

Villain 941

Chapter 941: Gathering the power of all ages, going farther than his Ancient Ancestor

For instance, the reasons that led to the Forbidden Era, and various events during the period following the initial war against Heaven. From the perspective of the black-robed old man, it appeared shrouded in a layer of mist, yet he could still discern it clearly. However, upon closer inspection, these mists grew larger and more chaotic.

To him, the present Gu Changge seemed to be enveloped in a fog. The actions and words that were clear before became blurred and chaotic again. Suddenly, the old man in the black robe looked at Gu Changge with an expression of disbelief, as if he had stumbled upon a realization.

“Could it be that you, like your distant ancestors, encountered an irresistible force from the real place?”

This possibility seemed to be the only explanation he could fathom for Gu Changge breaking out of reincarnation and reincarnating. Even the most powerful figures from other ancient real worlds might not be able to confront Gu Changge at his peak.

Considering this, it became even more alarming. If the power from the real place couldn't truly annihilate Gu Changge, but only interrupted the cycle of reincarnation, then he was stronger than the ancient ancestor of the Gu family. After all, the ancestors feared that power, claiming that no creature in the world could resist it. Even a mere breath from it could effortlessly obliterate all living beings and make any cultivator vanish.

“No wonder you have such boldness and courage to say such things. You are a fellow traveler like the ancient ancestor, and it is even possible that you have gone farther than the ancient ancestor...” The black-robed old man seemed to have figured something out, with a touch of bitterness at the corner of his mouth.

Gu Changge didn't offer much of a response, maintaining a faint smile on his face. Since the black-robed old man had touched upon that direction, he naturally wouldn't divulge too much.

The members of the Gu family in the ancestral hall could only comprehend half of the riddle-like words, but it did not hinder their understanding of the meaning conveyed by the black-robed old man. Gu Changge stood at the same level as the ancient ancestor of the Gu family. The possibility of him going even further was staggering.

It is possible to surpass the transcendent ancient ancestor. This is undoubtedly one of the strongest beings in all ages.

They were shocked and struggled to digest the many secrets of the Gu family, realizing that Gu Changge's true origin surpassed even that of his ancient ancestor.

With the revelation coming from the mouth of the current ancestor, the shock was more profound than hearing the deeds of the ancient ancestor firsthand.

"With you guarding the real world of mountains and seas, it is indeed more effective than any defensive measures." The black-robed old man's countenance returned to calm, though his emotions remained turbulent. Understanding that Gu Changge had his own intentions and plans for the Mountain and Sea Realm, the old man chose not to inquire further.

In the presence of Gu Changge, there was no need to worry about the impending "hunter" catastrophe. The roles of hunter and prey might be blurred when the time comes.

"I stayed in the Mountain and Sea Realm not just to guard this place." Gu Changge's faint smile evolved into a more serious expression.

"The heavens are not benevolent. I want to establish an alliance to defy the heavens, utilizing the power of all ages to challenge the divine forces and cleanse the world."

"I came here today because I want to ask my ancestors one thing." Gu Changge's words prompted a slight twitch of the black-robed old man's eyebrows. Considering Gu Changge's background, it seemed to be within reason. He kept his composure, opting not to create a fuss. After all, at Gu Changge's level, the pursuit of Dao and law had reached its pinnacle. Although the Dao had no limit, the road itself had a boundary, and they were already standing at the end of that road.

Hence, individuals of the same level, including Gu Changge and the ancient ancestor of the Gu family, were no longer preoccupied with pondering survival during calamities or how to endure heaven's decline. Instead, their focus shifted to how to challenge the heavens, break through the end of the road, and reach the boundless.

"Tell me, what do you wish to ask of me?" The old man in the black robe spoke in a subdued tone, recognizing that he had no room to decline. Despite being the ancestor of Gu Changge in this life, his identity offered no leverage in such matters. Faced with this situation, Gu Changge likely wouldn't provide him with a choice.

“I want you, Patriarch, to join me in establishing the Heaven-Slaying Alliance.” Gu Changge articulated these words without hesitation. Just as the black-robed old man’s expression was on the verge of a drastic change, Gu Changge continued, “The Heaven-Slaying Alliance won’t rely solely on my strength. Only by harnessing the strength of all worlds will there be a glimmer of possibility to challenge the heavens.”

“As you can observe, Patriarch, I have yet to return to my prime, and there is no ancient cultivator around me who can command the situation. The birth of the Heaven-Slaying Alliance won’t happen overnight. I can only play a role in promoting it. To shatter the cage, touch the power of reality, and rectify things, you must gather the power of all ages...”

Many members of the Gu family present did not comprehend the meaning behind these words. However, judging by the gradually dignified expression of the old man in the black robe, the information contained was undeniably formidable.

To prove the Dao? They couldn’t fathom such notions. The countenance of the old man in the black robe grew solemn, and he remained silent. Gu Changge’s words had created a massive upheaval in his heart, leaving him unable to find calmness.

To prove the Dao?

Such words were not even uttered by their ancient ancestors, a testament to the audacity involved. In the vastness of the heavens and the billions of universes, who would dare make such a claim? Even the Heavenly Sect established in the Nine Heavens ventured to use this name due to the unique nature of the Nine Heavens. Stepping beyond the Nine Heavens would likely result in a formidable backlash, causing them to vanish at a mere utterance.

“Of course, I will give you a period of time to think about it, and you don’t have to decide whether to agree or not now. It’s just a suggestion from me.” Gu Changge’s profound expression dissipated, replaced by a faint smile. The Heaven-Slaying Alliance was merely his initial move. In Gu Changge’s perspective, subsequent plans held even greater significance. His conversation with the black-robed old man was influenced by the genuine scarcity of suitable ancient cultivators in the real world of mountains and seas. Even those surviving the calamity might not have attained the level of immortal emperors, let alone touched the road of detachment.

“The old man understands,” nodded the old man in the black robe, refraining from offering a direct response. Such matters were not easily spoken or promised; they demanded careful consideration. The gaze from the shadows was no trivial matter. When Gu Changge had mentioned “Heaven

Slaying” earlier, thunder erupted in the void, and a formidable power nearly engulfed the surroundings. At higher levels, attention to such details was paramount. If spoken by an ordinary individual, it would not have any impact.

At this moment, the black-robed old man pondered whether to find a means of communicating with the main clan in the Nine Heavens to discuss this matter. While he aimed to resurrect his ancient ancestors, it did not signify a willingness to become leeks, allowing others to harvest. The ancestor’s initial fall was not due to encountering the great terror of the real land but rather a conscious decision to transform into the world.

Having left the Gu family, Gu Changge refrained from conversing with the remaining ancestors. His current level instilled fear and unease, regardless of how calmly he might speak. As for his parents and others in this world, he merely cast a distant glance before turning and departing. Gu Lintian had relinquished the position of Patriarch, and both were currently immersed in their cultivation, having entered a period of seclusion.

Gu Changge infused a thread of innate good fortune. While unable to defy one’s innate nature, it facilitated rebirth and transformation. In the current world, the struggle for transcendence was fierce. To stagnate meant being engulfed and buried in the torrent of the era. Despite the chaos and catastrophe, many cultivators refused to relinquish hope, striving for that chance at survival.

The sentiments in Gu Changge’s heart were not particularly profound. Having witnessed such scenes countless times, he had become accustomed to them, making it challenging to stir deep emotions. In the subsequent months, the upper realm, the immortal domain, and even the foreign realm were filled with astonishing phenomena. Even in the distant reaches of the foreign realm, several imperial family ancestors, who had long been dormant, awakened. Their quasi-immortal emperor power surged, shaking the universe. Universes from all directions roared, the Daos clashed, and myriad laws and orders cascaded from the sky like waterfalls.

Despite their recovery, these beings remained low-key. Having learned of the events during their slumber, they refrained from arrogance. The strength of a quasi-immortal emperor did not guarantee invincibility in the current tumultuous world. Their newfound knowledge of powerful adversaries emerging from beyond the boundless sea within a hundred years, bringing immense calamities, left them feeling like sacrificial pawns. Even the Immortal King was mere cannon fodder, and the quasi-immortal emperor was a slightly stronger one. Filled with fear and unease, they hoped their recovery in this great world would offer an opportunity for cultivation improvement, only to face cruelty and tragedy bordering on despair.

This depiction was specific to the foreign realm. In other areas, such as the immortal domain and the upper realm, numerous ancient figures experienced revival. In regions under the charge of King

Luo and others, many notable individuals emerged. They witnessed an old man with white hair and a white beard, accompanied by a woman, crossing the boundary embankment and heading toward the boundless sea. This spectacle left them astounded, recognizing the figure as a supergiant whose cultivation surpassed the Immortal King and even exceeded the Immortal Emperor and Quasi-Emperor.

When Moon King attempted to traverse the boundary embankment previously, the journey nearly claimed her life, and she couldn't even touch the boundary embankment. The old man with white hair and a white beard was even more enigmatic, especially with a young woman beside him who appeared to be his disciple. King Luo and others promptly reported this to Gu Changge, but he showed little concern. Despite the increasing number of revived ancient giants, many surpassing the quasi-immortal emperor in cultivation and radiating the light of the immortal emperor, Gu Changge remained uninterested unless one had transcended the immortal emperor realm, entered the realm of Daoism, and embarked on the road of nine declines.

His primary focus was on refining the true blood of the demon lord and restoring the demon lord's full power. The single drop of true blood left in the Demon Burying Abyss had been a contingency plan devised by Gu Changge long ago. Although the demon lord's body had been obliterated by his thoughts, the demon lord's good fortune and cultivation base had long been condensed in the first drop of true blood. This drop of true blood, sealed when Chan Hongyi was imprisoned in the Demon Burying Abyss, had gradually affected her, perhaps due to the countless days and nights of aura emanating from it.

It was essential to note that when Gu Changge arranged for Chan Hongyi's suppression, the underlying motive was for her to safeguard the drop of true blood. Despite appearances of her being constrained, she was essentially tasked with preserving the true blood, awaiting Gu Changge's retrieval in later generations.

As time swiftly passed, Gu Changge rose from the boundless void. The foundations accumulated over the years were nearly completely absorbed through his refining process.

The road of detachment comprised nine declines and was commonly known as the realm of Dao. Unlike ordinary cultivators who needed to comprehend numerous Daoisms, Gu Changge, at his cultivation level, would naturally break through the realm when the time came. Similar to his previous addition of points through the system, he further evolved destiny value and luck into energy following specific rules. Despite differences in appearance, the essence was essentially the same; the system merely provided a different framework.

Observing the current state of affairs across various realms, peace and order seemed to have been temporarily restored with the gradual recovery of powerhouses from all ethnic groups after the

chaos preceding the catastrophe. However, Gu Changge found these superficial improvements uninteresting. Instead, he focused on scanning through the familiar faces he encountered.

The ancestor of the Gu family had yet to provide an answer, indicating that he was still contemplating Gu Changge's proposition.

Chapter 942: People's way of doing too much damage but not giving enough, there is a 30% chance of winning

Gu Changge refrained from pressing him; there was no need to overly fret about such matters. Moreover, it would be a while before the group of "hunters" from the vast sea ventured into the real world of mountains and seas. Yet, that wasn't the main concern—those "hunters" weren't worthy of Gu Changge's attention.

His current contemplation revolved around whether to reach out to other real worlds and form the Heaven Slaying Alliance. It was implausible for just one real world to participate. Counting on a single realm to challenge the original world was akin to believing in fairy tales and delusions.

Gu Changge surveyed the remaining land. While the power of nothingness refined the true blood of the demon lord, even Jiang Chuchu, Yin Mei, and others secluded themselves, striving for a higher realm. Unlike before, the Divine Kingdom and Heavenly Court had no immediate issues to address. Only heavenly soldiers and generals patrolled, maintaining order and tranquility.

No race or faction dared provoke the Divine Kingdom and Heavenly Court. During this period, numerous old monsters had recuperated, some having experienced the dark catastrophe of the Forbidden Era alongside Gu Changge. They understood Gu Changge's terror, wisely staying within their territories.

"Considering the time, it's probably been quite a while since I last saw that girl Xian'er," Gu Changge mused.

His figure materialized in the Four-sided Temple within the Heavenly Court. The grand hall exuded an extraordinary chill and silence, devoid of any human presence. It had been a considerable time since anyone appeared there.

Following Yue Mingkong's seclusion, Gu Changge had issued directives, assigning many affairs of the Heavenly Court to various courtiers, including major immortal king families in the immortal domain. Consequently, the vast center of the Heavenly Court saw nearly no activity.

