

Villain 951

Chapter 951: Can be regarded as an alternative reincarnation, the rest of the traces of the mortal world

Gu Changge found that the distinction between immortals and ordinary people was not as crucial as he once thought. Living on the mountain or following the mountain, both were part of the human way, encompassing immortals and mortals alike. Even the highest echelons of immortality couldn't escape the broader category of humanity.

Through his experiences, Gu Changge realized that the vague concept of "person" gradually gained clarity and definition. As years passed in the Green Mountain Village, children grew into adults, married, and started their own families. Life continued its cyclical nature, with the elderly passing away and new life entering the world.

Despite the passage of several years, Gu Changge and Su Qingge remained seemingly untouched by time. Su Qingge, being a powerful cultivator with an extended lifespan, perceived the years passing in the blink of an eye. Gu Changge, though appearing like an ordinary person, had a blurred sense of time within him. While he could simulate the effects of aging and adapt to the rhythms of mortal life, he wouldn't genuinely grow old.

The Green Mountain Village offered them a unique perspective on life, providing a real experience of a new life and a complete understanding of mortal existence. Gu Changge and Su Qingge, living as a couple, observed the cycles of nature, from spring to winter, witnessing the ebb and flow of life.

During this time, Gu Changge felt as though he had filled the gaps in his original understanding of Dao. Simultaneously, he sensed a detachment from his initial human nature, allowing him to view himself from a different perspective. The days in the village became a profound exploration of life, revealing its multifaceted nature and timeless essence.

Gu Changge's experience in the Green Mountain Village was a form of reincarnation, a new life that allowed him to explore the human way from a different perspective. Although he couldn't undergo every conceivable experience, considering his original vantage point at the end of the way of heaven, it was a profound journey into humanity.

As Gu Changge embraced his newfound humanity, the upper realm underwent significant changes. Powerful beings emerged in various immortal forces, significantly raising the overall combat power in the upper realm. The immortal kings in the immortal domain were awe-struck by these developments.

Simultaneously, efforts were made by strong individuals to communicate with the Immortal Domain to address the turbulent situation. On the edge of a vast battlefield, ancient warships approached, causing turmoil in many ancient universes. The ripple effect spread like a storm, disintegrating worlds.

On the boundary embankment, an old man in white, with a white beard, and a young woman named Shen Xian'er stood. The old man, Ming, had walked out of the sea of boundary monuments. As they observed the chaotic scene, Ming speculated about the appearance of individuals from other real worlds.

Shen Xian'er expressed surprise at the mention of hunters from other realms. Ming pondered whether the appearance of these hunters and the discovery of the Mountain and Sea Realm were mere coincidences or if someone was deliberately orchestrating events. The passage of countless epochs since the war against the heavens fueled Ming's suspicions, prompting him to question the motives behind these recent developments.

The emergence of hunters in the boundless sea, sacrificing the real world of mountains and seas, and the traces of other real worlds trying to contact this realm led Ming to believe that there might be a greater force orchestrating these events. Shen Xian'er, following Ming's side and gaining insights into the situation, expressed confusion and speculated that the true spirit protecting the real world of mountains and seas might not have disappeared but faced challenges, making it unable to shield the realm effectively.

In response to Shen Xian'er's hypothesis, Ming acknowledged the possibility. He considered the idea that the true spirit, responsible for safeguarding the real world of mountains and seas, might have encountered problems, rendering it incapable of providing adequate protection. This notion connected the events unfolding in the realm to a potential issue with the true spirit.

Ming's face underwent subtle changes as he pondered these possibilities, and his eyes seemed to penetrate time itself, attempting to gain insights into the present circumstances. This line of thinking suggested a complex and interconnected web of forces influencing the fate of the real world of mountains and seas.

Ming contemplated the possibility that the ancient existences constantly being revived could be the result of the True Spirit's arrangements over the years. This realization weighed heavily on him, as it suggested that the True Spirit might not have fallen but instead orchestrated events behind the scenes.

Acknowledging that something significant was occurring, Ming's expression grew serious. He speculated that the newly born real world they had discovered had long lost the protection of the True Spirit, leaving it exposed to external influences. This observation seemed to validate Lord Zhuoyou's earlier conjecture.

Meanwhile, in the vast expanse, an ancient warship of pale blue color traversed the waves, heading toward the real world of mountains and seas. The immense vessel bore a profound aura of antiquity, forged from rare immortal gold and radiating a divine light of order. Chaotic energy enveloped the ship, shrouding it in an aura of mystery and power.

Onboard the warship, armored figures conversed in an ancient secret language, their excitement palpable as they approached the birthplace of a new life. Despite their faces being concealed, their eyes gleamed with cold determination, hinting at their formidable presence and intent.

Chapter 952: The Immortal Domain, evaporated from this world

The emergence of the real world anew filled me with the scent of immortality. There was once a spark of eternity lingering here...

Perhaps we can investigate and restore its origin. Maybe remnants of genuine substance still exist. The absence of protection from the true spirit suggests a clash with celestial retribution.

These enigmatic figures conversed in an ancient secret tongue, their eyes aglow with illumination.

Suppressed anticipation and excitement flickered in their gazes, as if they had long hungered and now beheld a lush land teeming with life.

Upon this ancient warship, the interplay of order's light intertwined with the enigmatic, ancient runes etched in select spots.

The dense chaos-filled air surged, cascading like dense mist, coursing through the vast sea, unwavering from its initial trajectory.

Yet, within the hull of the ancient warship, a divergent scene unfolded.

Certain materials appeared translucent, crafted from entirely different substances, with transparent screens projected into the void.

The figure seated at the hull's core seemed to exude a luminous silver fluid across its entirety.

Its face was pure white, featuring only eyes, devoid of any traditional facial features.

Segments of its form emitted faint glimmers, akin to some form of celestial life.

Other figures emanated remarkable authority.

Some were enveloped by thunder, flames, stars, and other tangible elements, not bound by the laws of order.

Evidently, they were the commanders of this ancient vessel.

The armored figures outside, concealing their visages, served as their attendants.

Across the expansive cosmos, countless civilizations and legacies flourished.

Some endured through endless ages, perpetually thriving without falter or demise.

While others, akin to fleeting meteors, briefly illuminated the profound night sky, their existence fleeting, leaving behind no trace.

Among the most illustrious and potent civilizations throughout the vast expanse, one stood preeminent—the Immortal Civilization.

Though there had been ancient and formidable civilizations in the annals of history, none could rival the Immortal Civilization.

However, its existence was fleeting, its flame of civilization destined to wane, unable to endure perpetually like the immortal civilization.

This ancient warship hailed from a distant realm, one that didn't birth the immortal civilization from its inception.

Instead, through the evolution of life, it gradually delved into the mysteries and potential of life.

Thus emerged a higher echelon of power, dubbed the power of the mind.

In contrast to the immortal civilization, this society explored the realms of the mind, soul, and spirit.

In a certain aspect, it achieved a quasi-immortal state, imbuing the mind into various substances, coexisting with them.

Yet, this power had its limitations, reliant on external objects and unable to achieve true immortality.

Subsequently, they clashed with lesser immortal civilizations, amalgamating some of their powers, eventually deeming themselves immortal civilizations.

In essence, they were an offshoot of the true immortal civilization, belonging to its lineage.

The realm they inhabited was always known as the Immortal Real World, though it might not have claimed the foremost position in the vast cosmos, it was certainly renowned, birthing many beings of the Dao realm level.

“The birth of this new realm, devoid of true spirit protection, signifies abundant resources and vast territories, promising boundless wealth for us.”

“Perhaps remnants of the immortal flame still linger. If successfully seized, it could propel me to higher realms.”

A humanoid figure, noticeably slender, its eyes gleaming with a subtle light, gazed at the image projected in the void, muttering cryptic words to itself.

“If Mr. Zhuoyou can seize control of this nascent realm, he may undergo the fourth spiritual transformation, embedding his soul into the primal substance, and manifesting the fourth persona.”

“In doing so, we can rival the ancient cultivation of the Four Tribulations of the Void Dao Realm of the Immortal Dao Civilization. With that, we’ll be better prepared to confront the ancient realms.”

The other figures surrounding him mirrored his excitement, nodding in agreement at his words.

They held profound admiration for a female figure named Zhuoyou.

Despite their immortal civilization amalgamating the crystallized legacies of numerous immortal civilizations, they acknowledged their standing was notably distinct from the true immortal civilization.

In the authentic immortal civilization, survivors of the fourth calamity of Heaven's Decay among ancient cultivators of the Void Dao Realm were exceedingly rare.

Across countless epochs, only a handful of such individuals emerged.

Much like the newborns in the real world struggling to find cultivators treading the path of detachment, the journey was laden with hardships.

Furthermore, it demanded a significant element of luck, beyond the mere accumulation of talent.

In contrast, within their immortal civilization, diverse methods existed to crystallize the essence of the soul, perpetuating it through successive generations, achieving a semblance of immortality.

When the spiritual power of forebears waned, they condensed original crystallizations for the ensuing generations.

By investing one's spiritual power into the core of the soul's origin, individuals could fully embrace the legacy bestowed by their ancestors.

This lineage extended seamlessly from father to son, son to grandson, and beyond.

Thus, while the immortal civilization emerged relatively late, it wielded a formidable power that couldn't be disregarded.

The figure named Zhuoyou before them derived support from an extensive and ancient lineage.

They meticulously analyzed the Immortal Dao civilization, condensing both original and legal matters, entrusting their spiritual power to these primal materials for a true transformation.

They traversed diverse realms, consolidating residual substances on battle-scarred fields across countless real worlds that had weathered innumerable calamities, effecting higher-level transformations.

In certain immortal civilizations and real worlds, immortal fire seeds could be found.

Within those immortal fires lay almost tangible remnants, termed by them as the “original material,” signifying the primordial substance of all things. The origin of all things held an unparalleled mystique, capable of shaping the entire world—where the heavens and the earth mingled in turbidity and clarity, and the universe embraced a dark yellow hue, immersed in chaotic cycles of reincarnation.

Even now, the immortal civilization grappled with the enigma of the original material’s origins. Their understanding was limited to its likely occurrence in certain real worlds that birthed the immortal civilization.

The ancient warship resonated like a colossal mountain range, traversing the vast expanse towards the real world of mountains and seas.

Simultaneously, in another direction, a weathered ancient warship surged forward. The materials comprising this vessel appeared more weathered and dilapidated.

A figure atop it, towering and human-like, bore an ancient pattern between the brows.

These were the “hunters” from the spiritual real world.

The formidable entity known as Bone Ancestor sat cross-legged on the boat’s hull, seemingly in quiet repose.

A vast mist swept in from all directions, billowing like a wave.

“It’s almost there, nearly within reach. We can bring our homeland down...”

“I can already sense the aura of new life.”

Creatures from the spiritual real world detected the nearing aura of the real world of mountains and seas, their voices tinged with excitement.

It appeared they had lain dormant for countless years, anticipating this very moment.

Dark waves relentlessly surged, causing the boundary dikes of the vast battlefield to quiver.

The entire sky’s edge blurred, with foam-like substances continually accumulating—a force that set the very foundation to tremble.

“The frequency of the Dark Wave is increasing...”

“I just don’t know how much longer we can endure.”

King Luo and other immortal kings guarding the vast battlefield’s edge wore solemn expressions.

Their forms stood within the war bunker, witnessing successive waves of terror approaching from the opposite end—overwhelming and boundless, shaking the very foundations of the world.

They dared not contemplate the consequences should the immortal domain face such an onslaught without the buffer and resistance of the boundary embankment.

It would likely collapse and crumble instantaneously, scattering into dust across the skies.

“Is there no word from the Moon King? She’s always been in contact with the lord. Why has she suddenly vanished from the world all these years?”

The hearts of all the Immortal Kings weighed heavily. The atmosphere of impending catastrophe pressed down like a mountain, causing palpitations and despondency.

They attempted to reach Gu Changge and relay these developments.

Yet, to their astonishment, Gu Changge seemed to have vanished from the world as if evaporated.

Even among the immortal kings within the Immortal Domain, Moon King, who shared a close bond with Gu Changge, remained clueless about her whereabouts.

This led to unsettling speculations—had Gu Changge departed the immortal domain, forsaking this world like some ancestors of the imperial clan in distant lands before?

During this time, they also observed that those close to Gu Changge had begun to vanish.

Whether in the divine kingdom of the upper realm or the heavenly court of the immortal domain, an eerie tranquility pervaded, devoid of the usual bustling activity.

“We must prepare ourselves. I’ve received word that some tribes are contemplating relocation.”

