

Villain 921

Chapter 921: If there are endless opportunities, does the younger sister like good-looking young men?

“It is said that King Luo once roamed the boundless battlefield, stumbling upon an ancient scripture that ultimately led him to become an immortal king and obtain the Dao fruit. Prior to this, his talent, while commendable, had not reached the level of an immortal king seed.”

“At best, he was only renowned in a small star field. However, with the ancient scripture’s power, he ascended to become a generation of immortal kings, overseeing countless creatures.”

“Keep in mind, this tale is mere speculation from various sources, and its authenticity remains unknown. Yet, the boundless battlefield is known for providing countless opportunities. Acquiring one could be enough to undergo a rebirth and become a master.”

A group of cultivators traversed the Heavenly Passage outside the ancient city, heading towards its gates. Both men and women were among them, and despite their youthful appearances, their faces exuded an ageless brilliance. Led by an elder who shared these tales, they approached the city while discussing its possibilities.

The words stirred excitement in the young men and women, their eyes filled with anticipation. Passing through the ancient city seemed like a gateway to numerous opportunities, promising a chance for rebirth and a twist in fate.

Hailing from a specific universe in the Immortal Domain, these individuals were great disciples from a clan boasting True Immortal Realm ancestors, asserting themselves as overlords among neighboring forces.

Their visit to the ancient city explored experiences where opportunities and dangers coexisted. The boundless battlefield housed powerful beasts corrupted by evil spirits, offering a path to rapid strength through confrontations.

In the current era of the Immortal Domain, with hundreds of battles unfolding, everyone sought to seize the fate of this life, bear the imprint of the Heavenly Heart, and attain immortality.

As ordinary beings, they harbored few worries, with the overarching trends of the immortal domain having little impact on their lives.

“Wasn’t King Luo once like us, finding a supreme opportunity in the boundless battlefield that brought him to his current glory? Other immortal kings have also gained the legacies of their predecessors in this perilous place. Despite the dangers, it might be our chance.”

A young man among the group spoke with shining eyes, igniting inspiration among his companions. They envisioned a future where they would attain the Dao Fruit of the Immortal King, yearning and excited for the possibilities ahead.

In that case, I might have the opportunity to marry my junior sister.

Consumed by his aspirations, this young man made this goal the focus of his thoughts. Centered around Luo Yanxi, his heart desired a girl with quiet elegance. She was dressed in a light blue gown, her hair resembling clouds, radiating the beauty of a pure orchid. She silently followed the group, giving off a quiet, calm demeanor that captivated many eyes.

As the most talented individual of the Heavenly Ancient Sect, Luo Yanxi garnered favor from numerous elders. Even immortal realm ancestors personally bestowed Dao-building expertise upon her to accept her as a disciple once enlightened.

Her talent surpassed even the descendants of immortal king families, and she had rapidly progressed to the quasi-emperor level in just a few hundred years—an unprecedented achievement in the millions of years of the Immortal Domain. With no unforeseen events, she stood a great chance of becoming an Immortal King, guiding her Ancient Sect to glory across numerous epochs.

Observing this unfolding scene, the leading elder smiled, stroking his beard with satisfaction. Following a brief interrogation at the city gate, the group entered the ancient city, ready to explore the boundless opportunities.

To access the vast battlefield, one must traverse the ancient city—a crucial passageway for those entering and leaving the Immortal Domain. The city acted as a protective barrier, preventing even Immortal Kings from quickly crossing.

The wide ancient street accommodated giants from ancient times, flanked by towering temple buildings resembling terrifying giants. Ordinary people appeared minuscule in the presence of these colossal structures, their construction defying imagination.

Thin fog lingered in the air, and while the ancient street bustled with the figures of cultivators, it lacked liveliness, with many individuals hurrying about. Signs of collapse and the remnants of battles could be observed, hinting at the city's ancient and storied history.

This was their first visit to the ancient city for the disciples of the Heavenly Ancient Sect, and the sight left them in awe. Stalls showcased rare immortal materials, each piece shimmering and dazzling, though their prices were exorbitant. Immortal kings were said to reside in the city's depths, maintaining order and enforcing the rules.

Recently, rumors circulated that the Moon King had led a considerable force to the city and ventured deep into the vast battlefield. Whispers suggested that red clouds billowed on the other side of the boundless battlefield, drawing the attention of numerous true immortals. Speculation arose about the Moon King's involvement in the matter.

While browsing items on a street stall, a group of Heavenly Ancient Sect disciples discussed these rumors and observed the remnants of ancient battles scattered throughout the city.

The excitement and speculation about the Moon King's presence in the ancient city had piqued the interest of the Heavenly Ancient Sect disciples. They hoped to discover the rumored treasure born in the vast battlefield and were eager to try their luck.

The leading elder, aware of the rumors, stopped to listen as some cultivators whispered about the mysterious happenings in the low voices. The prospect of a treasure emerging in the vast battlefield had ignited excitement among the crowd.

The young man named Song Yunjie, who had approached junior sister Luo Yanxi enthusiastically, speculated about their potential opportunities. However, Luo Yanxi, seemingly unaffected by his words, remained silent and indifferent, not even acknowledging his presence.

Song Yunjie, feeling a bit disgruntled, followed her gaze and noticed a handsome young man in white clothes not far away. This individual moved through the ancient city with an air of detachment, occasionally stopping at a stall. Song Yunjie's jealousy surfaced as he remarked on Luo Yanxi's perceived fascination with good-looking young men.

In response, Luo Yanxi, seemingly snapping out of her thoughts, looked back at Song Yunjie and pointed out something unusual, "Didn't Senior Brother realize that the people around him seem to be unable to see him?"

Chapter 922: People in reincarnation, how long do you plan to follow me?

Luo Yanxi wore a light blue long dress, simple makeup, and cloud-like hair. She exuded a beauty untouched by the mundane, akin to a pure orchid. She observed the man in white standing beside the stall with quiet contemplation, a hint of curiosity flickering in her eyes.

The white-clad man appeared otherworldly, standing apart from the bustling crowd of cultivators and creatures. Despite the numerous onlookers, no one seemed aware of his presence. He lingered by the stall, as though appraising some broken utensils, emanating an aura distinct from the world around him.

Song Yunjie, a young man from the Heavenly Ancient Sect, finally noticed the scene upon hearing his junior sister's comment. Initially displaying a tinge of jealousy, his expression transformed into surprise. Glancing at his senior brothers, he realized they remained oblivious to the figure in white, easily overlooked by casual observers.

"Could he be a peerless expert?" Song Yunjie wondered aloud.

They say this ancient city harbors hidden talents, making even the Immortal King cautious.

He truly eludes the world's notice.

Meanwhile, the man in white, sensing their scrutinizing gazes, appeared mildly surprised. Song Yunjie, fearing offense, quickly averted his eyes. In contrast, Junior Sister Luo Yanxi remained composed, acknowledging the mysterious man with a subtle nod.

The man in white, seemingly intrigued, smiled and nodded in return. Casually, he strolled into the depths of the ancient city, moving with unhurried grace, a stark contrast to the city's somewhat somber atmosphere.

Observing this, Luo Yanxi diverted her gaze, lost in thought. Song Yunjie, unable to contain his curiosity, inquired, "Junior Sister, are you acquainted with that mysterious man? It's unusual for you to take notice."

She responded calmly, "I merely recognize him," leaving Song Yunjie intrigued. On regular occasions, Luo Yanxi maintained a nonchalant attitude towards the division's teachers and didn't show much interest.

"I don't know," Luo Yanxi replied, casting a glance at him before shaking her head.

“In that case, I don’t know you. Greeting others when you’re unaware could lead to dissatisfaction,” she added sternly, leaving Song Yunjie uneasy and perspiring.

Perceiving his anxiety, Luo Yanxi reassured him, “Don’t worry. I sensed that he poses no harm.”

With her calm assurance, she dismissed her senior brother and walked away on her own.

The members of the Heavenly Ancient Sect continued their journey deeper into the vast ancient city, planning to exit on the opposite side before nightfall and head to the boundless battlefield.

Traversing the expansive city required navigating through numerous teleportation arrays. Song Yunjie observed that the young man in white, seemingly bound for the boundless battlefield as well, shared their route.

Once again, he walked unnoticed by those around him, visible only to Song Yunjie and his younger junior sister, Luo Yanxi, for reasons unknown to him.

As the sky darkened, a gray aura enveloped the ancient city, creating an ominous atmosphere. A wide river of stars surged, exuding a powerful momentum akin to a turbulent galaxy that covered the sky and earth with its majestic presence. Fog mist resembling stars emerged at the sky’s end, encircling the ancient city.

Someone observed a figure sitting cross-legged, emitting starlight and releasing an energy wisp resembling a chaotic waterfall shooting into the sky. The Heavenly Ancient Sect members found themselves on an endless expanse of red land, where rolling yellow sand obscured the sky.

The night wind, laced with an intensified chill, cut through the air, causing many disciples to shiver involuntarily. The elder of the Heavenly Ancient Sect addressed the group solemnly, emphasizing the need for vigilance in the vast and perilous battlefield.

“As we step onto the boundless battlefield, remember, this is just the outer edge. We are still far from the location where the vision originated,” the elder cautioned.