Even the formidable figures who were once Gu Changge's confidantes and held great value in his eyes didn't dare tread there without permission. He shook his head slightly, observing the empty hall where only the hanging curtain stirred in the wind.

Gu Changge stood alone, motionless for a prolonged period. Since his return from the immortal domain with the big red bird, he hadn't seen Gu Xian'er. According to the bird, Gu Xian'er was the reincarnation of the heavenly maiden from the real world of mountains and seas, who fell while combating the first calamity of that realm. However, Gu Changge's memory of the heavenly maiden was vague.

Initially, he didn't pay much attention to it, focusing more on Qing Yi, the true spirit of the real world of mountains and seas. "It still lacks the scent of humans. Although I'm accustomed to the solitude of the ages, not seeing this venting bag for a long time feels strange," he mused emotionally. Gu Changge understood that Gu Xian'er must have grown stronger with the assistance of the big red bird, leading him not to employ any means to trace her whereabouts.

After a considerable time, he exited the hall, walking through the blurred void. In the Temple of Destiny, Xiao Ruoyin, donned in a plain long dress, sat cross-legged on a futon with closed eyes, deeply secluded. The temple, always quiet, had few living beings in the vast star field.

Gu Changge's presence didn't disturb Xiao Ruoyin. He observed silently, making no sound. After a while, he departed quietly, uncertain why he had visited the Temple of Destiny and why he wanted to check on Xiao Ruoyin.

Could it be that the seclusion of those around him left him feeling a bit lonely? Was he seeking someone to converse with? Or perhaps he harbored a tinge of guilt towards Xiao Ruoyin? Gu Changge found these emotions somewhat perplexing.

While he didn't follow the path of ruthlessness, being a demon lord or a true ancestor set him apart from ordinary people. He couldn't undergo the same mundane experiences or encounter various beings step by step.

"Do I possess these emotions? Is this internal scrutiny indicating that my emotions are flawed?" Gu Changge pondered, shaking his head lightly. He never considered himself a sentimental person. To achieve his goals, he could employ any means necessary. The outcome, in his view, held more significance than the process. Contemplating many things, he prioritized the result and determined the means to expedite it.

This mindset had become a natural habit, deeply etched in his soul like a brand. To him, everything, whether people or things, could be viewed as tools, differing only in their value. Consequently, he found it challenging to develop genuine sentiments for these tools.

“Perhaps I should truly experience, at least once, the seven emotions and six desires of sentient beings—the genuine emotions,” Gu Changge mused, turning inward for introspection. At his level, many sensations weren’t groundless; they could signify a significant opportunity.

He realized that simpler problems allowed for a deeper understanding, a return to basics, and proximity to the essence of nature. The revelation occurred when he reunited with Qing Yi on the moon in the boundless sea. Initially, he questioned why he felt guilty about her—a sentiment foreign to him in the past. As long as Qing Yi aided him in completing his plan and achieving his goal, he would unhesitatingly abandon her.

Hence, there was no notion of soft-heartedness and compassion at all. However, when Qing Yi embraced him, considering him her sole reliance without a hint of doubt from start to finish, a faint stir occurred in Gu Changge’s heart. This prompted him to reflect on Yue Mingkong, Gu Xian’er, Jiang Chuchu, and others.

During the refinement of that drop of true blood, Gu Changge contemplated how he perceived those around him—were they tools or mere playthings? While his practices weren’t ruthless, he had indeed shared many experiences with them before fully awakening his past memories. These emotions had never surfaced before.

Upon introspection, Gu Changge realized something significant. In his current form, he was following the path of humanity. A man on this path couldn’t be entirely ruthless. If a comparison were made, the bodies of the demon lord and the true ancestor embodied the way of heaven—genuinely ruthless, where all things in the world were mere illusory bubbles.

For Gu Changge, he now experienced emotions like pity. In his perspective, it marked a transformation from the way of heaven to the way of man. “The way of heaven is to damage what is more than to make up for what is not enough. The vastness of the common people and the immeasurable myriad spirits are the so-called surpluses,” he contemplated. “The way of human beings is to harm what is not enough and give what is more than what is given. The two complement each other.”

These insights were profound for Gu Changge. He saw this as a substantial opportunity, potentially increasing the chances of success by 30% for the numerous plans he had set in motion. The true

ancestor, representing the way of heaven and the will of heaven, required Gu Changge to balance it with the ways of people.

The gestation and birth of the true ancestor remained a mystery, impossible for anyone to trace or comprehend. Even with different numbers and variables, according to the established trajectory, the appearance of a new true ancestor was deemed impossible.

True ancestors originally embodied the concept of Dao, giving rise to Dao's conception and birth. They stood at the ultimate beginning and end of all tangible and intangible substances, their strength truly inconceivable. The birth of such an existence between heaven and earth was deemed impossible. Even if deduced from the inception of time to its conclusion, finding a similar existence was an unattainable task. Describing their nature was beyond comprehension; their existence remained an enigma.

Gu Changge, well aware of these truths, had long strategized accordingly. However, the current opportunity presented him with an alternative perspective. As the original True Ancestor, he was intimately familiar with the power at that level. The emergence of the way of man offered a slight chance for him to surpass the fundamental realm of the true ancestor.

Leaving the Temple of Destiny, Gu Changge traversed various universes, visiting the assassin kingdom cultivated by Bai Lian'er. Formerly the Dark Heavenly Court established by Gu Changge, it now fell under Bai Lian'er's control after merging with the Heavenly Court. Factions like the Division of Evil Suppression, Asura Hall, and Assassin Hall were all under her management. Over the years, Bai Lian'er and Ji Qingxuan handled the selection of seeds by the Divine Kingdom and the Heavenly Court, finding enjoyment in their pursuits while cultivation took a backseat.

Gu Changge observed silently from the void and departed without revealing himself. Bai Lian'er had become an enlightened figure, a true Killing Emperor. Yet, in the current vast world, the power of enlightened beings was too insignificant to exert any meaningful influence.

Ji Qingxuan's cultivation wasn't particularly robust; she faced difficulties due to her limited aptitude. After years of effort, she had only reached the quasi-emperor level. Gu Changge acknowledged that breaking through these constraints and entering the enlightened world, the emperor's realm, was a formidable challenge for her. Without additional fortuitous circumstances, she might remain in this realm for her entire life.

In Gu Changge's estimation, it took but a glance to discern Ji Qingxuan's future. However, he found such foresight too mundane and uninteresting. At present, he sought to experience the various

emotions of ordinary beings, witness the seven emotions and six desires, and fulfill the missing human path.

The sight of Ji Qingxuan triggered thoughts of her sister, Su Qingge. Since their last encounter, it had been a considerable time since Gu Changge saw Su Qingge. Despite Su Qingge's initial defiance, Gu Changge had long asserted that he had no intention of harming or punishing her. From the outset, he had manipulated Su Qingge, crafting a nearly flawless image that fostered her wholehearted trust.

Gu Changge, however, wasn't deluded enough to believe that Su Qingge would maintain that trust upon learning the truth. Another soul resided in Su Qingge's body, one that had been exposed to demonic energy in the Demon Burying Abyss. Over time, Su Qingge had become somewhat influenced by this true soul.

Later, driven by Chan Hongyi's bewitching words, Su Qingge sought refuge on the Demonic Mountain. She rebelled against Gu Changge, seeking an explanation and wanting to understand her position in his heart. Was she a disposable chess piece, a worthless pawn, or a mere plaything for his amusement?

From an outsider's perspective, Su Qingge was undeniably a pitiable figure. Brought to the upper realm by Gu Changge, she was forced into becoming an inheritor of demonic skills due to one body hosting two souls. Yet, Gu Changge, the deity, unjustly laid blame for numerous disasters at the feet of the inheritor of demonic arts, though Su Qingge played no role in those actions. Fearing exposure, she had no choice but to flee and hide her true identity. Eventually, she herself started believing that she was the inheritor of demonic arts destined to bring calamity to the world and stand against Gu Changge. During that time, each day brought suffering and torment.

Gu Changge moved on from that area, traversing various universes and life star fields before arriving at an ancient life star. There, he immersed himself in the mundane, embracing nature like an ordinary creature, observing mountains, rivers, and the flow of life. He refrained from deducing Su Qingge's current location, opting to let things unfold naturally. If destiny had a plan, it would reveal itself in due course; if not, there was no need to force it.

In the vast world, Su Qingge no longer needed to fret over her identity as the inheritor of demonic arts. She could now choose the life she desired, and Gu Changge had no intention of disrupting her newfound tranquility.

Ultimately, he journeyed through numerous landscapes, sometimes accompanied by others, and other times alone amidst mountains, rivers, and swamps. He witnessed wars, experienced the rise and fall of ancient countries, the crumbling of cities, and the demise of dynasties.

Chapter 943: The past is all in clouds, the true road to the Mortal World

This process wasn't overly lengthy. For decades, Gu Changge journeyed through mountains, rivers, swamps, and ancient cities, appearing as an ordinary mortal without displaying the slightest hint of cultivation. Those accompanying him treated him as a genuine mortal.

During this period, Gu Changge witnessed the tumultuous battles among cultivators, the fierce struggles for wealthy lands, and the fall of ancient dynasties swept away by the currents of history. He observed the life and death of countless mortals, experiencing the birth, aging, and demise of life. His understanding of mortal emotions deepened considerably.

Further, he traversed the starry universe, visiting many ancient worlds, and even revisited the demon world. However, Empress Xi Yao was absent, leaving only a Dharma Body to oversee matters and prevent chaos. Her true self sought breakthrough opportunities in the outer starry sky, having stepped onto the emperor's road and reached the emperor's realm in another starry domain. Choosing not to return to the demon world, she continued on the path, aiming for a higher realm.

In the current world, the cultivation level of enlightened beings was notably insufficient. Empress Xi Yao, aware of this, recognized the challenges of leading the demon world. Despite her ambiguous relationship with Gu Changge, her authority lacked absolute strength, making it challenging to quell dissent. Even the Immortal King had to tread cautiously, unable to weather the storm.

During this time, numerous ancient monsters from the ancient era emerged in the demon world, boasting long lifespans and formidable strength. The once-unified demon court crumbled, with demon ancestors vying for dominance and refusing to yield to one another. Were it not for the apprehension of the close ties between the Demon Emperor and Gu Changge, they might have attacked or annexed the Demon Court much earlier.

This turbulence in the demon world led to conflicts even in previously peaceful regions, plunging the demon clan into dire straits once again.

Gu Changge spent some time in the demon world, choosing not to visit the demon court or engage with Empress Xi Yao about the past. Approaching matters from a traveler's perspective, he remained impartial, offering no indication of favoritism. Leaving quietly after a few years, he ventured to other places, including the Heavenly Lan Realm, crossing the sea of boundary monuments and arriving in the Eight Desolation and Ten Regions.

Heavenly Lu City stood majestically, adorned with ancient runes exuding formidable power. The streets bustled with cultivators from various ethnic groups, engaged in lively activities and numerous vendors selling their wares. In comparison to other regions, this place had become a sanctuary, free from wars and conflicts, maintaining order—at least for the time being.

The Eight Desolation and Ten Regions, once divided among various immortal forces from the upper realm, had now been abandoned one after another. Each domain had found a new master, breathing new life into the regions. Gu Changge, having once obtained the Epoch Tree and broken through Heavenly Lu City to enter the Eight Desolation and Ten Regions, had rarely revisited the area. Now, upon returning to this familiar place, he felt a sense of detachment and fleeting time.

Tianlu Xuanny, immersed in her cultivation and attaining the status of a real immortal, didn't sense Gu Changge's arrival. Even with his profound background and cultivation, he went unnoticed. When he suddenly appeared beside Tianlu Xuanny, her initial shock took a while to subside. As a true immortal and overlord of the region, the silent approach was unimaginable to her. Initially frightened, she instinctively moved closer to Gu Changge, although her cultivation couldn't possibly harm him.

Gu Changge, suddenly overcome by a mischievous urge, decided to play a prank on Heavenly Maiden Tianlu, recalling some past events. Seeing her relief upon recognizing him, he gave her a teasing look.

Their history wasn't deeply intertwined. Initially, Heavenly Maiden Tianlu had left Heavenly Lu City with intentions of sacrificial defiance, hoping to thwart Gu Changge's plans. Facing an overwhelming upper realm army stationed by the Boundary Monument Sea, she aimed to protect her master's city and the Eight Desolation and Ten Regions.

Unfortunately, she underestimated Gu Changge's strength and methods. Her attempt not only failed to harm him but resulted in her capture, demonic infection, and near-possession by demons. Once pure as a Buddha lotus, she now bore a slightly sinister and awe-inspiring aura.

