

Villain 931

Chapter 931: This gentle and kind woman had sunk since that moment

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Little Moon Guardian initially emerged from the Purple Mountain alongside Gu Changge's quest for the Seven Heavenly Palm Artifacts concealed within the immortal palace. However, Gu Changge had many tasks during that period, leaving him with insufficient time to attend to the little guardian.

Considering Gu Qingyi's relatively unoccupied schedule, he entrusted Little Moon Guardian to her care. Time passed, and the guardian continued under Gu Qingyi's nurturing until now. Gu Qingyi took Little Moon Guardian along when she departed the Upper Realm.

Encountering Gu Changge unexpectedly in this location seemed coincidental yet rational. However, when Little Moon Guardian eagerly approached, her expectations were shattered as Gu Changge restrained her.

Master!

At this moment, Little Moon Guardian's eyes reddened, her nose twitching as she felt deeply wronged. Anticipating a joyous reunion, she had sprinted towards Gu Changge, only to be held back and prevented from drawing near.

Gu Changge, observing her, shook his head slightly and remarked, "I'm not your master. Have you mistaken me for someone else?"

"No..." Little Moon Guardian gazed at him plaintively, tears welling up, and sniffled.

How could she admit an error? If he genuinely intended to abandon her, why would she have followed Master Qing Yi?

Onlookers Luo Yanxi and Moon King were taken aback, surprised that this silver-haired girl not only knew Gu Changge but also addressed him as her master. Though curious, they refrained from probing further, silently observing the unfolding scene.

Gu Changge, unaffected by Little Moon Guardian's emotional turmoil, pressed on with a more pressing inquiry, "Where is Qing Yi? Where can I find her now?"

He understood this individual quite well. If Gu Qingyi were present, she would undoubtedly prevent Little Moon Guardian from addressing him as such. She would stay hidden at a distance, avoiding any confrontation. This feeling of grievance was entirely his own.

Perhaps it was because she could no longer endure residing in this place and wanted him to take her away; hence, she displayed such an expression. Little Moon Guardian sniffled and explained, "After Master Qing Yi brought me here, she entered a deep slumber, and there has been no sign of awakening for hundreds of years."

"Fell into a deep sleep?" Gu Changge raised an eyebrow.

"Yes, Master Qing Yi is currently resting in that palace, and even I cannot easily disturb her. I don't know when she will wake up." Little Moon Guardian continued, gesturing towards the towering ancient tree deep in the Reincarnation Lake. Though only a vague outline could be discerned from this angle, the majestic and expansive nature of the chaotic aura descending made it appear as though it were unveiling the entire world—an awe-inspiring sight.

Luo Yanxi, having once been a quasi-immortal emperor with remarkable vision, could perceive the hints.

"Could that be the seedling of the World Tree or the Epoch Tree?" She was inwardly astonished.

The Epoch Tree and the World Tree were identical; different worlds referred to this innate divine tree by distinct names. According to legend, the Epoch Tree gave rise to all creatures, with each leaf supporting an ancient world. Yet, this remained mere speculation.

In Luo Yanxi's original world, the Epoch Tree had long withered, defying all attempts to revive it. Thus, seeing a suspected Epoch Tree seedling in this place shocked her. Though Moon King hadn't witnessed it firsthand, he could deduce its identity.

Rumors said the immortal palace guarded the eternal domain's era tree. However, following the Forbidden Era's collapse of the Immortal Palace, the Epoch Tree, suspected to have been destroyed or stolen, vanished.

The sight of the Epoch Tree seedling, combined with the revelations from the silver-haired girl, further amazed Moon King. He seemed entwined in an ancient secret involving many aspects of the immortal palace.

Gu Changge, upon hearing this, nodded and peered into the depths of the Reincarnation Lake, finding his suspicions confirmed.

Unexpectedly, Gu Changge hadn't anticipated Gu Qingyi falling into a deep slumber. Initially, he believed Qing Yi had a strategic plan, choosing to refrain from being born and walking in the world for the time being. If she were to manifest herself, it would be based on her former status as the Lord of the Immortal Palace. A mere gesture from her would summon the lurking remnants of the Immortal Palace.

Over the years, remnants of the Immortal Palace persisted even in the Floating Realm and other ancient worlds and smaller realms.

"Come on, let's go see your master," Gu Changge said, shaking his head slightly, and gestured for Little Moon Guardian to lead the way to the Epoch Tree seedling.

The original Epoch Tree in the Immortal Domain had been stolen by the Eight Desolation and Ten Regions, leading to epochs of conflict between the Upper Realm and the Eight Desolation and Ten Regions. However, after breaching the Eight Desolation and Ten Regions, Gu Changge planted the Epoch Tree in his inner universe. The presence of the Epoch Tree was intricately linked to the grim event of him annihilating the entire Upper Realm.

The Epoch Tree was planted in the Upper Realm, within the Lake of Reincarnation, and created by Gu Changge himself. Although the Upper Realm's Lake of Reincarnation differed from its counterpart elsewhere, it held jurisdiction over a distinct form of reincarnation.

Gu Changge sensed Qing Yi aimed to re-evolve and bring forth the actual world. The process was lengthy, and the current Epoch Tree was a prototype. The place of reincarnation marked the initial phase of evolution.

Qing Yi was strategically planning for the future of the natural world of mountains and seas. If she faced destruction during the third calamity, there would still be a glimmer of hope. Gu Changge's gaze deepened.

In reality, he had little interest in investing time in these matters. To him, the world of mountains and seas was a disposable tool. However, Qing Yi was willing to pay a significant price for it, using her own slumber as the cost to nurture the Epoch Tree's seedlings.

Soon, Little Moon Guardian guided them, and the silvery lake fell silent. Thousands of light spots converged and drifted, submerging into the lake's center. This calmness starkly contrasted with the desolate scene they had encountered earlier.

In the depths of the Reincarnation Lake stood the saplings of the Epoch Tree. Though not fully grown, they emanate an ancient majesty, harboring the essence of new laws of heaven and earth. It seemed they were patiently awaiting the day of their full bloom.

The vast canopy stretched across the sky, and chaotic energy cascaded like a waterfall. Each leaf contained a miniature world. Amidst the collisions, a thunderous resonance echoed, creating an astonishing spectacle.

Moon King sensed an unprecedented Dao aura, distinct from the one he had encountered in the Immortal Realm. Beneath the tree, Gu Changge looked up at the flourishing palace.

Despite being only a seedling, this Epoch Tree exuded a coercion capable of oppressing beings at the level of Immortal Kings, rendering them breathless. The branches, ancient and intertwined, radiated an immortal glow..

As Gu Changge stepped forward, a golden path extended, reaching all the way to the tree's crown. The formidable coercion dissipated, proving ineffective against him. Moon King and Luo Yanxi swiftly followed.

Little Moon Guardian clung tightly to Gu Changge, disregarding his unconventional appearance. In her eyes, only Gu Changge held the key to escaping this eerie place.

She had no desire to linger there any longer. Inside the palace, Gu Changge gazed upon the slumbering Qing Yi. She lay peacefully on the bed, curtains fluttering gently. Thin, beautiful facial features and precise, clean eyebrows and eyes adorned her like a figure in a painting. She exuded an otherworldly tranquility, seemingly detached from everything in the world.

"Master Qing Yi..." Little Moon Guardian softly called, standing by, uncertain about how long Qing Yi would remain in her slumber.

Moon King refrained from approaching, utterly stunned by the scene unfolding before him, overturning her prior understanding. The one sleeping in the palace was the Grand Palace Master of the Immortal Palace. Rumors had circulated that he perished at the hands of Gu Changge during the Forbidden Era, with not even a trace of bones left behind. Yet here he was, seemingly unscathed and alive, peacefully sleeping.

According to various speculations, the Grand Palace Master of the Immortal Palace was once the confidante of the Demon Lord. However, the reasons for their eventual falling out remained an eternal mystery, shrouded in uncertainty.

Luo Yanxi, less shocked than Moon King, had heard rumors about Gu Changge, gaining insight into the past's hidden reasons and secrets. When she decided to follow Gu Changge, she understood that he had his own purpose, and every action he took aimed to achieve that purpose.

Both observed Gu Changge standing beside Qing Yi, silently contemplating the sleeping figure. He reached out as if to straighten the black hair beside her ear but halted midway. This gesture conveyed myriad emotions and complexities.

Was it love and regret? Perhaps guilt or helplessness? Or could it be a blend of these sentiments? Moon King never anticipated that the usually indifferent Gu Changge, who regarded all beings like ants, would reveal such an expression.

This further solidified his speculation. Many unknown events occurred before the Forbidden Era, with numerous secrets concealed and buried over the years. Gu Changge's handling of the Immortal Domain and the Immortal Palace suggested that there were aspects he managed discreetly.

"You all go outside and wait for me," Gu Changge suddenly declared, instructing Moon King, Luo Yanxi, and Little Moon Guardian to leave the palace. Though puzzled, the individuals dared not press for answers. Evidently, Gu Changge had something on his mind and intended to share it.

After they departed, Gu Changge retracted his outstretched hand and calmly asked, "How long will you be sleeping?"

As his words hung in the air, Qing Yi, with closed eyes, trembled and gradually opened her eyelashes. Her gaze met Gu Changge's.

Her eyes were serene and tranquil, akin to warm, clear jade or a bright, flawless moon. “You came.”

Qing Yi sat on the bed, her complexion appearing normal but unable to completely conceal the pallor and weariness. Gu Changge nodded slightly. He understood that Qing Yi hadn’t genuinely fallen into a deep sleep; instead, her consciousness had entered a state of self-cultivation. This state could be awakened by the external world at any moment, similar to the instinct of particular creatures. In dire situations, consciousness would enter this state to gradually cultivate and recover.

As the true spirit of the world of mountains and seas, it was natural for Qing Yi to engage in this cultivation.

“You don’t need to waste your essence nurturing this Epoch Tree seedling,” Gu Changge contemplated for a moment, then shook his head and advised.

Qing Yi didn’t provide a direct answer but tilted her head, fixing her gaze on him.

“Are you going to call me Aunt Qing, or Qing Yi?” she inquired, steering the conversation differently.

“Is there a difference between these two titles?” Gu Changge seemed somewhat helpless.

“Of course, there is a difference,” Qing Yi playfully smiled and explained, “If you call me Aunt Qing, it means you may not have fully recovered your previous memory. If you call me Qing Yi, it means you should have remembered everything.”

Gu Changge shook his head and responded, “Then I’ll call you Qing Yi.”

“It seems that during this period of time, a lot of things should have happened in the Upper Realm and the Immortal Domain.”

“It’s great; I can feel your breath again. It’s so reassuring.”

Hearing this, Qing Yi smiled and then wrapped her arms around his waist, resting her head against it. Gu Changge looked down at her, and the palm about to fall became slightly stiff. After contemplating, he placed it on her head, gently stroking her blue hair.

“A lot of changes have indeed taken place in the Upper Realm and the Immortal Domain, but they should all be within your expectations. It won’t have much impact on the upcoming events,” he said softly.

Recalling when he transformed into a Demon Lord, traversed the vast heavens as a Heaven Slayer, and saved Qing Yi during the first calamity in the world of mountains and seas, Gu Changge realized that from that moment onward, this gentle and kind woman had experienced a profound change.

Despite regarding her as a mere chess piece, usable or disposable, he played countless tricks and orchestrated elaborate schemes with her, deceiving the world and all its beings.

Even now, she remained oblivious to his manipulation, genuinely believing he was assisting her. He didn’t hesitate to become the villain, carrying the crimes of countless epochs.

Gu Changge never harbored guilt. Yet, inexplicably, he felt a twinge of unease and a sense of loss. Was it because he thought of Yue Mingkong, who had a similar experience? Or perhaps Jiang Chuchu? Maybe even Gu Xian’er?

Chapter 932: Let you bear the infamy of the world, shake the world of a catastrophe

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Gu Changge’s eyes briefly registered a moment of confusion, fleeting bewilderment that caught him off guard. However, the change was temporary, quickly replaced by calmness. He gazed down at Qing Yi, gently stroking her blue hair in silence, relishing this rare moment of peace.

“It seems that the Upper Realm and the Immortal Domain have settled down, so I feel a little relieved,” Qing Yi remarked, breaking the quietude.

A smile graced her lips, and her dignified, beautiful eyes sparkled with genuine happiness. The weariness and exhaustion that had been present earlier vanished utterly.

Gu Changge nodded slightly and smiled, “In the past hundred years, the Immortal Domain and the Upper Realm have experienced peace. I’ve temporarily dealt with the unsettling factors, but completely unifying the real world of mountains and seas will take some time. Additionally, hunters outside the vastness may have noticed this place and could arrive in the real world of mountains and

seas later. Given the current strength and background, it might be challenging to contend with them.”