A seasoned immortal king spoke with a solemn tone, harboring little optimism about the future.

Especially with Gu Changge, the sole pillar, gone missing at such a critical juncture.

This sparked panic, worry, and unease among them.

Furthermore, reports emerged of ancient entities resurging, seizing control of various regions, and attempting to open portals to the outer domains for mass migration with their kin.

Indeed, Gu Changge was revered as the backbone, owing to her formidable and inscrutable power. There was a hopeful anticipation that she could potentially withstand the impending catastrophe. Yet, Gu Changge’s demeanor suggested a detachment from worldly concerns.

Despite this, the Immortal Kings had no alternative but to place their hopes on Gu Changge.

As the weight on their hearts increased, two figures suddenly materialized, slowly approaching the boundary embankment—an elderly man in white and a young woman.

“Yes... it was the senior who passed through the boundary embankment at that time...”

King Luo’s expression froze upon witnessing this scene, promptly vanishing from the war bunker to greet them. The other immortal kings followed suit.

Besides Gu Changge, this white-clad old man was the second individual they had encountered capable of guiding others across the boundary embankment. His cultivation level appeared to be at least quasi-immortal emperor, if not higher, demanding their respect.

Chapter 953: Revive the entire ancient history with one’s own power. Wind and clouds gather at Gu family

The elderly man in white escorted Shen Xian’er as they approached the boundary monument. He was aware of the numerous immortal kings guarding the area and remained vigilant about the boundless beyond.

King Luo and the other immortal kings greeted them respectfully, addressing the elderly man as “senior.” Ming wasted no time delving into the heart of the matter, inquiring about the current state of affairs in the Immortal Domain and how to navigate it.

Accompanied by his apprentice Shen Xian’er, Ming had spent their time outside the boundary embankment sensing the fluctuations beyond, attempting to gauge the prowess of the group of “hunters” who had arrived. Unexpectedly, Ming discovered traces of other entities from the real world besides the hunters.

The prospect of unfriendly encounters between the denizens of both realms loomed as a potential catastrophe for the world of mountains and seas. Yet, King Luo and his compatriots appeared visibly troubled, some even expressing bitterness through gestures and signs.

What solutions did the Immortal Domain possess? Apart from stationing guards to monitor the boundless battlefield, their options seemed limited. Even Gu Changge, their stalwart ally, had vanished without a trace, leaving them to speculate on his allegiance.

Ming’s expression reflected a mix of emotions upon hearing this grim assessment of the Immortal Domain’s plight. However, according to King Luo and his peers, the Immortal Domain harbored not only the immortal kings but also a resurgence of ancient powers.

These ancient beings held dominion over the universe and its forces, their strength inscrutable. There were suspicions that these entities surpassed even the immortal kings, perhaps reaching the echelon of Quasi-Emperors.

Despite this revelation, Ming remained unconvinced. To the immortal kings, the quasi-immortal emperor might be perceived as an invincible force, capable of dictating the fates of all living beings with ease. However, Ming believed there was more to be reckoned with.

However, Ming, having endured the Battle of Slaying the Heavens, remained acutely aware. The quasi-immortal emperor had yet to ascend to the pinnacle of the immortal realm, still falling short of the immortal emperor. How then could they contend with the ancient Daoist cultivators?

Merely brushing against the threshold of the Dao Realm, these cultivators wielded a power so formidable that a mere thought or glance could dispatch the quasi-immortal emperor countless times over. Ming knew this all too well.

Among the “hunters” traversing into the real world of mountains and seas, undoubtedly, there lurked a presence from the Dao realm. Ming himself, despite his vast accumulation of years, had only just brushed against the initial threshold of the Dao Realm, still grappling with the first decline.

In truth, Ming harbored doubts about his ability to confront these “hunters” head-on. Hence, he sought a companion who could stand shoulder to shoulder with him during these tumultuous times.

“The situation is dire. Master True Spirit faces complications, and the reliability of the Demon Lord is questionable. What transpired during the interim...” Old Ming trailed off, reminiscing about his shared era with the true spirit of the real world of mountains and seas.

Having witnessed the chaos of the first battle against the heavens, Ming understood the tragedy and terror that ensued. Thus, he was familiar with Qing Yi, the true spirit of the real world of mountains and seas, who had perished in that very conflict.

However, Ming’s demise in the Heaven-Slaying War had confined him to the Heaven-Slaying Battlefield, leaving him ignorant of subsequent events. His knowledge of post-war developments was pieced together from scattered records and cultivator rumors.

Although he had never beheld the true visage of the demon lord, Ming recognized the crucial role it played in safeguarding the real world of mountains and seas during the initial calamity. He

remained convinced that the events of the Forbidden Era held deeper truths beyond the bleak narratives circulated among mortals.

During this resurgence, some of the revived ancient entities were unmistakable figures from that era, including Ming himself. Their return from the annals of history posed profound questions. Were they transplanted from another era into the present, resurrected amidst the contemporary world?

Even to Ming's discerning eyes, such a feat seemed nearly impossible in the current age.

Across countless epochs, spanning an unfathomable expanse of time, how could the entirety of ancient history possibly manifest in the present world? Ming pondered this question deeply.

During this extensive period, teeming with formidable individuals and creatures, the idea of single-handedly resurrecting the entire ancient tapestry seemed utterly implausible. Ming reasoned that those who perished in the early epochs likely embarked on a different path of reincarnation before returning.

But why entertain such a notion? Ming's speculation stemmed from the fact that during this prolonged era, the real world of mountains and seas remained concealed from other ancient cultivators and unscathed by external invasions. This suggested the protective influence of the true spirit.

However, the recent disturbance involving the true spirit had exposed the real world of mountains and seas to the scrutiny of external realms—a meticulously orchestrated turn of events.

Guiding King Luo and his compatriots away from the boundless battlefield, Ming ensured they would no longer serve as mere sentinels. In the face of hunters from beyond the boundless, their presence would prove futile, rendering them insignificant pawns.

At a certain cosmic level, beings of similar stature could perceive one another even across the vast reaches of space. The arrival of entities from beyond the boundless triggered a universal awareness, unleashing an aura capable of inducing madness and chaos.

Upon returning to the Immortal Domain, Ming bypassed other factions, leading Shen Xian'er directly to the Gu family. Aware of Shen Xian'er's ties to the Gu lineage, being considered Gu Changge's cousin, Ming sought both companionship and strategic deliberation.

The Ancient Immortal Gu family boasted an enigmatic and incomprehensible lineage, predating even the first calamity in the real world of mountains and seas. Its progenitor was a formidable entity of inscrutable cultivation.

In Ming's estimation, engaging the Gu family in discussions about countermeasures represented the sole viable course of action.

King Luo and the other immortal kings found themselves perplexed, unsure of their next course of action. After some deliberation, they unanimously opted to stand alongside Ming, although they remained puzzled by his decision to visit the Ancient Immortal Gu family.

The origins of Old Ming remained a mystery to them, sparking speculation among some that Ming might be an ancestor of the enigmatic Gu lineage. The Gu family's aloofness from worldly affairs, even amidst the collapse of the Immortal Domain and the onslaught of foreign immortal kings, only added fuel to their conjectures. After all, Gu Changge himself had been associated with the Gu family, having once been its young master.

Ming's actions prompted the immortal kings to engage in a flurry of speculation and conjecture. Throughout the Immortal Domain, creatures and cultivators alike keenly observed every move made by the immortal kings.

The moment King Luo and his cohorts departed from the boundless battlefield, their movements did not go unnoticed. Immortal forces across the realm were taken aback by their unexpected journey to the Ancient Immortal Gu family.

Puzzled by this development, many immortal factions dispatched followers to investigate. Some of the revived ancient entities even manifested into dharma bodies to pursue the unfolding events.

Across the cosmos, radiant divine lights illuminated the skies as magnificent dharma bodies traversed the starry expanse, converging upon the lands of the Ancient Immortal Gu family.

Meanwhile, in the territory of the Sea Clan within the Immortal Domain, Ao Teng, the third prince of the Dragon Clan, received word of these events. Intrigued, he set out with Ao Ling, harboring a desire to meet Gu Changge in person and seek answers to burning questions.

Despite his father's profound admiration for Gu Changge, Ao Teng remained skeptical of allegations portraying him as a malevolent force. Furthermore, he believed Gu Changge's

involvement in the changes unfolding in the real world of mountains and seas warranted closer examination.

Gu Changge undoubtedly held crucial knowledge regarding certain truths. The mobilization of numerous immortal kings from the Sea Clan sent ripples across all factions within the Immortal Domain, reigniting speculation and stirring up waves of activity.

Meanwhile, within the Immortal Domain, the Wang family had cleansed the dust off numerous true immortals, who now sat in meditation within caves. Behind them, vast and boundless star fields unfurled, while nine ancient bronze lamps floated overhead, emitting an intertwining aura of immortal light, stabilizing Ni Chen's ethereal true soul.

Ni Chen, undistracted by external affairs, focused solely on cultivating his innate ancestral skills, preparing to seize control of the real world of mountains and seas. With meticulous planning, Ni Chen awaited the opportune moment to execute his daring scheme.

Aware of the inherent risks, Ni Chen meticulously laid out his preparations before commencing his endeavor. In a realm teeming with formidable beings, any deviation from his carefully laid plans could spell disaster.

"I possess the ancestral talents of the Underworld clan, empowering me to conquer all. Now, as the young master of the Wang family and the successor to a true spirit, I am free to roam the world," Ni Chen affirmed with conviction.

Convinced that the true spirit of the real world of mountains and seas harbored a flaw, Ni Chen saw himself as the solution to this enigma. His past success in seizing a star field bolstered his confidence, as he absorbed traces of the original aura of the Realm of Mountains and Seas. Armed with this knowledge, Ni Chen believed he could easily blur the lines between reality and deception.

When the time inevitably arrived, Ni Chen planned to impose his will as the new true spirit, thereby salvaging the Mountain and Sea Realm from impending doom. Should doubts arise regarding his identity, he dismissed them as inconsequential in the face of imminent peril.

"Before assuming the mantle of the true spirit heir of the real world of mountains and seas, I must ascend to the rank of quasi-immortal king or even higher as swiftly as possible. This will not only dispel doubts and speculations but also solidify my authority," Ni Chen declared, his gaze ablaze with ambition as he plotted his next move.

Prior to usurping Wang Wushang's position, it was widely known across the immortal domain that Wang Wushang had yet to breach the threshold of the true immortal realm. Ni Chen aimed to change this narrative swiftly. Within a mere few decades, if he successfully ascended to the rank of quasi-immortal king or even immortal king, it would send shockwaves throughout all factions, setting a record unparalleled in history.

Such a feat would fortify his claim as the true spirit heir of the Mountain and Sea Realm. To the outside world, Ni Chen could attribute his rapid advancement to inheriting the true spirit's legacy and achieving a breakthrough in one fell swoop.

Meanwhile, in the Floating Realm's territory, survivors of the Immortal Palace had congregated, utilizing the City of No Return as their newfound gathering point. News of the mass exodus towards the Ancient Immortal Gu family stirred discussions among them, including Cen Shuang, who begrudgingly decided to join Uncle Yi and others on the journey.

Moreover, in distant realms and foreign regions, magnificent dharma bodies stood tall in the starry expanse, resembling immortal deities. These celestial beings transformed into divine light, traversing the universe to converge upon the Ancient Immortal Gu family.

The entire real world of mountains and seas quivered with anticipation, casting a heavy pall over every universe and ancient world. This incident had irrevocably altered the atmosphere, shrouding it in an air of foreboding.

Chapter 954: The Dao is endless so why do you have to chase the end, why not give birth to one yourself?

The entirety of the Immortal Domain stood in awe as they beheld the spectacle unfolding before them. Dharma Bodies traversed the cosmos, converging upon the Gu family's territory within the Immortal Domain. Yet, to their surprise, the Gu family had vacated the premises years prior, relocating all members to the upper realm. Disappointed, the arriving beings retraced their steps, venturing towards the upper realm.

Simultaneously, the Upper Realm experienced a seismic shift. Members of the Gu family detected a potent aura emanating from outside their territory, prompting astonishment and inquiry among the clan's guardians.

Ming, accompanied by Shen Xian'er, appeared outside the mountain gate but refrained from forcing entry. Aware of his purpose, Ming exercised caution, unwilling to offend the Gu family.

Shen Xian'er, too, marveled at the grandeur of her ancestral lineage. Born in the Heavenly Lan Realm to parents with ties to the Gu family, she found herself awestruck by the sight before her.