Their subsequent journey to Nine Mountains involved many events. With Gu Changge's assistance, Heavenly Maiden Tianlu eliminated a senior sister who had betrayed her master and claimed to be Gu Changge's concubine. This led to the misconception that Heavenly Maiden Tianlu had betrayed Heavenly Lu City and the entire Eight Desolation and Ten Regions. In order to survive, she submitted to Gu Changge, even accepting the role of his concubine.

Amidst insults and ridicule, Heavenly Maiden Tianlu remained undeterred, forging her own path and disregarding the opinions of others. Gu Changge vividly remembered these events,

acknowledging that Heavenly Maiden Tianlu's presence played a crucial role in preserving the Eight Desolation and Ten Regions.

Their connection was more one of attachment and being attached, with Gu Changge's visit to Heavenly Lu City prompted by the cosmic starry sky he traversed, coincidentally passing by. His revisit was driven by a desire to explore the old place. During this time, Heavenly Maiden Tianlu shared details about the changes in the Boundary Monument Sea.

Some time ago, Heavenly Maiden Tianlu noticed unusual visions in the Boundary Monument Sea. Portions of the once-surfing sea had dried up, revealing a cracked riverbed and the seabed beneath. Despite sending people to investigate, they were thwarted by an invisible force, preventing them from getting closer. Hence, she remained in the dark about the events unfolding in the depths of the boundary monument sea.

Gu Changge, however, was indifferent to these developments. He had long known that beneath the sea of boundary monuments lay an ancient battlefield where the original Heaven-Slaying Army had fallen. The reasons for this battlefield's descent to its current location remained unknown. The Boundary Monument Sea shared its origin with the Boundless Sea but exhibited distinct differences in levels. It essentially represented the evolved seawater from the boundless sea through countless years.

For cultivators, the origins of the turbulent and fragmented ancient worlds in the Boundary Monument Sea had long sparked curiosity. Its formidable nature posed a natural barrier for the Eight Desolations and Ten Regions, proving challenging even for enlightened individuals and true immortals to traverse. Gu Changge, having a comprehensive understanding, reassured Heavenly Maiden Tianlu not to worry, as even if ancient beings emerged from the sea's depths, they couldn't act recklessly.

After spending several years in Heavenly Lu City, Gu Changge departed. While he had witnessed various worlds along the way, including the mortal realm with its cycles of birth, old age, sickness, and death, as well as the spectrum of human emotions like sorrow, anger, ignorance, and hatred, he still felt a sense of incompleteness. Despite observing these aspects as an onlooker, he couldn't truly experience them. It was as if he existed in a realm beyond, separated by an intangible barrier.

Sighing inwardly, he acknowledged that he couldn't fully grasp these mortal experiences. His role was akin to that of a bystander, observing life from a different perspective. In essence, his actions mirrored the way of heaven, revealing a profound difference from the personal involvement of mortals.

The essence of mortal life stood in stark contrast to Gu Changge's own existence.

If my actions mimic those of mortals, it still falls short of perfecting humanity.

It's like standing atop a high perch, observing ants, looking down on them.

Frowning, Gu Changge sensed the need for a change in his thoughts and methods. The current trajectory left him with an obscured view, akin to glimpsing flowers through mist—a faint and vague perception. As a remedy, he contemplated abandoning his current identity and cultivation, fully embracing life as a mortal. This wasn't a true relinquishment but a complete immersion in mortal existence, temporarily forgetting his origins and everything that preceded.

Over the next few years, Gu Changge personally sealed numerous memories, suppressed his past as a cultivator, and relinquished his cultivation entirely. Now, he could authentically experience the array of emotions that mortals faced—sickness and pain, disdain for the wicked, compassion for the weak, empathy for suffering, joy in favorable weather.

In this new guise, Gu Changge, or rather the mortal he had become, couldn't traverse the starry sky like a cultivator, fly into the heavens, or escape from the ground. Climbing a mountain left him tired, breathless, hungry, and susceptible to ordinary human sensations—dry mouth, dizziness, and weakness.

The passage of time brought aging; he could no longer remain in perpetual youth or stand atop towering heights to overlook everything. Walking through landscapes demanded caution, avoiding wild animals to prevent becoming their prey.

As a mortal, he grappled with sickness, hunger, fatigue, and aging. Memory lapses and amnesia symptoms surfaced, causing him to forget certain aspects of his past and purpose. Gu Changge paused, sensing weariness deep within, prompting the need for a halt—not for physical rest, but a respite from the complexities of existence. Truly tired, he contemplated finding a place to stop, not just for a break, but for a genuine reprieve.

This accumulation felt as if it had gathered over countless years, and in this moment, it surged like a tide, completely engulfing him.

Gu Changge found himself in Green Mountain Village, where he had settled. The village, though modest, housed a few hundred households and was well-connected to nearby towns through mountainous roads. Daily caravans brought an array of exquisite and affordable goods from distant

cities. The tranquility of the village was guarded by powerful cultivators capable of soaring into the sky and burrowing into the ground.

Inside a slightly worn blue-brick building, a young boy in patched clothes, with slightly tanned skin, clenched his fists with determination.

Next year, I must go to the Lie Yang Sect and ask the immortals to accept me as a disciple. Then, I can become an immortal, flying into the sky.

The boy's aspirations were met with a friendly rebuke from a middle-aged man named Wang Erniu, known for his simple and honest demeanor.

The Lie Yang Sect only accepts children with talent, my silly boy. What are you thinking? Haven't you been eating well?

Becoming an immortal isn't something you achieve easily. Many rich families' sons can't even get in, no matter how hard they try.

With a simple and warm family of three, including Wang Erniu's wife, they had graciously taken in Gu Changge for the time being. Gu Changge had journeyed to Green Mountain Village with the intention of finding respite.

Wang Erniu, a man with a straightforward name, encountered Gu Changge resting on a piece of bluestone when he returned from the market with his son, Wang Xiaoniu. Despite Gu Changge's dusty and shabby appearance, there was something about him that captivated Wang Erniu. It was a peculiar feeling, surpassing even the recent encounters with the city's master.

So, Wang Erniu approached Gu Changge and, sensing Gu Changge's thirst, kindly offered him a bowl of water. Gu Changge had initially intended to leave after quenching his thirst, but Wang Erniu's genuine hospitality made it challenging for him to decline.

Wang Erniu's warmth extended further as he took Gu Changge into his home. Wang Erniu's wife heated up some food, and they even slaughtered an aged hen that had been raised for several years. Gu Changge, appreciative of the kindness, found it difficult to resist the generosity.

Curious about Gu Changge's aspirations, Wang Erniu asked, "Why can't you become immortal? In the west village, there's a sister who's an immortal. I haven't seen her age in all these years; she

always stays so beautiful. Anyway, I just want to become immortal and marry my immortal sister when I grow up.”

Despite being scolded by his father, Wang Xiaoniu persisted, expressing his desire to marry Sister Immortal when he grew up. This proclamation earned him another chopstick on the forehead from Wang Erniu, who adopted a serious expression and said.

“You little rascal, don’t talk nonsense. Miss Su is the reincarnation of a living Buddha. For years, she has not only provided free medical treatment to the villagers but also taught them how to read and write. If you dare say such things, see if I won’t spank you behind.”

Chapter 944: This is also a poor man, satisfied so easily?

When Wang Erniu mentioned the Su girl, his face brimmed with undisguised respect. Despite lacking formal education, they possessed a deep sense of gratitude. Miss Su had made her presence known in Green Mountain Village during her childhood.

At that time, the village, along with neighboring towns, faced an unknown plague. Death lingered, with floating corpses and a prevailing sense of despair. Even esteemed doctors succumbed to the plague, resorting to self-immolation. Distant cultivation sects were helpless, contemplating burning the area to contain the disaster.

In this dire situation, Miss Su emerged as the savior. Though faced with a plague that could harm, it inexplicably spared her touch. Wang Erniu vividly recalled the scene – the beautiful Miss Su, clad in white, moved like a banished immortal. Holding a white jade bottle with a freshly picked willow branch, water dripped wherever she walked, resolving everyone’s symptoms.

Miss Su, akin to a living Buddha, single-handedly quelled the plague that ravaged nearby villages. Afterward, she took residence temporarily in the eastern part of Green Mountain Village, near a lake. A small courtyard surrounded by green bamboo featured a clear water pool, where poultry roamed, and medicinal herbs thrived.

Occasionally, she sat cross-legged in the middle of the lake, playing the piano serenely. Villagers sought her help when sick, and she extended her benevolence to teaching children in the village how to read and write in private schools.

Decades passed, and Miss Su’s appearance remained unchanged. Powerful cultivators, intending to visit, found themselves respecting her even before approaching.

Unable to catch a glimpse of the real person, they turned away and departed with utmost respect, refraining from any display of disrespect. Consequently, the villagers unanimously believed that the enigmatic Miss Su, with an undisclosed origin, possessed otherworldly strength akin to an immortal.

Her true identity, place of origin, and real name remained shrouded in mystery. All that was known was her surname, Su, her ethereal beauty, and her penchant for wearing a white dress while quietly playing the piano in the middle of the lake.

Speculation buzzed among the villagers, contemplating reasons for her presence – some believed she sought relaxation, while others thought she might be yearning for a lost love. The piano's notes alternated between lingering like smoke and piercing the clouds with crystal clarity.

“I mentioned marrying Sister Immortal, not Sister Su. Sister Su doesn't fancy me as a youngster,” protested Wang Xiaoniu to his father. He defended himself, recounting an encounter with an old man during cattle herding who claimed he had the potential for sword training and handed him a jade pendant.

In response to his father's critical remarks, Wang Xiaoniu expressed dissatisfaction and narrated the day's events. After returning from the market, his father instructed him to herd cattle in the village, where he encountered the mysterious old man. The old man, with a smile, identified him as a suitable candidate for sword cultivation and predicted a future as a powerful sword immortal. Wang Xiaoniu proudly displayed the jade pendant adorned with sword patterns, leaving his father and mother in awe.

Initially skeptical, Wang Erniu believed his child might be fabricating stories. However, the sight of the jade pendant completely shocked him. Despite Green Mountain Village's modest size, the villagers were no strangers to immortals, perceiving sky-soaring individuals as representatives of immortals.

The mighty ones could extend their lives for hundreds, or even thousands of years. The Lie Yang Sect, closest to Green Mountain Village, was led by Master Lie Yang, rumored to have surpassed 800 years, effortlessly commanding fire and taming the seas. Wealthy young men from nearby cities aspired to join, yet the sect had stringent apprenticeship criteria. Despite hefty payments, one could, at best, become a craftsman's disciple. To access superior cultivation techniques, a strong foundation was imperative; otherwise, a lifetime of toil awaited.

Though Wang Erniu and his peers were common folk, they understood that immortality was beyond their grasp. Thus, when his son spoke of encountering an immortal fate, Wang Erniu contemplated scolding him, urging him to focus on honest cattle herding. Future success could bring reputation

and family honor. Even in dire circumstances, selling cattle could secure a wife and perpetuate the family legacy.

Little did Wang Erniu anticipate his son's extraordinary luck in crossing paths with a legendary immortal. Overwhelmed by excitement, he momentarily forgot about Gu Changge, the guest in their home. His words tumbled out in an incomplete and tremulous manner.

The implications were profound for ordinary people – soaring through the sky, wealth, longevity, and an expanded perspective. Such concepts were beyond their imagination. Discovering his son's potential for immortality filled Wang Erniu with both excitement and disbelief.

"Is this... is this true?" he exclaimed, his excitement evident. The presence of Gu Changge in their home slipped his mind momentarily.

Wang Xiaoniu, sensing his father's disbelief, proudly asserted, "Of course, it's true. Why would I lie to my father? I witnessed that old Daoist, riding a flying sword, descending from the sky..."

"Great, great," Wang Erniu exclaimed, his rough hands gently caressing the jade pendant as if it were a precious treasure.

Suddenly, Wang Erniu had a realization and swiftly turned his head to glance at Gu Changge, who had been quietly attending to the table. "Xiao Niu, quickly put away this jade pendant, and don't let anyone else know about it," he urged. His concern didn't stem from worry about the sudden presence of Gu Changge in their home, but rather from a deep-seated sense of honesty and responsibility. The jade pendant felt like an unexpected, invaluable treasure to him.

Accustomed to a modest life, discovering such a priceless item was akin to going from poverty to unimaginable wealth. Moreover, the significance of the jade pendant seemed profound. Losing it might jeopardize his son's chance of immortality, and what if it was a test set by the immortal for his son?