Amidst various cultivators from across the immortal domain, some moved in groups, while others ventured alone on the desolate road.

“Junior Sister, the young man you’ve been observing seems to be gazing at the moon now,” Song Yunjie whispered as he approached Luo Yanxi.

Luo Yanxi, who had been discreetly monitoring the figure throughout the journey, acknowledged Song Yunjie’s observation. Together, they directed their attention to the expansive deep space at the end of the road.

A sizable moon hung high, seemingly supporting half the night sky. Heavenly substances floated around it, resembling misty silk slowly descending. The man in white stood beneath the moonlight, akin to an exiled immortal facing the wind, contemplating the full moon.

Ignoring Song Yunjie’s comment, Luo Yanxi gazed at the scene with a peculiar expression. Uncertain if it was her imagination, she had been closely observing the man in white, attempting to confirm a connection between them.

In the current Immortal Realm, many individuals like her had awakened memories from their past lives, preserving Dao fruits and experiencing rapid cultivation improvement.

This time, Luo Yanxi joined her clan’s disciples on the vast battlefield to retrieve the weapons she had once left there.

As she entered the city, her attention had been captivated by the enigmatic figure. His aura felt unique, ethereal yet unsettling, marking him as an unfathomable character despite his relatively young age.

In the current Immortal Domain, only those who had proven the existence of the Immortal King Dao fruit in earlier years, or reincarnated individuals like Luo Yanxi. Who had awakened memories from their past lives—could attain such formidable cultivation at a young age.

Deep in thought, Luo Yanxi noticed the distant figure in white suddenly vanish. “Is he gone?” she wondered, scanning the area multiple times to confirm his disappearance or any unusual occurrence.

Feeling a twinge of regret, she pondered whether to approach and inquire, considering the possibility of a conversation with someone from her era.

However, before she could decide, an unexpected voice resonated in her ears, causing her entire body to stiffen. A profound sense of fear overwhelmed her as if her soul were being suppressed. The young man in white, whom she had observed throughout the journey, materialized beside her without a hint of movement.

With a hint of interest on his face, Gu Changge looked at Luo Yanxi and asked, “How long do you plan to follow me?”

Chapter 923: The Quasi-Female Immortal Emperor, using these former powers as pawns

In reality, Gu Changge had already noticed the woman following him earlier. Moreover, she wasn't merely observing but scrutinizing his actions closely. After departing the upper realm, Gu Changge came to the boundless battlefield upon receiving news from the Moon King.

During his journey, he briefly paused, curious about the origins of this vast battlefield. He intended to decipher the reasons behind its formation through various clues.

The Boundless Battlefield, bordering the Boundless Sea, seemed more like an ancient battlefield unearthed by someone. Gu Changge suspected that the former Heaven-Slaying Ancient Battlefield had been relocated using formidable divine powers.

He conjectured that this maneuver aimed to resurrect powerful beings who had perished in the Battle of Heaven-Slaying. However, the numerous battlefields posed a challenge, potentially affecting multiple real worlds during actual conflicts.

It spanned across the long river of time, burying countless mighty individuals. Resurrection was only feasible if the true identity and soul of the deceased were known.

Luo Yanxi, now composed, took a deep breath and directed her gaze toward Gu Changge. She sought clarification, “You... when did you appear?”

Her certainty grew; the Gu Changge before her must be someone like her—awakened from reincarnation, possessing memories and Dao fruit from a previous life. Judging by the memory of her past life, she surmised that Gu Changge's strength rivaled the current Immortal Domain's immortal kings.

Witnessing Gu Changge's sudden appearance, the members of the Heavenly Ancient Sect were astonished. Song Yunjie, who had been attempting to converse with his younger junior sister, Luo Yanxi, couldn't help but shiver, sensing an inexplicable fear emanating from this mysterious man.

"Since when have you been following me?"

Gu Changge smiled gently. Luo Yanxi's tone wavered, realizing that her scrutiny had not gone unnoticed. With numerous fellow disciples and elders present, some matters were best left unspoken.

After briefly considering, she said, "I believe we might be similar types of individuals, perhaps sharing common interests."

The members of the Heavenly Ancient Sect were astonished by Luo Yanxi's unusual initiative. This was not the reserved little junior sister they were familiar with. Could she genuinely converse with a stranger, no matter how refined and extraordinary he appeared?

"Common interests? Are you trying to engage in conversation with me?" Gu Changge's smile persisted, seemingly impervious to changing expressions.

Luo Yanxi knew his words held no genuine interest. Discussing her origin in this setting was inappropriate. Her curiosity about Gu Changge stemmed from wanting to discern the era he awakened from. She sensed that numerous individuals like her were gradually recovering in various corners of the current immortal domain.

"I didn't mean it that way. Perhaps we can have a meaningful conversation," replied Luo Yanxi.

"If you wish to talk, I'll grant you that opportunity." Gu Changge's light smile remained, offering no further commentary. With that, he turned and proceeded toward the vast battlefield.

Luo Yanxi hesitated momentarily before following closely, disregarding the astonished and perplexed gazes of the Heavenly Ancient Sect's disciples and elders.

"Little Junior Sister..." Song Yuntian, who had always admired her, called out anxiously but refrained from pursuing.

Gu Changge emanate a daunting presence, freezing him in place as if the entire world had come crashing down, rendering movement nearly impossible.

Gu Changge continued walking, his presence undiminished. The elder of the Heavenly Ancient Sect, regaining his composure, decided to follow them cautiously, determined to safeguard Luo Yanxi.

The disciples shared an unspoken fear. Despite facing the perils of the vast battlefield, the enigmatic young man seemed more intimidating than the dangers ahead. The endless yellow sand rolled in the night wind, creating an eerie atmosphere.

The full moon hung high, casting an ethereal glow over the ancient battlefield, echoing with distant roars of unknown beasts.

Luo Yanxi trailed Gu Changge through the desolate landscape, the other disciples gradually disappearing in the distance. Hesitating, she glanced back, still concerned for her fellow sect members.

The boundless battlefield held memories of confronting formidable adversaries, leaving her weapons behind. While the Heavenly Ancient Sect might be modest, it was her sect in this lifetime, and she wished to spare them from harm.

“If you’re worried about them, why follow me?” Gu Changge’s smile vanished, and his intentional yet measured pace covered vast distances with each step. Luo Yanxi struggled to keep up.

“I just want to know what era you are from,” she finally confessed after a moment of silence. Her most profound concern was whether those who had fallen or perished could return.

Such a revelation might reunite her with loved ones from the past.

While she possessed fragments of her past Dao fruits, the mysteries shrouding Gu Changge and herself remained elusive.

Intrigued, Gu Changge responded, “Why do you assume I am not from this era?”

Luo Yanxi relied on intuition, asserting that someone like Gu Changge couldn't have been born in this era. Unperturbed, he remarked, "But it doesn't matter which era I'm from. I am more interested in the era you originally lived in."

He wore a light smile. Earlier, he had unraveled some of her past, though specific details remained veiled in the mists of time. As a nearly ascendant and quasi-immortal emperor, Luo Yanxi's life was shrouded in a fog that defied easy comprehension.

However, even beings of such exalted status could only partially elude Gu Changge's insight. The female quasi-immortal emperor's reincarnation recovery presented a unique challenge despite this. Some aspects of her origin resisted Gu Changge's attempts to unveil them.

Considering Qing Yi's involvement, Gu Changge entertained the possibility of a covert plot. Was someone manipulating events behind the scenes, utilizing these once-fallen powerhouses as pawns?

Chapter 924: I want to follow you for a while with the same purpose

Gu Changge considered the possibilities, contemplating the idea that hidden forces might be at play in the awakening of these once-fallen powerhouses. It was a sign that specific elusive figures might soon reveal themselves.

Luo Yanxi, unaware of Gu Changge's musings, perceived his interest in her origin and interpreted it as a shared nostalgia for a bygone era.

What era am I in?

She expressed her sentiments about the past.

In her view, the era she hailed from was a time of great glory, with myriad dharmas and countless figures vying for supremacy. She and others like her were pioneers, paving the way for future generations and leaving behind the inheritance of Dao-building experts. Despite the grandeur, she likened them more to adventurers exploring the Dao-building expert, providing guidance and experience for those who would follow.

Luo Yanxi continued to reminisce about her past, sharing that she woke up in the immortal domain in her current life due to reincarnation. She acknowledged the vast battlefield as a collection of ancient battlefields, each containing the remains of numerous peerless figures.

She considered herself one among them, originating from an old world distinct from the current real world of mountains and seas.

It was a vast ancient world, nurtured in the boundless expanse, though it had endured for an extended period without advancing to the level of the real world.

Daoism flourished and contended worldwide, giving rise to many influential figures. However, such beings were scarce. In the earliest days, some individuals passed down methods of practice, established the Dao system, and bequeathed their wisdom to future generations. Simultaneously, others broke through the world's confines, taking a crucial step toward seeking Dao-building expertise.

Yet, like many ancient worlds, their realm faced numerous dark attacks. A succession of crises left the world riddled with holes resembling crumpled waste paper marred by scars.