Observing the mysterious aura enveloping the Gu family's land, King Luo and the other immortal kings of the Immortal Domain were equally perplexed. Initially uncertain of Ming's motives, they now recognized the significance of his visit to the Gu family.

Even as immortal kings, they understood the need for deference in the presence of the Gu family. The palpable aura of fortune, akin to a surging river, dominated the sky above, lending an air of mystique to the surroundings. It felt as though this domain existed as a realm unto itself, detached from external influences.

Amidst this ethereal atmosphere, ancient beings descended from the heavens, their divine light illuminating the scene as they inquired about Ming's identity with a sense of reverence.

King Luo and his companions could only shake their heads in silent bewilderment, unable to fathom Ming's origins. Among the gathered figures, some remained shrouded in mist, their formidable strength surpassing even that of the Immortal King, indicative of their recent resurgence in this world.

Accompanying the Sea Clan's delegation was Ao Teng, the third prince of the Dragon Clan, who was taken aback upon spotting Ming at the Gu family's gate.

"The Commander of the Underworld..." Ao Teng muttered incredulously, his disbelief palpable.

Ao Ling, trailing behind Ao Teng, also reacted with astonishment. As denizens of the age of innate mythology, they were separated from the contemporary world by countless epochs. Their existence might have been unknown even to survivors of the immortal palace from the Dark Era.

Witnessing this extraordinary scene, the other ancient beings present cast curious gazes towards Ming and the newcomers from the Sea Clan. Among them were individuals whose power surpassed that of the Immortal King.

"They hail from the age of innate mythology. Those two are descendants of the proto-dragon, their lineage holds staggering significance," elucidated an elderly man, who had once transformed from a carp in a dry well into a mighty dragon, retaining innate memories that shed light on Ao Teng and Ao Ling's origins.

His revelation left the surrounding ancient figures speechless, the shock reverberating through their ranks. The age of innate mythology, an era shrouded in the mists of time, held sway over the world's beginnings, a testament to the enduring legacy of these ancient beings amidst the ever-changing landscape.

Upon hearing the hushed reactions behind him, Ming turned, his gaze falling upon Ao Teng and Ao Ling.

"The third prince of the Dragon Clan?" Ming's surprise was evident, realizing he had encountered an old friend unexpectedly, someone he had met countless times in the years predating the first calamity. Though the exact duration eluded his memory, the familiarity remained.

"Ao Teng, greetings," Ming acknowledged warmly, his respect evident for the prince who had once fought alongside him, commanding the Heaven-Slaying Army.

Ao Ling, too, paid her respects, her gaze momentarily lingering on Shen Xian'er before a flicker of recognition crossed her features. Was there a resemblance to their former master? The thought lingered in her mind, though lacking concrete evidence of Shen Xian'er's lineage.

The reunion with Ao Teng brought a smile to Ming's weathered features. As one of the oldest among them, he had led armies in defiance against the heavens, facing calamity and annihilation head-on. The unexpected reunion filled him with a sense of nostalgia.

For Ao Teng, the encounter was equally joyous. Believing Ming had perished in the battles of old, the revelation of his survival and profound cultivation left the prince pondering the fate of other fallen members of his clan, as his father had once speculated.

As Ming, Ao Teng, and their comrades reminisced, beams of light descended from the heavens, heralding the arrival of survivors from the Immortal Palace. Among them, Cen Shuang followed Uncle Yi, observing the unfolding events.

Outside the Gu family's domain, a multitude of figures gathered, yet none dared to intrude upon the reunion. Instead, they stood alongside Ming and his companions, awaiting further developments with bated breath.

Even Zhun, the Quasi-Immortal Emperor who surpassed the Immortal King, couldn't help but feel a tremor of fear at the formidable aura emanating from the Gu family. He knew better than to underestimate them, recognizing their unfathomable background.

Outside the ancestral hall of the Gu family, the progenitor of the lineage stood with hands clasped behind his back, flanked by respectful ancestors awaiting his command.

Observing the influx of visitors, the ancestor addressed his attendants, his tone laced with a mix of amusement and scorn. Clad in black, his figure seemed to blend into the shadows, exuding an enigmatic aura.

Contemplating the words of Gu Changge regarding the establishment of the Heaven Slaying Alliance, the ancestor remained undecided. Gu Changge's disappearance only added to his uncertainty, leaving him pondering the implications of their conversation.

Unable to provide answers to the eager visitors outside, the Gu family ancestors could only shake their heads in bemusement, their wry smiles betraying their dilemma.

Meanwhile, outside the gates of the Gu family's mountain, a sword-like beam descended, revealing two figures. The younger of the two possessed a gallant bearing, with starry eyes and sword-like eyebrows, while the elder, garbed in tattered Daoist robes, exuded an aura of profound Dao mastery despite his worn appearance.

"Today may witness something extraordinary," remarked the old man in the Daoist robe, his smile tinged with anticipation as he surveyed the gathered throng. Yet, amidst the crowd, only Old Ming managed to pique his interest.

"Half-step Dao Realm?" Ming's surprise was palpable as he recognized the profound strength concealed within the Daoist-robed figure. This enigmatic individual stood poised on the brink of detachment, potentially the most powerful being born in the real world of mountains and seas in countless years.

Outside Green Mountain Village, the air grew colder as autumn descended, casting a chill over the landscape. Leaves fluttered gently onto the serene lake, landing upon a figure diligently washing clothes with rolled-up sleeves.

Gu Changge, clad in humble attire, observed the scene with quiet contemplation. His hand instinctively reached out to catch a falling leaf, musing on the passage of time and the recurring cycles of seasons.

“Autumn once more...” Gu Changge murmured, reflecting on the relentless march of time. Over the years spent in Green Mountain Village, he had witnessed the ebb and flow of life. Children grew into adulthood, forging their own paths, while others found love and built families.

As Gu Changge observed these transformations, he couldn't help but ponder the absence of offspring between himself and Su Qingge—a fact that seemed to weigh on both of them.

“The world evolves...” Gu Changge mused, his gaze drifting skyward, where not a single cloud marred the clear expanse above.

As autumn cast its golden hue across the sky, Su Qingge returned from her chores, noticing Gu Changge's contemplative expression. With a gentle smile, she approached him, intertwining her arm with his.

“What captures your gaze in the sky?” she inquired, sensing a subtle shift in Gu Changge's demeanor. Over time, she had observed his evolving perspective, as he seemed to immerse himself in the experiences of mortal life.

At times, Gu Changge would silently observe the village from their vantage point atop the mountain, his scrutiny enduring for months. Concerned for his well-being, Su Qingge couldn't help but wonder if his newfound exploration would lead him to depart once more, leaving her with naught but memories.

“I'm seeking something beyond the sky's reach...” Gu Changge's response was cryptic as he brushed a few stray strands of hair from Su Qingge's ear. Deep down, he harbored a subconscious desire for this transient reality to prolong, even as he remained cognizant of its impermanence.

While Gu Changge acknowledged the inevitability of change, he couldn't help but prolong his current state of existence, reluctant to relinquish the fleeting moments of contentment he found with Su Qingge.

From Gu Changge's perspective, the conclusion of their journey felt natural, devoid of abruptness. It was an inevitability he had come to accept.

“Where does it end?” Su Qingge queried, peering into the distance, though her mortal sight could only discern a faint starry expanse. The notion of an end seemed elusive.

“The Dao knows no bounds, so why chase after its end so fervently?” Gu Changge remarked, amused by Su Qingge’s earnestness. Unlike him, she had long forsaken the pursuit of enlightenment and was content with their shared existence.

“It is because the Dao is boundless that the pursuit of its end becomes imperative,” Gu Changge explained with a smile, his gaze drifting to the falling leaves. “The chill sets in once more,” he observed, removing his coat to drape it over Su Qingge’s shoulders.

“I’m not cold,” Su Qingge protested, clinging to his arm as she nestled against his chest. “The village children are adorable,” she remarked, her cheeks flushed with warmth.

Chuckling, Gu Changge teased, “Why not have one of our own?” Yet, as Su Qingge tugged him towards their home, she understood that their idyllic life together, tinged with the bittersweet awareness of its impending end, was drawing to a close.

For Su Qingge, the man beside her had transcended mortal boundaries, ascending to a godlike stature that overlooked the realm of existence itself.

Chapter 955: There are no eggs under the overturned nest, perhaps the real world of mountains and seas has been abandoned

With Gu Changge’s current level of cultivation, having children seemed practically impossible. It wasn’t something he actively pondered; rather, it felt burdensome. Su Qingge herself was aware of this, yet she held onto a glimmer of hope in her heart. Perhaps, for her, it served as a form of solace. Until now, she hadn’t entertained other thoughts; she simply found solace in the tranquility of her days.

She remained indifferent even if the world were to crumble and civilizations returned to dust. Years ago, she discreetly revisited her father in the lower realm. Shortly after her departure, her father remarried and started a new family. In her mind, once she left the lower realm, she might never return. Thus, he remarried, expanding his lineage and securing the future of the Taixuan Sacred Land.

Although Su Qingge didn’t personally reunite with her father, she left behind some remedies in the ancestral palace. Later, she visited her mother at the Ji family’s residence. However, her relationship with her younger sister, Ji Qingxuan, had soured over the years, losing the warmth they once shared. Ji Qingxuan now wielded great power and lived a regal life.

For Su Qingge, everything was clear, and she harbored no regrets. Originally, she intended to live out her days in seclusion at Green Mountain Village, embracing solitude until her final breath. Gu Changge's unexpected arrival, in a way, fulfilled her last longing and hope. She had no lingering regrets.

Half a month later, the forest was painted in vibrant hues as the autumn wind howled. Gu Changge gazed at the sky adorned with rosy clouds, his mind swirling with myriad thoughts. Although he had awakened, he didn't feel fully present; it was as if he had concluded this journey earlier.

In this vast world, amidst the tumultuous cycle of life, the inevitable march of time felt natural, carrying with it the ebb and flow of existence.

There was no malice in the way, but there was a conclusion. In this brief span, it was impossible for him to fully grasp the intricacies of human nature. Yet, it granted him a deeper insight into this alternate path. What defined mortality and what constituted divinity? The haze cleared, revealing the mundane world once more. Gu Changge preferred to view it as a return to mortality rather than a return to the ordinary. This process implanted a seed of "the way of mortals" within him. Though this seed may not have sprouted yet, Gu Changge had a feeling that it presented a significant opportunity for him, a chance to transcend the uncertainties.

"Are you coming with me?" With his mind wandering, Gu Changge turned his gaze aside and spoke casually. He couldn't remain in Green Mountain Village indefinitely. As he had stated earlier, he viewed this as a brief excursion into a new existence, a fresh reincarnation. Where there was a beginning, there must be an end.

Su Qingge emerged behind him, gently shaking her head. "I prefer to stay here. I've grown weary of the realm of cultivation and wish to avoid revisiting those experiences."

Gu Changge wasn't taken aback. Su Qingge had chosen retirement here for a reason. He respected her decision and wouldn't compel her to depart with him. It was a coincidence that he had unexpectedly arrived during this time and encountered her once more. Even Gu Changge couldn't shake the feeling that the hand of fate was at play in the shadows. Such matters were intertwined with destiny; even if Gu Changge had attempted to foresee it from the outset, he might not have succeeded. Clearly, Su Qingge had numerous connections to him. If he were to forcefully predict their future encounters, it could potentially backfire on her. It wouldn't simply result in the dissolution of body and spirit but eternal damnation.

"Will the world face an unimaginable catastrophe?" Su Qingge inquired, though she didn't delve deeply into the topic of parting.

Gu Changge nodded, then shook his head once more. For all beings, indeed, this was a catastrophe. Yet for him, it presented an opportunity to unify the entire tangible realm of mountains and seas.

“Beyond the limitless expanse of the sea, myriad civilizations have flourished and faded. The immortal civilization we currently practice is merely a single facet. The immortal domain and the upper realm represent merely a fraction of the vast tapestry of immortal civilizations...”

“Countless civilizations emerge and vanish daily, with competition as a perpetual theme. Even within these realms, competition is a daily occurrence, let alone in the expansive civilized world.”

“This catastrophe could be interpreted as another civilization’s bid to seize and occupy the immortal domain for its continuation...”

In succinct terms, he outlined the current state of affairs in the tangible realm of mountains and seas. Su Qingge nodded, grasping the gist of his explanation. Despite her seclusion in Green Mountain Village, she maintained some awareness of the turmoil beyond its borders. However, as a quasi-emperor, she remained distant from Daoist cultivation. What role could she possibly play in this catastrophe? She hadn’t been actively pursuing cultivation lately.