"Father, I know. Don't worry," reassured Wang Xiaoniu. Despite his youth, he displayed remarkable sensibility and shrewdness. He promptly retrieved the jade pendant, understanding the need for secrecy, especially with an unknown visitor in their midst.

Following this incident, the appetite of Wang Erniu and his wife waned. Initially, Wang Erniu had sensed an air of extraordinariness around Gu Changge. Despite a somewhat weary appearance, he

had invited him home out of kindness. Unaware of Gu Changge's origin and name, Wang Erniu had noticed the traveler's dusty exterior and fatigued face.

Gu Changge had only spoken when requesting water, offering a casual smile that put Wang Erniu at ease. Despite appearing as a seasoned traveler, he exuded a nobility and uniqueness in his demeanor that set him apart from the rugged villagers.

The couple found themselves captivated by Gu Changge's good looks, with weathered features unable to conceal his inherent handsomeness. After washing their faces, they felt a sense of dullness, prompting Wang Erniu to wonder if Gu Changge might be a fallen nobleman seeking refuge in their humble abode.

"Brother, where are you headed?" queried Wang Erniu. "It seems like you've traveled quite a distance."

Engrossed in their discussion about the jade pendant, Gu Changge appeared indifferent, quietly savoring the contents of his bowl without acknowledging their conversation. Wang Erniu, unable to contain his curiosity, eventually inquired about Gu Changge's destination.

"Where am I going?" Gu Changge echoed the question, lifting his gaze with a hint of confusion. It became evident that he didn't have a clear destination in mind. It was as if he sought an invisible road, yearning to reach its end, yet lacking any memory of what that road entailed. His only instinct urged him to keep moving, though weariness hinted at a desire for temporary respite before continuing the journey.

Observing Gu Changge's uncertain expression, Wang Erniu was surprised. He hadn't anticipated that Gu Changge himself was unsure of the answer. This realization raised suspicions in Wang Erniu's mind—had Gu Changge forgotten something significant? In his mind, a narrative took shape, envisioning Gu Changge as someone born into affluence, facing a calamity that stripped him of his identity and status, compelling him into a wandering existence without a clear path forward.

"You're a man of hardship," sympathized Wang Erniu, shaking his head. He had encountered many individuals with similar stories over the years. Dynasties had crumbled, wars erupted, and many once-noble sons found themselves displaced and wandering. Formerly accustomed to a life of privilege, they now lived as destitute wanderers, their past glory and wealth replaced by the uncertainty of an itinerant existence.

“At least now, you can eat your fill, dress warmly, and have a place to shelter from the rain,” Wang Erniu reflected, acknowledging the simple comforts of his own life. “You have a diligent, capable, and virtuous wife, and a sensible and intelligent son.”

Furthermore, with his son on the cusp of obtaining the fate of a legendary immortal, Wang Erniu couldn't help but display a happy smile, thoroughly content. Gu Changge observed this scene, sensing a touch of emotion and confusion within himself. Was he feeling sympathy and pity for someone else? Was this what contentment and happiness looked like? It seemed so simple, yet he had never experienced it. What had he been pursuing all this time? The emptiness persisted, an unfulfilled gap driving him in relentless pursuit, never satisfied.

Feeling a slight headache, Gu Changge knew he had forgotten something. He could easily recall it if he thought about it, but he refrained from doing so.

“I just wanted to go through it all for myself,” Gu Changge thought, regaining composure without delving further. Each person had their unique pursuits, and he didn't need to measure his happiness against others.

“When I become immortal, I'll take my parents to the best city, buy the finest wine for my father, and the most beautiful jewelry for my mother,” exclaimed Wang Xiaoniu, caught up in his dreams. His mother, pleased with his filial intentions, playfully warned him not to shout about Miss Su, who was older than them.

Under the dim oil lamp, the family of three shared happy smiles, imagining a future filled with possibilities. Gu Changge observed quietly, sensing a deeper understanding.

After the meal, Wang Erniu prepared a clean guest room for Gu Changge, complete with fresh bedding they rarely used. Wang Erniu believed Gu Changge might be accustomed to a more distinguished lifestyle and wanted him to feel comfortable, even adding a layer of soft hay underneath. Gu Changge, unaccustomed to such kindness, quietly pondered this simple and honest man's generosity.

Despite not wanting to feel indebted, Gu Changge pondered for a moment and decided to reciprocate. He carefully retrieved a delicate jade pendant from his belongings. Though he couldn't recall its exact value, he understood its significance. Even if exchanged for silver taels, it would be enough to sustain Wang Erniu's family for generations. Wang Erniu, however, refused the gesture vehemently, recognizing the jade pendant's worth but valuing the help he provided more.

To Wang Erniu, the little assistance he offered Gu Changge was far from as valuable as the jade pendant, and he sensed its importance to Gu Changge. What if it played a role in helping him regain his memories?

Being an honest man, Wang Erniu didn't harbor thoughts of monopolizing the valuable jade pendant. Gu Changge, unaccustomed to being indebted, accepted the situation, intending to make amends during his stay.

The next day, he joined Wang Erniu in the fields, eager to contribute. Sweating alongside Wang Erniu, he grasped a hoe and engaged in the task of weeding. The novel experience provided him with an unexpected sense of surprise, as if he gained a new understanding of something. Despite Wang Erniu's attempts to dissuade him, Gu Changge persisted, offering his assistance with a genuine desire to make amends.

Chapter 945: I advise Uncle Gu not to be ignorant, and quickly agree to this marriage

The Wang Erniu family in Green Mountain Village became the talk of the town as they welcomed a handsome and destitute noble son into their home. The news quickly spread to the surrounding villages, impossible to keep under wraps, and many familiar faces greeted Wang Erniu in the fields, eager to learn more about Gu Changge's background.

During casual conversations, Wang Erniu, relying on his own assumptions, crafted a tale of Gu Changge being a down-and-out noble son wandering aimlessly. Moved by pity for his apparent misfortune, Wang Erniu took him in temporarily, prompting Gu Changge to work alongside him to repay the kindness.

The villagers were astonished to hear of a nobleman willingly engaging in manual labor. In an era marked by wars and the fall of dynasties, they had encountered refugees, but never one so willingly embracing hard work. Gu Changge's diligence and seriousness in the fields left them amazed and skeptical, challenging their preconceptions of pampered aristocrats.

Despite the inherent nobility reflected in Gu Changge's manner and speech, he adapted to the tasks at hand with ease, causing some villagers to question the authenticity of Wang Erniu's narrative. Wang Erniu himself felt a mix of distress and helplessness, surprised to find that Gu Changge, unlike typical nobles, could endure hardships and seemed to enjoy the experience.

Gu Changge's assistance endeared him to Wang Erniu, making farm work significantly easier. What started as a compassionate gesture evolved into a genuine affection for the destitute nobleman.

With more than a hundred families in Green Mountain Village, news of Gu Changge's presence spread to every household. Nearby villagers, curious about the rumors, also visited, with some young girls shyly admiring him from a distance. Despite his downtrodden appearance, Gu Changge's unmistakable handsome features captivated their attention.

The onlookers felt a twinge of self-consciousness and could only observe Gu Changge secretly from a distance. Gu Changge, on the other hand, had seamlessly adapted to the daily routine, working alongside Wang Erniu from sunrise to sunset. The gentle rhythm of life allowed him to leisurely enjoy the green mountains, face the morning dew, and chase the sunset. Occasionally, he would return by moonlight, receiving shy gestures of admiration from young girls who offered him sweetwater.

Wang Erniu, sometimes envious of the attention Gu Changge received, believed that looks mattered more than gender. Most of the time, however, his wife personally delivered meals to the field. During meals, as Wang Erniu wiped sweat from his forehead, the two exchanged smiles, sharing a silent understanding.

The warm scenes touched and inspired Gu Changge, who had witnessed similar moments before. Gradually, Wang Erniu's family became more acquainted with him. Wang Xiaoniu referred to him as Uncle Gu, leaving Gu Changge somewhat bemused. Even Wang Erniu's wife addressed him as Brother Gu, a term easily befitting his disheveled appearance.

Despite his present contentment, Gu Changge sensed a looming realization. He knew he was a transient guest in Wang Erniu's family, merely resting from his journey. The familiar routine provided a temporary respite, but he remained aware that his time there was limited. Unsure of his destination, Green Mountain Village, with its few hundred households, felt small.

As he contemplated his next steps, Gu Changge acknowledged that this comfortable, natural, and unrestrained life wouldn't last forever. The past, still obscured from his memory, awaited rediscovery. Yet, for now, the simplicity of daily life in the village seemed oddly acceptable and inviting.

During this period, many villagers became acquainted with Gu Changge, prompting inquiries about his origins and background. Gu Changge, maintaining his air of simplicity, insisted that he was currently a wanderer with no notable background. The villagers, skeptical due to his demeanor, couldn't fathom his past life but lacked any concrete information to delve deeper.

Gu Changge's earnestness and diligence while working in the fields with Wang Erniu caught the attention of caring villagers. Young women, in particular, began visiting to offer homemade red bean paste cakes, desserts, hand-woven scarves, and handkerchiefs. Despite the simplicity of their gestures, they blushed and spoke shyly while delivering water, expressing curiosity about Gu

Changge's name and origin. These brief exchanges fueled their imaginations, as Gu Changge's grandeur, composure, and nobility set him apart from the men in nearby villages.

Encouraged by the soft and subtle advances of some young girls, their parents inquired about Gu Changge's intentions and expressed interest in betrothing their daughters to him. They even hinted at forgoing the need for bride price, offering to handle all necessary preparations. However, Gu Changge consistently declined such proposals, maintaining his reluctance to entangle himself in romantic commitments.

The attention and admiration Gu Changge received left young men in nearby villages envious. Reflecting on the conventional process of marriage discussions involving matchmakers and silver gifts, they marveled at Gu Changge's ability to attract so many young women without elaborate preparations. The advantage of being good-looking, coupled with his direct refusals, intensified their envy.

Wang Xiaoniu, despite his youth, expressed his envy, aspiring to be like Uncle Gu when he grew up. His parents chuckled at his innocence but understood the underlying village dynamics. Many villagers approached Wang Erniu and his wife, seeking insights into Gu Changge's intentions.

In a small village like Green Mountain Village, the appearance of a down-and-out noble son like Gu Changge was indeed a rare occurrence. His good personality, work ethic, and lack of pampered behavior distinguished him from the stereotypical nobles in rumors. The villagers were naturally drawn to him, and some speculated about the possibility of Gu Changge recovering his lost identity in the future.

Not all villagers shared Wang Erniu's kindness and simplicity. Some harbored suspicions about the true nature of Gu Changge's exile, speculating on potential ulterior motives behind his stay in the village.

Wang Xiaoniu, feeling forgotten by the old Daoist priest who had given him the jade pendant, couldn't help but express his concerns. He questioned whether the old Daoist was playing with him or had simply forgotten about him. Wang Erniu reassured him, suggesting that the old Daoist might be delayed or testing Wang Xiaoniu's sincerity.

As the legend of immortal fate loomed over their discussions, Wang Erniu considered the possibility that sincerity could unlock mysteries and tests. Despite the uncertainties, the villagers continued to navigate the complexities of their small community, influenced by the presence of the enigmatic Gu Changge.

Despite Wang Erniu's caution against speaking about seeking immortality, he couldn't help feeling a sense of regret. Imagining the potential admiration and recognition Wang Xiaoni could receive from the immortals, Wang Erniu wished for his son's success to proudly share with the surrounding villagers.

The next morning, as the family of three continued their routines, Gu Changge joined Wang Erniu in the fields, and the village basked in the serene morning glow. The absence of modern noise allowed the peaceful scene to unfold, with sunlight filtering through hilltops and treetops.

Meanwhile, Wang Xiaoni excitedly headed to the private school in the east village, eager to see the beautiful Sister Su once again. In the eyes of all the children in Green Mountain Village, no woman surpassed Sister Su in beauty. Every month, she graced the private school, teaching the children how to read and write.

Even some adults couldn't resist sneaking a peek at Miss Su outside the academy, captivated by her beauty. The bamboo house where Miss Su usually resided remained undisturbed unless there was a genuine need for her formidable healing abilities.

In the academy, the sound of reading aloud filled the air, resembling the wind rustling through the forest. The children, scrolls in hand, sat obediently and read aloud. A veiled woman in white, revealing only a pair of pupils, walked gracefully with a scroll in one hand and a slight smile on her face. Occasionally, she used the scroll to gently tap the heads of inattentive children.