The boundless land's dark tide swept the globe, destroying countless creatures and influential individuals. Additionally, turmoil from unknown sources affected the whole universe, turning countless beings and cultivators into sacrifices buried within.

As a forerunner, Luo Yanxi repeatedly confronted the dark tide. He constructed a bank of flesh and blood on the borderlands to impede the encroaching darkness and chaos, thereby preserving peace for the world on the other side.

Sages followed suit, leaving bloody footprints on the dam, forming mountains and rivers with their bodies, gradually advancing toward the truth.

However, what lay ahead remained daunting even with proximity to the truth and understanding its essence. A majestic and terrifying figure stood at the end of the road, indifferently observing as countless sentient beings scrambled beneath their feet. Even in a battle against the heavens, no harm could be inflicted upon this figure.

Luo Yanxi recalled this desperate battle for all living beings, where former sages met their demise, and none could survive. The figure at the end of the darkness wielded one palm, causing the world to crumble and the universe to decay, with no entity capable of halting the impending cataclysm.

A trace of bitterness crossed Luo Yanxi's face as she reminisced. While her memories weren't complete, scenes of such magnitude remained exceptionally vivid. As a quasi-immortal emperor, she was on the verge of genuinely igniting the immortal emperor's light and solidifying the immortal emperor's body.

However, in the face of those terrible beings, she met her demise with a single slap, and there was no chance of survival. This demonstrated the true equality of all beings, unaffected by differences in cultivation bases.

Countless creatures and cultivators fell like rain from the world's end, densely packed and innumerable. The blood rain surged, flooding the vast universe and destroying and ceasing all ancient worlds and universes.

While many memories were blurred, the tragedy of that battle remained vivid in Luo Yanxi's mind like a memorable brand. Despite being honored as Ancestor Luo and Luo Empress by the creatures and cultivators in that world, she couldn't protect those who believed in her and the ancient world she called home.

"It's truly powerless. In such a battle, nothing can be changed. Even former sages like us become mere cannon fodder," Luo Yanxi remarked with bitterness, shaking her head slightly to snap herself back to the present.

She only realized she had spoken at length, seemingly trapped in memories. Gu Changge, standing beside her, had been quietly listening.

Since awakening her previous life's memory, these haunting images often resurfaced, yet she couldn't confide in anyone. Discovering that Gu Changge might share a similar fate prompted her to open up.

After reaching the level she had, Luo Yanxi was qualified to glimpse the truth about certain things. She understood that many ancient worlds, including her original homeland, had succumbed to invasion by darkness, being liquidated and erased in the river of time.

In her eyes, Gu Changge had suffered a parallel fate. After countless years, she awakened in a foreign world, unsure of her location and where her original home lay buried.

Only the broken weapon conveyed a faint connection in the darkness, assuring her that it wasn't a dream but an actual event. Finding someone akin to her in her solitude prompted Luo Yanxi to share her experiences with Gu Changge.

“The Battle of Heaven is indeed desperate, but it is through this despair that the eloquence of the ancestors of the myriad races is revealed,” Gu Changge remarked after observing Luo Yanxi’s narrative. He sighed as if he, too, had undergone a similar ordeal.

Although Luo Yanxi didn’t need to vocalize her story, Gu Changge had already comprehended her life experiences. It was a genuine reflection of countless ancient worlds in the vastness, with many sharing analogous fates.

Upon hearing Gu Changge’s response, Luo Yanxi glimpsed a flicker of light in her eyes, which quickly dimmed. Though lamentable, the past was unalterable, and their actions might have been an instance of ants shaking a tree, overestimating their capabilities.

However, Gu Changge’s reaction hinted that he, too, had encountered such cataclysms. The world he inhabited shattered and was obliterated during a calamity and purging.

To Luo Yanxi, no beings or cultivators could withstand such a catastrophe. No matter their efforts, they would ultimately be reduced to nothing.

Having finished her narration, Luo Yanxi turned her gaze to Gu Changge, curious about his experiences. Gu Changge, in turn, shared that he, like her, was a pioneer seeking the Dao. While expressing a desire to protect certain things, he acknowledged his limitations and vowed to do whatever it took.

Luo Yanxi sensed an unwavering determination in Gu Changge’s calm demeanor, prompting her to wonder about his past experiences. She pondered what he aimed to protect – a world, former acquaintances, lovers, or friends?

Gu Changge’s mention of finishing his business left Luo Yanxi intrigued. She wondered whether he wished to continue their journey together.

From Gu Changge’s perspective, this encounter with Luo Yanxi was a minor episode, expecting to encounter more individuals with similar experiences in the future. He speculated about power in the dark, preserving the achievements of those who benefited all living beings.

As Luo Yanxi contemplated the possibility of a providence linking them in the afterlife, she softly asked if she could stay with Gu Changge for a while, finding a common purpose in their shared objectives.

Chapter 925: Should it be called the Heaven Slayer Alliance? The dark tide is born and destroyed
Since this was God's will, why not abide by it?

Luo Yanxi sensed that the Gu Changge before her wasn't ordinary; following him might bring about genuine change.

"Do you want to accompany me?"

Gu Changge was taken aback and gazed at her intently.

She hadn't fully tapped into her past life strength and hadn't yet secured a place in the immortal realm. The Dao fruit of the quasi-immortal emperor hinted at her potential to become an unparalleled powerhouse with time.

In the present era, individuals like Luo Yanxi appeared before him frequently. They seemed reborn with a mission, ready to defy the heavens again.

"May I?" Luo Yanxi inquired, earnestly studying his expression.

Gu Changge chuckled unexpectedly. "Do you even know who I am, and why do you wish to follow me?"

Confusion flickered on Luo Yanxi's face, but she affirmed, "My instinct suggests that following you could truly make a difference."

"And your identity doesn't concern me. I want to follow you, not your status," she clarified.

Upon hearing this, Gu Changge's smile faded, replaced by a hint of puzzlement.

"In that case, you're welcome to join me. Just hope you won't regret this decision."

Assessing the current scenario, he contemplated recruiting more trustworthy allies. Those trained in the upper realm were still relatively weak, even as true immortals, struggling to play a significant role. King Luo, Immortal King Xue Xiao, and others in the Immortal Domain would likely fare poorly against terrible figures in the real world despite being true Immortal Kings.

Luo Yanxi standing before him sparked inspiration in Gu Changge.

These superpowers, reborn from reincarnation with their past Dao fruit, were akin to the resurgence of formidable individuals. Each was blessed with extraordinary fortune. Their innate abilities allowed them to reach heights beyond the grasp of ordinary people rapidly.

Furthermore, these individuals shared similar experiences, as Luo Yanxi mentioned. Their homelands, the people or things they once sought to protect, all crumbled over the years and disintegrated during the great upheaval.

In this new life, they carried the obsessions from their previous existence—eager to revive loved ones or restore their homelands.

With such common obsessions and purposes, matters became much more straightforward. Luo Yanxi before Gu Changge exemplified this, although she misunderstood him.

Reflecting on this, Gu Changge felt a desire to chuckle. He pondered the possibility of leveraging their strength, contemplating whether to seize the opportunity to establish a group, naming it the Heaven Slayer Alliance or even the Heaven Slayer League.

Despite the potential backlash associated with such an overt name, Gu Changge dismissed concerns about ominous or weird occurrences. He believed there was nothing in this world that could taint him. Forces bearing names like “heaven slayer” either had formidable backgrounds or were connected to the concept of “heaven.”

“I don’t think I’ll regret it. My intuition assures me that this is the right path,” Luo Yanxi stated again, regaining her composure.

Gu Changge smiled gently and remarked, “The life of insects is but a fleeting moment. In the vast sea, the birth and demise of an ancient world are mere ripples in the tide.”

“Despite our strength, we’ll eventually succumb to the general course of the world,” he continued. Your hesitation today could indeed alter something in the future.

Luo Yanxi paused, momentarily puzzled, struggling to grasp the meaning behind Gu Changge’s words.

However, before she could inquire further, Gu Changge had already stepped towards the depths of the expansive battlefield. Eagerly catching up, she asked, "Then, what should I address you as? In the era preceding mine, people preferred to call me Ancestor Zu or Luo Xian."

"You can call me whatever you want. But the world tends to label me a devil," Gu Changge replied faintly.

A devil?

Luo Yanxi was once again taken aback.

The members of the Heavenly Ancient Sect failed to keep pace with Luo Yanxi and ended up losing their way. The vast yellow sand rolled in, and the battlefield appeared eerily desolate and cold beneath the dark sky.

Little Junior Sister.

Song Yunjie sat down in a daze, gazing at the endless battlefield. The rest of the Heavenly Ancient Sect acknowledged their powerlessness; catching up was impossible.

Even the true immortals hesitated to proceed as black mist emanated from various locations ahead. This mist, possessing an eerie sentience, twisted and exploded in the void, releasing an evil spirit that corroded everything with time.

For ordinary beings, this place was an ancient and lifeless zone, shrouded in mist and evil spirits year-round. It resembled a colossal boundary embankment, towering high like a reclined giant.

A powerful force surged from the other side, echoing like colliding worlds that caused the vast battlefield to quake. Waves crashed against the barrier, dispersing and splitting, transforming into vapor that filled the sky.