“Thanks a lot,” Qing Yi expressed gratitude, showing no surprise and adding, “After losing my protection, it’s expected that the mountains and seas will reveal their coordinates in the boundless sea. Over the years, I’ve made preparations. The powerhouses who perished in the battle against heaven have all reincarnated smoothly. It won’t be long before they can return from reincarnation.”

However, when she mentioned this, a sense of guilt washed over her, causing her to hesitate.

Gu Changge understood the unspoken concern, smiled lightly, and reassured her, “It’s okay; it’s just a misunderstanding. It will be resolved sooner or later. You know, I’m not someone who gets bothered by such things.”

He sensed a tightening of the hands around his waist as if Qing Yi found solace in his words.

“I’m sorry; you’ve borne the weight of infamy and crimes for so long. Not only were you reincarnated alongside, but you also carry this ceaseless curse and misunderstanding,” Qing Yi expressed, her eyes reflecting sadness, guilt, and pain.

“Even your original apprentice turned against you, let alone the others. In the eyes of the world today, you’re perceived as an outright devil, the source of chaos and destruction. However, only I know that you bear all of this, and no one will understand you.”

Qing Yi’s gaze held a deep sense of remorse, yet she felt compelled to make these choices to safeguard the ordinary people and spirits in the real world of mountains and seas, especially under the looming second calamity. She had to wrong her loved one, forsake her small family, and protect everyone. As the true spirit of the natural world of mountains and seas, her options were limited.

Gu Changge smiled gently in response, embracing her and saying, “You don’t need to apologize to me; it has nothing to do with you. Besides, it was I who proposed this method in the beginning. Don’t feel guilty; it troubles me as well.”

Hearing his words, Qing Yi clung tightly to him, lost for words. Reflecting on the first calamity, which was the initial battle against heaven, Gu Changge unexpectedly appeared and rescued her from the clutches of an ancient cultivator in the Void Dao Realm. This cultivator had survived the second decline.

Qing Yi had just embarked on the path of detachment at that time, and her realm was not yet stable. Facing peerless figures in the Void Dao Realm who had endured multiple declines, she found it challenging to contend.

Gu Changge's arrival effortlessly defeated those catastrophic existences that threatened the real world of mountains and seas. The Void Dao Realm seemed an unattainable realm for the real world, and at that time, only Qing Yi, the true spirit, and Gu Changge could combat with a combination of luck and the world's power. Even the Realm of Mountains and Seas struggled to contend.

Such a calamity was akin to a catastrophe for the real world of mountains and seas, still in its infancy. Behind the formidable figure in the Void Dao realm lurked an even more terrifying power.

To be blunt, had Gu Changge not intervened during the first calamity, the mortal world of mountains and seas might have faced extinction, like numerous new worlds disappearing in the river of time, buried in the ruins of chaos. There would be no subsequent immortal palace, no immortal domain.

The mortal world of mountains and seas owes its existence entirely to you.

Qing Yi murmured softly, acknowledging the pivotal role played by Gu Changge in the early days.

Only those who had lived through those tumultuous times could truly comprehend the significance of Gu Changge's intervention during the first calamity.

"That's in the past. What matters now is how to confront the next calamity, the third calamity, much like heaven's decline, each tribulation more formidable than the last," Gu Changge explained, shaking his head.

The trials for cultivators were the nine declines of heaven, from the first to the ninth. In contrast, the natural world confronted large-scale liquidations, with subsequent calamities following the first.

This process was a continual cycle of cultivation, fostering stronger cultivators and more robust real worlds through the tribulations of Heaven's Decline. The final significant liquidation brought the harvest. Yet, no mortal-world had ever survived all nine calamities nor achieved the One True Realm—an aspiration often deemed a mere rumor. Attaining the One True Realm would allow transcendence beyond the world, immunity to calamity, true freedom, and eternity.

Many real worlds aimed for this achievement, strategizing to annex other real worlds to establish their uniqueness.

“The third calamity is likely approaching soon,” Qing Yi expressed concern upon hearing Gu Changge’s words. The mountain and seas world had yet to fully recover from the aftermath of the last calamity, still recuperating.

The impending arrival of the third calamity cast a heavy sense of terror and oppression, suffocating those in its shadow. In response, Qing Yi contemplated cultivating an epoch tree seedling through her own origin as preparation for the approaching tribulation.

Even if the world of mountains and seas faced destruction, she hoped to safeguard the ordinary people, allowing them to reincarnate. However, this process was prolonged.

Calmly, Gu Changge stated, “The third calamity is indeed approaching soon. Without proper preparation, the real world of mountains and seas may vanish this time.”

The prospect weighed heavily on Qing Yi, as any plans and preparations seemed feeble in the face of such overwhelming strength. To contend against the third calamity with the current state of the natural world of mountains and seas was akin to nonsense.

No cultivators had reached the detachment stage, and their strength had not yet recovered to pre-first calamity levels. Moreover, the third calamity was far more formidable than the first.

However, Gu Changge offered a pragmatic perspective: “Actually, you don’t have to think too much about it. For the vast world, countless ancient worlds disappear every day. It’s part of the law of circulation. Unless there is an anomalous occurrence, this situation cannot be broken. The birth of an anomaly is incredibly rare, and even ancient real worlds may not produce one for countless years. Surviving the second calamity as a newborn in the real world is already a stroke of luck for the Mountain and Sea Realm.”

While his words were realistic, Gu Changge believed the situation was predestined. In the past, he would never have uttered such sentiments. However, a sudden change of heart led him to dissuade Qing Yi from investing excessive effort in this endeavor. This was mainly because the original plan was to abandon the world of mountains and seas once its utility was exhausted.

In Gu Changge's eyes, the world of mountains and seas was no different from the ancient worlds vanishing daily in the vast heavens. He could effortlessly protect those around him, and even if the final calamity struck, he would be unaffected.

From Gu Changge's standpoint, Qing Yi's efforts were unnecessary. Yet, he acknowledged the selfishness of this perspective, as it disregarded Qing Yi's sentiments.

"But I can't disregard all the spirits and common people in the real world of mountains and seas. I am the True Spirit of the Mountain and Sea Realm," Qing Yi declared, understanding the implications of Gu Changge's words. Despite his perspective, she shook her head, resolute in her commitment.

Gu Changge remained silent, having conveyed what needed to be said. His purpose in seeking Qing Yi in the land of reincarnation was to confirm something specific. While she was overseeing the land of reincarnation, it did not encompass the entire heavens.

For instance, Luo Yanxi's reincarnation outside the palace had no connection to Qing Yi. This darkness harbored others who wielded influence, attempting to revive the most influential figures of the past. As for the identity of this individual, Gu Changge remained uncertain.

"Since you came to find me, help me heal in the meantime," Qing Yi suddenly suggested, a slight smile gracing her face as she looked at Gu Changge. A faint rosy glow adorned her fair and flawless complexion.

Slightly stunned, Gu Changge hadn't grasped the significance of her words. Upon realization, he chuckled. The fluttering curtain, the pervasive immortal mist, and the bright, spring-filled hall set the scene for their interaction.

Gu Changge departed from the palace a few days later, leaving Little Moon Guardian behind. Qing Yi had awakened, and her injuries significantly improved, though not fully healed. She no longer needed to enter a state of recovery through sleep.

Although Qing Yi had not planned to leave the lake of reincarnation, Gu Changge contemplated his initial idea of having her reveal herself to draw out survivors from the previous immortal palace. However, he reconsidered, realizing whether those survivors appeared held little relevance for him.

As the impending catastrophe loomed over the world of mountains and seas, Gu Changge pondered before deciding to take action.

Seizing the opportunity, Gu Changge integrated the Heaven Slaying Alliance, a force he had contemplated before. In the impending battle against heaven, such a force was crucial. It needed to bear the banner of conquering the heavens and unite the mighty power of the celestial realms. The current Mountain Sea Realm was the precursor to the Heaven Slaying Alliance.

Outside the Reincarnation Lake, Luo Yanxi and Moon King awaited Gu Changge. However, they didn't linger long near the canopy of the Epoch Tree, sensing the unspoken nature of Gu Changge's connection with Qing Yi. They wisely refrained from probing further, recognizing the secrecy surrounding their history.

Upon returning to the Immortal Domain, Gu Changge instructed Moon King to summon the remaining Immortal Kings from the boundless battlefield. Simultaneously, he directed them to inform all parties in the immortal domain about an impending catastrophe within a hundred years. The endless sea's "hunters" would breach the realms, bringing overwhelming strength and sacrificing everything, sparing not even the Immortal Kings.

The news spread rapidly, causing an uproar across all Immortal Domains. The Immortal King families disseminated the information, instigating panic among all souls. A hundred years might seem brief to powerful cultivators, but it was merely a fleeting moment in their eyes. The announcement shook Dao-building experts and cultivators, inducing shock and anxiety in the Immortal Domain and reaching the upper realm.

The authenticity of the news, spread by the Immortal King himself, left little room for doubt. Though some questioned its credibility, many Immortal Domain families corroborated the revelation. They recounted the phenomena that occurred at the world's end many years ago.

During that time, the heavens and earth seemed to vacate, transforming into a frothy substance, while the boundless sea surged toward the extremities of the vast and distant cosmos. Faint outlines of ancient warships manifested in the sky, hinting at a terrifying specter that had remained unchanged since immemorial.

Several knowledgeable true immortals, well-versed in ancient history and dedicated to studying the boundless sea, affirmed that these signs foretold an impending catastrophe. Similar ominous visions had manifested in numerous universes, instilling a trembling horror in all who witnessed them.

The Immortal Domain, having finally regained a semblance of calm, now faced the looming threat of another catastrophe. What hope remained for ordinary cultivators if even the esteemed immortal kings were not spared?

As the news asserted, it seemed that they were destined to be instantly reduced to ashes, denying even the recognition to qualify as sacrifices.

This newscast transforms all realms within the Immortal Domain into a maelstrom of chaos, fear, and unease. Was this flourishing world on the brink of an abrupt demise?

The denizens of this realm were far from reconciled, grappling with the unsettling possibility of their imminent end.

Chapter 933: Only I, Ni Chen, can save the Mortal World of Mountains and Seas, be the savior of the world

For cultivators, a century passed in the blink of an eye.

Even for the average cultivator, a period of seclusion could span thousands or even tens of thousands of years. And for those with advanced cultivation bases, the fear lingered that the world might be plunged into catastrophe upon waking the next day.

A sense of urgency and anxiety gripped everyone, leaving no room for doubt regarding the authenticity of these ominous words. Immortal Kings' families were gearing up for the impending disaster, strategically planning to confront it head-on.

Even the mighty Immortal Kings, once as powerful as they were, faced the prospect of becoming sacrifices in the impending calamity. The sacrifice would extend to the entire world and all universes.

A feeling of hopelessness and reluctance settled in after learning of these dire predictions. Except for the Immortal King families, the remaining ancient forces with true immortal power were also preparing. They aimed to traverse the boundless battlefield and escape the immortal domain.

In the foreign land, news arrived that many foreign Immortal Kings who had submitted to the heavenly court of the immortal domain were apprehensive. They thought back to the ancestor of the imperial clan who had left with his clan a long time ago, abandoning the foreign land. They had foreseen the unprecedented and terrifying disasters about to befall the immortal and foreign realms.

All universes were enveloped in an atmosphere of restlessness and fear.

“Why has such a prosperous world fallen into such turmoil? Would the words of a few Immortal Kings speaking in person spell a death sentence for us all?”

Amid the ancient cities in the immortal domain, the younger generations, not yet having reached the realm of immortality, expressed their dissatisfaction in hushed tones while clenching their fists.

They had glimpsed hope in this world, and now it seemed to disappear, replaced by despair. How could they willingly accept this fate?

Luo Xuan of King Luo’s mansion wore a bitter expression, having received confirmation from Luo Wang’s ancestor.

The impending catastrophe was predicted to strike within a maximum of a hundred years. The potent entities traversing the boundless sea were beyond the reach of even the Immortal Kings, their exact number remaining unknown.

“Doesn’t the heavenly court, ruling the world, care about the immortal domain?” some questioned, clenching their teeth and contemplating Gu Changge. He was seated high in the depths of heaven, overseeing all living beings. Why couldn’t he intervene and prevent this impending doom if he held such power?

While some cultivators harbored this idea. Others believed that despite Gu Changge’s rule over the Immortal Domain and the establishment of the Heavenly Court, it didn’t necessarily mean he cared about the fate of all beings within the domain. After all, he had personally destroyed the Immortal Domain before the Forbidden Era. Furthermore, in the face of the looming catastrophe, some thought that even Gu Changge might be powerless.

A sense of bitterness and sorrow filled the hearts of many cultivators as if they could foresee the prosperous age coming to a bleak end, leading everything back to ruins. The atmosphere across all universes in the Immortal Domain was heavy with this impending gloom.