Tall and slender, the woman in white exuded an otherworldly charm. Her hair was tied back, exposing a fair and slender neck, while a cascade of black hair lent her a cool and dignified air. She resembled an exiled immortal untouched by the world, embodying a serene and ethereal presence.

Miss Su held a special place in the hearts of the villagers of Green Mountain Village, revered as a Living Buddha. She had played a pivotal role in rescuing everyone from a devastating plague that had swept through the surrounding areas. Despite her heroic deeds, her true face remained a mystery, always concealed beneath a bamboo hat or a light veil. The villagers couldn't help but speculate about the beauty that surely lay hidden beneath the coverings.

As the morning reading session concluded, the woman in white, embodying the serene lifestyle of the mortal world, asked the children to take a break, promising to resume their lessons later. For her, teaching these children brought joy and a sense of purpose. Surrounded by the tranquility of the village, she enjoyed a peaceful existence, far removed from the cultivation world and its complexities.

Yet, amidst the serenity, a tinge of loneliness and sadness occasionally crept in. Nevertheless, this solitude was a conscious choice, a return to simplicity symbolized by the birds' harmonious songs.

Wang Xiaoniu found himself in a playful exchange with a little girl named Arya, who sought his assistance in convincing Uncle Gu to agree to her sister's marriage proposal. Wang Xiaoniu, displaying a confident demeanor, assured Arya that he would do his best to persuade Uncle Gu.

Arya, delighted by Wang Xiaoniu's commitment, shared a mischievous smile with the other children. She playfully described her sister as the renowned "bean curd beauty" of the village, with a line of suitors stretching from one end of the village to the other. Encouraging Uncle Gu to not be oblivious to her sister's charm, Arya humorously suggested that he quickly agree to the marriage.

Chapter 946: Hand-prepared dream, how good it would be not to wake up?

"Let me tell you, there's a line of people wanting to marry my sister that stretches from the beginning to the end of the village."

"In the past, sons from prominent city families used to personally propose, but my sister never agreed."

The little girl's name was Chen Arya. Despite her well-behaved appearance, she was quite outspoken. Speaking with crossed arms and a touch of old-fashioned tone.

Wang Xiaoniu, however, was long accustomed to her words, and the two were very close.

Having grown up together since childhood, they could easily be called childhood sweethearts.

He playfully stroked the back of her head and said, "I know Sister Chen Ya is beautiful, kind, and makes delicious tofu. People queue up to pursue her."

"But my Uncle Gu is clueless about this..."

"You're silly. Why not whisper some good things about my sister into your Uncle Gu's ears?"

Chen Arya rolled her dark eyes, brewing mischievous thoughts.

She wasn't aware of what had happened to her sister.

Just a few glances at Wang Xiaoniu's Uncle Gu, a man of mysterious origin, and she was captivated. He even dragged her parents home, attempting to secure a match for himself.

Chen Arya was too young to grasp such matters, but she had witnessed Uncle Gu's demeanor firsthand.

Indeed, he was handsome, dignified, gentle, and notably reliable and hardworking.

Otherwise, she wouldn't have urged Wang Xiaoniu to speak highly of her sister.

When the two children discussed this, they did so without any reservations.

Their conversation caught the attention of the nearby children, sparking discussions.

"Xiao Niu, I heard the mysterious Uncle Gu in your family used to be a prince of a kingdom. The kingdom was destroyed by someone, and he ended up here. Is that true?"

"Did he really used to be a prince?"

Curious, many children inquired.

During this period, news about Gu Changge had spread in the neighboring villages, becoming a common topic among adults during tea and dinner conversations. Naturally, the children had picked up on these details from the adults.

Various rumors circulated, evolving into different versions – a fallen prince, a nobleman's son, or the young master of an affluent family living afar. Much of the speculation originated from the mouths of young girls.

Wang Xiaoniu felt overwhelmed upon hearing these rumors. He had no knowledge of Gu Changge's mysterious history, and the rumors that sprouted were downright extravagant.

A woman in white observed the scene quietly, her expression somewhat distant as she listened to the laughter and chatter of the children. Memories flooded her mind, images spreading like wild weeds.

The surname Gu struck a chord. It was a rare name. Despite spending many years in the Upper Realm, she only knew of one family with the surname Gu. Encountering the familiar name in this tranquil mountain village stirred a cascade of memories.

“Is it a coincidence, or has a person with the surname Gu wandered here by chance?” she wondered, shaking her head in a mix of disbelief and sorrow.

News had reached her a few days prior – the Wang family had taken in a fallen nobleman. He proved both dignified and humble, willingly working in the fields with diligence and conscientiousness. Villagers speculated about his identity, aware only of his surname, Gu.

The woman in white, initially surprised, also felt a sense of anticipation. It had been a long time since she heard that surname, and the encounter in the remote village stirred emotions she hadn’t felt in years.

To the point that, in that moment, it felt as if years had slipped away, almost a lifetime ago. The woman entertained some extraordinary speculations, but she later dismissed each one with a shake of her head.

Such ideas were unrealistic, akin to a fleeting dream. He was a god, a being transcendent and above all mortal realms. The notion of him dwelling in the mortal world as a down-and-out noble was inconceivable.

The woman in white had grown accustomed to life in Green Mountain Village over the years. Welcoming the morning sun and watching the sunset, she found solace in the simple joys of life. Around her elegant bamboo house, grass was planted, and spirit animals were raised. Not far away, a jade lake reflected the serene beauty of its surroundings.

The green mountains and waters, so peaceful and elegant, provided a stark contrast to the conflicts and intrigues of the cultivation world. This tranquil existence felt more suitable for her.

Upon arriving in the upper realm, she harbored ambitions of becoming a powerful cultivator, standing at the pinnacle of power. However, as time passed, that aspiration waned. Surviving, it seemed, was an extravagant enough wish.

She once believed that rigorous practice, even embracing demonic arts, would be worthwhile if it garnered his attention. But over time, that desire faded. What she truly longed for wasn't much – just a small place in his heart.

Upon discovering her identity as the inheritor of demonic arts, she contemplated ending it to spare him any trouble.

After all, he was a young luminary with a radiant halo and a promising future, standing at the pinnacle of the Upper Realm. The leader of his generation, an invincible legend captivating the attention of the world.

Yet, she, the inheritor of demonic arts, found herself relegated to the role of his maid. Her very existence foretold future calamities for the heavens, destined to be in opposition to him from birth. If her identity were exposed, it would undoubtedly cast an indelible stain on his life.

In response, she concealed herself, living cautiously in the shadows. The world feared the inheritor of demonic arts, but to her, it was a shackle, a constant threat to her existence.

Recalling her time at the True Immortal Academy, she vividly remembered how close her identity came to being revealed. What if, when questioned, she had admitted to being the inheritor of demonic arts?

He had smiled and assured her that he would personally end her life, descending to accompany her in death. In that moment, she felt she could do anything for him. Regardless of the life's outcome, it seemed worthwhile.

As memories flooded her mind, the expression of the woman in white grew increasingly distant. How she wished she could remain within this dream, never to awaken.

Chapter 947: Who is spying here? Immortals appearing in the Wang Family

"I don't care; anyway, when the time comes, you must say more kind words about my sister in front of your Uncle Gu."

"Otherwise, I can't forgive you."

“Understood. You’re such a barbaric girl; no one will marry you when you grow up.”

“Hmph, you don’t have to worry...”

The bickering voices of the two children, Chen Arya and Wang Xiaoniu, interrupted the woman in white from her thoughts and brought her back to her senses. She regained her composure and looked at the children in front of her.

Almost all the children were giving advice about Chen Arya’s sister, displaying surprising understanding of marriage dynamics despite their youth. The woman in the white robe smiled a little, shaking her head and laughing.

However, this scene also triggered many thoughts for the woman. In any case, the past was unchangeable, and dwelling on it wouldn’t alter a thing. Instead of endless fantasies and expectations, it was better to face reality.

The beautiful dream she once had was shattered long ago, its edges even tinged with pain. Why fear facing it?

Wang Erniu’s house, located at the entrance of the village and not far from the private school, was only a few miles away. After teaching all the children, the woman in white left the small academy.

Hiding in the void, she followed behind Wang Xiaoniu, Chen Arya, and the other children, intending to catch a glimpse of this person surnamed Gu.

The children, innocent and carefree, continued making light of Chen Arya with the morning’s events on their way home.

“Arya, when you grow up, do you want to find a good-looking man to marry like your sister?” a few girls of the same age asked with a smile.

“That’s natural.” Chen Arya rolled her eyes wide, showing a confident smile. “When I grow up, I will definitely look better than my sister, and I will find a husband who is even better-looking than Xiao Niu’s Uncle Gu.”

“You’re so barbaric; people will look down on you,” Wang Xiaoniu pouted.

But as soon as he said this, he received Chen Arya's little fist, and the two began playfully fighting again, running toward the village.

The rest of the companions chased after him, carefree and happy. The woman in white looked at this scene with some envy. This was pure emotion without any impurities. Maybe the two children can't feel it now, but when they grow up a little bit, they will understand. Today's slapstick and play were such rare pure emotions of childhood sweethearts.

But at this moment, in front of Wang Xiaoni's house, the scene was quite lively. Many villagers gathered around as if watching the excitement. Many good people were still joking and making fun of the visitors.

A woman in a light green dress with a pretty face and a fair complexion, shyly stood behind her parents and elders, her jade hands tightly grasping the hem of her skirt. She had applied a thin layer of powder and a bit of makeup, radiating a bright and moving beauty against the scenic backdrop.

This was Chen Ya's older sister, Chen Ya, the renowned beauty of Green Mountain Village who owned a tofu shop at the entrance of the village. Not only was she beautiful and skillful, but also kind-hearted, and the tofu she made was delicious. Many villagers fondly called her the "Tofu Goddess."

In front of Chen Ya stood her parents and a matchmaker, chatting about family affairs and other matters. The surrounding villagers, with occasional smiles, interrupted to offer their assistance. It was evident that Chen Ya's parents, along with the matchmaker, had brought her to the door for a significant reason.

The man surnamed Gu, whom they wished to meet, had gone to the market with Wang Erniu today to sell melons and fruits from their farm and had yet to return.

Many young men, upon hearing the news, felt envious. To them, Chen Ya was like a goddess, and on ordinary days, she politely rejected all marriage proposals. Who would have thought that her family would be so bold as to bring a matchmaker to their doorstep?

"It's a pity that I don't have the looks of others. It's normal for Xiao Ya to look down on me."

"Since ancient times, a beautiful woman should be matched with a handsome man; that's what it should be."

But they also knew their appearance, possessing self-awareness, likening themselves to crooked melons. It was only natural for Chen Ya to hold them in low regard.

The Chen family in Green Mountain Village could be considered somewhat affluent. Therefore, when Chen Ya's parents and others approached, they didn't even consider asking for a bride price. They came in person, hoping to persuade Wang Xiaoniu's mother and seek her support.

From their perspective, Gu Changge had been taken in by the Wang family, and the three members of the Wang family were the ones who interacted with him the most. Living here without relatives, he might already consider the Wang family as his own.

Both of Chen Ya's parents exuded an intellectual air, coming from a scholarly background. Their speech was polite and decent, leaving Wang Xiaoniu's mother feeling somewhat helpless, unable to refuse outright. How could they decide such matters for Gu Changge?

"Sister, father, mother..."

At this moment, Chen Arya and the energetic Wang Xiaoniu returned, approaching the scene. Chen Ya greeted her younger sister with a smile, playfully pinching her nose.

"Sister, you don't know how to be reserved. People don't know; they might think you can't get married."

"Nevertheless, I asked Xiao Niu to speak highly of you."

"How are you going to thank me?"

Chen Arya immediately began claiming credit upon arrival, a mischievous smile on her face. Chen Ya extended her finger, poking her brow in mock annoyance.

"Stop talking; no one will think you're silent."

"Mother..."

Wang Xiaoniú also greeted his mother. “Xiao Niu, it’s good that you came back. The old Daoist you mentioned before is now waiting for you at home.”

Seeing him return, Wang Xiaoniú’s mother couldn’t help but smile. She hurriedly pulled him aside and shared that this morning, an old Taoist and a distinguished middle-aged man had appeared at their home unexpectedly.

“Excuse me, is this Wang Xiaoniú’s house?” A woman asked by name, peering cautiously at the unfamiliar surroundings.

Wang Xiaoniú’s mother, an ordinary peasant woman, had never encountered such a formal inquiry and found herself utterly shocked. However, recalling what Wang Xiaoniú had mentioned earlier, she composed herself and responded truthfully.