However, this vapor was intricate, harboring countless small worlds. To the creatures on the boundary embankment, these were mere undulations. Yet, the cultivators residing in those miniature worlds had undergone a lengthy cycle of reincarnation.

This represented the most potent and enigmatic force in the world—a force ceaselessly cycling between the rise and fall of tides, the birth and destruction of worlds.

“The Dark Tides are accelerating,” someone remarked with concern.

I fear the boundary embankment might struggle to contain the dark tide, allowing some waves to breach our side.

Alongside the boundary embankment stood a remarkably majestic yet weathered castle—a battlefield bunker left behind from times past, adorned with numerous runic restrictions. Despite its partial decay, subsequent generations had undertaken repairs, enabling it to endure.

Now, several formidable figures positioned themselves outside the castle. Their expressions were grave as the majestic force relentlessly assaulted the embankment.

The mountains quivered, the ground shook, and the area trembled incessantly. Explosions rocked the terrain, revealing a cosmic rift from which an influx of light and lifeless bodies emerged.

Countless bones lay buried in the rift, with yellow sand underfoot forming vast mounds and rivers. These cosmic and terrifying rift valleys bore the aftermath of the dark waves.

Approaching cultivators risked being pulverized by formidable forces at every turn, a fate even the immortal king dared not to come.

Chapter 926: The True Frontier of the Immortal Domain, Moon King Makes a decision

This terrifying rift, indeed, marked the actual boundary of the immortal domain.

The resounding oppression from those ancient worlds echoed, thick and majestic, dominating everything. Resilient old bunkers, adorned with various runic inscriptions, shimmered brilliantly. They resisted the formidable power emanating from the boundless sea.

The figures above the bunker hailed from prominent Immortal King families in the Immortal Domain. Tasked with guarding this frontier, they remained vigilant, monitoring the ever-changing situation beyond the boundless sea.

The dark tide surged, carrying broken fragments of treasures entwined within the remnants of the ancient world's waves. The boundless waves surged and swirled, occasionally raging in an overwhelming display of power.

It was imaginable how formidable these treasures once were, capable of quickly crushing an Immortal King into ashes. Yet, against such power, the fragments endured unscathed.

Conversely, it illustrated the ferocity of the ancient war that had shattered these treasures, scattering them across the boundless sea. If any fragments reached the dam's side, countless cultivators would undoubtedly vie for them. However, in the face of the surging tide, none dared to contend.

Crossing the boundless sea was deemed impossible even for an Immortal King, unsure whether they could traverse it. Within those waves, other perilous threats loomed, leading to death and disappearance.

During a recent wave of darkness, scattered weapon fragments flew over, emitting a dazzling brilliance that stirred a remarkable sight in the vicinity. This development alarmed those within the immortal domain, prompting numerous members of Immortal King families to dispatch emissaries immediately.

Upon hearing the news, other cultivators hurried to join in, eager to claim a piece of the unexpected bounty.

Some Immortal Kings had initially gained the legacies of their predecessors within the boundless battlefield, enabling them to condense the Dao fruit of the Immortal King and ascend to become a new generation of Immortal Kings. This prospect enticed countless others to follow in their footsteps, drawn by the promise of rebirth.

The arrival of this dark wave doesn't seem accidental. Someone is attempting to traverse it, likely causing the disturbance

A creature within the bunker murmured, utilizing a peculiar treasure to observe the situation across the boundless sea. However, the view was limited to a small tidal flat, far from offering a comprehensive look at the vastness of the endless ocean.

A nearby figure added hushedly, "If it's a significant change, the Immortal Domain would undoubtedly sense it."

Amidst the chaos and darkness in that region, an endless fog obscured the world. Yet, a serene, bright moon hung high, calming the vast sea below. The appearance of this radiant moon led some cultivators to speculate whether it triggered the ebb and flow of the dark tide against the boundary dike.

Despite the great terror in the boundless sea, the bright moon retained an oddly beautiful allure, with material resembling ribbons constantly rising, creating a breathtaking spectacle.

The Moon King, accompanied by numerous cultivators from the Moon King Mansion, emerged in the distance. Standing on the corpse of an ancient beast resembling a mountain peak, she gazed at the bright moon, his robe fluttering and his blue hair floating.

If there truly is a land of reincarnation, could there be another ancient world akin to the Immortal Domain within the boundless sea?

Moon King pondered, his brows furrowed. Such speculation arose because, over the years, no supreme figure had emerged in the Immortal Domain.

If reincarnation indeed existed, what became of those characters? Were they truly gone?

Even beings as powerful as the Immortal King had methods to leave behind a fragment of their soul, ensuring their survival. This was not to mention the ancient creatures from bygone eras.

Contemplating this, the Moon King's figure gracefully moved towards the bunkers ahead. Figures within materialized one after another, offering salutes. The formidable guards stationed there were only at the level of true immortals, with the most powerful among them at the half-step immortal king level.

A true immortal king couldn't linger here indefinitely, as the Dao laws of the boundless battlefield were fractured and the Daoism incomplete. Accumulated evil spirits over the years could suppress an Immortal King, hindering cultivation.

Additionally, unexpected creatures from the boundless sea posed a constant threat. In the past, an Immortal King had been deceived, losing his Dao fruit and falling into the realm, narrowly saving his life. Subsequently, Immortal Kings became more cautious, avoiding this problematic area.

At the bunker, the oppressive pressure from the boundless sea was palpable. After reflection, the Moon King instructed his subordinates to wait while he soared into the air, heading towards the boundary embankment. This marked her second visit to the location.

The sky rumbled, constantly trembling and cracking under the overwhelming force. Though his face showed a slight pallor concealed by a veil, he maintained a composed expression.

“I didn’t expect the power to have increased nearly a thousand times since my last visit,” Moon King mused, frowning.

Despite still being a considerable distance from the dam, the suffocating pressure weighed heavily on him, creating the sensation that her body was on the verge of collapse and explosion. It was crucial to note that this effect was mitigated by the runes on the bunker’s side. Otherwise, he would have needed to approach more closely.

I covered nearly a hundred steps on my last attempt. Although I didn’t reach the boundary embankment, it was close.

But this time, I haven’t even covered thirty steps.

The Moon King reconciled himself with the situation. While his cultivation had yet to improve significantly, the progress made this time was almost half her previous attempt.

Yet, the nature of the dark tide remained peculiar, and its true origin eluded even his understanding. Throughout history, few Immortal Kings have managed to reach its depths.

Crossing the boundless sea required the strength of an Immortal King, but the standing boundary embankment prevented even an Immortal King from approaching the sea. No one had indeed attempted to cross it.

Nevertheless, from the vantage point of the Moon King, he could vaguely glimpse beyond the boundary embankment. When the tide withdrew, the sand and gravel revealed faint footprints left by some of the most influential individuals in the past.

“I didn’t expect that even an entity like the Moon King couldn’t get too close,” murmured the creatures within the bunker, expressing their surprise.

After walking only a few steps, they collapsed, unable to withstand the overwhelming breath. The Moon King managed to cover more than thirty steps, but that was the extent of it. His appearance hinted at the difficulty of progressing further.

Moon King's handsome face displayed a mix of uncertainty and determination. He attempted to move forward again, only to find the oppressive force even greater and more terrifying.

Unwilling to give up, he hesitated but ultimately showed a hint of cruelty in her eyes. Directly, she summoned the divine weapon of the Immortal King—a jade belt that enveloped her like a fog, creating a hazy appearance as she advanced under the terrifying pressure.

Chapter 927: White Bone Ancestor, a madman in the boundless sea

The boundless sea stretched endlessly, undulating waves of shattered ancient worlds as far as the eye could discern. Each wave surged and pounded ceaselessly.

Strange-shaped islands dotted the expanse, nestled among the waves. Terrifying corpses floated and sank, revealing decayed remnants.

This mysterious place, within the vastness of the heavens, was enveloped in thick, impenetrable fog. Even an Immortal King could only perceive the hazy surroundings, unable to discern anything. Without the right direction, one could quickly become lost in this wilderness shrouded in darkness.

However, amid this obscurity, a faint halo floated in the air. On an isolated island, there sat a colossal figure cross-legged resembling a corpse. A subtle fluctuation permeated the entire body like a faint spark in the night.

The figure was skeletal, adorned in a tattered black robe, with hollow eye sockets, suggesting an appearance of death. Yet, within the bones, a faint radiance emanated, illuminating a small area around it.

Suddenly, a subtle sound emanated from the figure's mouth, and the once-extinguished eyes gradually lit up. It seemed to open its eyes instantly, although only the sockets remained. Nonetheless, it gave the impression of coming alive.

“How many years has it been?” the skeletal creature mumbled in ancient and obscure syllables.

I finally feel alive.

Slowly rising from the isolated island, it turned its head to gaze at the vast expanse behind it, within the dark and boundless sea.

A colossal wave surged from that place as if some immense creature propelled it, shaking heaven and earth. Desolate ancient worlds continuously rolled and shattered in the wave, swiftly sinking and submerging.

A weathered and worn warship sailed across the waves, cutting through the boundless air as if it hailed from a primordial, ancient era. Countless ancient realms crumbled beneath the warship, reduced to ashes, swept away by the tide. It was a staggering spectacle – one world after another being born and dying before one's eyes, washed away like sand.