Numerous geniuses, initially aspiring to make a name for themselves, now felt disheartened and lost the will to vie for the top positions. This sentiment extended to the upper realms, where those pursuing the emperor’s path found themselves in an unspeakable state of mind as if a tremendous weight had suddenly pressed upon their shoulders.

In the Floating Realm, the survivors of the Immortal Palace, having regained their peace, also received the distressing news.

Grandfather!

Cen Shuang stood in the palace, tightly holding the hand of the old city lord, her eyes filled with sadness. Despite knowing that the ancient city lord wasn't her biological grandfather, she had always regarded him as such. Now, he was on the verge of passing away, with only a single breath remaining.

Within the palace, many elders displayed unbearable grief on their faces, sighing softly.

Ahem! The world is in ruins. This catastrophe seems to have truly materialized. It's just absurd—it didn't happen because of that person but unfolded beyond the boundless sea.

The old city lord coughed, his breath akin to gossamer, his voice feeble, and his heart filled with bitterness.

For the longest time, there was a belief that the catastrophe foreseen by their ancestors would be caused by Gu Changge. However, to their surprise, Gu Changge did not pose any challenges for them. The actual calamity lay beyond the boundless sea, where the Mountain and Sea World, now devoid of its protective veil, would be exposed to the darkness. This revelation would attract the attention of "hunters" navigating the boundless sea.

The atmosphere in the palace was heavy with bitterness and the inexpressible. The old city lord revealed the truth of the impending catastrophe.

Before the Forbidden Era, the Immortal Domain and Upper Realm concepts did not exist; collectively, they were referred to as the Mountain and Sea Realm. Beyond the world of mountains and seas lay a vast, boundless sea where countless ancient worlds were born and destroyed. The world of mountains and seas was just one among them.

Only the Immortal King held the qualification to traverse this vast expanse. The current "hunters" fixating on the real world of mountains and seas surpassed the immortal king in power and terror.

Once these "hunters" reached the world, they would turn it into their hunting ground, sacrificing everything and drawing the world behind them to consume everything. During this time, everything in the immortal domain would serve as a sacrifice, sparing no one.

Cen Shuang, in addition to her grief, found herself at a loss. At this moment, could she still persist in seeking revenge? The nest was empty.

Similar scenes unfolded in many ancient worlds and small realms within the Immortal Domain, not just limited to the Floating Realm.

In the Endless Sea Clan, Ao Ling explained the situation to several Immortal Kings. These immortal kings, the true heritage of the Sea Clan, had only recently regained their strength. As the daughter of the former True Dragon ancestor and the little princess of the Dragon Clan, Ao Ling's status was indescribable, and her knowledge surpassed that of these immortal kings.

This time, before the catastrophe arrives, my brothers may return. If they can't evade it in time, they'll have to find a way to evacuate.

"Leave the Immortal Domain..." Ao Ling's voice carried a weight of concern.

She was a character who had lived through the first calamity, originating from the age of innate mythology, boasting an unimaginable seniority. Hence, she clearly understood the nature of the "hunters" crossing the boundless sea.

These entities were unquestionably beyond the real world of mountains and seas' capacity to contend with. From the outset, there was no room or possibility for resistance.

Are you truly prepared to abandon the clan's land?

The grief on the faces of these Immortal Kings was palpable, signifying the necessity to forsake their homelands and depart from this place. Additionally, the dangers they might encounter during migration were still being determined, with no guarantees.

Even if the entire clan migrated, it was anticipated that at least 90% of the clansmen would perish along the way, if not more. It was a decision they were deeply unwilling to make.

My father foresaw such omens a long time ago and left behind numerous contingencies. The dragon lineage's inheritance extends beyond the real world of mountains and seas. By following the route he charted, we can migrate to other ancient worlds and seek refuge among different ethnic groups.

At this critical moment, Ao Ling displayed unprecedented calmness, serving as the backbone of the entire Sea Clan. Despite her youthful appearance, all Immortal King ancestors deferred to her and awaited her decision. This decision represented their last resort. Otherwise, the entire Sea Clan would be entombed alongside the immortal domain.

Throughout the Immortal Domain, an atmosphere of anxiety and fear prevailed, making each day an excruciating ordeal. Many Immortal Kings were assigned to be stationed at the boundless battlefield, vigilantly observing the scene beyond the endless sea.

Recently, a sense of urgency permeated, with each passing day feeling like a relentless cut from a knife as if time itself was being excruciatingly dissected.

A glimpse into the impending disaster had been unveiled, leaving ordinary individuals powerless. All they could do was quietly await the impending catastrophe.

In this tense atmosphere, ethnic groups and immortal forces cast shadows over their hearts, and the world fell silent. Even cultivators with ordinary cultivation seemed to sense the approach of a terrifying existence in the distant sky, signaling its imminent arrival.

Powerhouses of all races, including some born immortal kings, converged on the Heavenly Court, seeking a solution. However, they were informed that Gu Changge was absent from the Heavenly Court.

They were profoundly disappointed. Having learned that Gu Changge had instructed Moon King and others to disseminate news about the impending catastrophe, they initially thought that Gu Changge had decided to help the Immortal Domain avert the looming disaster. However, the inability to locate him now left them bitter and uncertain about his intentions, casting a shadow over their hearts.

In the realm of the Immortal Wang family, Ni Chen, who had suffered significant setbacks at the hands of Gu Changge, and his party in the upper sphere had almost fully recovered. He, too, received the news circulating in the immortal domain, which surpassed his expectations.

Initially thinking that Gu Changge and others would keep this information under wraps, he believed its full disclosure would inevitably cause panic and chaos among all living beings in the Immortal Domain.

Nevertheless, this is advantageous. It's good for all sentient beings to understand this in advance.

Once I seize the real world of mountains and seas and become a new true spirit, I can protect this world, concealing the vast coordinates of the real world of mountains and seas, preventing the hunters from gaining access.

I am the sole savior here.

Ni Chen asserted, his eyes flickering. He summoned the heroic spirits of those ancestors, engaging in discussions and making preparations. Recognizing his current cultivation base was insufficient to conquer the world of mountains and seas, he resolved to rely on the power of these ancestors. His goal was to assert complete control over the Wang family and gradually erode the world of mountains and seas. Ni Chen was confident that this goal was entirely achievable within a hundred years.

In the upper realm, in the depths of the Divine God, tranquility prevailed in stark contrast to the turmoil in the universe.

Yue Mingkong, engrossed in her cultivation, needed to be fully aware of the events. Guided by Gu Changge's assurance not to worry, she found solace in believing that everything would be fine as long as Gu Changge was present.

"I have instructed individuals to search for the treasures left by the Immortal Palace. With any luck, we should find them soon," Yue Mingkong shared softly.

"Whether the relics of the Immortal Palace are truly significant or not, their discovery can mark the conclusion of an obsession from the beginning," Gu Changge remarked, a smile playing on his lips. After all, he had invested considerable effort in gathering the seven heavenly palm artifacts.

In the Immortal Domain and the Upper Realm, every clan and force appeared to be gearing up for an impending funeral. The news of the approaching catastrophe had instilled widespread panic.

Even the Gu family couldn't escape this atmosphere of anxiety. Despite Gu Changge's directive to spread the news, suggesting he had a plan, the prevailing sense was impending doom. It was uncertain whether those around him would face demise in the imminent catastrophe.

Gu Changge, however, had a different purpose in disseminating the news in advance. He aimed to compel the hidden big players to reveal themselves. Shortly after that, he unexpectedly encountered an old friend.

“It seems you’ve gained an unexpected inheritance during this time,” he remarked, smiling and gesturing for the other party to sit without formal ceremonies.

The old friend was Yan Ji, a golden finger from Gu Changge’s lower realm days. She had lived in his ring as the first fortunate child he encountered. Later, persuaded by Gu Changge, she followed him to the upper realm. However, their communication dwindled as time passed, and Gu Changge couldn’t recall the last time he had seen Yan Ji—whether it was after the battle in the Eight Desolation and Ten Regions or his wedding.

Yan Ji’s cultivation had soared, nearing the level of a quasi-immortal king. A faint aura of majesty graced her features, resembling a peerless goddess.

“I accidentally wandered into a crack in time and space in an ancient era and obtained the inheritance of an innate god named Zhu Rong... He claims to be my ancestor,” Yan Ji explained briefly, her account tinged with incredibility and dreaminess.

Indeed, she gained significant knowledge from the inheritance of her ancestor, who fell in the first battle against heaven. Her ancestor could be considered one of the first gods conceived and born in the real world of mountains and seas.

At its pinnacle, the ancestor’s cultivation level surpassed even that of the immortal emperor. Yan Ji was well-versed in the details of the battle against heaven and the impending calamity.

In seeking out Gu Changge, Yan Ji intended to inquire if there was any way she could contribute to averting the catastrophe that threatened the entire immortal domain and the upper realm. She understood that no universe or creature would be spared.

“Your current cultivation level won’t be of much help,” Gu Changge replied, shaking his head.

He acknowledged that even if Yan Ji reached the level of an immortal king or achieved a level comparable to her ancestor Zhu Rong, it wouldn’t alter the outcome of the impending catastrophe. The scale of the imminent calamity was beyond the influence of individual cultivators, regardless of their power.

Chapter 934: The catastrophe may not necessarily bring new life; those dormant old guys

Yan Ji wore a somewhat sorrowful expression due to her connection to the ancestral God Zhu Rong, who claimed to be her forebearer.

She possessed a profound knowledge of the actual secrets prevailing today. In many epochs, a catastrophe known as calamity would befall the world. During this calamity, both living beings and monks would face retribution.

Consequently, civilization would crumble, the lineage severed, and everything would revert to chaos. After enduring countless years, new life would emerge from the chaos, and the cycle would perpetuate.

Even if individuals managed to survive this calamity, subsequent ones would follow—an unending series until the day they were ultimately obliterated, returning to ruins. A cultivator would encounter numerous trials and tribulations during their cultivation, and this calamity served as God’s evaluation and ordeal for the world. The way of heaven was ruthless, treating everything as equals. Regardless of the creature’s strength or weakness, it would face annihilation.

According to Yan Ji’s learned inheritance, the Mountain and Sea Realm had declined following the last calamity, struggling to fully recover even after countless years. Now, beyond the real world of mountains and seas, formidable “hunters” approached—an impending threat that not even the remaining influential individuals could resist.

While searching for Gu Changge, Yan Ji had heard rumors and observed widespread panic and anxiety. Dissatisfied with the heavens’ cruelty, Ancestor Zhu Rong once attempted to defy them. However, her defiance in the first calamity resulted in the annihilation of her body and spirit.

If Yan Ji hadn’t accidentally acquired its inheritance, the secrets hidden in ancient history would remain unknown to her.

“Now that this catastrophe is approaching, how should we navigate the impending destruction of this world and our inevitable sacrifice?” Yan Ji asked Gu Changge, her confusion evident.

Gu Changge’s background and identity held little significance to Yan Ji. Were it not for Gu Changge’s benevolence—guiding her to the upper realm and reconstructing her physical form—she wouldn’t be in her current position.

Yan Ji, always one to reciprocate kindness, had firmly followed Gu Changge. No amount of rumors or criticism circulating about Gu Changge over the years could sway her allegiance. In Yan Ji's heart, Gu Changge remained the benevolent young master from the past.

"The World of Mountains and Seas won't succumb so easily. When the time comes, some individuals will undoubtedly emerge to resist," reassured Gu Changge.

"You need not worry; everything is within my control."

Given Yan Ji's long-standing loyalty, Gu Changge felt comfortable sharing some details with her. Wasn't the arrival of the "hunters" beyond the boundless sea Gu Changge's strategy to use them as bait, aiming to catch some significant adversaries?

Since the first war against heaven, an extensive period had elapsed—from the age of congenital mythology to the age of conferring immortals and beyond, reaching the forbidden era after the second calamity. Gu Changge firmly believed that dormant old figures existed during this prolonged span.

Despite the heavy casualties in the real world of mountains and seas during the first war against heaven, many true spirits of powerful beings managed to safely reincarnate under Qing Yi's protection. Yet, until the Forbidden Era, these powerhouses remained concealed.

Even now, these old figures remain hidden, with the immortal domain fragmented and immortal kings controlling multiple universes. Gu Changge disseminated information about the "hunters" from the boundless sea worldwide, hoping to draw these elusive figures out of hiding.

Previous attempts had failed, as they were resolute in concealing their presence. Consequently, Gu Changge opted for a grander scheme, forcing them to reveal themselves—unless they were content watching the real world of mountains and seas crumble and sacrifice in obscurity.

"My lord, did you foresee all of this?"