Yet, owing to her close association with Gu Changge, an invisible force of providence seemed to aid her cultivation, despite her lack of dedicated effort. Indeed, those with profound divine powers should perceive this phenomenon more keenly.

Throughout history, there had always been advantages to aligning with the mighty, influential sects, and powerful forces. In ancient times, certain primordial deities even had relatives and attendants who received their protection and blessings.

“I cannot offer assistance now. All I can do is refrain from burdening you. The Immortal Domain, the Real World of Mountains and Seas, and the boundless sea are beyond my reach. I am merely a mortal being, an ordinary woman. If you hadn’t brought me to the upper realm, I might have remained trapped at my bottleneck and withered away.”

“Perhaps all I can do now is pray for you. Here, tidy up your living space. If you ever feel weary or in need of rest, you can return here and find solace.”

“I’ll be here, waiting for you,” Su Qingge spoke softly, wearing a gentle smile.

Gu Changge returned the smile, placing his hand on her face before nodding. “Alright.”

He departed from Green Mountain Village, still clad in the rough sackcloth that Su Qingge had painstakingly sewn over the years. Though it lacked grandeur, each stitch and thread bore her mark. Gu Changge didn’t wish to disregard her kindness.

Meanwhile, on the lands belonging to the Gu family, ancestral figures clad in black robes emerged. As more powerful beings arrived from various corners and even ancient creatures from distant lands, a sense of foreboding permeated the atmosphere.

“What brings you all to the Gu family?” questioned the ancestor, Gu Wuwang, concealed beneath his black robes. Despite his obscured appearance, none dared to underestimate him.

“This Gu family ancestor is truly formidable,” murmured the old man in worn Daoist robes, his demeanor growing serious. The sudden appearance of the Gu family ancestor had startled him, nearly causing him to exclaim.

As a half-step Dao realm cultivator, he was considered invincible in his era, yet today’s events had shaken him. In addition to the enigmatic Ming, now there was another Gu family ancestor.

This prompted the Daoist robed old man to recall the young man he had encountered in Green Mountain Village. Could he be related to this Gu family as well?

In this moment, Ming Ye wore an expression of utmost seriousness as he discerned the formidable strength of the Gu family ancestors, who undoubtedly surpassed his own. Ming found himself standing before the threshold of the Dao Realm, yet to confront the first trial of Heaven’s Decline. Conversely, the Gu family ancestor had weathered Heaven’s Decline multiple times, a fact that filled Ming with both reverence and shock.

Had it not been for a sudden impulse, driven by a desire to inquire about Gu Changge’s whereabouts, Ming wouldn’t have been aware of such a formidable figure within the Gu family. Perhaps this individual was the last remaining powerhouse in the tangible realm of mountains and seas.

Those who hadn’t touched the Dao realm’s threshold couldn’t fully grasp the power emanating from the Gu family ancestor. However, judging by Ming’s demeanor, it was clear that this ancestor was no ordinary individual. Even the survivors of the Immortal Palace, once revered as immortals in the former Immortal Domain, dared not speak out of turn now.

Cen Shuang and the others stood silently behind Uncle Yi, awaiting developments.

“I am here to seek guidance from seniors on how to address the impending crisis,” Ming addressed the ancestor respectfully. “A catastrophe looms beyond the boundless sea. Without intervention, the entire realm of mountains and seas may face destruction.”

Facing the Gu family ancestor, Ming felt compelled to acknowledge his junior status, given the vast disparity in their origins and longevity.

“The solution?” The Gu family ancestor chuckled, waving his hand dismissively. “I have no solutions. Have you come to the wrong person? My sole concern is preserving the Gu family’s legacy. As for the fate of the realm of mountains and seas, it holds no relevance to me.”

These words sent a ripple of shock through the gathered crowd. Ming couldn’t believe the response he received.

“Senior, when the nest is overturned, there are no eggs left unbroken,” Ao Teng interjected, attempting to sway the Gu family ancestor. “If the realm of mountains and seas is sacrificed, the Gu family will not escape unscathed...”

At this critical juncture, unity among the realms was imperative to repel external threats; otherwise, they risked crumbling under the weight of sacrifices.

The formidable cultivation of the Gu family ancestor could greatly tip the scales in their favor. The other powerhouses furrowed their brows, sensing the gravity of the situation.

Even former adversaries within the immortal factions had set aside their grievances, recognizing the urgency of addressing the looming catastrophe. If left unresolved, they and their respective factions would be consigned to history’s annals.

“Senior, while your strength is formidable, do you truly believe you can safeguard your family alone?” Luo Yanxi, once a quasi-immortal emperor, spoke up. Having endured the loss of her homeland, she understood the importance of unity in times of crisis. She, too, sought to persuade the Gu family ancestors.

As she delved deeper into Gu Changge's actions during this period, Luo Yanxi grasped his underlying intentions. The realm of mountains and seas was her awakening ground after reincarnation, and she couldn't bear to witness its downfall akin to her former homeland.

Initially hesitant due to their differing statuses, many now found their voices, urging the Gu family ancestors to intervene. This enigmatic master's realm of cultivation remained a mystery to them.

Uncle Yi, once the esteemed commander of the Immortal Palace, joined the chorus, respectfully imploring, "Senior, this matter is of paramount importance, encompassing the entire realm of mountains and seas and the vitality of myriad spirits. We beseech your aid. Though the Gu family is mighty, its lineage is invaluable."

"However, should this catastrophe prove insurmountable, the entire realm of mountains and seas will be sacrificed, leaving no sanctuary for the Gu family..."

As the former commander of the Immortal Palace, he had marshaled countless celestial soldiers and generals, boasting exceptional cultivation and enduring fortune. Despite surpassing his previous zenith after resurrection, he remained distant from the Dao Realm.

"There's no need to belabor the point; the old man understands the situation better than you," the Gu family ancestor interjected firmly. "The brutality of this catastrophe surpasses your comprehension. If you wish to spare your family from destruction alongside the realm of mountains and seas, you should relocate as swiftly as possible."

Despite his stern demeanor, the Gu family ancestor's reluctance to forge an alliance with Gu Changge stemmed not from fear of the "hunters." While these adversaries possessed strength comparable to his own, they posed no genuine threat to him. Rather, his concern lay with the presence of "lunatics" among the hunters.

These "lunatics" roamed the boundless sea, wreaking havoc and consuming realms with reckless abandon. Their numbers were countless, and their power far exceeded that of ancient cultivators in the Void Dao Realm.

In the boundless sea, the Dao Realm was divided into the Void Dao Realm and the True Dao Realm, with Heaven's Declines marking the thresholds. Upon surmounting the fourth calamity of Heaven's Decline, cultivators ascended to the True Dao Realm. Beyond that lay the Ancestral Dao Realm, achievable after overcoming the seventh Heavenly Decline.

The Gu family ancestor knew that many “lunatics” among the hunters hailed from the ancestral realm. However, these individuals represented only a fraction, as few had reached such heights. Forsaking all ties, they existed beyond the confines of time and space, impervious even to calamity.

The Gu family ancestor’s concern stemmed from the possibility of encountering such a “lunatic” among the hunters converging on the realm of mountains and seas. With Gu Changge’s disappearance, it appeared he had forsaken the realm entirely. Thus, the Gu family ancestor’s sole recourse was to safeguard the family’s legacy and, if necessary, relocate them during critical junctures.

Chapter 956: A variable born in response to the catastrophe, quasi-immortal king tribulation

The words of the Gu family ancestor hung heavy in the air, silencing everyone, including Ming, who found himself at a loss for words. It seemed clear that the ancestor held insights into truths that surpassed their understanding, prompting contemplative silence.

The implication was stark: the future held little promise, and even the esteemed ancestor could only prioritize the safeguarding of the Gu family. It raised questions about the viability of remaining in the Realm of Mountains and Seas or the necessity of seeking refuge elsewhere.

Ao Teng and his companions absorbed the weight of the revelation, unable to deny the gravity of the situation. Their hopes for a brighter future were tempered by the realization that their plight might be more dire than they had dared to imagine.

“Does this imply that our envisioned future is naught but an illusion, and the reality ahead is grim?” ventured a representative from the Immortal King’s lineage, his voice reflecting the collective dismay.

Arriving with expectations of finding a beacon of hope in the Gu family, his disillusionment was palpable as the grim truth unfolded before him. The burden weighed heavily on the hearts of all present.

However, Uncle Yi from the Immortal Palace survivors stepped forward, his demeanor resolute and his voice unwavering. “It may be premature to draw such conclusions. The resurgence of power within the Realm of Mountains and Seas, the burgeoning fortune across all races, and the manifestation of grand aspirations illuminate a path of potential resistance.”

His words carried a glimmer of optimism amidst the prevailing uncertainty, suggesting that the future might yet hold opportunities for defiance and resilience.

Similarly, the old Daoist in tattered robes offered his perspective, his tone reflective. “Everything is subject to the whims of fate, and the future remains an enigma shrouded in countless variables. If doom were inevitable, why would the Realm of Mountains and Seas awaken us from our slumber?”

His words underscored the complex interplay of forces shaping the realm’s destiny, hinting at the possibility of agency amidst the encroaching calamity.

Uncle Yi echoed this sentiment, his resolve undiminished. “The unprecedented emergence of this great world surpasses even the zenith of the Immortal Palace’s reign. While we may not comprehend the full extent of the ancestor’s insights, we must exert ourselves to the utmost until the hour of reckoning arrives.”

With unwavering determination, Uncle Yi emphasized their duty to persevere in the face of adversity, igniting a spark of hope amid the encroaching darkness.

As the discussions unfolded, individuals from various races voiced their opinions with a remarkable lack of fear, their resolve undiminished by the looming catastrophe. Having faced death once before, many, like Uncle Yi, displayed a fearless calmness in the face of adversity.

However, the prospect of migration posed daunting challenges. The logistics of relocating entire clans across the vast expanse of the realm, coupled with the uncertainty of what lay beyond the boundless sea, cast a shadow of doubt over such endeavors. The potential perils of the journey, including the risk of encountering catastrophe or annihilation, loomed large in their considerations.

Despite these uncertainties, the consensus emerged that harnessing the collective power of the realm to repel external threats was the most viable course of action. The ancestor of the Gu family remained silent, steadfast in his resolve to defer any decisions until the arrival of Gu Changge, whose authority would ultimately shape the course of events.

Amidst these deliberations, a dramatic event unfolded in the eastern reaches of the Immortal Domain. A brilliant burst of immortal light illuminated the sky, accompanied by thunderous reverberations that echoed across the cosmos. Spectacular scenes unfolded before the astonished onlookers, as ancient palaces, pavilions, and celestial phenomena materialized in a dazzling display.

At the center of this celestial spectacle stood a youthful figure with an aura of indomitable determination. Despite the ferocious onslaught of thunderous calamities unleashed upon him, the figure remained resolute, defying the forces of nature with unwavering resolve. With sword-like eyebrows and starry eyes, he exuded a formidable presence as he confronted the divine onslaught with courage and defiance.

The emergence of the quasi-immortal king calamity sent shockwaves reverberating throughout the Immortal Domain, captivating the attention of powerful beings across countless universes. Many marveled at the rarity of such an event, lamenting the individual's untimely birth in an era that failed to appreciate their potential.

In ancient times, undergoing the quasi-immortal king tribulation was considered a sign of extraordinary talent and potential. It signified the ability to challenge the established order and ascend to new heights of power. However, such opportunities were rare and reserved for those who had cultivated diligently and broken through formidable barriers.

Witnessing this display of immense luck and power, observers speculated on the significance of this event amidst the looming catastrophe facing the realm. Some pondered whether this individual had been born in response to the impending crisis, destined to play a pivotal role in shaping the fate of the Immortal Domain.

However, attempts to discern the identity and origins of the individual were thwarted by a mysterious force, shrouding them in secrecy and intrigue. Despite their best efforts, those seeking to unravel the mystery were met with resistance, leaving them to ponder the implications of this enigmatic figure's emergence.

Amidst expressions of admiration and regret, there lingered a sense of melancholy over the missed opportunities that might have been, had this remarkable individual been born in a different era. Despite the uncertainties of the future, the quasi-immortal king's calamity stood as a testament to the enduring power of destiny and the boundless potential of those who dared to challenge it.

...

As Ni Chen endured the intense tribulation of the quasi-immortal king, his resolve remained unyielding despite his battered and bloodied state. His defiance against the celestial onslaught seemed to border on madness, yet his unwavering gaze betrayed a calculated determination.

Witnessing this spectacle, observers from various realms and factions were struck with awe and disbelief. In just a few short years, Wang Wushang, the once-young master of the Wang family, was on the brink of ascending to the esteemed status of a quasi-immortal king. Such rapid progression defied conventional expectations and sent shockwaves throughout the Immortal Domain.