Upon the ancient and worn warship, vague and terrifying figures stood in succession. They resembled indifferent demonic mountains, overseeing everything as if to last for immortality. They remained silent, like molten iron sculptures, solemn and stoic, yet their aura made the vast sea beneath them boil. Icy radiance emanated from them as if coated with fragments of time, causing hearts to palpitate and tremble.

These were the hunters – individuals and creatures of the boundless sea capable of traversing its expanse, wandering from the far end, searching and exploring. They had crossed countless years in the endless sea and survived numerous epochs. The submerged and shattered ancient worlds were no different from mere dust to their eyes.

Hehe, I didn't expect to encounter hunters in my lifetime.

The skeletal figure that had risen from the isolated island chuckled with a mixture of low laughter and emotion. Flames beat within the deep eye sockets as if the laws and order had melted away.

Suddenly, a dazzling light enveloped his body, each bone radiating brightly with fragments of the avenue circulating. He had sat withered in this depleted, lawless, unrestrained land for countless years, yet his vitality showed no signs of waning. The terrifying strength he possessed was evident.

The aura from the skeletal figure caused the boundless sea to undulate, with waves surging in response. The eerie creatures lurking in the darkness retreated in fear, unwilling to approach.

Standing on an isolated island, the figure observed the inexplicable area behind it, where the sound of shocking waves rushing toward it could be heard. However, they exploded in front of it as if an invisible barrier isolated and rendered everything immune.

A terrifying figure suddenly opened its eyes on a distant, dilapidated warship. Blood-colored lightning struck down from within, displaying immense power.

“There is someone in that direction...” the figure on the warship remarked.

Though bearing a resemblance of a human, ancient patterns were imprinted between their brows, and their voice sounded old, dry, and indistinct. As the figure attempted to move after a prolonged stillness, the surrounding terrifying figures seemed to come alive, their eyes ablaze.

Initially, the aura of the Unrivaled Universe seemed like a storm, attempting to shatter everything into pieces. The intimidating eyes appeared to pierce through the thick fog, peering into the dark area.

Yet, even with their enhanced vision, they could only discern a faint light, as if a figure stood there, patiently waiting. They communicated in an obscure language, and their majestic coercion obliterated many large waves into ashes.

“It’s getting closer to the mortal world...” uttered a dark-skinned, skeletal figure in the depths of the ancient warship.

Resembling a dried-up monkey, the creatures around him held great respect. Hailing from the distant Spiritual Realm, once a thriving ancient world, it had witnessed peaks and declines, experiencing the inevitable cycle of prosperity and demise. Nothing in this world, not even the Spiritual Realm, was genuinely immortal.

Having endured numerous reincarnations and weathered several liquidations, the natural world had finally reached its limit and began to collapse. The remaining true spirit clung to existence, harboring only a feeble spiritual intelligence. It shrouded the real world, ensuring it remained concealed from other formidable “hunters.”

Compelled by circumstance, they embarked on the path of “hunters,” akin to countless creatures navigating the boundless sea. They traversed the endless expanse alone, hunting, foraging, and surviving like lone wolves. Before the real world met its demise, they sought a new realm to infuse vitality into their homeland.

They journeyed through the boundless sea for countless years, leaving their homes far behind. They were oblivious to the current state of their homeland; it might have perished and shattered during their trek. Yet, they had no choice—once committed to this path, there was no room for retreat.

Fortunately, along the way, they sensed an aura of the natural world not far away. This realm was relatively young, born not long ago compared to others. That was precisely what they sought. In such a realm, the background would not be overlyterrible, and the strength of the true spirit it spawned would, at best, be on the road of detachment.

To their surprise, however, the realm seemed to have faced a calamity. The aura of the true spirit had vanished, and its presence could no longer be concealed. Even the aura of the natural world lay exposed to the boundless sea. This act was akin to lighting a bonfire in the dark or dropping a drop of blood in the deep sea—all “hunters” who detected the aura would swarm towards it.

In this world, lunatics possessed incomparably terrifying strength. They no longer cared about their identities, pasts, or the worlds of their origin.

In the eyes of these lunatics, everything was mere prey. They hunted creatures trekking the boundless sea and regarded some weak real worlds as food rations, devouring them without hesitation.

Their strong cultivation bases made them relentless, driven by the single-minded goal of ascending to a higher realm. Thus, they became some of the most fearsome beings.

“It seems that we have encountered a madman,” remarked the thin figure sitting cross-legged in the depths of the ancient warship, gazing at the dark area ahead.

The ancient warship beneath them, crafted from unique materials, harnessed the collective power of the natural world behind them, ensuring their safe passage across the boundless sea.

Without it, navigating and searching for so long would have been impossible for them alone. Despite their strength, they were no match for the unpredictable and terrible “lunatics” who roamed the vastness.

In terms of strength, they were naturally inferior to those solo wanderers, each representing an unpredictable generation. Unwilling to risk encounters with these evil lunatics, the awakened figures on the ancient warship considered diverting their course.

“Brother, how about we turn around and find another route to avoid them?” suggested another awakened figure on the ancient warship, echoing the reluctance to take unnecessary risks.

However, the thin figure shook his head, expressing concern.

“I’m afraid it’s too late. If we don’t go over, he might come to us.”

Despite their roles as hunters, they shared a common fear of the evil lunatics and preferred not to expend time and effort unnecessarily. Their ultimate goal was to reach a “weak” world, assimilate it with the one behind them, and give rise to new life.

“I’m the Bone Race Ancestor. I greet all the Daoist brothers,” declared the bone figure standing tall on the small island, flames blazing in its eye sockets. Despite its tattered black robe, its presence commanded respect.

The White Bone Ancestor appeared to be grinning as he slowly advanced towards the ancient warship. Astonishingly, the boundless sea beneath him fell into an eerie silence as if a path had been laid, calming the wind and waves. Many ancient worlds were flattened under his steps, reduced to a level Dao, with spectral white bones materializing behind him.

“Dao of Bones...” murmured the figures on the ancient warship, their pupils constricting. This was a peerless individual who had embodied the true essence of cultivation.

“I’ve seen Brother Dao,” expressed the figure designated as the eldest brother from the depths of the ancient warship.

He rose and approached, engaging in communication through an esoteric language, as their high cultivation levels allowed them to understand each other’s thoughts through spiritual fluctuations.

Where do you want to go? Can you give me a ride?” inquired the White Bone Ancestor, whose skeletal form exuded an air of amusement.

Despite the figure named Big Brother's pupils contracting slightly, he asked calmly, "With the strength of the fellow Daoist, if you have a destination, what need is there for any tools?"

The opponent's formidable strength and years spent dwelling in the region made him feel a palpable unease. Notably, he had cultivated the Light of the Immortal Emperor and embarked on the path of detachment, surpassing the three declines—an achievement not uncommon in the Boundless Sea.

In the vast and majestic ancient realms, one could extend their existence for countless years without undergoing birth and death. However, for those who had trodden the path of detachment, the so-called light of the Immortal Emperor could be extinguished with a mere raise of their hand.

Passing through the Calamity of Heaven, each cultivation breakthrough marked immeasurable growth in strength.

The leader of the group, who dared to traverse the boundless sea, held the position of the foremost powerhouse in the mortal world behind him. His strength could effortlessly obliterate the so-called Immortal Emperor. Little did he anticipate that encountering a "lunatic" in the vastness of the sea would induce palpitations within him.

"No, no, the boundless sea is so expansive. With the speed of my feet, who knows how long it would take to find another habitat? You all must have discovered a good place, hence the urgency," commented the Bone Ancestor. He was smiling and shaking his skeletal head. His appearance, resembling a skeleton, emanated a dreadful and terrifying aura.

Upon hearing this, a chill ran down the spines of everyone on the ancient battleship as if some formidable entity was scrutinizing them.

"It appears this ship is constructed from Immortal gold and Fortune Immortal gold. Your world must be abundant in resources."

Recalling a past encounter, he continued, "The real world that I consumed earlier only yielded a palm-sized piece of Immortal gold."

His tone carried a certain emotional weight as he spoke to himself, sending shivers through the listeners. Unnoticed, he had already boarded the ancient warship and, with a click, unscrewed the head of a terrifying creature beside him before gnawing on it.

Chapter 928: Those who haven't stepped into Transcendence are ants. The Virtual Dao Realm of three declines

The boundless sea trembled, and the ancient warship echoed with rumbling sounds. The group of "hunters" from the Spiritual Realm was filled with terror and horror at the unfolding scene.

Despite their numerous trials and experiences drifting across this vast sea, they had never encountered a moment as petrifying and bone-chilling as this. It rendered them unable to move.

With profound sorrow in his eyes, the figure honored as the eldest brother observed the unsettling scene. However, he didn't dare to intervene or utter a word. When faced with an insurmountable gap in strength, any resistance might result in dire consequences, potentially erasing all their efforts from these countless years.

"That's a familiar taste..." remarked the White Bone Ancestor, dismissing the gaze of everyone around him.