Although the old Daoist appeared amiable, the middle-aged man accompanying him made Wang Xiaoniú’s mother uneasy and fearful. Initially, she planned to go to the private school to find her son, but the old Daoist insisted on waiting at their home throughout the morning.

“What?” Wang Xiaoniú’s eyes widened in surprise, unable to conceal the astonishment on his face. He half-expected the old Daoist to forget or perhaps deceive him, but here they were, actually appearing at his home.

In that moment, everything else faded away. Nothing seemed as crucial as embarking on his own journey of immortal cultivation.

“Very good...” Wang Xiaoniú beamed with joy and pride, unable to contain his excitement as he boasted to Chen Arya, “Arya, Brother Erniu, I’ll become an immortal starting today. If anyone dares to bully you in the future, just let me know, and I’ll protect you.”

Wang Xiaoniú’s mother didn’t bring up this matter during casual conversation with Chen Ya’s family. All the villagers were left in awe upon hearing this unexpected announcement.

This guy, Wang Xiaoniú, was going to become an immortal? The news left everyone questioning if they heard correctly.

Chen Arya, equally surprised, couldn't help but doubt, "Xiao Niu, you didn't lie to me, did you?" They had grown up hearing tales of immortals, revered and all-powerful beings, yet the cultivation path required rare opportunities and talents.

Wang Xiaoniū eagerly shared his encounter with a benevolent old Daoist and a sword during cattle grazing, leaving the villagers even more dumbfounded. The stroke of luck was nearly unbelievable.

Meanwhile, in Wang Xiaoniū's house, the old Daoist with a gentle countenance, clad in a worn feather coat, sat calmly on a bench, displaying a serene and relaxed demeanor.

"The kid seems to be back..." He listened to the commotion outside, offered a faint smile, and, taking a gourd from his waist, leisurely sipped wine with his head held high.

Beside the old Daoist stood a middle-aged man. However, the attire and demeanor of this middle-aged man sharply contrasted with the disheveled appearance of the old Daoist. Adorned in a golden robe made of Yin-Yang silk and wearing a golden crown, the middle-aged man exuded an imposing presence. The robe, adorned with order patterns, billowed around him, and with every blink, strands of golden light flickered, emanating a majestic and unruffled aura. Clearly, this middle-aged man was a formidable cultivator with a potent cultivation base. Even though he restrained his aura, its intensity was awe-inspiring.

"Ancestor, are you truly certain that the fellow outside is a promising seedling? In my opinion, he appears utterly useless, not even comparable to the disciples in the sect..." The middle-aged man, while respecting the old Daoist, couldn't help expressing his doubts.

In such a remote mountain village, could one genuinely encounter a seedling praised by both ancestors and elders? This notion seemed somewhat unbelievable to him. Despite using various means to assess Wang Xiaoniū, he couldn't sense any remarkable qualities. Even the talent for swordsmanship, supposedly linked to the sword bone, seemed negligible.

The middle-aged man held the belief that Wang Xiaoniū's possession of a sword bone was merely a stroke of luck and nothing more. Beyond that, he perceived no noteworthy qualities in the child. In the current vast world, possessing a sword bone alone held little significance, especially if the individual lacked the capability to practice.

"Don't you trust the discernment of this old man? This little guy has a bright future ahead. Don't underestimate him based on his current appearance. Don't judge the young based on their poverty," retorted the old Daoist, shaking his head with a smile. He didn't feel the need to elaborate further.

Exuding a strong alcoholic scent, with unkempt and sloppy attire, the old Daoist could easily be mistaken for a beggar elsewhere. Nevertheless, the middle-aged man ceased questioning, still harboring some bewilderment.

Fully aware of the old Daoist's identity, he harbored no doubt about the old man's words.

"Go out and observe this lad," the old Daoist commanded, patting the dust off his buttocks and heading outside with a grin. The middle-aged man followed closely behind.

The villagers, still reeling from Wang Xiaoniu's revelation, remained silent for a long while. Some even forgot their original purpose of visiting the Chen family. With the appearance of the old Daoist and the middle-aged man, any lingering doubts among the villagers vanished, replaced by a mix of respect and fear. Immortals, after all, were beings from a different realm—entities capable of living for eons and wielding unimaginable power. The oppressive aura emanating from the middle-aged man left the villagers in awe, acknowledging the vast gap between their worlds.

Their souls seemed to quiver, almost as if compelled to kneel in reverence toward him. However, the villagers maintained great respect for the disheveled old Daoist, a sentiment that only intensified their envy toward Wang Xiaoniu. It was evident that the old Daoist's background was even more astonishing and terrifying.

"I've been eagerly awaiting the arrival of the immortal," some villagers, overwhelmed by fear, couldn't help but kneel down, offering salutations. Chen Ya, Chen Arya, and the others, gripped by trepidation, dared not utter a word. The revelation of immortals in the Wang family was beyond their expectations.

"Little guy, do you remember the old man?" The old Daoist, unperturbed by the villagers' reactions, smiled kindly at Wang Xiaoniu.

Wang Xiaoniu, not overly frightened, nodded eagerly and replied, "I remember. This is the jade pendant you gave me, and I've kept it safe all this time." He then retrieved the exquisite sword-patterned jade pendant and handed it to the old man.

Observing the jade pendant, the middle-aged man's pupils constricted in shock. He hadn't anticipated that the ancestor had bestowed such a precious gift. However, after a swift glance at the ancestor and the void not far away, he quickly refocused.

The middle-aged man, detecting an anomaly, frowned and snorted coldly, “Who is spying here, hiding and not daring to reveal themselves?”

Chapter 948: The future seedling of the Dao realm, she reacted far more violently

“Secretly hiding your head and showing your tail, I want to see who you are.” The middle-aged man’s eyes flashed with golden light as he fixed his gaze on the void nearby. With a cold snort, he waved his sleeve, unleashing a formidable aura that rippled through space, seemingly ready to unveil the hidden figures.

Had it not been for the ancestral insight earlier, a brief glance in that direction, he might not have detected the presence of cultivators spying in the shadows. This realization left the middle-aged man feeling a bit disgruntled and embarrassed. As an imminent enlightened being, the remaining cultivators in the remote mountain village were nearly imperceptible, especially in the presence of their ancestors.

Witnessing the middle-aged man’s actions, the villagers were frightened, their faces paling, and those already kneeling trembled even more. While unaware of the middle-aged man’s intentions, they keenly felt the fear he emanated.

“Why do this in front of mortals?” The old Daoist expressed dissatisfaction with the middle-aged man’s behavior, furrowing his brow and softly reprimanding.

Wang Xiaoni, taken aback, also turned pale. His initial encounters with cultivators had been with the amiable old Daoist, leading him to subconsciously assume that all immortals shared a similar disposition. The intimidating nature of the middle-aged man caught him off guard.

“Yes, Patriarch.” The middle-aged man, scolded by the old Daoist, quickly adjusted and suppressed his coercion. Nevertheless, a lingering coldness remained in his eyes as he continued to gaze at the void.

“As a cultivator, is that how you show off your prestige in front of ordinary people?” At that moment, a faint figure emerged from the void. Cloaked in white with a veiled face, the woman spoke calmly, unperturbed by the middle-aged man’s strength.

It was the living Buddha in the eyes of all the villagers in Green Mountain Village, the girl surnamed Su.

“Miss Su...”

“Sister Su...”

Seeing the woman in white clothes appear, all the villagers couldn't help being surprised, and some couldn't help but exclaim. Chen Arya shouted excitedly. In their eyes, Miss Su was also a powerful cultivator, gentle and kind, treating everyone equally. Miss Su had helped them a lot over the years.

The middle-aged man in front of them was also a powerful cultivator, but he was fearful and disturbing. The two were completely incomparable.

“Sister Su.” Wang Xiaoni couldn't help shouting, a little excited. He didn't expect the woman in white to appear there. In the past, after private school was over, she would leave and return to her elegant house. It was very difficult for the rest to see her. But today, she actually showed up here, which was too surprising.

“I didn't expect that there would be such a beautiful woman hidden in this small mountain village. What a surprise.” When the middle-aged man saw the woman in white appear, he was taken aback for a moment, and then a look of amazement flashed across his eyes. What surprised him the most was the cultivation of the woman in white. Although her age and bone age seemed relatively young, she was already at the level of the quasi-emperor.

Although this great world was suitable for cultivators to practice, reaching the quasi-emperor level was rare. Quasi-emperors were not common; they held enough power to dominate large territories and establish ancient religions. Yet, the woman in white gave him the impression that such cultivators were easily attainable.

The old Daoist didn't seem surprised by the existence of the woman in white. He took a brief look and then looked away. In another era, a quasi-emperor might cause a stir, but in the current troubled times, even enlightened people or true immortals were just cannon fodder. The woman in white wasn't worthy of his attention.

“I didn't expect that a quasi-emperor would appear in this remote mountain village. It is indeed surprising,” the woman in white responded flatly. She paid more attention to the old Daoist, whom she couldn't see through. As for the middle-aged man, even though he was in the same realm, he wasn't of concern. In the same realm, she couldn't find an opponent and was confident in her strength.

The appearance of these two people in Green Mountain Village was truly surprising, especially when they expressed an interest in seeing Wang Xiaoniu. This left the woman in white puzzled, as she had been in Green Mountain Village for decades and knew the villagers well. Wang Xiaoniu, though suitable for cultivation, lacked the corresponding roots of wisdom.

Unless he was willing to spend a lot to reshape his roots. But instead of paying a huge price, it was better to find a new seedling. This left the woman in white wondering if the two of them had other purposes.

“The unicorn is hidden deep in the mountains. What a surprise! Isn’t the girl also living in seclusion in this small mountain village?” The middle-aged man, seeing that the cultivation level of the woman in white was similar to his own, put away his initial contempt. He habitually put his hands behind his back, showing a touch of majesty, and asked, “Your Majesty, I come from the Kongtong Hidden Sect. I wonder what the girl’s name is?”

“Kongtong Hidden Sect?” The woman in white raised her brows slightly, not having the impression of this sect in her mind. She had never heard of such an orthodox force in the upper realm before. If there was a relationship with immortals, it was very likely that the ancestors were born with real immortals.

Seeing that the woman in white didn’t answer his question, the middle-aged man frowned, a little displeased. However, the old Daoist seemed to have expected that he would get angry, so he waved his hands and said in a flat tone, “We are not here to show off.”

Hearing this, the middle-aged man’s complexion changed, and he hurriedly said respectfully, “Remember the teachings of our ancestors.” The pupils of the woman in white shrank inadvertently. The middle-aged man called this old Daoist his ancestor, and he was related to immortals. Could it be a true immortal?

In the current world, true immortals were not uncommon; even in Green Mountain Village, she had heard many rumors about true immortals. During this period, changes had taken place in many places, and many ancient ancestors inherited from the immortal forces were born, with unfathomable strength. Among them, there were even existences beyond true immortals.

An old Daoist suspected of surpassing a true immortal suddenly appeared in Green Mountain Village, asking for Wang Xiaoniu by name? No matter how you look at it, this seemed abnormal.

“The old man has no malicious intentions; he just wants to take this child as a disciple. Don’t worry, girl. If I really want to hurt this child, girl, you can’t stop me.” The old Daoist seemed to perceive

the woman in white's thoughts. He stroked his beard, offering a kind smile, displaying a much gentler attitude compared to the middle-aged man.

The surrounding villagers could also sense it. The old Daoist's background was likely not simple, and even Miss Su appeared somewhat apprehensive. However, the old Daoist's demeanor was very gentle, devoid of any malicious intent. Many people felt relieved and envied Wang Xiaoniu greatly.

"Since the senior said so, I feel relieved," the woman in white nodded. The old Daoist was correct – if he harbored malicious intentions, she, with her strength, wouldn't be able to resist him.

Because of Miss Su's presence, the villagers of nearby Green Mountain Village collectively sighed in relief. Chen Ya's family had initially planned to arrange a marriage between Wang Xiaoniu's family and theirs, seeking their assistance. But they never anticipated this turn of events.

Whether it was Chen Ya or Chen Erya, they couldn't help but envy Wang Xiaoniu. Who wouldn't want to attain immortality if given the chance? Unfortunately, such a blessing wasn't in the cards for them.

As Wang Xiaoniu was still young, the initial fear of the middle-aged man dissipated with the old Daoist's gentle demeanor. Curiosity took over, and he began to inquire about many things. The old Daoist patiently explained, and the nearby villagers gained new insights.

Regarding the concept of the sword bone mentioned by the old Daoists, they didn't fully comprehend it. However, they understood that behind the old Daoist and the middle-aged man lay a very ancient and powerful sect.