However, Ni Chen's seemingly desperate struggle concealed a deeper purpose. He had orchestrated this display of power with the intention of attracting the attention of formidable beings from across the universe. Each thunderous clap and strike of lightning served as a beacon, drawing the gaze of those who held sway over the fate of the Immortal Domain.

Among those who observed this spectacle was the ancestor of the Gu family, whose keen senses detected a shift in the fabric of reality. Sensing the emergence of unforeseen variables, he wasted no time in investigating the source of this disruption, leading a contingent of followers into the fray.

As they beheld the scene unfolding before them, expressions of surprise and admiration crossed the faces of the onlookers. Even Cen Shuang, a survivor of the Immortal Palace, found herself taken aback by Ni Chen's astonishing display of strength and resilience. Despite his youthful appearance, his prowess surpassed even her own formidable abilities, prompting a whisper of acknowledgment from the astounded observer.

In this moment of tumultuous upheaval, the stage was set for a confrontation that would shape the destiny of the Immortal Domain. As Ni Chen braved the tribulation with unwavering determination, the eyes of the universe turned towards him, awaiting the outcome of his audacious gambit.

As the observers attempted to decipher Ni Chen's identity and the significance of his unprecedented ascension to quasi-immortal king status, theories and speculations abound among them.

Uncle Yi, his eyes gleaming with insight, pondered the enigma surrounding Ni Chen's emergence. Sensing the protective embrace of the heavens and earth enveloping the young man, Uncle Yi couldn't help but wonder if Ni Chen was indeed a figure born in response to the impending catastrophe, destined to play a pivotal role in the unfolding events.

Meanwhile, Ming, his mind a labyrinth of deductions, attempted to unravel the mysteries shrouding Ni Chen's origins. Despite his formidable prowess and nearing the threshold of the first Heaven's Decline, Ming found his efforts thwarted by a nebulous haze that obscured Ni Chen's true essence, leaving him grasping at shadows in his pursuit of clarity.

Luo Wang's revelation of Ni Chen's identity as Wang Wushang, the scion of the esteemed Wang family and a rising star among the younger generation, elicited shock and disbelief from the gathered assembly. To witness a figure who had only recently emerged onto the stage of immortality ascend to the exalted realm of quasi-immortal king was a testament to the extraordinary circumstances surrounding Ni Chen's ascent.

As the truth of Ni Chen's meteoric rise to power became apparent, a sense of regret permeated the onlookers' thoughts. Despite recognizing the magnitude of Ni Chen's achievement, many couldn't shake the feeling of apprehension at the seeming futility of his newfound status in the face of the looming catastrophe.

Amidst the chorus of speculation and lamentation, the ancestor of the Gu family remained a silent observer, his mind awash with memories of bygone eras and the tales of his ancestors. Drawing parallels between Ni Chen's emergence and the legendary figures of antiquity who defied the constraints of fate, the ancestor couldn't help but entertain the possibility that Ni Chen might indeed be the harbinger of change that the Immortal Domain so desperately needed.

As the tribulation raged on and Ni Chen's fate hung in the balance, the eyes of the universe remained fixed on the young man who dared to challenge destiny itself. Whether he would emerge triumphant or succumb to the unforgiving whims of fate remained to be seen, but one thing was certain – Ni Chen's emergence had sparked a cascade of events that would alter the course of history in the Immortal Domain forever.

The emergence of Ni Chen as a potential variable in the face of the looming catastrophe injected a glimmer of hope into the hearts of all who bore witness to his trial by tribulation. In a world teetering on the brink of despair, the advent of a variable – a being beyond the constraints of fate and prediction – offered a beacon of possibility amidst the encroaching darkness.

For the ancestor of the Gu family, Ni Chen's appearance sparked a reevaluation of his understanding of the world. Reflecting on Gu Changge's cryptic words and the enigmatic twists of fate, the ancestor began to entertain the notion that perhaps the true nature of the world was far more complex and unpredictable than he had previously believed.

As Ming, with his keen insight honed by his own journey into the Dao realm, expounded upon the potential significance of Ni Chen's role as a variable, a sense of cautious optimism permeated the gathered assembly. If Ni Chen truly embodied the destiny of the world and possessed the power to navigate the turbulent currents of fate, then there existed a genuine possibility of averting the impending catastrophe.

Though the ancestor of the Gu family remained circumspect, mindful of the rarity and uncertainty surrounding the birth of variables, his words did little to dampen the burgeoning hope that blossomed within the hearts of those present. If there existed even a slim chance that Ni Chen could emerge as a savior of the real world of mountains and seas, then it was incumbent upon them to nurture and support his growth with unwavering dedication.

With renewed determination and a sense of purpose, the observers resolved to rally behind Ni Chen, offering their wisdom, guidance, and support as he embarked upon his destined path. For in the crucible of adversity, amidst the tumult of chaos and uncertainty, the true measure of a hero was forged – and in Ni Chen, they glimpsed the flicker of a flame that had the potential to ignite the dawn of a new era.

As Ni Chen sat in profound meditation amidst the swirling energies of the tribulation, the celestial forces converged upon him in a magnificent display of cosmic resonance. Auspicious lights danced in the heavens, illuminating the starry expanse with their radiant glow, as if heralding the birth of a new era.

For Ni Chen, the unexpected assimilation of his aura with the real world of mountains and seas was a revelation that filled him with both awe and wonder. In seizing a portion of the star field and breaking through the bounds of his previous limitations, he had unwittingly tapped into the profound mysteries of the universe, drawing upon its boundless energies to fuel his cultivation.

As his cultivation base underwent a profound transformation, Ni Chen's presence began to radiate with a power that rivaled even that of some immortal kings. The sheer magnitude of his newfound strength sent ripples of astonishment and trepidation through the gathered onlookers, who could scarcely believe the extent of his metamorphosis.

Amidst the awe-struck whispers and murmurs of those assembled, the ancestor of the Gu family approached Ni Chen, his gaze brimming with a mixture of curiosity and anticipation. Like the others, he sought to understand the nature of the extraordinary opportunity that had propelled Ni Chen to such dizzying heights of power and potential.

With each step forward, the rest of the assembly followed suit, drawn by a shared desire to unravel the mysteries surrounding Ni Chen's transformation and to discern the role he might play in the face of the impending catastrophe. For in the enigmatic figure of Ni Chen, they glimpsed a glimmer of hope amidst the encroaching darkness – a hope that, if nurtured and guided, might yet prove capable of averting the looming calamity and ushering in a new era of prosperity and peace.

Chapter 957: Claiming to be the successor of the true world of mountains and seas, using the power of the world to help it grow

Ni Chen sat cross-legged amidst the starry expanse, bathed in the radiant light of the Great Dao. With each breath, the universe's aura surged around him like a tempestuous tide, engulfing him completely. His cultivation rapidly stabilized, the brilliance of a quasi-immortal king illuminating his features, casting a luminous glow upon his cheekbones.

Even though he had just attained the status of quasi-immortal king, it sent shivers down the spines of some seasoned immortal kings. The Gu family ancestor and a retinue of ancient figures approached, intent on discerning Ni Chen's origins and understanding the nature of the opportunity he had seized. Their goal: to determine if he was a variable born in response to the impending catastrophe.

"Greetings, seniors..." Ni Chen's voice was calm, his demeanor composed as he addressed the assembly. Unfazed by the scrutiny, he met their gazes with equanimity.

Observing Ni Chen, the Gu family ancestor, Ming, the Daoist-robed elder, and others nodded in acknowledgment. Their scrutiny revealed the unfathomable fortune coursing through Ni Chen's being, far surpassing their expectations. He appeared to be a man destined for greatness, favored even by the celestial forces.

Ni Chen, also known as Wang Wushang, then humbly introduced himself as a member of the Immortal Domain's Wang family. Sensing the elders' curiosity, he proceeded to elucidate his background without preamble, anticipating their reactions. As a member of the Underworld Clan, he harbored no fear of detection by his kin, especially given his current celestial favor.

Satisfied with Ni Chen's demeanor, the elders refrained from interruption, awaiting his comprehensive explanation. King Luo covertly contacted the other two immortal kings of the Wang family, seeking insights into Wang Wushang's identity. However, to his surprise, they professed ignorance.

Further perplexing King Luo was the revelation that the other two immortal kings were not within the Immortal Domain but rather resided in the royal family of the upper realm.

Unable to contact them, King Luo resolved to seek answers in person, venturing to their abode to inquire about the situation firsthand. However, the revelation that they had left the Immortal Domain with some of their clansmen for the Upper Realm left King Luo baffled.

"What's happening? Why have they departed from the Immortal Domain and taken some of our clansmen to the Upper Realm?" King Luo pondered silently, though as a junior in this gathering, he dared not voice his concerns aloud. Instead, he listened attentively to Ni Chen's forthcoming explanation.

Upon hearing Ni Chen's account, the Gu family ancestor's eyebrows shot up in surprise. The subtle auras emanating from Ni Chen hinted at a connection to the true spirit of the real world of mountains and seas.

The true spirit of the Mountain and Sea Realm was the primordial will conceived at the realm's inception, integral to its very existence. In the primordial battle against the heavens, the true spirits of the mountains and seas stood against the forces of dissolution, establishing the Immortal Palace prior to the dark era.

These revelations weren't secrets to Ni Chen; he had witnessed the realm's evolution firsthand. While uncertain of the true spirit's current whereabouts, it was likely that its absence left the realm vulnerable to catastrophe.

The other ancient beings, lacking the Gu family ancestor's comprehensive understanding, shared in his skepticism. However, Ao Teng, Ao Ling, and others from the age of innate mythology provided clarification, elucidating the significance of the true spirit of mountains and seas and its protective role over the realm's inhabitants.

Moved by this revelation, the elders couldn't help but feel a sense of reverence, realizing the magnitude of the true spirit's influence in safeguarding the realm's populace.

However, according to Ao Teng and Ao Ling's accounts, the true spirit might have indeed dissipated.

"Not necessarily," countered some survivors of the Immortal Palace. "Uncle Yi and others have been resurrected before. Perhaps the Master True Spirit is orchestrating events behind the scenes."

"How could she truly dissipate?" They couldn't quite reconcile themselves to this possibility. For many, the Grand Palace Master of the Immortal Palace, the incarnation of the true spirit of the Mountain and Sea Realm in the mortal world, was an entity beyond ordinary comprehension. Initially revered as godlike figures alongside the Demon Lord, their subsequent fate left many bewildered.

Ni Chen, unaware of these intricacies, nonetheless felt compelled to fulfill his role, elaborating on the process of inheriting the true spirit's legacy. Recounting a significant dream, he described encountering a woman who proclaimed his existence as a response to the impending catastrophe, tasked with safeguarding the realm's inhabitants and spirits.

However, when pressed about the woman's true identity, Ni Chen could only shake his head, admitting to her ethereal presence, seemingly distant from this world.

The ancient beings listened in astonishment. While transmitting teachings through dreams wasn't unheard of, the fact that the true spirit of the Mountain and Sea Realm employed such a method raised doubts about its current state. Was it truly unable to manifest, or had it indeed dissipated?

Cen Shuang and others found the prospect difficult to accept, their expressions darkening at the implications.

Beneath his robe, Ming Yi's hand trembled imperceptibly, attempting to discern clues within Ni Chen's narrative. He sought to trace the origins of the significant dream and verify the truth behind Ni Chen's words.

Despite harboring doubts, Ming refrained from fully embracing Ni Chen's words. After all, with countless years of experience, he wasn't one to easily trust others. Yet, his deduction yielded a perplexing outcome, shrouded in thick fog.

"If it were merely a quasi-immortal king, I should have been able to deduce the truth. Is someone concealing the truth, or perhaps it's the hand of fate, veiling the cause and effect with overwhelming fortune?" Ming mused, his confusion evident. Nevertheless, he chose not to dwell on the matter too deeply.

In the grand scheme of things, whether Ni Chen's claims were true or not, they seemed to hold tangible benefits for the realm of Mountains and Seas. Many shared Ming's sentiment, recognizing the potential value in Ni Chen's assertions.

Ni Chen himself addressed the true spirits of the realm with reverence, suggesting a profound connection between himself and the realm. He spoke of his meteoric rise in cultivation, attributing his success to what he perceived as divine favor. Even the simplest acts seemed to lead to breakthroughs, propelling him from a novice cultivator to a quasi-immortal king in a matter of years.