He displayed a slight emotional response before casually discarding the gnawed head as if he were savoring fresh life's taste. Indifferent to the fear emanating from those present, he regarded the long years as inconsequential, merely a fleeting moment in the grand scheme. To an entity of his stature, creatures, immortal emperors or kings, were akin to low-level ants.

"Fellow Daoists, don't you want to continue on your way?" grinned the White Bone Ancestor.

His eerie skull face sends shivers down everyone's spine. The ancient and dilapidated warship surged once more across the boundless sea, parting thick waves and advancing toward the depths of darkness. Despite the vast and impenetrable fog, a faint bonfire in that direction served as a guiding star—a glimmering point in the immense darkness—marking the boundless coordinates of the actual world of mountains and seas.

The impending descent of the ancient warship, harboring the "hunters" from the Spiritual Realm, upon the real world of mountains and seas threatened to bring calamity to the entire realm.

Despite its enormity, the vast expanse of the mountains and oceans appeared as ethereal as dust in the expansive heavens. Countless ancient worlds and creatures had been nurtured within, existing since immemorial. Worlds were born and perished daily, a scene considered ordinary by the true powerhouses who observed such occurrences.

The birth of an ancient world was akin to igniting a unique flame, emerging from the collision of myriad lives, bringing sudden illumination to the darkness. Like the gestation and birth of the mortal world, this miraculous process defied clear explanation and was considered the most incredible and mysterious of miracles. Numerous powerhouses throughout history sought to comprehend the true meaning of life and the profound nature of the world, yet the complexities remained elusive.

Some theorized that the real world's gestation and birth involved high-level substances colliding in the chaos. After countless accidental changes spanning hundreds of millions of years, the resulting creation housed fundamental living matter and could give birth to everything.

This distinguished the natural world from other ancient worlds, which required the overall world level to reach a certain threshold for promotion to a higher level. The contrast mirrored the distinction between mortals and geniuses, a fundamental difference from the outset.

This uniqueness made mortal worlds that had just been conceived and born the focus of attention for many powerhouses. The existence of the world was seen as direct proof of a transformation to a higher level, inspiring an eagerness to unravel its true nature. In the boundless sea, numerous powerful beings and countless miracles and mysteries had emerged over countless years.

In the genuinely ancient realm, surpassing the Immortal Emperor and setting foot on the road of detachment marked one as a genuine powerhouse. Those who failed to achieve detachment were regarded as mere ants.

However, only mortal worlds that had successfully navigated the nine declines of heaven and ascended to true detachment were considered qualified to be called immortal worlds.

The classification of worlds, ranging from Immortal Realm to Ancient Realm and Newborn Realm, represented a strict hierarchy in the vastness of existence. These distinctions were universally recognized by cultivators and creatures within the boundless sea.

Realms before reaching the status of a real-world were considered unranked worlds, with varying strengths even among ancient real worlds.

The newborn world, exemplified by the mountain and sea real world, had background strength and luck capable of supporting only a few transcendent emperors. Those who embarked on the road of detachment within these realms could typically pass through the first and second levels of decline, reaching the third decline, known as the "three declines." Only after successfully overcoming this third decline could one enter the ancient True Dao realm, considered the foundation of the ancient actual world.

Within the True Dao Realm, differences in strength arose based on the number of Heavenly Immortal Tribulations endured. After each catastrophe, significant transformations occurred, and some ancient beings in the True Dao realm could open up their natural realms.

These beings possessed immense power, with thoughts that could move the universe and bodies standing in the realm of immortality, untouched by cause and effect, time, and space. Such beings could be deemed omnipotent.

The Spiritual Realm, in comparison, barely touched the threshold of the ancient world. Its most robust entities had passed the third decline, reaching the pinnacle of the virtual Dao realm. However, even these powerful beings found the boundless sea an enigma beyond their comprehension. Seeking new life for the real world behind them, they ventured far from their homelands into the unknown realms of the outside world within the boundless sea.

As the ancient warships of the Spiritual Realm traversed the boundless sea, numerous eyes observed from a distance, cold and emotionless.

These silent watchers stood within the dark fog, their gazes fixed on the departing ancient warship. Never having dried up, the boundless sea concealed mysteries beyond comprehension, including the mortal world—a symbol of eternity and immortality- considered the source of the heavens and earth.

Even for the ancient sages who had embraced the road of detachment, delving into the true mystery of the original world was a formidable challenge. Throughout countless years, the actual world's existence had implications for the entire boundless sea, leading to the liquidation of numerous ancient worlds. This liquidation process evolved into what all living beings perceived as a calamity.

The reasons behind the calamity remained shrouded in mystery. Some believed it to be an unjust and inhumane act of heaven, a slaughter of all spirits, leading to the concept of cutting heaven.

Others proposed that it was a heavenly movement, a predetermined cycle, an unalterable track leading to a return to chaos and balance. In this view, the calamity acted to maintain balance, allowing the circulation of Yin and Yang and the unification of all things.

The calamity did not discriminate; it targeted the vast mortal world, sparing no force or system. Ancient worlds, having endured for a sufficient duration, possessed methods to confront the calamity, preventing their complete demise.

Among these realms, the Yan Realm stood at the forefront and could be labeled the Immortal Realm in the real world. This distinction arose because Yan Realm once created a genuinely detached individual.

In the true Immortal Realm, numerous ancient and potent forces existed, some with a lineage that surpassed many real worlds. One such force was the Extinction Mansion, a recognized overlord.

The current palace master of the Extinction Mansion was a peerless figure who had successfully navigated through the seventh decline, attaining a truly unparalleled status. He was seated cross-legged in the vast mansion and emanated an eternal and motionless aura.

Below him, numerous figures knelt in reverence, displaying piety and fanaticism. Along the deep void flanking the mansion, vague figures stood, each possessing unimaginable power and standing as if at the end of the long river of time.

As the Palace Master of the Extinction Mansion opened his eyes, the entire mansion trembled. His deep and profound gaze seemed to encapsulate the heavens and universe, with endless mysteries flowing within. Speaking with indifference, he conveyed a hint of anger.

In the context of the Immortal Realm, the Yang Realm stood as the true Immortal Realm, and the Extinction Mansion was rightfully recognized as a grand force established by a detached individual. Although the Extinction Mansion and the Boundary Hall had separated due to disputes, their connection remained, with an eventual reunification on the horizon.

Expressing hatred, the Palace Master criticized the Heavenly Sect and the Immortal Daoist Monarch of the Boundary Hall, accusing them of overestimating their significance and meddling in the affairs of the Yang Realm.

The Boundary Hall's master had suffered a severe Dao wound while fighting for a chaotic spiritual treasure during his early years. Attempting to overcome the eighth decline with his injured body led to his death.

Even at its peak, the Extinction Mansion harbored doubts about surviving the eighth decline. After the master of the Boundary Hall fell, the deputy masters sought to seize power in the ensuing power vacuum.

In the vast Yang Realm, the Extinction Mansion held sway over numerous ancient realms, some rivaling the stature of ancient worlds and many others akin to newborn mortal worlds. It was among the most potent forces in the expansive heavens and actual worlds.

As the Palace Master addressed the Yang Realm's current state, the mansion's listeners remained silent, cautious not to speak carelessly. The Daoist Immortal Monarch, leader of the Heavenly Sect, was another peerless figure who had successfully undergone the seventh decline. Such an entity could discern even the subtlest thoughts, rendering all others insignificant in comparison.

The Palace Master discussed the instability in the Yin real world and their aspirations to become the sole real world. He noted the recent events in the Boundary Hall Palace and predicted changes in their trajectory. With the next calamity looming, the need for someone to survive the seven calamities became evident to maintain balance in the current situation.

The Palace Master's gaze revealed myriad visions and profound insights. The stars seemed to fade, and the universe collapsed as his thoughts traversed billions of times in an instant. A river of fate materialized, bearing countless intertwined lines flowing like a silent river. Fragments of images appeared and disintegrated repeatedly, conveying the cyclical nature of time.

In this timeless realm, the Palace Master voiced his concerns about the inability to find foreign existences despite the vast borders of the Yang Realm, highlighting a pressing need for solutions and strategies to navigate the complex and enigmatic future.

In the presence of the master of the Extinction Mansion, the unfolding events were laid bare. In their eyes, only individuals possessing extraordinary talents, like the odd number, were deemed worthy to tread the path of detachment. Such individuals were anticipated to reach the lofty heights of this ascendant journey.

To maintain stability in the Yang Realm, a successor for the Boundary Hall had to be identified promptly. The chosen candidate needed to attain the seventh decline, equivalent to the master's. This matching level was imperative for adequate checks and balances against other formidable forces.

Directly assuming control of the Boundary Hall, even for the master, would likely provoke discontent from other forces like Numinous Mountain and the Rebirth Cave.

This discontent could escalate the situation, jeopardizing the delicate equilibrium that the Yang Realm had worked to establish.

The Master of the Extinction Mansion sought a harmonious and controlled succession to avoid such turbulence. The transition had to be seamless to prevent the upheaval of the prevailing tranquility within the Yang Realm.

Chapter 929: Why do you want to kill yourself? He can go to the boundless sea.

The Yang True Realm, encompassing hundreds of millions of ancient realms, held a vast and mysterious territory. Within the grand mansion, the figures kneeling in reverence were the true rulers of those ancient worlds, wielding control over the lives within.