Yan Ji expressed surprise, but her astonishment quickly turned into a sense of relief. If Gu Changge had everything under control, he had anticipated these events long ago. What cause did she have for concern?

The Upper Realm and Immortal Domain were both cloaked in an uneasy atmosphere. With a century about to elapse, it seemed too late to find a solution. Numerous ethnic groups and factions were gripped by anxiety and despair, with some areas descending into chaos.

Unrestrained acts of burning, killing, looting, and all manner of evil deeds became rampant, consequences be damned, as people sought momentary pleasure.

Especially in the distant frontier regions of the universe, far from the upper realm's center, order disintegrated, laws ceased to exist, and nobody cared about constraints.

Although Divine Kingdom and Heavenly Court heavenly soldiers and generals attempted to quell the chaos, their influence gradually waned. Subsequently, the Divine Kingdom and the Heavenly Court became increasingly indifferent, seemingly too preoccupied with their affairs to bother with such trivial matters.

Even forces that had submitted to the Divine Kingdom no longer adhered to constraints, opting to pursue their interests, convinced that within a hundred years, catastrophe would strike, leaving no survivors. Despite the might of the Divine Kingdom and Heavenly Court, with numerous immortal kings at Gu Changge's behest, they appeared powerless against the impending catastrophe.

Amidst this atmosphere, the Immortal Domain and Upper Realm plunged into chaos. Many ancient cities grew restless, and numerous cultivators and creatures perished in the ensuing turmoil. The hard-won stability disintegrated completely, throwing various regions into disorder.

Ancient immortal worlds, immortal forces, and even the immortal king's families began massive territorial reductions, evacuating to small worlds to preserve a glimmer of hope.

In every universe, the echoes of ancient warships reverberated as powerful beings sought paths to migrate to remote, small worlds for refuge. Others opted to withdraw from the world, desiring detachment from mortal affairs akin to many forbidden areas in the past.

However, even the rulers in criminal areas had awakened, overwhelmed by the looming disaster that would sweep the entire natural world of mountains and seas, affecting not just the upper realm or immortal domain but the entirety of existence. Escape seemed impossible without crossing the boundless ocean.

Gu Changge sat composedly atop the Divine Kingdom, observing the transformations in the worlds and universes below without much change in his emotions. The current chaos was the precursor, yet

to truly impact the immortal force. The onset of turmoil in the Immortal Domain and the Upper Realm would commence when various immortal forces and Immortal Dao factions entered turmoil.

During this period, the Divine Kingdom and Heavenly Court could only “reluctantly” maintain order and tranquility in the surrounding territories. No one dared to stir trouble within their domains at this critical time.

“Seeing the foundation we painstakingly built over the years on the brink of disintegration is disheartening,” remarked Yin Mei, her mood complex as she had witnessed the chaos’s beginnings. The divine kingdom had played a significant role in swiftly establishing rule and stability over the heavens.

Gu Changge, however, offered a different perspective, “There is no immortal kingdom in this world. Rather than viewing this as disintegration, it’s more like a new beginning. Order can be rebuilt, and the universe can be reborn even in its shattered state. This catastrophe may usher in new vitality.”

He surveyed the vast universe, noting stability in the territories of the Divine Kingdom and the Heavenly Court while other forces experienced varying degrees of turmoil. Even in the Immortal Domain, wars erupted in numerous universes as several immortal kings guarded vast battlefields, resulting in chaos spreading to surrounding territories and innocent creatures perishing tragically.

“Bringing new vitality? But many will die,” observed Yin Mei, looking beyond the hall at the vast sea of clouds. Atop the upper realm, the Divine Kingdom sensed the subtle changes affecting all worlds and universes—even the Eight Desolations, Ten Regions, and many surrounding ancient worlds—though the catastrophe had not yet arrived. Its impact had already permeated, casting a shadow over all realms.

The Boundary Monument Sea marked the divide between the Upper Realm, Eight Desolations, and Ten Regions. Without a root or limit, only decrepit boundary monuments stood, bearing witness to its ancient desolation. Within its waves, remnants of ancient realms shattered during wars lay submerged, floating, and sinking, showing signs of decay and desiccation.

Many years had elapsed since the Upper Realm’s previous campaign against the Eight Desolations and Ten Regions. The territories across the Boundary Monument Sea belonged to the Upper Realm, thanks to the immortal forces that had claimed vast regions during the battle.

The true ruler of the Eight Desolation and Ten Regions was Heavenly Maiden Tianlu from the Heavenly Lu City, situated on the shore of the Boundary Monument Sea. Her unique identity stemmed from surrendering to Gu Changge during the war.

As the guardian goddess of Heavenly Lu City, she faced criticism and condemnation from cultivators in the Eight Desolation and Ten Regions. However, it was ultimately due to her intervention that the Eight Desolation and Ten Regions were spared from the Upper Realm's massacre.

Currently, Heavenly Maiden Tianlu stood at the tower of Heavenly Lu City, gazing towards the sea of boundary monuments. After being brought back from the Immortal Domain by Gu Changge, she returned to Heavenly Lu City to stabilize her cultivation. They seemed distant despite learning of numerous rumors and news from the outside world. A hundred years had passed swiftly, yet also remarkably fast.

"The Boundary Monument Sea has dried up, and there have been peculiar movements during this time," remarked Heavenly Maiden Tianlu. Her gaze turned to the other side of the Boundary Monument Sea, where a large area of the seabed had been exposed, revealing a terrifying rift valley.

The once chaotic atmosphere, veiled by the Boundary Monument Sea, had dissipated, exposing dilapidated ancient worlds that now floated up and down in the open.

As the Boundary Monument Sea dried up, the floating ancient worlds vanished. The landscape now resembled a collection of dilapidated cemeteries, with weathered corpses scattered about, their white forms eerily terrifying and undisturbed for many years.

Craters covered the ground densely, creating the semblance of independent small worlds—hard to fathom beneath the once-submerged sea of boundary monuments.

Amidst the eerie silence, it was evident that this place had suffered the aftermath of a devastating war long ago. Stars had fallen one after another, leaving endless pits in their wake. The vast expanse, resembling another universe, echoed with death as the immortal theme, and the black land extended endlessly in ruins.

During this time, disturbances frequented the Boundary Monument Sea's vicinity. Some heard echoes of mountains shouting and tsunamis, while others perceived the sounds of soldiers battling and iron horses galloping amid the starry sky.

“This place was once a battlefield,” uttered an old man, snow-covered and adorned with a white beard, as he silently appeared. With emotion and nostalgia, he walked through the dry sea of boundary markers, treading on cracked land infused with lingering evil spirits and unvanquished murderous intent—a testament to the tragic and terrifying battles that once unfolded there.

The territory was expansive and boundless, marked by countless star-induced craters and a stunning Great Rift Valley that traversed the entire ground. The old man, seemingly a lonely ghost, threaded through the vast territory, uttering obscure and incomprehensible ancient words as if summoning something.

Deeper into the terrain lay a corpse pit, with numerous bodies clad in armor and dark iron god clothes. Many bore wounds from terrifying weapons, their dried blood telling tales of past violence. The old man journeyed through the black doom, witnessing destruction, blood rivers, corpses, and coffins scattered underground.

Finally, he arrived at a terrifying crater, seemingly formed by a colossal hand. Coming to a halt, the old man in white gazed at a small, nameless grave within. It appeared as a solitary tomb built by an unknown hand.

“Tu Ying, are you still alive?” he questioned, looking at the unmarked grave.

Chapter 935: Great changes in the world, how magnificent was the battle against the heaven

This place could be called the Underworld, with corpses, ancient coffins, broken weapons, and battle armor scattered throughout. Small, unnamed mounds dotted the landscape, bearing countless small graves piled by unknown hands over the years.

Like a lonely ghost, the white-clad old man walked among the graves. Eventually, he stopped before a small mound, speaking with a touch of emotion and nostalgia.

“Tu Ying, are you still alive?” His voice, dry and challenging to comprehend in contemporary language, held profound sadness.

In the open depths of the ground, numerous small graves stood upright, lacking weeds or tombstones. Despite their appearance as nameless tombs, a pervasive sorrow lingered.

No response met the old man’s words. He stood alone, releasing a long sigh as the curtain of his back gradually closed.

I have guarded your tomb for countless years, burying you with my own hands. Yet, I know that one day, you will all return. Tu Ying, you were my lord's most esteemed general, powerful enough to take that step.

I refuse to believe that you truly perished in that battle. You should be alive, like me, right? The first battle against heaven, how heroic.

The white-clothed old man's eyes brimmed with sadness as he extended his hand, landing it on the tiny grave before him. His name was Ming, an old man dedicated to guarding the tomb of his former comrades-in-arms for generations, never leaving.

His origins were traced back to the age of innate mythology before countless epochs. Like his comrades, he fell in the battle against heaven. His body torn apart, weapons exploded, battle robe stained with blood, and a descent into the sky. After countless years, he awoke alone, confronted by the tragic aftermath of the preceding battle. Yet, it appeared that an extensive period had passed, leaving the once vibrant places desolate and devoid of vitality.

Death surrounded him, with corpses scattered in all directions and numerous ancient worlds sinking and collapsing. Ming buried his comrades, standing guard over their graves, harboring a fading hope that one day they might awaken. However, as time passed, even his belief in this possibility waned, uncertain if such an expectation could ever be realized.

Ming couldn't fathom why he awoke after countless years. He vividly recalled the battle against a formidable creature from the vastness, culminating in their mutual demise.

The battle's aftermath was catastrophic, marked by the collapse of heaven and the destruction of the earth. The ominous World Extinction Mill slowly approached, obliterating the world with each rotation, reducing countless creatures to ashes. Even powerful innate races, real dragons, and real phoenixes became insignificant, withering and falling.

Despite their efforts to cut down the heavens, the battle failed, leaving bitterness in Ming's mouth and unwillingness etched on his aged face. When he woke up a few years later, he remained unaware of the war's aftermath, ignorant of the Battle of Heaven's outcome and the fate of sentient beings.

"This is my last visit to your grave, old friend. It's time for me to depart as well," Ming declared.

Beyond the boundless sea, creatures would soon return to this world. Despite his decay, Ming believed he might still be able to fight.

Sitting there for a prolonged moment, he eventually rose and prepared to leave. Before departing, he sighed deeply, casting a nostalgic gaze toward the distant sky's end.

Although Ming had been vigilantly guarding the tomb of his former comrades on the dry seabed of the Boundary Monument Sea, it didn't mean he remained oblivious to the outside world. Swift as a phantom, the old man in white departed from the area, heading towards the overseas border monument.

He refused to believe that everyone else except for himself had perished in the battle. The presence of tyrannical innate gods and influential ethnic groups like real dragons, real phoenixes, and unicorns suggested that traces and bloodlines persist today. The original battle's outcome might not be as tragic as he had imagined.

On the Boundary Monument Sea shore, a woman in a white dress awaited his arrival. Observing the old man in white emerging from the sea, she stepped forward and greeted, "Master Master, I've driven away all the cultivators around me. The sea of boundary monuments has been unsettled recently, and there may be some changes."

Tall and slender, with an exceptionally delicate face, the woman in the white dress resembled Gu Xian'er. If Gu Changge had been present, he might have been taken aback. This woman, in fact, was Gu Xian'er's biological sister, Shen Xian'er.

Initially, Gu Changge visited the Shen family in the Heavenly Lan Realm to locate Gu Xian'er's biological parents. During that time, Gu Xian'er's parents had already given birth to a younger sister named Shen Xian'er.

Events unfolded in the Shen family, leading to Gu Changge eliminating Li Xiu, the fortunate son-in-law. Li Xiu, entangled in a marriage contract with Shen Xian'er, faced his fate.

These events transpired before the Eight Desolation and Ten Regions battle. The Heavenly Lan Realm was close to the Boundary Monument Sea and served as the Upper Realm's outpost during their initial engagement in the Eight Desolation and Ten Regions.

Many years had passed since the initial battle, and the young girl who had been in the bud at the outset now appeared slim and graceful. The old man in white strode upon the mighty waves,

approaching the shore. All the nostalgia and emotions that once lingered vanished, replaced by a stern demeanor. He simply nodded upon hearing the woman's words, offering no further commentary.

The woman before him was his disciple, taken under his wing after he left the bottom of the boundary monument and ventured into the world. The circumstances of why she became his apprentice were enigmatic as if destiny played a role. This was due to her uncanny resemblance to the peerless female war immortal who had led them in the attack on the boundless sea.

Initially perplexed and even briefly considering the possibility of her being that lord's reincarnation, the old white man soon realized he had been overthinking. It could be a case of a similar face on a different flower.

Though he had awakened years later, no longer at his peak, he remained a genuinely peerless figure in this era. His unrivaled cultivation even defied the laws of heaven and earth in the upper realm. To exhibit a fraction of his unfathomable strength, he took the woman, Shen Xian'er, as his apprentice, providing her with meticulous guidance.