The listeners, including Cen Shuang and Ao Ling, couldn't conceal their astonishment. Despite their age and esteemed lineage—Cen Shuang's father being the Immortal King of the Immortal Palace, and Ao Ling's father the ancestor of Dragons—they couldn't match Ni Chen's rapid ascent. In their eyes, Ni Chen appeared as an ordinary individual, yet his achievements were nothing short of extraordinary.

"It's astounding..." The young man accompanying the Daoist-robed elder widened his eyes in disbelief, utterly astonished by Ni Chen's incredible journey.

“No wonder they say that variables encompass all possibilities. This breakthrough speed is simply unprecedented, beyond the bounds of common sense—it’s truly unimaginable,” remarked an ancient figure in awe.

“In just a few years, he has achieved such heights. If given more time, could he not ascend to levels comparable to our own?” Another figure couldn’t contain their astonishment, grappling with the sheer magnitude of Ni Chen’s accomplishments.

They, too, had ascended from humble beginnings, transcending numerous trials and tribulations to become the paragons of their respective eras. The journey from enlightenment to quasi-immortal king typically demanded immense sacrifices, hardships, and years of cultivation. Ni Chen’s rapid ascent disrupted their understanding, defying the conventional limits of cultivation.

In this surreal moment, even the likes of the Gu family ancestor couldn’t help but feel incredulous, as if witnessing a fantastical dream unfolding before their eyes.

“It appears that he truly is a variable. It’s no wonder I couldn’t discern his past or future,” the Gu family ancestor mused, a rare smile gracing his lips.

Though momentarily unsettled, the assembly swiftly regained their composure, recognizing that envy or jealousy had no place in this extraordinary circumstance. The very existence of a variable defied reason, let alone its origins or purpose.

“Senior, does this mean there’s hope for the realm of Mountains and Seas?” inquired an ancient figure from afar, voicing the collective concern.

“There is indeed hope,” affirmed the Gu family ancestor, casting a satisfied glance at Ni Chen. The enigmatic nature of variables rendered their potential boundless, their growth trajectory unpredictable. In the face of such uncertainty, the realm dared to dream of a brighter future.

The ancient ancestor of the Gu family was himself a person of variable aptitude in ancient times. His rapid ascent was so astounding that it defied belief, scarcely documented in the annals of history. Ni Chen’s puzzled expression suggested he didn’t fully grasp the significance of their remarks.

“If you manage to persevere without mishap, you’ll undoubtedly ascend to heights beyond my reach. The fate of the entire world and all its spirits rests on your shoulders,” the Gu family ancestor declared, masking his inner envy with solemn affirmation.

Ni Chen seemed to comprehend, his demeanor resolute as he spoke of his dream mentor’s directive to become a new guardian spirit of the realm.

Suddenly, a profound resonance rippled through the cosmos, as if Ni Chen’s words had triggered a cosmic awakening, igniting a sense of grand purpose among the assembled beings.

“Is this some sort of grand ambition?” murmured the ancients, sensing a profound shift in the celestial energies.

The Gu family ancestor’s gaze turned steely as he issued a warning, sensing a hint of covetousness among some of the ancients, particularly given Ni Chen’s astonishing rate of progression.

Perhaps there were individuals present who cared for nothing but their own gain, seeking to exploit Ni Chen’s extraordinary potential to reshape their own destinies. The Gu family ancestor’s warning served to deter them, ensuring they didn’t jeopardize the newfound hope.

Upon hearing the warning, a ripple of unease passed through the gathering. Even Ming, with all his experience, felt a chill down his spine. The Gu family ancestor’s aura far surpassed his own, a testament to the countless calamities he had endured.

Ni Chen expressed his gratitude with a respectful bow, acknowledging the Gu family ancestor’s protective stance. His excitement was palpable, as everything unfolded according to plan, without a hitch.

The Gu family ancestor brushed off Ni Chen’s thanks, expressing his desire to safeguard the familiar realms from destruction in the years to come. Lost in contemplation, he pondered other pressing matters.

Suddenly, footsteps echoed from the void, accompanied by a voice filled with purpose. A young figure clad in sackcloth emerged, his gaze impassive as he spoke of reunifying the world and nurturing Ni Chen’s growth. His words carried an air of foreboding, hinting at dire consequences should Ni Chen falter on his path.

Chapter 958: :How much dreamy I feel,today,I’ll establish a Heaven Slaying Alliance

“Gu...Uncle Gu?”

The young man who appeared out of thin air caused the young man following the elderly gentleman to widen his eyes and nearly shout in disbelief.

It all seemed surreal, and he struggled to accept the scene before him.

How could Uncle Gu from Green Mountain Village be here?

The whole situation felt too fantastical and unbelievable.

“Is that him?”

The old man in the Dao robe couldn't help but be astonished, recognizing a familiar figure.

He had encountered this person in Green Mountain Village, leaving a lasting impression on him. They were once on familiar terms.

Upon closer inspection, he felt a shiver down his spine.

He hadn't anticipated meeting again under these circumstances.

“Master?”

“Gu Changge?”

Others also reacted, their exclamations filling the air, each calling out a different name.

Clearly, they all recognized Gu Changge.

Even those who had just regained consciousness had caught wind of the events of recent years.

They were aware of Gu Changge's background and deeds, prompting caution and vigilance.

In the eyes of the world,Gu Changge had committed both virtuous and villainous acts.

Some vilified him as a demonic force that brought harm to the heavens,while others revered him as a deity.

“This fiend...”

Cen Shuang’s expression turned icy,her hatred evident as she gritted her teeth and clenched her jade hand.

To her,Gu Changge was still the murderer of her father,oblivious to the news regarding her father and the former Immortal Palace associates.

Even Brother Qingfeng,who had ascended to the Nine Heavens,remained unaccounted for.

This led Cen Shuang to question whether Gu Changge had been responsible for Brother Qingfeng’s disappearance.

Uncle Yi’s expression was a mix of emotions as he grappled with what to call Gu Changge.

However,the members of the Immortal Palace harbored innate hostility towards Gu Changge,their unease palpable.

This was the demon who laid waste to the Immortal Palace in the beginning,leading them to their current plight.

“Demon Lord...”

Hearing everyone refer to Gu Changge in such a manner,Wang Xiaoniu was utterly dumbfounded,shocked to the core.

How could he have fathomed that his Uncle Gu’s influence stretched so far,to such staggering extents?

Was he truly the foremost figure in the Mountain and Sea Real World,perhaps even beyond?

He had heard tales of the Demon Lord not just once but from the lips of fellow cultivators.

Yet,to think that such a figure,feared throughout the heavens,had resided in his home and been addressed as Uncle Gu?

At that moment,Wang Xiaoni felt a whirlwind of confusion sweep over him,leaving him dizzy and disoriented.

“This...”

The old man in the robe couldn't suppress a chuckle.

Reflecting on it,it seemed that everything had its own inevitability.

“Greetings,my lord...”

Ao Teng and Ao Ling addressed Gu Changge naturally,referring to him as'my lord'.

After all,during their era,that was how everyone addressed Gu Changge.

Though Ming had never personally encountered Gu Changge,he had gleaned much from the accounts of Ao Teng and Ao Ling,particularly after the war.

Therefore,he maintained a respectful demeanor towards Gu Changge,who had safeguarded the Mountain and Sea True Realm.

“Bowling slightly,he uttered,”Greetings,my lord.”

Upon seeing Gu Changge appear,the ancestor of the Gu family visibly relaxed.

He had been genuinely concerned that Gu Changge might depart from this place, abandoning the entire realm of the mountains and seas.

“You’ve finally arrived.”

He spoke, refraining from inquiring about Changge’s whereabouts.

Gu Changge nodded slightly, his gaze sweeping through the crowd, lingering mainly on Old Man Ming and the Daoist-robed elder.

With the inclusion of the ancestor of the Gu family, there were now three ancient cultivators in the Mountain and Sea Real World. Ming had entered the threshold of the Dao realm but had yet to overcome the first decline. The old man, Wang Xiaoni’s master, was halfway into the Dao realm, having merely brushed against its threshold without truly stepping into it. These three stood as the most formidable powerhouses in the current realm.

The remaining individuals varied in their cultivation levels. Most had surpassed the Immortal King tier, reaching the level of quasi-Immortal Emperor, but they were still far from attaining the status of Immortal Emperor. These characters were now gradually revealing themselves; in the past, their presence might have remained concealed.

However, two immortal figures remained shrouded in mist and fragmented by time. One hailed from a foreign realm, while the other was referred to as Uncle Yi by Cen Shuang. The Immortal Emperor from the foreign realm concealed their true appearance, maintaining an air of mystery and attempting to suppress their fluctuations to avoid disturbing the current environment of the Mountain and Sea Real World. If the two Immortal Emperors were to encounter and clash in their Daoist paths, they could cause the space around them to warp and fracture, potentially disrupting the world’s equilibrium and plunging ancient history into turmoil. Unlike the ancient cultivators of the Dao realm, they couldn’t seamlessly merge their past, future, and present selves without disrupting causality.

“So, do you intend to reunite?” The ancestor of the Gu family wasted no time, opting to directly inquire about Changge’s intentions. Compared to others, he was more inclined to follow Gu Changge’s lead. In his view, during his prime, Gu Changge stood on par with the Gu family’s distant ancestor, a former sage who had treated the highest peaks of the Dao.

His perspective and outlook naturally diverged from those of ordinary individuals.

“Now that the variable has emerged, it seems it’s time to reunite once more. Perhaps, in a few years, genuine change might occur,” Gu Changge remarked with a slight smile, his gaze shifting to Ni Chen. Even Gu Changge acknowledged Ni Chen as a variable, dispelling any lingering doubts among the group. They began contemplating the ramifications of a grand reunion, recognizing the immense stakes involved. Someone would inevitably bear the weight of this immense fortune and its accompanying consequences. Failure could result in collapse, death, and the entanglement of all heavenly races—a risky gamble. The mountain and sea realms’ ethnic groups and factions would place their bets on Ni Chen’s variable existence, as they saw no other viable option. If they refrained, they would be left with little choice. In the face of impending catastrophe, failure to act would spell doom for all, consigning them to oblivion amidst chaos and the passage of time.

“Indeed, a decision must be made,” the Gu family ancestor concurred, contemplating whether to heed Gu Changge’s proposal and establish the Heaven Slaying Alliance. The emergence of this variable presented a timely opportunity.

“What are your thoughts?” Gu Changge casually inquired of the others. Old Ming represented numerous figures from the era of primordial myths, while Ao Teng, Ao Ling, and others listened attentively. The Immortal Palace survivors rallied behind Uncle Yi, as recounted by Cen Shuang. Meanwhile, other figures from disparate eras loosely followed Wang Xiaoniu’s master. The foreign realm adhered to the words of their enigmatic Immortal Emperor. In essence, the current mountain and sea realm was divided into five factions, all present at this gathering.

“If this calamity can be averted, we shall follow your lead,” Ming declared after brief consideration. He led the charge, with Ao Teng, Ao Ling, and others falling in line, unaffected by the Dark Age and unwavering in their faith in Gu Changge’s authority. Gu Changge nodded in acknowledgment before his gaze flicked to the young woman standing behind Ming. However, he quickly averted his eyes. He had encountered her, Gu Xian’er’s sister Shen Xian’er, during his time in the Heavenly Lan Realm.

Despite their differing personalities, their eyebrows bore a striking resemblance. When standing in silence, they could easily be mistaken for the same person. However, Gu Xian’er was far from quiet; even when she wore a serene expression, it was a facade. This reminded Gu Changge of certain matters concerning Gu Xian’er, prompting him to prepare a gift for her.

With Ming, an enigmatic figure, in agreement, the others followed suit without hesitation. Even the Immortal Palace survivors, who harbored animosity towards Gu Changge, concurred and expressed willingness to unite. Faced with such a dire catastrophe, personal grievances could be set aside, if only temporarily.

“Now that all of you have consented, matters are considerably more favorable, and I will endeavor to support his growth,” Gu Changge affirmed calmly. “I hope that in the end, he won’t disappoint us.”

Upon hearing this, everyone, including the Gu family ancestor, turned their gaze to Ni Chen, taken aback by Gu Changge’s statement. Was this a desperate attempt to place all hopes on Ni Chen? It appeared that even Gu Changge believed that this variable, Ni Chen, held the potential to enact change in the future.

Ni Chen was stunned. He hadn’t anticipated Gu Changge’s appearance at this crucial moment, believing like everyone else that Gu Changge had departed from the mountain and sea realm. In Gu Changge’s presence, he always felt a sense of unease, as if his hidden secrets would be laid bare. However, Gu Changge’s full support for his growth came as a surprise.