Anyone emerging from there could effortlessly obliterate a super world. This underscored the true terror embedded in the Extinction Mansion's background.

Several peerless figures had successfully traversed the path of detachment, with some mighty giants surviving the Three Declines and entering the Virtual Dao Realm. These immortal beings, who had governed an ancient real world for countless eons, now faced the Palace Master's intentions to intervene in Boundary Hall matters. This move invoked awe among those present, hinting at potential significant future actions from the Extinction Mansion.

"Should the Yang real world exhibit no anomalies, then turn attention to the remaining real worlds. Keep a close watch on movements, particularly from Nine Heavens. If any changes occur with Daoist Immortal Monarch, report promptly," commanded the Mansion Master.

Despite the Heavenly Sect boasting the title of Heaven-Slaying, its inaction over countless epochs puzzled the Extinction Mansion. The Mansion Master dismissed the Daoist Immortal Monarch's use of the name "Heaven-Slaying" as a mere ploy to gather followers, expressing contempt for the deceptive approach.

With a mocking sneer, the Mansion Master vanished with a wave of his sleeves, leaving the others feeling relieved. Anxious not to linger, they hurriedly departed, disseminating the news to their respective ancient worlds and remaining vigilant for any sign of an odd number.

Countless years had passed in the Yang realm without encountering a peculiar figure or witnessing the emergence of a new powerhouse on the path of detachment. The rarity of such occurrences underscored the necessity for these strong individuals to possess exceptional luck and defy the constraints of fate to find even a glimmer of hope.

In the usual course of events within the Immortal Domain, it might take a few epochs for an Immortal King to emerge in a party. One could ascend to the rank of Immortal Emperor among a hundred Immortal Kings.

However, out of ten thousand Immortal Emperors, only a rare few would embark on the path of detachment. Only those who had walked this path understood its profound challenges. It went beyond mere perseverance and talent; it required breaking through the shackles of fate, seizing control of one's destiny, and condensing one's path.

The imminent events unfolding in the vast sky held little significance for Gu Changge. Whether it was unifying the remaining real worlds or reshaping the Mountains and Seas Mortal World, these were not his objectives. His focus remained on the other two True Ancestors of the original world. If the Mountains and Seas World failed to meet his expectations, he could liquidate everything, reshuffle the elements, and start anew.

Gu Changge was prepared for this and had carefully planned for a long time. Yet, this plan filled him with hope. If everything continued to progress, it promised to yield a different kind of surprise.

The boundless battlefield spanned a vast expanse, comprising numerous dilapidated ancient universes, fallen star fields, desolate mountains and seas, and arid galaxies. Gu Changge led Luo Yanxi towards the border adjacent to the boundless sea beyond.

They encountered various peculiarities and strange creatures lurking in the darkness on their journey. Some of these creatures had found their way there through alternative means. However, Gu Changge paid them no mind, walking past as if they didn't exist.

These creatures were considered deadly disasters to ordinary people, but they were not foolish—they avoided crossing paths with Gu Changge.

Luo Yanxi remained silent throughout the journey. She wanted to converse with Gu Changge but sensed that his mood influenced his demeanor. He would be more inclined to talk to her if he were in a good mood.

However, there were times when it seemed like Gu Changge deliberately ignored her, treating her as invisible.

In observing these creatures, Luo Yanxi detected their deep-rooted fear of Gu Changge—an instinct engraved in their souls. This observation fueled her speculation about Gu Changge's strength. She had a clear but vague understanding.

At the boundary embankment of the boundless battlefield, massive waves continued to rage and beat against the other side, producing earth-shattering rumbles. Ancient realms, one after another, disillusioned and shattered, floated up and down. They emanated majestic power capable of annihilating any living being and reducing it to ashes.

In the distance, blockhouses stood, radiating brilliance. Ancient Dao runes flew out from their surfaces, rushing toward the aftermath, only to be quickly wiped out, able to offset the fluctuations from the other side.

The ancient cultivators responsible for guarding this place were deeply moved by the unfolding scene. They questioned Moon King's intentions.

"Moon King, what is he planning to do? Is he attempting to cross to the other side of the boundary embankment? Isn't he afraid of death in that place? Many ancient powerhouses have been buried there. Is she truly unafraid of such a fate?"

They couldn't help but wonder, unable to comprehend Moon King's actions.

A trail of bloody footprints stretched out on the boundary dam's side. The universe was in chaos and darkness, rumbling, with red and blood-like lightning strikes destroying heaven and earth. Moon King, dressed in heavenly white clothes, appeared calm despite the mood on his pale face. Relying on the Immortal King Artifact to protect herself, he walked toward the other side of the boundary barrier.

Her white skirt was stained with blood, and visible wounds, torn by the terrible rules of the Dao, added a shocking element. Initially, she had reached her limit after walking a few dozen steps toward the boundary embankment. Continuing forward would only endanger her life. However, after deliberation and hesitation, Moon King sacrificed the Immortal King's Artifact and continued her trek, aiming to reach the other side of the boundary barrier.

The vast expanse lay in darkness, yet a faint light pierced through. A hazy full moon hung high, casting a bright and beautiful glow with a gentle light. Strands of immortal, mist-like matter floated from various directions, creating a magnificent scene. However, it was impossible to observe the full moon more clearly on the side of the boundary barrier, let alone explore its origin.

Considering Gu Changge's attention and orders, Moon King decided to take the risk. Gritting her teeth, she embarked on the journey to the boundary embankment. Despite being an immortal king,

the majestic force that crushed her felt like an immortal knife, causing her body to split open, revealing horrific scars with each step. The pressure intensified with every move, and even her Immortal King Artifact now bore visible cracks, suggesting it might not endure much longer.

Despite the considerable distance to the boundary embankment, Moon King wondered if he could reach it. At this moment, he began to grasp the strength of those powerhouses who had left footprints on the boundary embankment—it likely surpassed the level of the Immortal King and touched another realm.

“Is this truly the only path?” Moon King pondered, harboring a sense of unwillingness to remain an Immortal King in the current era.

Despite her slightly lesser talent than her peers, she diligently studied Daoism, aspiring to advance to a higher realm. Yet, his efforts seemed to hit a locked ceiling, impeding progress. Even taking a few steps closer in the tidal flat leading to the boundary embankment became an immense struggle.

“That’s why I want to earn his respect, hoping to safeguard myself before this turbulent era unfolds,” he reflected, feeling a bitter twinge in her heart.

Even the Immortal King Dao fruit seemed to show signs of instability, its cracks betraying the fragility of the position attained through ancestral inheritance and clever maneuvers.

Moon King couldn’t have asked for anything more. Attempting to take a few steps forward, his arms, as white as snow lotus roots, immediately displayed fine scars as if cut by densely packed swords. The remarkable vitality of the Immortal King seemed ineffective, and the rapid loss of vitality surpassed imagination. A soft cry of pain escaped Moon King’s lips. His throat felt a surge of blood.

The Dao-building expert descended like a falling sword, clanging and oppressing down. She couldn’t even turn back, finding it nearly impossible to make the slightest movement. A simple turn might shatter the delicate balance, leading to a catastrophic collapse. Moon King sensed that he had reached a limit. Even the Immortal King’s Artifact teetered on the verge of collapse.

Suddenly, the oppressive pressure vanished, and the imminent terror dissipated like a receding tide. The surroundings calmed, resembling a quiet harbor. Moon King questioned whether it was an illusion or a flashback before his soul collapsed.

“Why are you trying to kill yourself?” a faint voice from the front jolted Moon King back to reality. His consciousness cleared as a slender figure emerged, followed by a young woman who eyed him curiously.

“My lord,” Moon King reacted, swiftly saluting. He had yet to anticipate Gu Changge’s appearance at this place. She believed he would merely send someone to investigate, not expecting him to arrive in person. His words made her face flush with warmth. Kill himself?

He indeed felt overwhelmed. If Gu Changge has not intervened, he might have been crushed and disintegrated by the formidable power of the location, his soul collapsing and shattering. Before this, Moon King had underestimated the restraining power on the boundary embankment, realizing its terrifying nature.

No wonder it could endure the waves of the boundless sea, standing majestic and immortal for countless epochs. Gu Changge didn’t turn around but nodded slightly before shifting his gaze to the side of the boundary barrier.

He hadn’t expected Moon King to risk setting foot there himself. With the strength of a Quasi-Immortal Emperor, going to the boundary embankment was nearly possible. In Gu Changge’s view, his actions were nothing short of courting death—stupid. Perhaps he believed it would earn his respect, but he saw it differently.

Luo Yanxi also shot Moon King a peculiar look, never anticipating encountering an immortal king in this place. Had Gu Changge been slower, she might have met his demise. In the current Immortal Domain, the immortal king who was both handsome and moving resided in the Southern Immortal Domain. Luo Yanxi swiftly deduced Moon King’s identity, noting his reference to Gu Changge as lord.

On the other side of the boundary barrier, the boundless expanse stretched with enormous waves flooding the sky, some crashing and tumbling. Amidst the chaos were numerous ancient worlds, some decayed and others shattered.