The senior Daoist was even more advanced in age; he held the position of patriarch in this ancient Daoist lineage, known as the Kongtong Hidden Sect. The middle-aged man, a descendant of the old Daoist, also held a powerful position as an elder within the sect.

"Kongtong Hidden Sect..." The woman in white stayed and speculated about this ancient orthodoxy. It seemed to be a sect that had recently emerged, having concealed itself from the world prior to that, and she remained oblivious to worldly affairs.

The old Daoist patiently responded to Wang Xiaoniu's questions, intending to take him away from his current home and back to the sect for cultivation once his fate had been determined. He believed that, with his guidance, Wang Xiaoniu could become a peerless sword immortal within a century.

Wang Xiaoniu was not an ordinary individual. The seasoned Daoist, with his abilities, attempted to deduce Wang Xiaoniu's past and future forcibly. However, all they could discern was a vague scene shrouded in chaotic mist, making it difficult to see clearly.

At his level, he could effortlessly understand the past and future of even powerful cultivators. In his eyes, anyone else was like an open book, detailing that person's life. He could read it at will and even make revisions. Yet, when it came to Wang Xiaoniu, it was as if he encountered a dense fog, preventing a clear view of his past and future.

This unexpected challenge excited the old Daoist. He realized he had stumbled upon a treasure, a potential variable in the legend. Even if Wang Xiaoniu turned out to be the reincarnation of a formidable ancient cultivator, his past cultivation would likely match, if not surpass, his own.

In the present great world, the secrets of the heavens were chaotic, and the Daos were elusive. Some variables and anomalous entities might emerge when the times demanded, shaped by catastrophic events. In previous eras, it was almost impossible for an individual with extraordinary talents to appear. The right time, place, and people were all essential, requiring significant time for accumulation. These exceptional individuals were formed through the collision and evolution of countless moments, capable of breaking common sense and transcending the shackles of heaven and earth.

Therefore, in the eyes of the old Daoist, Wang Xiaoniu in front of him was a budding figure destined for the future Dao realm. The old Daoist felt a surge of emotions, believing that Wang Xiaoniu might be the chosen one born amidst the chaos of this world, destined to play a crucial role in combating external threats and saving all beings.

Meanwhile, on the village road in the distance, Wang Erniu, Wang Xiaoniu's father, was returning with a carriage. Villagers greeted him, casting envious glances his way. Behind Wang Erniu, Gu Changge, wearing a bamboo hat and carrying a backpack of unsold melons and fruits, accompanied him.

Despite missing the peak market hours, Wang Erniu was grateful for Gu Changge's assistance. Many young girls took advantage of the situation to strike up conversations with Gu Changge and make purchases. In an attempt to shield Gu Changge from unnecessary attention, Wang Erniu bought a bamboo hat and placed it on him, covering his face temporarily.

As Wang Erniu approached, Wang Xiaoniu, engaged in conversation with the old Daoist, shouted excitedly to share the good news with his father. The old Daoist, observing Wang Xiaoniu's filial

piety, expressed his approval with a smile, recognizing Wang Xiaoniu's simple and teachable nature.

While Chen Ya's family was captivated by the tales of immortal fate shared by the old Daoist, their attention quickly shifted when Wang Erniu returned. In the world they inhabited, matters of immortal fate were beyond their reach, but potential marriage prospects were within grasp.

Chen Ya, eager and nervous, tightly clutched her dress, anxiously eyeing the figure behind Wang Erniu. However, it was the woman in white, Su, who had a more intense reaction.

"What?" The woman in white named Su reacted more strongly to the sight of Gu Changge.

Chapter 949: My name is Su Qingge, Long time no see, young master

Is this the Gu guy you've been talking about?

Why are you still wearing that bamboo hat, trying to be mysterious and not revealing your true face?

Chen Ya clenched her hands tightly, feeling a mix of anticipation and shyness in her heart.

Upon hearing the question from his parents, he couldn't help but speculate, "Maybe it's to avoid drawing attention and unnecessary trouble, right? Mr. Gu has gained quite a bit of fame recently."

How can it be?

The woman in white surnamed Su couldn't help but clench the hands that were originally behind her back.

The bones and fingers turned white due to the excessive force applied.

Her heart was in turmoil, finding it hard to believe what she was witnessing.

The body shape was familiar, the face was familiar, even with the bamboo hat making him appear a bit changed and downcast, but the well-known facial features were hard to conceal.

Even the way he walked was incredibly familiar.

She could be considered one of the people who knew him best in this world, having followed him for a long time.

Her veiled face displayed shock and confusion, and her emotions couldn't settle down.

She trembled slightly, her eyes moist and foggy.

It's really him...

Why meet again in this place?

Is it some kind of coincidence? Or an accident?

Or was it a surprise he orchestrated himself?

At this moment, she even questioned if she was dreaming. Everything before her eyes felt like a reflection that could shatter and dissipate at any moment.

"Father..."

On the village road, Wang Xiaoni greeted him with excitement, eager to share the good news with his father.

Wang Erniu's face also beamed with smiles, brimming with excitement. On the way home, he had learned about this from some villagers.

One day, his old Wang family unexpectedly had a stroke of good fortune, getting a chance to connect with that elusive immortal.

How could this not make him feel thrilled and elated? If there were no outsiders present, he feared it would be difficult to contain himself, tempted to light a few incense sticks for the ancestors.

“Uncle Gu, I’ll soon be able to cultivate immortality and become immortal,” Wang Xiaoni shared the good news with Gu Changge, who was wearing a bamboo hat.

“You finally don’t have to talk about it every day,” Gu Changge smiled, reaching out to pat his head.

“Hehe, I wasn’t worried before...” Wang Xiaoni touched the back of his head. For some reason, he didn’t dare to be mischievous in front of Gu Changge. He tried to appear stable and mature. Despite Gu Changge’s kindness and gentleness, there were times when he felt a palpitation and an overwhelming sense of awe. Wang Xiaoni thought it might be the majesty accumulated over a long time. He hadn’t sensed it even in the elders in the city, so most of the time, he refrained from making jokes in front of Gu Changge.

Today, however, he was genuinely excited and happy, allowing himself to act a little smug. “By the way, Uncle Gu, Sister Chen Ya is here again, and she brought a matchmaker.” Wang Xiaoni bounced in front of him, rolled his eyes, and couldn’t resist leaning into Gu Changge’s ear, whispering, “I see Sister Chen Ya really likes you.”

“What do children know? Shut up.” When Wang Erniu, next to him, heard this, his face darkened. He reached out, patting Wang Xiaoni on the head to signal him not to talk nonsense. After all, Gu Changge had a mysterious origin. Although temporarily residing in Green Mountain Village, no one knew when he would leave. A person of unknown background, yet he captivated many young girls in and out of the village, making it seem as if they would all marry him. This left Wang Erniu feeling helpless, only able to sigh inwardly.

Moreover, even though the three of them were familiar with Gu Changge, it didn’t grant them the authority to decide on his marriage. At most, they could offer advice, but the final decision rested with Gu Changge.

“Chen Ya? Is that the girl who sells sweet-scented osmanthus cakes in the village? She’s a nice person, with a kind heart.” Gu Changge expressed surprise upon hearing the words, then nodded in agreement.

“No... not that...” Wang Xiaoni and Wang Erniu, father and son, felt a bit embarrassed and stiff at this revelation.

“The sister who sells sweet-scented osmanthus cake is called Huang Xiaoyu, not Sister Chen Ya.” Wang Xiaoni quickly clarified, realizing Gu Changge had made a mistake. To make matters worse, the nearby villagers were all eavesdropping, adding to the embarrassment.

“Oh? Remember wrong?” Gu Changge seemed even more surprised and continued to guess, “Is that the one that sells candied dates and candied haws? Or the one that sells tofu?”

“Uncle Gu, please be careful. Sister Chen Ya is the most beautiful sister in the village, the one who often brings you water,” Wang Xiaoniu explained hastily, feeling the need to set the record straight.

Even though he was young, everyone in the village knew him, making it impossible to admit his mistake. It appeared that Uncle Gu couldn’t recognize the young girls and couldn’t remember their names.

“So it’s her. Didn’t I tell her that I don’t plan to get married?” Gu Changge nodded in amazement.

Outside the Wang family’s gate, Chen Ya’s family of four looked a little uneasy. Although there was a distance, they could hear the conversation. The nearby villagers seemed amused, suppressing their laughter.

“Xiao Ya, this is what you call graceful and polite, gentle as jade. It’s just annoying; he doesn’t even remember who you are and what your name is. You still want to marry someone else?” Chen Ya’s parents, coming from a scholarly family, were well-bred, but now they were visibly angry.

Their daughter had spoken highly of this man, persuading them to accept his proposal. Now, with their efforts to arrange the marriage, they were met with the irony of Gu Changge not even recalling Chen Ya’s identity.

But even before they met, their impression of Gu Changge plummeted to a freezing point. Chen Arya’s small face displayed anger; she clenched her fists tightly, stating, “Sister, don’t be fooled by his appearance. This person doesn’t know how to respect you, and he can’t even remember who you are.” She was visibly upset, revealing a pair of small canine teeth as she ground them together.

Chen Ya’s face, initially shocked and embarrassed with a hint of blush, grew hotter. Coming to the Wang family today to bid farewell in person, she had prepared herself for whatever outsiders might say. However, she didn’t expect to hear such comments.

Upon reflection, she recalled that in her previous conversations with Gu Changge, he had never spoken in such a manner. In her mind, Gu Changge was a handsome young man who spoke softly, politely, and modestly, leaving a positive impression.

“Young Master Gu is not like that. He must have said it on purpose just to make you angry, so he could gracefully step back in difficult situations,” Chen Ya explained to her parents in a low voice, leaving them stunned.

“Young Master Gu...” Chen Ya was startled by a soft murmur from the side. Only then did she notice that Miss Su had appeared beside her, seemingly standing in the void before and not landing.

Chen Ya hurriedly saluted, “Miss Su.”

“This...” In front of the Wang house, the old Daoist was stroking his beard and smiling. His smile froze at this moment and gradually disappeared. He frowned, showing a hint of surprise.

“The ancestors...” The middle-aged man on the side was puzzled, shouting a few times with no response. Following the ancestor’s gaze, he discovered that the ancestor was fixated on the man in the bamboo hat who followed Wang Xiaoniu.

“Is there something special that has the ancestor looking like this? But why can’t I see anything?” The middle-aged man couldn’t help but speculate, perplexed by the mysterious reaction of the ancestor.

But no matter how he looked, it was challenging to discern any abnormalities. The man in question appeared to be an ordinary mortal, lacking roots, cultivation talent, and a cultivation base.

Surprisingly, even the white-clothed woman surnamed Su seemed unusually interested in the man in the bamboo hat. The middle-aged man began to feel an illusion that there might be something peculiar about the expression of this woman named Su.

“What happened? Why do these immortals have such expressions?” The nearby villagers, who hadn’t left, were all shocked by the scene unfolding before them. Observing the three immortals—each with expressions ranging from dignified to surprised and puzzled—they couldn’t help but speculate.

“Xiao Ya, are they all looking at that man surnamed Gu?” Chen Ya’s parents also noticed, seeking an explanation.

“It should be. Could it be that Mr. Gu has some other status?” Chen Ya, too, felt perplexed at the moment, wondering why the situation had taken this turn.

Wang Xiaoni took pride in the attention directed at him and boasted to his father, “Father, I am now very powerful.” However, Wang Erniu, not oblivious, recognized that everyone’s gaze was focused on Gu Changge. Puzzled, he couldn’t help but start guessing.

Gu Changge, seemingly unaware of the stares, casually walked over, intending to politely decline Chen Ya. He had a premonition that his stay in Green Mountain Village wouldn’t be prolonged. Therefore, marrying and settling down here wasn’t an option.

If this experience was a grand dream, then for him, it was time to awaken from it. However, just as Gu Changge approached Chen Ya to explain his intentions, his gaze inadvertently shifted aside. Frowning slightly, he looked at the woman in white and asked, “Have we... met somewhere?”

Witnessing this scene, everyone was left stunned and astonished.

Chen Ya stood stunned on the spot, not expecting Gu Changge to address Miss Su in such a familiar manner. Everyone, including her, recognized Miss Su’s ethereal beauty, even though she never unveiled her true face. On ordinary days, no one dared to converse with her in such a casual way. Gu Changge’s boldness in striking up a conversation like this surprised everyone. Initially, it seemed like Gu Changge was making a playful pass at Miss Su, but the unconventional move left them baffled.