Initially, Ni Chen had sought out Wang Ziji in the upper realm, only to be trapped outside the Human Ancestor Hall by Gu Changge, losing face and a significant portion of his lifespan. Yet now, Gu Changge seemed unconcerned about that incident, focusing instead on the broader interests of the mountain and sea realm. It was a revelation for Ni Chen. He had expected someone like Gu Changge to be ruthless, indifferent to the fate of the mountain and sea realm. In the end, even this devil was willing to support his growth.

He couldn’t shake the surreal feeling in his heart, finding it somewhat absurd. If Gu Changge and the others knew the truth of the matter, he wondered how they would react. In the end, the mountain and sea realm would merely serve as his wedding attire and the tools for his resurrected relatives.

“The juniors will certainly strive to meet Master’s and your expectations, giving their all to confront the catastrophe,” Ni Chen declared, his expression resolute as he clasped his hands together.

...

The arrival of Gu Changge and the Gu family ancestor effectively outlined the entire situation of the current mountain and sea realm. All factions and ethnic groups received this news. Many universes and ancient circles within the mountain and sea realm embraced the idea of unity. The foreign realm, Immortal Palace survivors, and ethnic groups from the era of primordial myths had already reached a consensus, and the timing was ripe for change. Thus, the landscape of the Mountain and Sea Real World was set to undergo a transformation. The Heavenly Court and the divine kingdom were overturned and rebuilt, with Gu Changge intending to establish the Heaven-Slaying Alliance.

On that day, thunder cracked across the sky, the void shimmered, and the heavens reverberated with a deafening roar, signaling a monumental shift. As the collective will of all ethnic groups spread

throughout the realm,a magnificent surge of power filled the air,with the essence of the Dao cascading like a torrent toward the location of the Heaven-Slaying Alliance.

Dressed in a black robe with a crown atop his head,Gu Changge stood with quiet authority before the assembly.The turbulent light of the sky enveloped the universe,as if unseen hands were reshaping the cosmos.It was an awe-inspiring and terrifying display of collective will,resonating deeply with every sect and ethnic group.

“Today,I established the Heaven-Slaying Alliance,”Gu Changge declared,his voice gentle yet commanding,reaching the ears of every being as if echoing through the heavens.Suddenly,a thunderous roar reverberated from the depths of nothingness,slicing through the very fabric of existence.The heavens and earth seemed to protest,collapsing in on themselves as endless fissures tore through reality.

From a distant,unknown place,the immense dread of the underworld manifested itself.

In this moment,it appeared as though every being,regardless of their nature,beheld a pair of eyes descending from the zenith.

These eyes seemed to transcend time itself,spanning eternity and straddling the past,present,and future,as they plummeted from the celestial depths.

Yet,their terror exceeded even that;they originated from beyond the shattered world’s boundaries.

What lay beyond?

No creature nor cultivator could articulate it,for the moment they gazed upon these eyes,their very souls seemed to wither,frozen in existence.

Even the immortal kings found themselves ensnared,trapped within a realm where time and space stood eternally still!

In this moment,it appeared that only those of the Dao realm could break free from this restraint,while all others remained imprisoned,powerless to move.

Chapter 959: :The incarnation that patrols the boundless heaven and blesses all beings

The phrase "Heaven-Slaying Alliance" seemed to carry an inexplicable weight, and the instant Gu Changge spoke it, thunder crashed down upon the flat earth. The heavens and the earth raged, and the very edges of the world crumbled, revealing dreadful chasms as if an eternal gust extinguished, and the laws fractured, emanating from that point.

The heavens quivered and shook, as though on the brink of collapse, and every grand universe teetered toward disintegration under this aura, even causing immortal kings to tremble. In this moment, not only sentient beings but even resurrected supreme beings felt fear, their bodies seized by a chilling shiver, rendering them immobile.

Clad in black attire, Gu Changge gazed calmly upon this spectacle, casting his eyes toward the horizon. With his words echoing forth, an indomitable force emerged, as if a supreme decree had been etched upon heaven and earth, capable of sealing all.

"The establishment of the Heaven-Slaying Alliance is inevitable. This is the grand course. How dare anyone oppose me?" His voice carried the weight of indifference, as if conversing with the very essence of existence.

The heavens and earth seemed to grow even more furious as relentless thunderbolts cascaded down, accompanied by an unending deluge of blood, engulfing everything in its wake.

Rumble!

The heavens and the earth now unleashed a torrent of terrifying chaotic lightning, surpassing even the might of the quasi-immortal emperor realm. No longer just a heavenly tribulation, it was the true wrath of the cosmos!

Puff!

All cultivators and beings within the Immortal Domain and the Upper Realm stood aghast. In this moment, even ordinary folk witnessed a fracture deep within the fabric of heaven and earth. It resembled a shattered mirror or a cracked egg, fissuring across the celestial expanse before beginning its collapse.

From that rupture surged forth boundless rage and merciless intent, a coldness seeking to overturn all existence. Observing this sight, the hearts of all cultivators pounded with trepidation, their bodies gripped by an icy chill.

What was that?

Within the depths of the crumbling heavens and earth,there lay a gaze.

A pair of eyes.

The eyes were so terrifying that they appeared to comprise billions of universes.They were deep and expansive,dark and merciless,oozing black blood,sending shivers down people's spines from head to toe.And devoid of the slightest hint of emotion,reaching an extreme level of indifference.At this moment,even their souls seemed to freeze in place.

The existence of the immortal king mirrored this,not daring to make the slightest movement,as if under the gaze of an incomprehensible entity.Not even as significant as an ant...No,even less significant than specks of dust.This surpassed mere existence;they simply couldn't fathom what it was,their minds on the verge of explosion.

In that realm,the universe was upended,shaken,and fractured,even the flowing river of time dried up,unable to manifest.Such a sight,except for during the end of tribulations,was rarely witnessed and nearly impossible to comprehend.

"Is this the heaven that countless ancestors and sages sought to overthrow since time immemorial?"

"The power it wields is beyond imagination.How can mere mortals hope to withstand it?"

Many ancient powerhouses of the Mountain and Sea True Realm were unnerved.They already felt a sense of despair,and this was merely a glimpse,not a full descent.If it were to descend fully,it would likely be even more terrifying,perhaps leaving them too petrified to resist.

Many had never experienced a battle against the Heavens,but this sensation was akin to being observed by a true dragon,causing their scalps to prickle with numbness,feeling as though with a mere thought,they could be obliterated countless times over.

"This isn't Heaven,at best it's a refined will,patrolling the vast expanse of the heavens,an embodiment of the divine.Once true Heaven appears,the world will vanish instantly,leaving nothing behind."

Ming spoke,his words weighty,his expression tinged with disdain.He understood the terror this entity held,impossible to vanquish,its true form unknown to anyone.He only knew that it lurked in the shadows,and upon breaching certain taboos,it would reveal itself,restoring order to chaos.

Gu Changge's intention to establish the Heaven-Slaying Alliance had evidently stirred this formidable presence.Even at Ming's level,it instilled fear and trepidation.Faced with an entity resembling the very embodiment of heaven,even he couldn't help but feel unsettled and apprehensive.

"It merely sensed a taboo momentarily,hence its alarm.As of today,it still cannot pinpoint the location of this realm..."The Gu family's ancestor spoke from a distance,observing the unfolding scene.When Gu Changge conceived the idea of forming the Heaven-Slaying Alliance,he foresaw this outcome.How could such a monumental endeavor not transgress some boundary?If an ordinary mortal had uttered such words,there would likely be no repercussions.But Gu Changge was no ordinary individual;he stood in a realm beyond the reach of ordinary comprehension.His words and deeds would inevitably send ripples of terror through the shadows.

"Speaking such words is truly not a trivial matter,"many ancient beings murmured in shock.Ao Teng,Ao Ling,Cen Shuang,and others felt as though their very souls were on the verge of extinguishing,their terror rendering them speechless.Above them loomed a pair of terrifying eyes,seemingly comprising countless universes,each exuding a thick,black blood that sent shivers down their spines.

"The Wrath of Heaven and Earth..."

"The heavenly Dao is merciless,viewing all beings as mere ants.But this does not mean that its anger can be trifled with.The true heavenly Dao,governing the heavens and the earth,holds sway over all creation..."

"These eyes were forged to oversee every realm,yet ultimately,those realms succumbed to collapse and silence,"Wang Xiaoniu's master explained,his words steeped in wisdom acquired over years of learning.He understood the existence of the heavenly Dao.In its absence,the Heavenly Dao reigned supreme,sustaining the spirits of the world and maintaining cosmic order.

Amidst the vast chasm in the heavens and earth,primordial chaotic lightning crackled and surged,descending like a celestial river,capable of annihilating entire universes.They dared not contemplate the devastation such power could wreak upon the world,fearing the collapse of the heavens themselves.

“Since he dares to speak thus,he must have no fear of the consequences.There’s no need for you to worry,”the Gu family’s ancestor reassured the anxious onlookers.Gu Changge’s strength surpassed their comprehension.How could a figure akin to the illustrious ancestors of yore be daunted by the mere wrath of heaven and earth?

Outside the Heavenly Palace,Gu Changge stepped forth and vanished from this world with a single stride,emerging beyond the realm’s confines.In this moment,his Dharma body radiated an unparalleled terror,his colossal form towering over the world.With a mere tremor,chaos unraveled,and the celestial order disintegrated.

Extending a massive hand,he sought to mend the heavens.This colossal hand,shrouding the firmament,struck the eyes,causing them to quiver.Immortal radiance,countless strands strong,rent apart the ancient heavens.Tens of thousands of thunderbolts were instantaneously reduced to fragments.The emperor’s might swept across the universe and the heavens,as Gu Changge’s palm collided with the terrifying eyes,seemingly capable of piercing through anything.

“So formidable...”

“It surpasses our wildest imaginings.”

Many ancient beings,including Ming,were stunned by the spectacle before them.Who could have anticipated that the scene of world-shattering terror from moments ago would be effortlessly dispelled by Gu Changge,leaving no trace of disturbance?

There was no denying that Gu Changge’s strength far exceeded their comprehension.Otherwise,it would have been impossible to vanquish those eyes with such ease,causing them to explode.

“He is the Lord of the divine Kingdom...”

“The divine Kingdom’s radiance illuminates heaven and earth,offering eternal protection.”

Those who had been despondent just moments ago now descended toward Gu Changge with unwavering devotion.Many devotees of the divine kingdom bowed fervently in reverence.

Gu Changge struck once more with immense force.Standing at the edge of heaven and earth,his Dharma body obscured all,the flowing river of time blurred and eventually dried up completely before fading into oblivion behind him.

The entire Mountain and Sea Realm seemed to quiver at this moment. Every corner of the universe trembled, and all living beings felt their soul light waver and even become unstable. The Dao faltered, the celestial mysteries shattered, obscuring the once clear skies. An endless chaotic aura enveloped the surroundings, some of it seeping out and sweeping into the world.

Finally, the aura that had caused the heavens to tremble vanished completely, leaving no trace of what transpired.

The crack at the edge of heaven and earth began to heal, and the horrifying blood-red eyes dissipated as though they had never existed. Yet, the palpable and harrowing aura lingered in the hearts of all beings, impossible to forget.

Gu Changge returned calmly, his demeanor unchanged. Ming and the others, who already held him in great esteem, now regarded him with even greater reverence. Except for a few cultivators privy to the truth, most remained ignorant of the significance of the recent events. Even some immortal kings relied on the words of ancient figures to comprehend the magnitude of what had transpired, their hearts filled with fear. The higher their realm, the more acutely they experienced that fear and powerlessness.

To all living beings, this event seemed like a catastrophe, one that Gu Changge had resolved.

...

Amidst the establishment of the Heaven-Slaying Alliance in the Mountain and Sea True Realm, a dramatic upheaval unfolded. Beyond the mist-shrouded boundless sea, on the ancient warship from the Spiritual True World, numerous figures were stirred, emerging from the main cabin.

Among them, a female figure named Zhuoyou felt a flicker of obscure light in her eyes, a moment of astonishment and uncertainty clouding her thoughts.

"I stand on the brink of the fourth decline, and in the Spiritual True Realm, I rank among the foremost figures. Why do I feel such palpitations and unease?" she pondered aloud in an ancient and cryptic language, doubts swirling within her.

Has someone meddled in the shadows? Was this journey not destined to be safe?

Attempting to deduce with the power of her mind,she replayed the recent events in her thoughts.Yet,all she saw was a ghastly bleeding eye,glaring at her from a certain latitude with icy hostility.

Did this nascent true world still harbor some profound terror?