Shen Xian'er, daughter of the heavenly maiden of the Shen family in the Heavenly Lan Realm, possessed exceptional cultivation among her peers. The old man in white was relieved to find her a promising talent, and her unwavering heart for the Dao impressed him.

Learning of the impending catastrophe in the Upper Realm, she remained resolute, devoid of the despair and complaints that plagued other cultivators. Such a character was rare, leaving the old man in white exceedingly satisfied.

Though not the reincarnation of that lord, the similarity in facial features and the steadfast heart for the Dao moved him deeply. Once a rising star personally witnessed by the old man, the lord was born to confront the catastrophe. Sadly, she came into the world inopportune, and something remarkable could have unfolded with a little more time.

Let's go, there's nothing unusual beneath the Boundary Monument Sea. The vision here has no connection to the sea's depths.

It might be a phenomenon caused by the fragments of weapons that fell into the Boundary Monument Sea.

Ming, the white-clothed old man, snapped out of his thoughts, gently shook his head, and then led Shen Xian'er away from the scene. He intended for Shen Xian'er to return to her family, bid farewell to her parents, and then accompany him to the Immortal Domain, offering her a glimpse beyond the Boundless Battlefield.

Shen Xian'er followed Ming's lead, and her gaze was resolute. She was well aware of her Master's intentions and harbored no fear. Long ago, she had declared to her parents that she would not marry in this lifetime, choosing to tread the path of Dao alone.

Her mysterious Master had an ancient origin impossible to trace, and his strength surpassed ordinary immortal figures. She had witnessed him emerge from the depths of the Boundary Monument Sea, causing floating ancient worlds to settle under his feet, erasing the aftermath of the Great Dao-building expert. Such unimaginable power led her to accept him as her teacher willingly.

As the impending catastrophe loomed over the world and turmoil gripped every corner, the mysterious Master decided to intervene, departing for the boundless battlefield, perhaps never to return. Despite his suggestion for Shen Xian'er to remain in the Heavenly Lan Realm, she refused, unafraid of death. If she ventured to the Immortal Domain and experienced a battle of this magnitude, she would have no regrets.

Shen Xian'er was determined not to live in the shadow of her sister, Gu Xian'er, and had her own aspirations. Similar scenes were unfolding across the world due to the great turmoil.

In some long-hidden forbidden areas, visions manifested in the deepest corners. Massive rough stones cracked open, shedding layers of stone cortex with astonishing force.

Then, thousands of rays of light burst forth, accompanied by an auspiciousness stretching thousands of feet. The heavens and earth rumbled, and the sounds of various Dao-building experts echoed as if an auspicious beast were heralding its return to the world.

A dense immortal mist engulfed the forbidden area, alerting all creatures within. Finally, a blurred figure emerged, lifting its head and letting out a roar that nearly shook the stars from the sky. Chaotic energy surged to the heavens, spreading to the edge of the universe.

A dilapidated ancient temple stood on a desolate hilltop, surrounded by emptiness and abandonment. A thick radiance emanated from it, transforming the vicinity into a sacred, pure land submerging nearby mountains. The sculptures within the ancient temple seemed to come alive, cracking open as if vague creatures were about to emerge.

In a remote mountain village, an old Daoist priest had always been absent-minded and careless at the village entrance, often deceiving the villagers. He claimed to be the reincarnation of a great figure from ancient times, promising to become a Star King if given a hot steamed bun to regain his immortal position. The villagers were skeptical, but children often fell for his stories and were tricked into surrendering their candied haws.

Now, lying drunk on a large bluestone mountain at the village entrance, he gazed up at the vast sky. Beneath his unkempt hair, his eyes held profound depth.

The heavens are about to undergo a change.

The old Daoist mumbled to himself, raising his head to drain the wine gourd in one gulp, then smacking his lips.

Passing villagers shook their heads upon hearing his words, dismissing them as the ramblings of a drunken man. However, as they spoke, they, too, glanced at the sky and noticed the distant mountains growing dim. Thick, dark clouds appeared to be drifting over the landscape.

“Hey, the weather has really changed. I need to go home and gather my belongings,” the villager scratched his head. He had yet to expect the eccentric Daoist priest to accurately predict the changing sky.

I have to go.

The eccentric Daoist ignored the passing villager and continued muttering to himself. Then, he spat out a mouthful of white mist, transforming it into a small palm-sized sword. It rose against the wind and vanished into the void in the blink of an eye.

“That’s old-fashioned...” the Daoist remarked before leaping onto the flying sword.

With his hands behind his back, he soared into the air, his Daoist robes transforming his appearance from the sloppy man of the past to an elegant immortal figure.

“What...” the villager below stared wide-eyed, struggling to believe what he had just witnessed.

He shouted to the surroundings, “Immortal, Immortal, Immortal...”

Many villagers rushed over upon hearing the news, but none wanted to believe his words, dismissing him as crazy and talking nonsense. Could the eccentric Daoist who lied to children at the village entrance indeed be immortal? Did he fly away on a sword? It seemed too incredible.

Different phenomena manifested in various places as the world underwent drastic changes and rumors spread about the impending catastrophe beyond the boundless sea.

On top of a particular mountain, rays of light illuminated the sky, reflecting for three thousand miles. Purple air lingered, covering the sky and blocking out the sun.

A golden carp leaped into the air in a particular ancient well, soaring through clouds and fog before transforming into a dragon.

The world was transforming, and the environment underwent significant changes. Ancient myths were reemerging, with creatures in the void gradually approaching the present world. Worlds buried in the void began to manifest, reflecting the current world.

Chapter 936: The revived old monsters, another chess piece.

Significant changes had occurred in the world. At this moment, the mighty cultivators and even regular folks had observed the abnormality. The global environment underwent daily transformations. Some previously barren mountains appeared alive overnight, teeming with newfound vigor and covered in lush greenery. Dry old trees burst forth with fresh green buds, and rivers once dried up, flowed again, each universe presenting distinct visions.

There’s something major on the horizon.

Numerous familiar creatures exchanged whispers, uncertain about the unfolding events. Yet, everyone grasped that it signaled an impending significant occurrence. Even in remote mountain villages, the yellow cattle, accustomed to plowing the fields year-round, began to vocalize before soaring away atop clouds and fog, eventually disappearing.

Various ordinary people seemed akin to characters in ancient myths, gradually manifesting in reality. This phenomenon marked the merging of the mythic past with the resurgence of strength from ancient times. Among the old immortal forces, the occurrences were even more astonishing. A figure emerged in the long-neglected ancestral hall, claiming to be their ancestor.

More figures stirred and sat up from the mausoleums, their slumber duration a mystery. Many were coated in mud. As they slowly rose from their coffins, the descendants guarding the tombs were startled.

The world was in upheaval, with periodic spreading of unimaginable rumors. People acknowledged that if a calamity emerged beyond the boundless sea, they might be powerless to resist. It became apparent that they never truly comprehended the world, lacking even a thorough understanding of their family's ethical history.

Some immortal forces discovered that their founding patriarch was a young Daoist boy serving an influential figure tasked to preserve the immortal legacy. He then feigned his demise and retreated to protect the significant individual.

Countless years elapsed, and their still-alive founders shared revelations in dreams using secret techniques. This allowed them to prepare for the imminent arrival of the great man. Such occurrences stirred a sensation in all directions, challenging creatures' understanding of their ethnic groups.

The laws of heaven and earth had stabilized in the present vast world. The laws of the immortal domain and upper realm had seamlessly merged, expanding the limit of combat power for both realms. Though yet to be in a genuinely prosperous era, it approached the period preceding the Forbidden Era. If no catastrophe struck a hundred years later, this would be the prime era for cultivators.

Becoming a Daoist, achieving immortality, and aspiring to the position of Immortal King were within reach. Many elders in recovery also noted this phenomenon. The world did not significantly suppress their strength, and any impact was negligible compared to their initial expectations.

The greatness of this world surpassed their predictions. Since the Forbidden Era, many had resorted to forbidden techniques to conceal skyward secrets and mask aura fluctuations, falling into a prolonged slumber. Some individuals traced their origins back to the incomparably prosperous era preceding the Forbidden Era. Upon awakening, they comprehended the contemporary world and historical events for the first time.

Some awoke from their long slumber due to mysterious induction, unaware of the changes in the world. Among them were genuinely ancient individuals who had traversed the path of reincarnation, retaining most original memories after the initial calamity. They grasped the many secrets of this world, where both the immortal domain and upper realm were integral parts of the tangible world of mountains and seas.

In this contemporary era, few truly grasp the significance of calamity's existence. Many remain oblivious to their past experiences, unaware that the current state of the mountain and sea real world is a consequence of the first and second calamities.

To them, the Forbidden Era is but a distant and untouchable ancient history. Little do they know, preceding the Forbidden Era were numerous older epochs and civilizations, each once resplendent and prosperous to the utmost.

These are aspects lost on the later generations. Some revived elders couldn't help but succumb to nostalgia and emotion upon discovering many aspects of the world. Such sentiments circulated among various immortal forces, prompting sudden realizations among many cultivators.

To these beings, the so-called 'ancient' might be merely a fleeting moment, a vanished light. True antiquity spans tens of millions of epochs, and the long river of time struggles to bear such weight.

These ancient existences comprehend the truths between heaven and earth, the reasons for catastrophes, and the shattering of ancient history and the burial of past eras. However, creatures that survived since the Forbidden Era, upon learning about the world's present state, are still struck with terror.

Surprisingly, he still governs the current world, and in that initial battle, the heavens shattered, and all universes collapsed.

They murmured and were shocked. Some who fell into a deep slumber after the catastrophe couldn't even fathom how they were resurrected, seemingly buried in that calamity.

Many seemingly perished, but after countless years, they awoke in an unfamiliar place, disoriented and unaware of their surroundings. The battle was too tragic. Everyone vividly recalls the abrupt collapse of the Immortal Palace overnight.

"Such irony—the one who once destroyed the universe now controls all immortal forces, establishing the divine kingdom and heavenly court on his own. A colossal devil, yet adorned with virtues," whispered survivors from the Immortal Palace, their eyes filled with unwillingness and hatred. Accepting such a reality proved exceedingly difficult.

Time, the mightiest force in the world, struggled to erase the deep-seated hatred within their hearts. Similar scenes unfolded in the Immortal Domain, Upper Realm, and even the Foreign land, with the fortunes of various places expanding, stretching, and surging.

Gu Changge observed it all in silence. Everything occurring in the heavens was under his vigilant gaze, anticipated by him. The impending oppression from beyond the boundless sea triggered the revival of the heavens' will, startling the deeply hidden elders.

This is an instinct of the tangible world of mountains and seas. Faced with an unavoidable catastrophe, it awakened the most potent individuals it once nurtured. In the eyes of ordinary beings, the distinction between the world and the universe blurred, and they were oblivious to possessing a form of consciousness.

Following the cycle of heaven, life and death were integral. The real world and living beings maintained a symbiotic relationship. Gu Changge utilized this "fishing" approach to astonish the old individuals.

"The world has become lively," he remarked, a faint smile on his lips. "But the real excitement comes next."

Gu Changge gaze upward at the terminus of the tangible world of mountains and seas. From his vantage point, it became apparent that the world's end was increasingly barren as if a barrier were gradually disintegrating into some vague, incomplete substance.

This substance resembled foam, enveloping the end of the natural world of mountains and seas, creating a barrier to shield against the fluctuations of the boundless ocean. However, this barrier teetered on the brink of collapse.

This served as the harbinger before the group of "hunters" arrived in the boundless sea. A warning to all living beings in the tangible world of mountains and seas.

Gu Changge observed an ancient, weathered warship surging through the vast waves and black fog, crushing and exploding a section of the ancient world. Crafted from a scarce immortal gold, the ship showed no signs of decay despite years of traversing the boundless sea. Figures on board exuded an air of god-like arrogance, dominating the universe and swallowing the sky.

While this disaster paled compared to the previous calamities, the present tangible world of mountains and seas was incomparable to the pre-calamity era. Gu Changge chose not to intervene

yet. The hundred years had just begun, and opportunities for the tangible world of mountains and seas still existed.

“At this juncture, it’s time to deploy the remaining chess pieces,” Gu Changge murmured softly, his eyes deepening.

In the Immortal Domain, within the depths of the Endless Sea Clan, discussions concluded as immortal kings, intending to relocate their clans, gathered in a magnificent ancient palace. The palace, seemingly forged from bronze, bore countless innate divine inscriptions, each containing profound and elusive meanings.

Only Ao Ling and a middle-aged man, weathered yet composed, stood alongside the Immortal King in this palace. The middle-aged man exuded a commanding presence, adorned in a golden dragon robe with a purple gold crown and a dragon horn between his forehead. His arms were clad in pale golden dragon scales.