To their astonishment, Miss Su, after displaying initial shock and disbelief, nodded directly. “See... you have seen,” she said, lowering her eyes and suppressing the urge to cry. She tried to answer in a calm voice, but there was a slight tremor, and her eyes showed a hint of red. She hadn’t expected Gu Changge to transform in this manner. Did he forget the past? What had happened during this time? Had he encountered an invincible enemy? But amidst the forgotten past, he still remembered her.

All the villagers, along with Wang Xiaoni’s family, were completely stunned by what the woman named Su revealed. The three members of Wang Xiaoni’s family couldn’t believe their ears, wondering if they had misheard.

“How is it possible?” Wang Xiaoni widened his eyes. Did this mean that Miss Su and Uncle Gu knew each other? Was Uncle Gu not just a resident aristocrat but a cultivator like Miss Su?

“Master Gu is a cultivator?” Chen Ya was frozen, finding it challenging to accept this reality. Contrary to the villagers’ shock, the old Daoist, who wore an expression of surprise and uncertainty, remained unshaken. Gu Changge was not just a cultivator; he was a formidable force in the world.

Cold sweat broke out on his back, and his hands and feet grew cold—unbelievable. At his level, such feelings should be impossible. What else in this world could truly threaten him? Yet, the Gu Changge before him inspired a profound sense of terror, causing his entire body to tremble, and his scalp to go numb. The old Daoist couldn’t help but recall countless years ago when he first embarked on the path of cultivation. He had faced the unknown with trepidation, cautiously navigating the abyss ahead.

“What kind of small mountain village is this...” The old Daoist hesitated to take any action, unsure of what Gu Changge was experiencing. However, he understood that if the other party intended harm, a simple press of the finger would suffice to end his existence.

“Ancestor...” The middle-aged man at his side swallowed hard. He wasn’t foolish to have come this far. What did he witness on his ancestor’s face? Was that fear?

“Have you seen it before? I told you it might feel a little familiar,” Gu Changge ignored everyone’s astonishment and shock, turning his attention to the woman in white before him. He smiled, saying, “We haven’t just met.”

The woman named Su Qingge smiled softly, a desire to reach out and touch his face evident, but she restrained herself. “My name is Su Qingge, young master. Long time no see.”

Chapter 950: There are only two of them in the whole world, who is not fighting for crossing?

No one expected the woman in white to address Gu Changge in such a manner. Her expression and tone conveyed more than mere acquaintance, leaving the onlookers completely bewildered.

As people processed the situation, they began to speculate about the complex emotions and connections between Su Qingge and Gu Changge. Chen Ya, quick to catch on, realized she didn’t know the history between them. Su Qingge’s expressions and actions suggested a deep and possibly intimate connection between the two. As a woman, Chen Ya was all too familiar with the nuances of such gazes and tones. In the presence of Su Qingge, she couldn’t help but feel a sense of darkness and gloominess, even questioning her own worth.

“Su Qingge...” Gu Changge whispered the name, feeling an innate familiarity. The name resonated within him, not a mere recollection, but a profound sense of long-term acquaintance. There seemed

to be a significant history between them, yet Gu Changge didn't force the memories; he let them flow naturally, confident that they would surface when the time was right.

"The name sounds nice," he remarked with a smile.

"It's not the first time you've said this." Su Qingge also smiled, her eyes expressing tenderness.

Not far away, the old Daoist hesitated but eventually approached. He cupped his hands at Gu Changge and said, "The old Daoist has met the Daoist brother." Though possessing unfathomable strength, he recognized his insignificance in the presence of Gu Changge. Uncertain of Gu Changge's current state, he approached to extend his greetings, not willing to compromise his manners.

"Greetings, seniors," the middle-aged man followed his ancestors, hastily performing the ceremony of the younger generation. Although Gu Changge appeared youthful, how could he, from his appearance alone, discern the existence that his ancestors feared? To speculate?

The surrounding villagers stared wide-eyed. The old Daoist and the middle-aged man, who exudes an aura of mystery and power, displayed such reverence before Gu Changge. It felt almost unreal, akin to a dream.

Wang Xiaoniú's family of three, despite their earlier expectations and guesses, were still shocked. "Gu... Uncle Gu, he is also an extremely powerful cultivator? I'm not dreaming," Wang Xiaoniú felt a bit dizzy, questioning the reality of the situation. His lifelong pursuit of immortality now had a tangible connection to his companion, whom he had affectionately called Uncle Gu.

Wang Xiaoniú's father, Wang Erniu, also found himself in a dreamlike state, mouth agape. Gu Changge had been assisting them with farm work, blending seamlessly into the routine of everyday life. He had even earnestly persuaded Gu Changge to stay, not realizing the extent of his companion's extraordinary abilities.

While Wang Erniu chuckled wryly in his heart, he felt grateful for the harmonious time they had spent with Gu Changge. Despite his mysterious identity, Gu Changge had exhibited behaviors and actions that defied the stereotypical image of a cultivator. He seemed completely integrated into the mundane world, like an ordinary person.

"I'm not a cultivator or immortal now, so why should the Daoist priest be so polite?" Gu Changge shook his head, rejecting any notion of differentiation based on their identities as old Daoists and middle-aged cultivators.

The old Daoist smiled wryly, unsure of what Gu Changge was going through. However, Gu Changge's words made it clear that he was not currently a cultivator.

That didn't imply that he wasn't a cultivator before or after this revelation. The sudden appearance of such a formidable presence in the small mountain village left the old Daoist shocked and incredulous. It also signaled a sense of significant changes in the world—an impending catastrophe causing turmoil and unraveling mysteries in the vast world.

Initially, the old Daoist believed he stood on a certain peak, but Gu Changge's arrival made him realize he was akin to someone sitting in a well and looking at the sky. The appearance of Gu Changge allowed the old Daoist to comprehend the notion that one truly understands the sky when outside it, and understands people when outside the realm of ordinary folks.

News of everything happening in the Green Mountain Village quickly spread to nearby areas, leaving many villagers astonished and disbelieving. Who would dare to believe that an immortal had been living among them? Those who had interacted with Gu Changge during this period found themselves in shock, as if living in a dream. Some recalled teasing him about his melon-selling venture, contemplating what kind of melons they would sell if they resembled him, with countless young ladies eagerly waiting for him to marry. Looking back now, they were not only shocked but also chuckled wryly at their earlier assumptions.

The Green Mountain Village, once a tranquil haven, now bore a veil of mystery. The appearance of individuals with mysterious origins sparked speculation about whether it was a picturesque landscape or if some hidden secret lay beneath the surface. Nearby sects attempted to inquire about the Kongtong Immortal Sect, only to be horrified. This supergiant force spanned the immortal domain and the upper realm, emerging in recent years as a force beyond their imagination and reach.

In the subsequent period, Green Mountain Village gradually returned to its former tranquility after the initial shock and excitement. Despite the awareness of Gu Changge's extraordinary identity, villagers observed that he remained unchanged. He continued with his regular routine, working from sunrise to sunset, and daily life carried on as usual.

The person bringing water and food shifted from many young girls in the village to Miss Su after Gu Changge's identity became known. Most of the young girls, including Chen Ya, the tofu seller, abandoned their romantic thoughts. The perceived vast gap in status seemed insurmountable to them. Nevertheless, a few individuals couldn't resist sneaking glances—youthful indiscretions that were all too common.

As time passed, Wang Xiaoni was finally taken away by the old Daoist. Despite his parents' reluctance, they understood the significance of their child becoming a true cultivator, far surpassing academic achievements or ancestral honors. Wang Xiaoni, not burdened by the departure, left with a smile and their expectations.

Before departing, the old Daoist left numerous precious items for the couple. While not conferring immortality, these gifts promised to extend their lives by decades or even hundreds of years. Whether due to Gu Changge or Wang Xiaoni, it was a necessary gesture.

Once Wang Xiaoni left, Wang Erni and his wife couldn't help feeling a twinge of reluctance. They wondered how many years Wang Xiaoni would spend in cultivation and when they would see him again. Apart from his parents, another person deeply reluctant to part with Wang Xiaoni was the youngest daughter of the Chen family, Chen Arya. Her nickname was Arya, but her real name was Chen Xiaoya.

Before his departure, Wang Xiaoni quietly visited Chen Xiaoya and presented her with the sword-patterned jade pendant gifted by the old Daoist. He assured her that after achieving success in cultivation, he would return to bring her delicious food. Despite their tender age and the absence of explicit romantic feelings, a subtle fondness had developed between them. When Wang Xiaoni offered the jade pendant, Chen Xiaoya, tearful, encouraged him to cultivate diligently. The two children embraced each other, shedding tears as they parted.

Gu Changge was aware of this, and it was Chen Xiaoya who approached him, sharing the story. She believed Gu Changge, being a cultivator respected by the old Daoist, might provide insights into her potential fate with immortality. Gu Changge remained silent on this matter, but Su Qingge assured Chen Xiaoya that she and Wang Xiaoni would undoubtedly meet again in the future, their destiny intertwined in the unseen threads of fate.

Before Wang Xiaoni departed with the old Daoist, Gu Changge moved out of the Wang household and began living with Su Qingge. Su Qingge had initiated this arrangement, and for Gu Changge, it felt entirely natural, as if it were meant to be. Although not officially married, their understanding and rapport mirrored that of a seasoned couple. Su Qingge knew Gu Changge's habits and preferences, down to the precise temperature of his tea. Likewise, Gu Changge had grown accustomed to the simple and comfortable life with her by his side.

Gu Changge cultivated a small garden outside the courtyard, growing bean sprouts, fruits, and vegetables. Engaging in daily chores like weeding and watering, he sold the harvest at the market using the Wang family's carts. The villagers, aware of his extraordinary identity, eagerly purchased these fruits and melons.

Su Qingge seemed to have forsaken her status as a cultivator, donning simple linen attire, a headscarf, and tying up her hair. She took on daily chores, cooking and washing for Gu Changge. During hot weather, she brought him refreshing spring water, delicately wiping the sweat from his forehead with her sleeves, smoothing his collar, adjusting cuffs, and mending clothes. In colder times, she lit the stove and crafted embroidered cotton shoes for him.

In autumn, as the trees shed their leaves and the harvested rice dried in the courtyard, Su Qingge found the scene exceptionally serene. Gu Changge, though busy, reveled in the simplicity of it all.

As winter approached, the sky resembled snow, and the weather grew colder. The nearby villagers, accustomed to Gu Changge's identity, were unreserved around him. Su Qingge, well-regarded in the village, showcased her culinary skills, delighting in the season's offerings like bacon and homemade wine.

As temperatures dropped, the lake froze, and the courtyard was blanketed in a thin layer of white snow. The world turned silent and silvery white. Inside their home, a lively fire crackled in the stove, and sparks occasionally flew. The two nestled together on a not-so-big bed, listening to the snowfall outside. Gu Changge, tightening the quilt around them, held Su Qingge close, gently smoothing her hair.

Amidst the tranquil snowfall, they found solace in each other's arms, feeling as if only the two of them existed in the entire world. Winter gave way to spring, and time passed swiftly. Gu Changge's understanding of the world deepened, and he realized that these experiences transcended mortal concerns.

Cultivators pursued different paths—some sought the natural way of Daoism, longevity, and foresight, while others pursued a return to simplicity and the natural. Each individual held distinct perspectives. The term “ordinary” didn't refer to an average person but rather to a state of mind and concept, emphasizing simplicity and authenticity.

Cultivators pursued longevity and immortality, dissatisfied with the status quo, striving for salvation. On the other hand, mortals sought prosperity, wealth, and power, a pursuit akin to fighting for their own form of salvation. Neither group desired an ordinary existence.

Wang Xiaoni's family, along with all the villagers in Green Mountain Village, were mortals, yet they, too, were engaged in their own battles for a better life. The impoverished sought prosperity, the ailing longed for health, and the wealthy aspired to build joyous households with children and grandchildren.

Wang Erniu diligently worked the fields, adhering to the rhythm of sunrise and sunset. In the mortal realm, where insects sang for a single autumn and epiphyllum blooms lasted only one night, everyone was fighting for their version of salvation.

For Gu Changge, the term “mortals” had lost its original meaning. What defines immortality? Was it about battling and scheming, or did it embody a lofty and ethereal existence, quietly observing the mortal world? Both seemed to be aspects of immortality.

Ordinary people experienced the cycle of birth, aging, sickness, and death, witnessing the myriad facets of mortal life. They sought detachment from the world, returning to their origins, yet still remained ordinary individuals in the grand scheme of existence.