Unease gnawed at her,but with the ordeal seemingly over,leaving was no longer an option.Confronted with the allure of the fourth decline,she found it difficult to regain her composure,her heart racing.

The terrifying aura from before only solidified her belief that the true world ahead held an immortal fire waiting to be condensed into its origin.

Meanwhile,aboard the ancient warship,the long-dormant white bone ancestor abruptly opened his eyes.

The people from the Spiritual True World aboard the ancient warship were gripped by horror,their bodies tensing up.

“Has heaven and earth been provoked?”

“It’s intriguing that someone would dare such a feat in a fledgling true world.”

The White Bone Ancestor,draped in skeletal remains,could not help but grin,his eyes flickering with a disconcerting aura.His words unsettled the many inhabitants of the Spiritual True Realm aboard the warship.

Throughout the journey,the White Bone Ancestor,apart from an initial show of interest,had lapsed into silence,leaving even their mightiest member,the senior,feeling profoundly uneasy.The fear he instilled extended even to those on the brink of touching the True Dao Realm,underscoring the terrifying depths of the White Bone Ancestor’s power.

This led to speculation that perhaps the White Bone Ancestor had breached the Ancestral Dao Realm.The Void Dao Realm,True Dao Realm,and Ancestral Dao Realm marked the three thresholds on the path to transcendence.While different names might be used,they all denoted the same progression.In the Spiritual True World,reaching the True Dao Realm signified nearing the pinnacle,while the Ancestral Dao Realm existed only in projections and distant legends.

...

Over the years, the Heaven-Slaying Alliance had evolved from its inception into a formidable entity. Upon its emergence, it swiftly ascended to the pinnacle of influence.

Supreme figures from various clans, including Ming and Wang Xiaoniu's master, held significant positions within the alliance. However, Gu Changge was rarely seen, with many crucial matters entrusted to the Gu family's ancestors.

During this time, Ni Chen had ascended to the position of Daoist within the Heaven-Slaying Alliance. Former peers like Luo Tian were no longer deemed worthy of his presence. Gu Changge had pledged to bolster Ni Chen's power by pouring in abundant resources to facilitate his growth. Tasked with saving lives across the Mountain and Sea Realm, Ni Chen commanded immense respect, even from the highest echelons of the various clans and Dao forces.

Behind Ni Chen stood figures like Gu Changge and the Gu family ancestor, lending him unwavering support. It was evident that the Mountain and Sea Realm now revolved around him.

Chapter 960: :Gu Changge, you are a kind person, heaven generates everything to support people

The title of Daoist in the Mountain and Sea True Realm carried immense prestige, nearly surpassing all others. It was a precedent-setting position, one that even the most peerless figures from various races dared not overlook when facing Ni Chen. If Ni Chen desired something, no force dared to directly refuse him.

Yet, Ni Chen himself was strategic, avoiding actions that would offend the various races. His requests typically revolved around matters of cultivation. Observing this, the powerhouses of all races held high hopes for Ni Chen's rapid advancement, eagerly anticipating the opportunity to invest their aspirations in him.

Today, the Heaven-Slaying Alliance had successfully integrated all forces within the real world of mountains and seas, from the Heavenly Court to the Divine Kingdom established by Gu Changge. Even the smallest sects were interconnected like a network spanning the entire universe within the real world of mountains and seas.

In essence, the Heaven-Slaying Alliance had become the foremost power within the real world of mountains and seas since the forbidden era, boasting several Daoists alone. Its influence surpassed

even the peak of the Immortal Palace's power. Although newly established, the Heaven-Slaying Alliance had revitalized the entire Realm of Mountains and Seas.

In addition to the Daoist position, Gu Changge had also designated roles for the powerhouses of various ethnic groups, including alternate Daoists and seed positions. Exceptional talents were groomed with the abundant resources of the Heaven-Slaying Alliance, fostering competition among the younger generation.

However, Ni Chen's position as Daoist remained unshakeable, his stability akin to a rock. After stabilizing his quasi-immortal king's Dao fruit, he swiftly advanced to the middle stage of the quasi-immortal king after just a few days of seclusion. Even when facing older-generation immortal kings, Ni Chen held the upper hand, emerging victorious in every encounter.

Under the moniker "Wang Wushang," Ni Chen's renown spread throughout the real world of mountains and seas, shaking the very foundations of the universe. Many elder powerhouses increasingly believed in his ability to alter the fate of the entire realm, with some even contemplating the idea of pledging their allegiance to him.

Many saw shades of Gu Changge in Ni Chen, a radiant figure whose mere mention caused peers and elders alike to pale with awe. Ni Chen's meteoric rise matched his variable nature, leaving his former peers from the Immortal Domain trailing far behind.

As Ni Chen continued his remarkable ascent, former sages with keen foresight began to place their bets, pouring resources into him and expressing intentions to follow his lead. While the ancestors of the Gu family, Ming, and other Dao realm beings didn't fully endorse this, neither did they oppose it. Witnessing Ni Chen's unpredictable growth for the first time, they hesitated to intervene, heeding Gu Changge's advice to allow him the space to develop and provide him with necessary support.

Yet, uncertainties loomed over Ni Chen's ability to address the impending disaster, leaving those invested in his success anxious.

"I hope he doesn't disappoint us, or all our efforts will be in vain..." the ancestor of the Gu family lamented, shaking his head. Despite some ancient figures expressing interest in taking Ni Chen as an apprentice, they were dissuaded. There existed a certain karmic layer surrounding the descendants of the true spirits of the mountains and seas, limiting who could accept them as disciples. As the Daoist of the Heaven-Slaying Alliance, Ni Chen commanded reverence from those associated with him.

Meanwhile, in an ancient palace within the Wang family's domain in the upper realm, two immortal king ancestors wore somber expressions, sighing in unison. Their descendants, although ancestor-

level figures themselves, showed utmost respect towards them, acknowledging their stature as true immortals.

“Old Ancestors, we must be cautious with our words. This matter cannot be taken lightly,” one of them cautioned, displaying hesitancy and a hint of shock.

Within the palace, a formation lay inscribed, a matter often overlooked on ordinary days under the assumption that whatever was said there would naturally disseminate throughout the tribe. However, in the real world of mountains and seas, where formidable beings emerged incessantly, it became increasingly challenging to ensure that their conversations remained private.

Wang Ziji, present in the palace, remained aloof, her demeanor cold, seemingly disinterested in the words exchanged between the two immortal king ancestors. Back in the Wang family of the immortal domain, one of them had sought to arrange her marriage to the Luo Wang family. Had it not been for her refusal and the objection of another immortal ancestor, she would have been wedded by now. Naturally, this strained their relationship.

“I did not speak lightly. Why else would we have forsaken the Immortal Domain and sought refuge in the Upper Realm to escape disaster?” one of the immortal king ancestors retorted, his bitterness palpable. “Originally, we intended to clarify matters and take appropriate action. But now, with that individual rising to become the Daoist of the Heaven-Slaying Alliance, backed by numerous ancient existences, who dares to speak freely?”

He couldn’t help but lament at the turn of events. Once esteemed and revered, the Immortal King of the Wang family now found himself fleeing from the family to evade catastrophe.

The individual in question was none other than Ni Chen, also known as “Wang Wushang” in the eyes of the world, once the heir of the Wang family. As the Daoist of the Heaven-Slaying Alliance, he commanded unparalleled prestige and status in the real world of mountains and seas.

One would expect the ancestors of the Wang family to bask in his glory and share in his honor. However, given their circumstances, they couldn’t help but feel conflicted and apprehensive about the future.

Terrified and apprehensive, they dared not remain in the Wang family of the immortal domain.

“A few years ago, we noticed some peculiarities, but we were uncertain. Upon closer examination, we discovered that Wushang is not the same as before. His body is now host to an inexplicable

will,”another female immortal king revealed,bitterness evident in her tone.”Even his clan members have been affected,losing their true selves and becoming mere puppets.While we secluded ourselves,the vast Wang family was gradually consumed by him.”

Initially optimistic about Wang Wushang’s potential as an immortal king,she never foresaw such a calamity.

The ancestors of the Wang family present began to grasp the gravity of the situation.They exchanged glances,struggling to comprehend the magnitude of the revelation.

“If that’s the case,then who is he?Haven’t even the ancient figures hailed him as the hope of the future world of mountains and seas?Are they also unaware?”they pondered,filled with dread.

Wang Ziji’s eyebrows furrowed in surprise,incredulous that Wang Wushang’s body had been overtaken by another will.It dawned on her that perhaps Gu Changge had seen the signs earlier.Contemplating this,she sensed something amiss.

The ancestor of the Wang family,contemplating their limited options,suggested confiding in someone close to Wang Ziji,hoping for a potential breakthrough.However,Wang Ziji,though considering Gu Changge’s involvement,couldn’t help but feel used as a pawn.

Nevertheless,she acknowledged the necessity of informing Gu Changge,despite suspecting ulterior motives.

“I’ll break through to the realm of the Immortal King in no time.The power of the collective wishes of all beings is truly miraculous,”Ni Chen mused as he sat cross-legged on a futon within the radiant cave.Before him lay a plethora of immortal materials,each rare and invaluable,aiding his cultivation immensely.

Above his head,a steaming aura of luck permeated the air,akin to billions of eternal suns,radiating immense power that could be felt by all living beings.The mountain peak he resided upon harbored heavenly spiritual veins,its aura so rich that cultivation here promised rapid advancement beyond imagination.

Ni Chen marveled at the smooth progression of his masquerade as the descendant of the real world of mountains and seas.Even Gu Changge,once perceived as a potential obstacle,now pledged protection and resources for his cultivation—a wholly unexpected turn of events.

Yet, Ni Chen understood the gravity of his role. Despite his status as the Daoist of the Heaven-Slaying Alliance and the guardians protecting him, his paramount objective remained achieving the Immortal King Realm and subsequently reaching the Quasi-Emperor Emperor Realm.

Only then could he truly claim the real world of mountains and seas and resurrect his loved ones. Ni Chen harbored immense ambition and determination, veiling his emotions to avoid detection by the powerhouses around him. Deep down, he knew skepticism lingered regarding his identity as the true spirit's successor of the Mountain and Sea Realm.

Ni Chen attributed his perceived variable talent to his successful substitution for the original Wang Wushang, facilitated by the talents of the Underworld clan. With the assistance of the star field of the Mountain and Sea Realm, he elevated his cultivation to remarkable heights. However, despite his awareness of the truth, he found himself embraced as a variable by all, including Gu Changge, who personally bestowed powerful blessings upon him during the establishment of the Heaven-Slaying Alliance. This unexpected turn both shocked and elated Ni Chen, leading him to ponder the credibility of his newfound status.

The influx of abundant luck towards him seemed inexorable, capable of reshaping even the most ordinary beings into immortal beasts. Initially feigning incredible talent as a variable, Ni Chen found himself transformed into one by Gu Changge's actions, a development that left him on the verge of laughter. Despite harboring resentment towards Gu Changge for past humiliations, Ni Chen's animosity inexplicably waned, acknowledging a kinder aspect to his character.

"As unforgiving as you may be, Gu Changge, in my eyes, you are benevolent," Ni Chen mused silently, focusing on his cultivation with renewed determination to attain the realm of the Immortal King.

Meanwhile, Gu Changge contemplated the unfolding transformation within the mountain and sea real world. Observing the surge of luck pervading the realm, he foresaw a potential upheaval before the onset of the next calamity. Anticipating Qing Yi's awakening as a precursor to the impending conflict, Gu Changge recognized the need for the Heaven-Slaying Alliance's influence to extend beyond the mountain and sea real world, viewing it merely as a stepping stone in the larger scheme of events. Standing aloft in the high sky, he surveyed the evolving fates of all beings with a discerning eye.

In each universe, nothing escaped Gu Changge's discerning gaze. With a mere thought, he could encompass the state of all sentient beings, calculating their fates and foreseeing their changes. Threads of luck ascended from the earth, weaving through the sky like ethereal

smoke, representing individuals with varying fortunes—the prosperous, the fortunate, and those destined for greatness in their own life journeys.

Observing these threads, Gu Changge's attention was drawn to the reunion of Wang Xiaoniu and Chen Xiaoya outside Green Mountain Village. As they conversed, wisps of luck emanated from their interaction, ascending into the heavens.

“In the trajectory of Wang Xiaoniu's fate, he is the protagonist,” Gu Changge mused, reflecting on the fortunate individuals he had once influenced. Though his past actions had involved harvesting luck, he now regarded such fortune as inconsequential. His perspective had evolved; no longer did he seek to plunder luck but rather to embrace the true way of heaven—a path of abundance where all things were created to sustain and nurture life, without expectation of reciprocity.