Gu Changge paid little attention to Moon King, walking toward the bright moon hidden in the black fog. Upon reaching there, he concluded that it was the land of reincarnation. However, Qing Yi’s choosing to bury the land of reincarnation in the vastness somewhat surprised him.

Was this a precautionary measure, preparing for potential disaster in case the real world of mountains and seas faced devastation?

A golden Dao-building expert materialized beneath Gu Changge's feet, traversing the boundary dam and extending into the vastness. The terrible coercion of the place had no sway over him. Even the incessant multicolored accurate thunder disappeared in his presence.

Moon King observed this astonishing scene, never anticipating that he would one day leave the Immortal Domain and enter the vastness. However, the hostility and foreboding palpitations sent shivers down his spine.

He comprehended why even Immortal Kings hesitated to cross the vast expanse freely. The thick black fog concealed unknown threats—was it the malevolent gaze of an evil eye or an invisible and fearsome entity silently observing them?

In the bunker, the ancient cultivators responsible for guarding were equally shocked. They hadn't expected to witness someone crossing the boundary barrier and entering the vastness. Moon King survived and was rescued by a mysterious young man who emerged suddenly, escorting her beyond the Immortal Domain.

It would have been unimaginable if they hadn't witnessed it with their own eyes.

Chapter 930: Little Moon Guardian of the Land of Reincarnation, Master, you are here.

Ads by BidGear

The once turbulent and mist-shrouded vast sea now lay calm, creating a dreamlike atmosphere for Moon King. He followed Gu Changge closely, standing on the golden road and approaching the bright moon hanging high in the depths. The surreal scene had yet to fully register in his mind, requiring some time for her emotions to settle.

The moon, resembling an expansive continent, hung high in the vast sky. Moonlight cascaded down gently, seemingly soft and bright. However, closer inspection revealed numerous lights and mist emanating from the surrounding void seas—fragments of broken and ancient worlds drifting in the undulating waves.

Gu Changge observed everything with composure, extending his hand to touch one of the light spots.

“Indeed, it is attracting the souls of the departed,” he remarked. As he gazed at the seemingly nearby moon, he acknowledged the vast distance separating it from the sea, with layers of space and latitude.

The souls, originating from the world of mountains and seas and other shattered ancient worlds in the vastness, flocked towards the moon. For these souls, the land of reincarnation existed outside the real world, free from the constraints of the laws of heaven and earth. Yet, they had to remain vigilant against dangers from the boundless sea and other locations.

Gu Changge, too, harbored curiosity about the ultimate destination of these souls. The land of reincarnation, one of the world’s most enigmatic places, was shrouded in mystery. Witnessing this scene for the first time, Moon King and Luo Yanxi were equally astonished by the floating light spots.

Who would have anticipated that the moon housed the land of reincarnation for beings from various realms?

Although the moon wasn’t unique to the entire heavens, it served as an unexpected nexus for the continuation of life, a mystery even challenging the understanding of individuals with a cultivation base that touched the sky and the earth.

Similar to a peerless being who had indeed condensed themselves, encompassing the past, future, and present within their own existence. Their legend resonated throughout the heavens, making every heaven reflect their presence. The round moon in the sky held a similar existence, appearing alike in various locations.

In the moon’s depths lay a silver lake, vast and infinite, shimmering like molten silver. Skyborne radiance converged and sank into the lake, giving it an immortal glow. From a distance, an ancient tree stood in the lake’s depths, its branches intertwined with intricate patterns. Each leaf seemed to bear the weight of an entire world, exuding a heavy and majestic chaotic aura reminiscent of a vast and endless fog.

A breathtaking scene unfolded. An ancient tree supporting the sky within the silver lake, seemingly upholding countless ancient worlds with every branch’s collision echoing the world’s roar at the canopy of this old tree.

A grand and sacred palace stood, radiating divine light and resonating with the Great Dao-building expert, causing the entire silver lake of reincarnation to vibrate in response.

Moreover, six vortexes existed in the depths of the Reincarnation Lake, exuding an ancient and primordial aura. Light spots entering the Reincarnation Lake drifted toward these vortexes, representing the existence of the six realms of reincarnation. However, what lay beyond these vortexes remained unknown.

Externally, the bright moon appeared as an independent universe. Its deepest part seemed even more expansive, resembling a long-abandoned star. Pockmarked with dilapidated craters and pools of various-colored blood, it emanated a terrifying atmosphere capable of making even a true immortal realm cultivator feel their body on the verge of exploding.

Big stars illuminated the sky and earth with dim brilliance throughout this vast and boundless realm. A pitch-black river rolled with boiling black light rays, mingling with thousands of intricate and regular divine lights.

The seemingly bright and beautiful moon's surface hid an unexpected reality—a land filled with the aura of death and decay. Gu Changge, accompanied by Moon King and Luo Yanxi, arrived here after traversing the boundless sea.

Standing on a black mountain, the two companions were profoundly shocked, finding it hard to believe that the moon, once considered magnificent, was now a shattered realm resembling a universe scarred by battles and wars. The sight reminded Luo Yanxi of the ancient world she knew as Ancestor Luo—an era marked by various conflicts.

Gu Changge, sensing peculiar fluctuations, suspected Qing Yi was behind this preparation. The arrangements weren't solely for those returning from the afterlife but also for the potential aftermath of the third calamity. If the real world of mountains and seas faced destruction, this land of reincarnation could be a source of new hope.

Initiating a descent into the depths with a golden light beneath his feet, Gu Changge encountered a desolate and silent environment. The broken ground exuded an absolute quietness devoid of any living aura. It seemed as though no sentient beings had set foot in this quiet place for countless years, lost and forgotten in a distant corner.

In the depths of the silver lake, a slender creature resembling a jade belt, as radiant as the moon, swam gracefully. This immature moon guardian immortal beast, with eyes like glass tinted with a faint crimson hue, guided the souls of the deceased toward an ancient towering tree palace at the other end of the lake. If allowed to grow, this creature could reach the height of a star field.

The lake, serving as a silent resting place, only hosted this minor moon guardian. It dutifully carried the heavenly dots of light, resembling wandering souls, to the lake, guiding them toward eternal repose.

Suddenly, the moon guardian sensed an anomaly and turned its crimson eyes toward the barren and war-ravaged land on the opposite side of the lake. In this desolate region, marked by death and darkness, ancient and intricate patterns adorned the mountains and valleys. No signs of life or cultivation could be found, making it an isolated and untouched area.

The moon guardian questioned the unusual presence, wondering when its master would awaken. It was puzzling that any creature would venture into this remote and lifeless place. Dismissing the notion as a mistake, it refocused on its task of guiding souls toward the six vortexes—the supposed actual entrance to reincarnation.

These drifting souls, varying in size and strength, represented a diverse spectrum of life experiences. Some were powerful and retained memories from their past lives. The moon guardian aimed to guide confused souls through the six vortexes, as directed by its master. This facilitated their journey through the cycles of reincarnation—birth, aging, sickness, death, and ultimately, a new beginning.

Little Mochizuki, burdened with the task assigned by her master, diligently guided countless wandering souls into the vortexes each day. The vast heavens witnessed the continuous flow of numerous light spots from various ancient worlds ascending toward the six vortexes. However, not all worlds were suitable for reincarnation due to their low levels.

In this place of reincarnation, Little Moon King, filled with exhaustion, gazed longingly at the towering ancient tree within the Reincarnation Lake. This tree, a sapling of the era tree, could birth a powerful world when fully grown. Little Moon King reminisced about the carefree days in the upper realm, filled with endless food and leisure before the responsibilities of guiding souls took over.

Yearning for when his master was awake, and life was more comfortable, Little Moon Guardian couldn't help but shed tears as he thought about his current predicament. Starving for hundreds of years, he endured the hardships while awaiting his master's awakening. The deep sleep of her master made her future uncertain, leaving him with no choice but to continue working tirelessly.

Amidst his sorrow, Little Moon Guardian noticed a dazzling golden light emanating from across the lake of reincarnation. This unexpected sight captured his attention, momentarily diverting her thoughts from his arduous responsibilities.

Numerous ancient runes and restrictions etched into the ground radiated a dazzling light, yet they vanished upon the arrival of the golden road, replaced by an air of calmness.

Three figures stood on the golden road, with one of them catching Little Moon Guardian's attention. Recognizing the familiar face, he transformed into a silver streak of light and dashed toward them, causing ripples across the serene Reincarnation Lake.

Observing this unexpected event, Moon King and Luo Yanxi, initially on guard, were puzzled by the sight. Having healed from his injuries, Moon King readied her Immortal King Artifact, while Luo Yanxi, trusting Gu Changge's presence, remained unthreatened.

To their surprise, the silver streak transformed into a fourteen or fifteen-year-old silver-haired girl. Her exquisite features, glazed eyes, and flowing silver hair made her appear astonishingly beautiful. However, what captivated their attention was her expression—filled with grievance, teary-eyed, and sobbing—as she rushed toward Gu Changge.

“Master... you're here...” she cried, attempting to hug Gu Changge, but he prevented her, cautioning, “Don't wipe your tears on me.” Gu Changge identified her as the little Moon Guardian he had brought out in the Purple Mountain. Entrusting her care to Gu Qingyi due to the inconvenience, he had not visited her until now.