All the Sea Clan’s immortal kings, visibly excited and respectful, felt the formidable coercion emanating from this middle-aged man. Over the past few days, he had arrived at an ancient temple with Ao Ling. Once the Dragon Palace of the Dragon Clan materialized in the depths of the Sea Clan. The formation pattern laid within easily withstood the existential threats of an Immortal King.

Given the name Ancestor Ao Ling used for this middle-aged man, certainty surrounded his identity—the third prince of the dragon clan, Ao Teng. He was the son of the ancestor dragon and elder brother to Ao Ling, possessing unfathomable cultivation.

He had been in slumber within this palace for an extended period. Recently, the depths of the Sea Clan had become aglow with rays of light and billions of miles of auspicious energy, alarming everyone. Many immortal kings, including Ao Ling, hurriedly converged to witness this spectacle.

“The winds of change have blown, time has elapsed, and unexpectedly, I’ve awakened again, after billions of years,” the middle-aged man softly spoke with a complex expression. Despite his recent recovery, he had swiftly adapted to this era. From his sister Ao Ling, he gleaned much about the happenings. He stood in contemplation for a prolonged duration, taking considerable time to fully recover.

In the initial battle against heaven, his origin suffered an injury, and he was rescued by his father, the ancestor dragon, sent to the depths of the Dragon Palace for cultivation. As for subsequent events, he remained oblivious.

“I don’t understand why my father sealed me away, and why it took so long for me to wake up,” Ao Teng whispered, perplexed by his father’s actions.

“My father left a letter, mentioning that my brothers would awaken in this world.”

Ao Ling also shared her thoughts. Though joyous at the reunion, her heart weighed heavily. A palpable, invisible net seemed to entwine them all. The more they probed, the more ensnared they became, making it arduous to break free.

Observing recent changes in the Immortal Domain and the Upper Realm, Ao Ling felt a chill down her spine. Why did so many awaken at this particular time? Was it a preordained arrangement, or did an unseen, ominous force manipulate events?

Terrified, Ao Ling dared not delve deeper.

Since my father said so, it must be his intention. I’ve awakened in this world, so I need not contemplate migrating from my homeland. Despite the dangers beyond the boundless sea, it’s not as daunting as you might think.

Ao Teng swiftly refocused after Recalling his past battles with his father against the liquidators. In his view, the imminent threat to the tangible world of mountains and seas from foreign adversaries took precedence.

The Dragon Clan had resided here for generations, and unless absolutely necessary, why would they abandon their homeland?

“The current situation in the World of Mountains and Seas is unique. Much transpired after the Battle against Heavens. At that time, that lord brought an era to an end with his own hands, burying that time into darkness,” Ao Ling explained, her face reflecting the complexity of the matter. She had yet to delve into the details with Ao Teng, as the battle against heaven was distant, unfamiliar even to the immortal kings present.

Chapter 937: There are future generations to comment on merits and demerits. Could it be that he did it on purpose?

Had Ao Ling not conveyed these revelations with her own words, many immortal kings present would likely still harbor disbelief. The notion of a long, ancient era before the Forbidden Era, featuring prosperous and formidable civilizations, challenged their understanding.

The contemporary cultivation methods originated from that ancient era, refined through the deductions and improvements of countless predecessors to establish the stable system today. Initially, terms like Immortal King and Immortal Emperor were broad classifications, representing vague concepts in the early stages of cultivation.

“Third brother, you’ve always admired that lord as much as your father, but you must come to terms with this reality,” Ao Ling spoke gently.

“That lord is no longer the revered figure we idolized. He’s now as indifferent as a different person.”

Ao Ling had witnessed Gu Changge’s demeanor during the Immortal King’s Meeting in the Moon King Mansion. His indifference, as though etched into his bones, and his calm disregard for all living beings as mere ants left her bewildered. Gu Changge might not recognize her, but since childhood, she had heard numerous rumors about him.

Even her father, one of the world’s most powerful individuals, held great respect for Gu Changge. After the great war in the tangible world of mountains and seas, when vitality waned and all beings withered, it was Gu Changge’s presence that deterred any opportunistic attacks.

“I understand what you mean, but I’m inclined to believe there may be a reason for his actions,” Ao Teng replied, shaking his head.

He comprehended the world anew after awakening and understood who the lord Ao Ling referred to was. He also grasped the events of the Forbidden Era.

In Ao Teng’s perspective, the forbidden era occurred before the second calamity. As the calamity approached, that lord unilaterally destroyed the heavens, dismantling that era. Everyone perished and was entombed in darkness.

“Why did so many awaken in this world? Moreover, the timing was too coincidental,” Ao Teng pondered, sensing an undisclosed reason behind these events.

I will find an opportunity to meet that lord in person. We don’t know him well, so how can we draw decisive conclusions? Right and wrong are for future generations to judge, not for us.

Waving his sleeve, Ao Teng's heroic face revealed a trace of gravity. Ao Ling intended to respond but hesitated, uncertain how to counter his words. She, too, harbored a suspicion that something hidden might be at play. The immortal kings in the hall stood in silence, acknowledging the weight of such words.

Ao Teng commanded the Sea Clan to mobilize all its forces and prepared to venture beyond the boundless battlefield personally. As the offspring of the ancestor dragon, he had once led millions of dragon clans, battling across the skies.

Even though he didn't fear death, he cared deeply about this so-called catastrophe. To him, despite the boundless sea's vastness, it harbored numerous dangers. However, the tangible world of mountains and seas had survived two calamities, undergoing a transformative leap in its overall strength.

Meanwhile, in the territory of Cangming, the elders of the City of No Return chanced upon an unexpected sight. A figure in a silver robe, riding a white horse with a slanted long sword, had just arrived. Despite appearing to be in his thirties, endless vicissitudes reflected in his eyes.

"Little Cen Shuang has grown so big," he remarked, smiling gently at Cen Shuang, who covered her mouth, tears in her eyes. The elders of the City of No Return, especially those from the oldest generations, were stunned, struggling to believe the scene unfolding before them.

"Uncle Yi... you're not dead?"

Cen Shuang's voice quivered, tears filling her eyes, and her voice choked with emotion. She unmistakably recognized the figure before her from the time of the immortal palace's burial. A moth drawn into flames, disintegrated by that palm, body and spirit destroyed. Why did she now see him in this world?

"Are you Commander Yi? Mr. Yi?"

The elders who recognized him reacted with shock and trembling. This was Cen Shuang's father back then, the crucial subordinate of the Ancient Immortal Star-Lord. Their bond was akin to brothers, and Commander Yi's cultivation prowess was unparalleled, capable of single-handedly halting millions of troops.

"I never expected to see familiar faces here, but you've all aged," the silver-robed figure remarked, scanning the familiar figures before him with a mix of emotion and nostalgia.

Cen Shuang and others were overwhelmed with excitement, never anticipating a reunion with their old friends under such circumstances.

The middle-aged man in the silver robe shared his story with emotion, believing he had perished in the chaos of the immortal palace, slapped to death by the demon lord. Yet, many years later, he awoke in an unexpected place. Having forgotten much of his past, he gradually regained his memory recently and sought out the Cangming Realm. Puzzled by his resurrection, he questioned why, despite his apparent demise, he found himself alive again.

“In recent days, various news has indeed spread, and many old figures from the ancient era have resurfaced... Many of them have perished,” the City of No Return’s elders, caught in complex emotions, had already heard about the unfolding events.

Initially dismissed as mere rumors, the reappearance of their former commander alongside them shattered that skepticism. Cen Shuang’s excitement returned, contemplating the possibility that her father might not have perished in the chaos they thought claimed him. Witnessing those presumed dead coming back to life stirred hope within her.

Yet, the cause of the past chaos remained a mystery, intensifying Cen Shuang’s confusion. Recalling Gu Changge’s visit to No Return City, she pondered whether he sought someone from the Forbidden Era. Could it be that he knew about their survival all along? Did he purposefully orchestrate events?

As several years passed, the upper realm and the immortal domain experienced increasing turbulence. The return and recovery of numerous powerhouses restored some semblance of order, yet an undercurrent of unrest lingered. Ordinary cultivators sensed the calm before an impending storm.

During this time, rumors proliferated, suggesting that the appearance of these ancient figures signaled profound changes in the world. Some believed that someone sought to upend the established order in this tumultuous realm.

All ethnic groups and immortal forces returned to their former strength, undergoing substantial transformations. Even the immortal king’s family in the immortal domain dared not underestimate certain immortal forces in the upper realm.

From a different perspective, the roots of the Immortal Domain extended into the Upper Realm. Some Immortal Realm families had migrated from the Upper Realm, and their ancestral lands resided there.

“In the Peerless Immortal Dynasty, there are ancestors from other eras, including the first generation of monarchs,” remarked someone within the Divine Kingdom’s palace, revealing the intricate web of connections and histories intertwining the realms.

Yue Mingkong massaged the center of her brows, feeling that the current state of affairs in the upper realm had become increasingly elusive. As a regressor, the unfolding events had surpassed her expectations, deviating from the track she once knew.

Yet, she found herself indifferent to these deviations. With numerous past lives behind her, she considered the possibility that it might all be an elaborate dream, akin to gazing at flowers in the fog.

“Isn’t this preferable? Various entities—ghosts, gods, and demons—have emerged,” Gu Changge remarked with a light smile. Dressed in a simple cyan coat, he stood in the hall with hands behind his back.

The void in front of him blurred, reflecting scenes from around the world like a mirror. This was all part of his anticipated scenario, merely the initial phase. The chess pieces he employed had yet to fully reveal themselves, and Yue Mingkong understood he harbored additional plans.

During this period, Yue Mingkong had encountered myriad rumors about Gu Changge. From the age of congenital myths to the forbidden era, a vast span of time had passed, and Gu Changge seemed to be a constant presence throughout. The resurgence of ancient figures had unearthed numerous buried secrets. Even ordinary creatures had gleaned insights into ancient history and true, ancient secrets.

Opinions about Gu Changge varied. Some depicted him as a malevolent figure responsible for the destruction of the ancient era and calamities in the heavens. Others saw him as a benevolent force, attributing the unification of the immortal domain and the upper realm. As well as the merging of the foreign realm with the immortal domain, to his kindness toward the common people and spirits of today. The laws of heaven and earth appeared to align, and prosperity surged, all influenced by his actions.

However, Yue Mingkong remained indifferent to these perspectives. Long ago, she had learned that Gu Changge was the true inheritor of demonic arts. Choosing to stand resolutely by his side, even if it meant becoming an enemy of the entire world.

“I may need to enter seclusion for an extended period,” Yue Mingkong softly announced, hinting at her withdrawal from the current events.

Chapter 938: The Gu family’s secrets, it’s enough for the ancestors to kill with one finger

Is it due to the Great Dream Returning Immortal Technique?

Gu Changge looked back, a moment of surprise crossing his face, but he swiftly deduced the reason. Yue Mingkong’s Daoist practice delved into the concepts of destiny and reincarnation. Through the Great Dream Returning Immortal Technique, she had traversed the river of time in her dreams, cultivating in past eras.

Gu Changge had been protecting her precisely because, with her current strength, carrying the formidable karma and backlash across the lengthy river of time, even within a dream, would be impossible.

This train of thought prompted Gu Changge to recall Chan Hongyi and Tao Yao, whom he had ensnared in the river of time. They, too, were cultivating in the bygone years.

“Well, I might be in seclusion for a while, uncertain about when I’ll awaken,” Yue Mingkong whispered.

“Just focus on your cultivation; don’t worry about anything,” Gu Changge smiled, approaching and tenderly embracing her.

“Then don’t forget about me,” Yue Mingkong leaned her head on his shoulder, a playful smile gracing her lips.

“I’ll miss you,” Gu Changge replied, holding her soft hand, a faint smile on his lips.

Yue Mingkong entered seclusion, unsure of when she would emerge. Despite creating the Great Dream Returning Immortal Technique, there were mysteries within it that even she had not fully grasped. A grand dream, possibly reaching back into eternity.

Gu Changge dispatched his puppet, Alpha, to stand guard outside the cave, ensuring Yue Mingkong's safety. Though Alpha originated from the evil spirit transformed by the true blood of the demon lord in the demon-burying abyss, his innate talent rivaled that of immortal kings.

Over the years, Gu Changge deliberately or inadvertently supplied him with various resources, allowing Alpha's true strength to reach a level comparable to an Immortal King.

Yet, Yue Mingkong's seclusion prompted Gu Changge to contemplate other matters. While he harbored no concerns about the impending catastrophe facing the world of mountains and seas, the people around him were different.

Including his parents and relatives in this life, the same reality applied. Upon discovering his true identity as the former World Destroyer Demon Lord, the Ancient Immortal Gu family displayed a degree of fear towards him.

