions subtly changed as they sensed that there might be numerous hidden secrets in this seemingly straightforward location.

As the city of No Return floated quietly, it became apparent that there was more to this place than met the eye. With its enigmatic operation, the town was essential for the entire area.

Why have the elders brought this demon here?

What exactly happened?

The residents of No Return were perplexed and disturbed by the unfolding scene. They were unsure why Gui Lao and the other elders had brought Gu Changge, the primary culprit behind the destruction of the curtain.

Many children sought refuge behind their parents, eyes filled with fear and apprehension. Since childhood, they had been taught that the devil, Gu Changge, destroyed their former homeland.

Now, this terrifying figure had reappeared in the world and emerged in the city of No Return. Even their parents and elders were afraid, leaving the children silent and paralyzed with fear.

A profound silence enveloped the entire City of No Return, with no one daring to utter a word. Adults covered their children's mouths, anxious about any noise they might make.

“It seems that in your eyes, I am truly a wicked person,” Gu Changge remarked with an indifferent chuckle, observing the fearful reaction of the inhabitants.