Initially indifferent to this, Gu Changge was now compelled to ponder these matters as Yue Mingkong entered seclusion. He should consider empowering those close to him so that they could enhance their strength.

While Gu Changge possessed the ability to safeguard them, there was no certainty that, when the final confrontation arrived, he could shield everyone around him. The other two True Ancestors he had planned were unpredictable and enigmatic entities. Even now, Gu Changge needed to be more confident in the success of his ultimate objective.

If I were alone, why bother with these concerns? This plan finally involves me

Gu Changge mused, shaking his head lightly and rubbing the center of his brows.

Simultaneously, deep within the territory of the Ancient Immortal Gu family, within the clan's land, a serene and holy scene unfolded. Towering ancient trees, majestic mountains, and a profusion of immortal spirits created an otherworldly ambiance, appearing as an independent celestial universe. Despite the world's tumultuous changes, this place maintained an air of detachment.

In the ancestral hall of the clan, many Gu family ancestors congregated with solemn expressions. The setting was a simple and ancient courtyard devoid of grandeur, yet intricate divine patterns shimmered and intertwined throughout, evoking a sense of agelessness.

“As a clan, the Gu family has spanned hundreds of millions of epochs since its inception. Even predating the forbidden era and the commencement of the age of innate mythology, the Gu family thrived,” intoned an elderly figure in a voluminous black robe, standing within the ancestral hall, addressing the assembly.

Clad in a black robe adorned with embroidered patterns of fallen leaves covering his body, even obscuring his feet, the figure inside appeared concealed at first glance, leaving only the impression of a voluminous black robe. Despite this, the ancestors of the Gu family regarded this person with utmost respect. Patriarchs like Gu Lang stood quietly, attentively listening to the spoken words.

Beside the black-robed elder, several other figures exuded a similar agelessness, surrounded by mist and chaotic light that induced a sense of trepidation. Hailing from the Immortal Domain, precisely from the Gu family of the Immortal Domain, they had journeyed to the upper realm after the Forbidden Era.

The Gu family had split into two factions, with some ancestors leading their clans to the Immortal Domain while others remained in the upper realm to safeguard their ancestral homeland.

During Gu Changge’s time in the Immortal Domain, he was aware of the other branch of the Gu family but refrained from delving into it. The black-robed speaker, the nominal founder of the Gu family, was often called the First Patriarch by many clansmen. However, he regarded himself as the Ninth Patriarch.

Many believed that he had vanished in the past years, only to reappear in this life, leading numerous Gu family members from the Immortal Domain to join their counterparts in the upper realm.

“In ancient times, the world of mountains and seas pales in comparison to my Gu family,” intoned the black-robed elder, his voice steeped in age, emanating a sense of timeless presence. Distorting the surrounding time and space, even causing the laws of heaven and earth to whimper.

In the ancestral hall, the Gu family’s forebears were astonished and blindsided by the revelations from the Ninth Patriarch. They had yet to anticipate such an astonishing history for their lineage, their knowledge limited to sparse records in ancient texts.

Learning that the Gu family had been dormant in the real world of mountains and seas for an unfathomable period, with the sole purpose of resurrecting a great ancestor, struck them like a tempest.

The following declaration from the black-robed elder resonated like thunder in their hearts, reverberating through the hall. Though his voice wasn't loud, it carried a palpable and trembling force, as if even the celestial bodies in the vast expanse above were quivering in response.

The revelation left everyone in stunned disbelief – to resurrect the distant ancestor? A figure so enigmatic that its very existence seemed surreal.

Unperturbed by the collective shock, the elder continued his words, carrying the weight of ages.

“Initially, I nurtured my family's distant ancestors, guiding them through the trials to achieve the immortal existence of the transcendent true Dao realm. Over the ages, only a select few have reached such heights. Those ancient cultivators who endured the seventh, eighth, and even the ninth decline of their realms are insignificant before my distant ancestor. He could eliminate them with a mere flick of his finger.”

His tone grew more profound and resonant as he delved into the past. The elder's voice became hoarse as if recounting firsthand the events of a cataclysmic battle where their distant ancestor, facing an almost hopeless situation, sacrificed himself by transforming into the world to protect all living beings.

Chapter 939: What can be changed by giving a hundred epochs? One of the strongest
He decided to change the world using his own body to protect the ordinary people.

All the ancestors in the ancestral hall of the Gu family were astonished by this revelation. It seemed that, according to the words of the black-robed old man, he became entangled in that catastrophic event.

Who was the distant ancestor of the Gu family?

A person who, relying solely on their strength, saved both the common people and all spirits?

The world plunged into darkness, the universe collapsing, the entire world extinguished in endless darkness, with war, fire, blood, and chaos prevailing. Yet, there was this individual standing under the sky, resisting all adversaries, and enduring eternally. What kind of courage and determination did this require? Though they had never witnessed it, at this moment, they were all filled with awe and reverence for their distant ancestors. It seemed that the unyielding will and great courage still coursed through their blood.

“I never expected my Gu family’s origin to be like this,” whispered an old ancestor in admiration.

“The ancient times, with their endless years, have passed away. The distant ancestor was buried in heaven and earth, and his essence permeated ten thousand realms. This real world of mountains and seas only came into existence because of his original blessing...” The black-robed old man’s profound and solemn words echoed again, revealing this hidden truth.

Once again, everyone was left in shock. Even the real world of mountains and seas existed because of the legacy of a distant ancestor. What kind of unpredictable and terrible power was this? It was simply beyond imagination and description. Even Immortal Kings and Immortal Emperors were as inconsequential as dust in the face of such a revelation.

“Our lineage relocated here solely to safeguard the true spirit left behind by the distant ancestor, enabling his potential resurrection.”

“Even after the passage of ancient times and countless changes, the distant ancestor can still return.”

The black-robed old man’s eyes slowly scanned the crowd, his voice flat and low, yet conveying unwavering determination. He sought to explain this secret to the present Gu family ancestors, urging them to comprehend the significance of their lineage.

The Gu family in the world of mountains and seas was considered the lineage of the vast heavens. With an impending catastrophe, the old man felt compelled to share this knowledge in advance, fearing the Gu family might descend into chaos without prior information. The family members were unfamiliar with managing themselves in this world, adding to the urgency of informing them.

“The barriers outside the Immortal Domain can no longer withstand the pressure, and there’s a risk of gaps forming,” the old man explained.

“Though I’m not afraid of the hunters across the vast expanse, I don’t want the Gu family to suffer in this disaster. Sharing this information is to guide you away from the real world of mountains and seas, directing you towards the Nine Heavens.”

He emphasized that the Nine Heavens served as the true main line of the Gu family and the authentic resting place of distant ancestors. As the “Ninth Patriarch” who established the Gu family in the real world of mountains and seas, he alone possessed this knowledge.

The rest of the Gu family, including the other ancestors, had been unaware of these details until now. The Gu family's ancient origin was not only burdened with age but also held the significant responsibility of resurrecting their distant ancestors.

"Nine Heavens, the root of the legendary immortal? The source of all immortals..." an astonished old ancestor mused. The revelation that the true main line of the Gu family resided in the legendary Nine Heavens caught them off guard.

Before this, they had heard rumors about the Nine Heavens, comprehending it as a transcendent place. Cultivators before Immortal Ancient spent their lives seeking its location, with various speculations and imaginative tales leaving a legacy for future generations.

Even the Immortal Palace, once the dominant force in the real world of mountains and seas, had sought the location of the Nine Heavens, with some individuals reaching its hallowed grounds. Despite the world viewing the Nine Heavens as a symbol of sanctity, it held a different, less revered meaning for cultivators.

"The Nine Heavens isn't as sacred as you might believe. It's essentially a burial ground for many things," the black-robed old man expressed with a hint of nostalgia in his eyes. He shook his head and, finally returning to a calm tone, allowed the information to settle among the people in the ancestral hall.

Having learned so much news and secrets at once, the ancestors, despite their formidable cultivation, needed time to digest the information.

"Are we going to begin migrating now? Are we to abandon everything in the real world of mountains and seas?" Some ancestors contemplated, expressing reluctance to evacuate after having lived there for numerous years. It wasn't easy to sever emotional ties to a place.

"If you can evacuate swiftly, then do so. The current immortal domain isn't a place for a long-term stay," the black-robed old man advised. Though unafraid of the hunters beyond the boundless, he preferred not to expend too much energy on these matters until the distant ancestors were truly resurrected.

In his heart, nothing held greater importance than the resurrection of the ancestors. However, he refrained from divulging the details of the resurrection process, and the Gu family's ancestors did not press him for more information.

“Doesn’t this mean the immortal domain will be completely destroyed in the near future, according to what the ancestor mentioned? Even if numerous ancient beings are revived, won’t it make a difference?” Some individuals were unwilling to abandon the homeland that had sheltered the Gu family for generations.

The black-robed old man, in response, continued to shake his head. Though there were more words to be spoken, he chose to remain reticent.

Historically, his existence was traced back to the inception of the mountains and sea’s true world, predating the era of innate mythology. This granted him a vision that surpassed all others, enabling him to easily gauge the magnitude of the impending catastrophe facing the Immortal Domain.

In terms of cultivation, he surpassed even the Immortal Emperor, rooted in the Void Dao Realm, and persevered through two declines. Within the current real world of mountains and seas, few could rival his power, except for Gu Changge, reincarnated as the demon lord.

Confident in his judgment, he believed that remaining in the real world of mountains and seas would only result in unnecessary loss. The ancestors in the ancestral hall remained silent, recognizing that any decision they made held no sway in the presence of the old man who founded the Gu family.

“The old man is doing this solely to protect the Gu family,” his voice carried the weight of time, offering minimal explanation.

A sudden voice from outside the ancestral hall interrupted the somber atmosphere. Gu Changge appeared, walking over with a natural expression. The ancestors were shocked by his unexpected presence, though, in terms of seniority, they were Gu Changge’s ancestors. His true identity, however, as the World Destroyer Demon Lord, overshadowed their significance.

“Since it is to protect the Gu family, why do you want to abandon the clan land?” Gu Changge questioned, his eyes fixed on the old man in the black robe with evident interest.

The ancestral hall fell into a hushed anticipation. While they were Gu Changge’s ancestors by seniority, his true identity as the World Destroyer Demon Lord placed them as juniors before him. The black-robed old man, slightly startled, observed Gu Changge, aware of his existence from the time he was in the Immortal Domain.

However, he chose not to reveal himself then. Now, face to face with Gu Changge, the origin of this world-destroying demon, reincarnated into the Gu family, left him in awe. Gu Changge played a significant role in the first battle against heaven and saved the true spirit incarnation of the real world of mountains and seas as a former heaven slayer.

The old man in black had witnessed and comprehended many events, including the first battle against heaven and the Forbidden Era, yet he maintained a detached stance from the Gu family and refrained from participating in those conflicts. As a bystander, he observed everything, even the founding of the Immortal Palace before the Forbidden Era.

However, the motives behind Gu Changge's actions, such as destroying the Immortal Palace and turning against its master, remained a mystery to the old man. He was unsure of Gu Changge's current realm and found him enigmatic, shrouded in a layer of mist that obscured his figure throughout the ages.

In the past, the old man would not have been surprised by this lack of clarity, given Gu Changge's superior cultivation. However, even now, when Gu Changge had not fully returned to his peak state, the old man struggled to perceive him. This baffled him, as even an Immortal Emperor could navigate the annals of time and deduce the secrets of heaven.

Gu Changge, with a faint smile, acknowledged the confusion surrounding his identity. He offered a simple response, "It doesn't matter what you call me. You can refer to me as Demon Lord or simply Changge, like the other ancestors."

Gu Changge had been tracking a significant figure, one revived in other eras, considering them insignificant in comparison. He noted the absence of a true emperor among them. The appearance of the Gu family's founder held great significance for Gu Changge, despite involving another chess piece in his intricate plans. At this moment, such details seemed inconsequential.

The black-robed old man remained silent for a moment, surprised by Gu Changge's straightforward response. "I'll still call you the Demon Lord," he finally stated.

Gu Changge smiled and replied, "Old Ancestor, call me whatever you like. I'm not here just to be called."

The black-robed old man, whose strength surpassed even that of the Immortal Emperor, reaching the Void Dao Realm and navigating through the second decline of heaven, was undeniably one of the most powerful figures throughout the ages in the real world of mountains and seas. Even at her peak, Qing Yi could only be considered a worthy competitor.

“I can surmise your purpose, but the real world of mountains and seas is in despair,” the old man in the black robe said. “Otherwise, I wouldn’t easily decide to abandon the clan land.”

Gu Changge sighed, “Why say that, Ancestor? Isn’t there still a hundred years left? That should be more than enough for the real world of mountains and seas.”

Hearing this, the black-robed old man’s eyes narrowed, his expression turning serious. He understood that Gu Changge wouldn’t make such statements lightly. Did this imply that Gu Changge had other plans? However, what could be changed within a hundred years? Even with an extended timeframe of ten thousand years, one million years, or even a hundred epochs, the fundamental situation might remain unchanged.

“If it were not impossible, who would willingly leave their hometown? This is the foundation I constructed, the family I built with my own hands. Your parents and relatives in this world are all my descendants. How can I bear to watch them sacrificed along with this world?” Gu Changge expressed a sense of responsibility.

“I don’t know your plans, but I’ll tell you directly,” the black-robed old man continued. “The group of hunters crossing over from the boundless sea is formidable, backed by an ancient real world. Additionally, I sense a frenzied and chaotic atmosphere. It’s possible a lunatic has infiltrated.”

At this point, the old man in the black robe ceased hiding the critical situation. He didn’t expect the members of the Gu family to fully comprehend the dire circumstances, but he was certain Gu Changge understood the gravity of the situation. A hunter supported by an ancient real world would undoubtedly pose a threat equivalent to his strength.

Those termed “lunatics” were ruthless individuals who had once buried the world with their own hands, devoid of emotions and concerns. In the current Realm of Mountains and Seas, besides the black-robed old man and Gu Changge, who else possessed the qualifications to confront these formidable hunters?

Understanding the gravity of the situation, the black-robed old man decided to relocate all members of the Gu family to Nine Heavens. He refused to stay and faced annihilation alongside the Mountain and Sea Realm. Maintaining sobriety and rationality, he comprehended the enormity of the impending catastrophe for the real world of mountains and seas.

While others remained fearless due to ignorance, lacking the understanding of the situation, Gu Changge should be aware of the impending danger.

“The Realm of Mountains and Seas is not as fragile as you may think, Patriarch. Those destined to return will return. Is this catastrophe comparable to the calamity?” Gu Changge’s light smile did not betray the gravity of the situation.

“Did I underestimate the Realm of Mountains and Seas?” Gu Changge pondered. “Or, is there a plan that the old man is unaware of?”

Hearing this, the old man in black furrowed his brow and began deducing, his fingers moving beneath the loose robe.

Chapter 940: I want to set up a heaven-slaying alliance, how far have you come?

In his present state, many things didn’t require deliberate deduction. He had a premonition somewhere. He could clearly understand a cultivator’s life, past, and future with just a glance. The reason he contemplated leading the Gu family to migrate and abandon this world was a future glimpse of the mortal world of mountains and seas drenched in blood, the sky collapsing, and the world obscured by mist.

Lives were ravaged, and the entire world faced sacrifice, with no apparent hope, only pervasive gray scars, a universe in collapse, and a world engulfed in endless blood and fire.

However, when Gu Changge suddenly asserted that he had underestimated the world of mountains and seas, the black-robed old man swiftly deduced with a trace of doubt and incomprehension. As the deduction deepened, his brows furrowed even tighter. Despite hundreds of millions of possibilities in every moment, an existence like his discerned clear lines leading to established future outcomes.

Impossible.

Especially when attempting to deduce the Gu Changge before him again, he realized that Gu Changge seemed to have vanished from the past, future, and even the current world. Although standing there, it was as if he occupied an unknown latitude, overseeing all living beings.

The old man in the black robe suddenly raised his head, steadfastly staring at Gu Changge.

“Though you haven’t returned to your previous peak, why is there no trace of you in this world? Where are you? Was the dark catastrophe many epochs ago also a game you deliberately orchestrated?” he questioned with a weighted tone.

At this moment, he seemed to grasp something, raising the possibility that even he was initially deceived by Gu Changge. He thought of himself as an outsider, but with the eyes of a bystander, he realized that he had overlooked changing times, turbulent mountains and rivers, and shifting stars—all under Gu Changge’s control and plan.

All members of the Gu family in the ancestral hall felt profound oppression. Their souls trembled under the inadvertent wisp of aura revealed by the black-robed old man when he spoke. It wasn’t directed at them, yet the vastness of the universe’s horror and suffocation left them horrified. The ancestor’s cultivation level was beyond speculation or imagination, described as unpredictable and incomprehensible.

Unaffected by the oppression, Gu Changge maintained a calm expression and spoke with a faint smile, “What does the ancestor mean by that? Are you doubting my intentions, suspecting that I truly aim to destroy this real world of mountains and seas, burying all spirits and common people together?”

His words altered the expressions of all the ancestors, creating a sense that Gu Changge and the ancestor were in conflict.

As members of the Gu family, they didn’t want Gu Changge to clash with the ancestor. The black-robed old man recognized his gaffe, quickly restoring his expression. It had been a while since he experienced such significant mood swings. Originally detached from the real world of mountains and seas, he rarely found characters that truly impressed him, with Gu Changge being the exception.

Yet, within Gu Changge’s being, the old man couldn’t perceive other time and space, the aura of other eras, or the fluctuations of existence. It seemed that Gu Changge had genuinely gathered all figures along the timeline, unifying endless time and space—the sole individual throughout all ages.

As an ancient cultivator of the Virtual Dao Realm who had embraced the path of detachment and survived two declines of heaven, the old man comprehended the profound implications and found it almost unbelievable.

He stood tall in the current world but couldn’t locate Gu Changge’s figure in the past. It seemed that Gu Changge didn’t exist in the past, future, or even in the present world. It was as if Gu Changge appeared out of thin air—a truly perplexing phenomenon.

“The old man doesn’t doubt you; he just suddenly doesn’t understand your origin. Since ancient times, only those with the qualifications to break through shackles and restrictions can leap into the realm and step into the Daoist realm...” the black-robed old man spoke in a low voice.

Could it be that you are a mutation among mutations, the so-called odd number?

His origins traced back countless epochs, to a time when cultivation realms were not as detailed. Ancient cultivators were categorized into mortal, immortal, and Dao realms. The mortal realm encompassed all realms before the immortal realm. Even standing at the peak of the mortal realm, as an enlightened person, one only reached the pinnacle of the mortal realm.

In contrast, the immortal realm spanned from the real immortal to the immortal emperor. Detachment led to the Dao realm, with the distinction between the virtual Dao realm and the True Dao realm arising from this.

However, entering the Dao realm was rare, and even ancient real worlds that endured countless eras produced only a few Dao Realm existences. Thus, the black-robed old man was qualified to disdain the true world overlooking mountains and seas. This new ancient world lacked even a single ancient cultivator.

Reflecting on the first battle against heaven, the black-robed old man pondered that if the demon lord hadn’t appeared, there might not have been a second calamity. Consequently, there would be no real world of mountains and seas. These events compelled the black-robed old man to reconsider his perspective.

Especially today, when Gu Changge uttered these words in front of him.

“Old Ancestors are worrying too much; I just want to tell you that the real world of mountains and seas will not be destroyed just because of this catastrophe. As for the odd number, you can actually understand it that way, but I would rather call it a variable,” Gu Changge maintained a faint smile.

The old man in the black robe frowned even tighter, “Variation?”

Acknowledging variables in the dark was reasonable. He did not dare to claim that he could truly judge the past and the present and comprehend everything. The road of cultivation was lengthy and perilous, and despite reaching this level, he did not consider himself invincible. Even the distant ancestors back then experienced moments of powerlessness.

“I came here to look for my ancestors. Actually, there is one thing I want to discuss with you. I also know about the Gu family. The location of the Nine Heavens is really far away, and some unavoidable accidents will inevitably happen on the way. Naturally, I don’t want many clansmen to die in it and put them in a dangerous situation.”

Gu Changge ignored the perplexed expressions of the black-robed old man and many clansmen in the ancestral hall. He began to explain his purpose for coming there. Since the big fish had been caught, it should have its purpose. From a certain point of view, there was indeed no more suitable candidate than this ancestor of the Gu family.

Hearing this, the old man in the black robe fell into silence. Perhaps the members of the Gu family in the ancestral hall did not grasp the meaning of these words, but at his level, they naturally understood what Gu Changge wanted to express. Although there was a destiny in the dark, after ancient times, every real world would suffer the consideration of calamity.

If it survived numerous calamities, it would attract new life and transformation, reaching a higher level. If it couldn’t survive the calamity, it would lose its body and mind, returning to the ruins, buried in the chaos, awaiting a chance after hundreds of millions of epochs to give birth to new vitality again.

This resembled a cultivator’s journey. From the onset of stepping onto the road of cultivation, one was fated to struggle all the way. All living beings, the heavens, and all things were trapped in such a destiny. If this was heaven’s decree, then they would accept it.

Yet, the higher the level, the more the horror of this world became apparent. The so-called transition was akin to being locked in a cage, battling like a parasite, waiting for the right time to harvest and liquidate.

To put it mildly, they were referred to as cultivators, but in reality, they were just leeks in the eyes of higher-level beings, cultivating one generation and harvesting the next. Even if an odd number emerged among them, the hope was to break through this cage and approach the genuine source. However, ultimately, they would still be crushed by a terrifying force reaching out from there.

Gu Changge’s current words might not carry this meaning in the eyes of the black-robed old man.

“The old man naturally understands what you said, but what’s the use of understanding? Even distant ancestors couldn’t escape this fate, so what can we do?” He expressed a sense of gloom, shook his head, and seemed somewhat disinterested.

“Since the endless ages, haven’t there been many heaven-slayers trying to break free and approach the genuine source? Even if their bodies are shattered and their spirits destroyed, they do not hesitate. What is the ancestor afraid of?” Gu Changge maintained a light smile.

When the Heaven Slayer was mentioned, the expression on the old man in the black robe changed slightly. He couldn’t help but gaze at the sky outside the ancestral hall. Not seeing any unusual signs, he breathed a sigh of relief. The term “heaven slayer” wasn’t something to be mentioned lightly, as it could easily lead to boundless disasters.

Gu Changge’s calm mention of it in front of the many members of the Gu family in the ancestral hall made the black-robed old man smile wryly. It seemed there were no inhibitions.

The higher one reached in cultivation, the more one became aware of the invisible, ever-present gaze. Caution in both words and actions became increasingly crucial.

“Just tell me directly, what do you want to do?” The black-robed old man felt a surge of emotion. It appeared that despite having lived for an extended period, his courage was diminishing. Even though Gu Changge should be a more ancient and mysterious being than his origin, his current appearance was that of a young and energetic man, carefree and unabashed, openly uttering the term “Heaven Slayer.”

“I want to reorganize the heavens and true worlds, and in the name of defeating the heavens, I will establish the heaven-slaying alliance,” Gu Changge spoke with a faint smile, his tone seemingly understated.

What?

As his words landed, the face of the black-robed old man underwent a drastic change—shock, horror, and disbelief etched across his features.

Rumble!

In the emptiness, it seemed as if countless thunders resonated, a formidable momentum about to surge from beyond the sky. It was as though this statement had touched an untouchable taboo, awakening a dormant, terrifying existence. All members of the Gu family in the ancestral hall shuddered, feeling as if their souls were on the brink of explosion, and their spiritual seas were about to collapse, collapsing to the ground.

A pair of gazes, seemingly from nowhere, sought to oversee, bringing boundless power like a falling sky, attempting to crush their spines and turn their souls to ashes. However, Gu Changge's expression remained unchanged. With an indifferent look, he waved his sleeves, and from the depths of the world, a dull hum emerged. The overwhelming power vanished like a receding tide.

In an instant, all members of the Gu family felt as though they were rescued from the sea, their bodies drenched in cold sweat. Even those who had weathered many storms exhibited panic and shock in their eyes.

"What exactly is this?" someone couldn't help but murmur, a lingering horror still present in their eyes.

The complexion of the old man in black had also recovered. He regarded Gu Changge with a complex expression.

He truly didn't expect that Gu Changge's ambitions would be so grand, daring to establish the heaven-slaying alliance. How audacious and courageous was this? Just moments ago, uttering that sentence alone triggered a terrifying vision and drew the attention of an unseen force. If the Heaven-Slaying Alliance were indeed established, it would undoubtedly create monumental waves, and the unimaginable karmic repercussions it would carry left the black-robed old man unable to fathom.

What astonished him even more was Gu Changge's nonchalant wave, effortlessly deflecting the prying gaze. While his strength had likely not fully returned to its peak, it wasn't far off.

"How far have you come? How could you reincarnate and re-cultivate?" At this moment, the black-robed old man couldn't suppress the biggest doubt in his heart.

With Gu Changge's strength, even after the Forbidden Era, it would be a simple task to obliterate the entire Mountain and Sea Realm. What kind of existence could counter him? Yet, why did Gu Changge, possessing such invincible strength, end up in reincarnation? Although the black-robed old man had lived through that era, he only had a partial understanding of many things.