

THIS PRIMORDIAL WORLD IS NOT SERIOUS!

Chapter 7 - 6 Luo Hou: Talk More if You Can Speak!

Surrounding in all directions constitutes the universe, stretching from ancient times to the present day is cosmos.

Silver-white cosmic light acts as the backdrop of the years, within the boundless Space-Time River, a gaze only yields a sense of vastness.

Plop~

A fish breaks the barrier between illusion and reality, leaping into the river of time.

"I haven't visited the Space-Time River for a long time, and I actually miss it quite a bit," the fish cheerfully blew bubbles, looking around at the ageless scenery, feeling more familiar the longer it looked.

"The only pity is that I can't stay here long, otherwise big problems would arise." This time, Star chose a node that is the main current of the Space-Time River, also known as the mother river of space-time.

Unlike the various tributaries where one can swim freely, the pressure here is terrifying even for Innate Divine Beings, and a slight mishap could result in being lost within.

Star came here firstly to avoid disaster and secondly to perfect his own Great Dao; he did not really want to become a fish lost in the river.

He resisted the erosion of the years while carefully avoiding each whirlpool, preventing himself from accruing too much karma.

While contemplating the Great Dao, Star saw many "fellow beings" along the way.

Their eyes, lacking the lively Spiritual Light like his, did not possess cognizance; they had lost their way in the river, merely drifting aimlessly.

"Hope, one day, you all can transcend," Star muttered while blowing bubbles, without much sorrow in his heart, for he had seen too much.

The Great Dao is difficult; some fall, others reach the summit.

Through ancient times across all heavens, it has always been so.

After bidding farewell to these lost Daoists, Star continued swimming forward.

"Eh, there's some activity!"

Immersed in the enlightenment, Star was suddenly awakened by a voice; he followed the sound and saw a dark shadow reflected in the water ahead.

"Is that... a boat?" How could there be a boat in the mother river of space-time?

Star looked puzzled as he saw an oar dip into the water, stirring up whirlpools.

There's "someone" on the boat!

"Transcending the mother river of space-time, who is this freak?" Star cursed silently in shock, just as he was about to leave, he suddenly heard a familiar voice coming from the surface of the water.

"Thank you, Daoist, for coming to pick me up."

"You've returned much quicker than I expected."

"No way around it, if it were a bit slower, Pangu would have gotten serious."

"Oh? So, Daoist has seen everyone you wanted to see?"

"Yes, all of them."

"That's good."

Then there was a long silence, the oar lightly stirring the water, slowly spreading ripples.

No way, the Space-Time River is so vast yet I encounter... Upon hearing Luo Hou's voice, Water Star was stunned, he exerted all his effort to conceal himself, preventing being discovered by the other.

At the same time, a question arose in his heart: Two voices, one is Daoist Luo Hou, who is the other?

"Daoist doesn't plan on asking something?" Luo Hou's voice rang out again.

"Can ask about anything?"

"Yes."

In the rear of the small boat sat a man dressed in white, with a handsome face and elegant demeanor, his face bearing a spring-like gentle smile: "Then I'd better ask."

Luo Hou nodded slightly.

"Which are the Three Thousand Demigods?"

"..."

"When Pangu created Heaven, did he grip the axe handle with one hand or both?"

"..."

"How many times did Pangu chop when he was opening up the Primordial?"

"..."

"Does it hurt when struck by Pangu's axe?"

"..."

"And another thing, at the time of creation, which was more, the clear or the murky?"

"..."

The man in white asked many questions in one breath.

Luo Hou was silent for a long time.

Eventually, he turned around, his profound eyes looking towards the person in the stern, "How about I take Daoist to see the beginning of Heaven Creation with your own eyes?"

"Let's not."

The man in white shook his head repeatedly: "I'm just a Ferryman, how can I withstand Pangu's Heaven Creation Axe?"

Luo Hou arched his eyebrow, asking meaningfully: "The Ferryman on the Space-Time River?"

"The Space-Time River is also a river," the man in white lightly rowed the boat, "If you can't answer, never mind."

Luo Hou's mouth twitched, regretting boarding this boat.

After quite a while, Luo Hou suddenly said: "At the source of the Space-Time River, I encountered two Daoists."

"That must have been lively," the Ferryman looked down at the silvery-white water surface.

Luo Hou looked at him, "You don't seem surprised?"

"The skies of the Primordial are high, the forests are vast, all kinds of birds exist; what's there to be surprised about?" The Ferryman had just finished

speaking when he sensed a strong crisis, he quickly said, "That...I'm not talking about you, I mean... well, keep talking about those two Daoists."

Luo Hou glanced at him: "Hong Jun, Yang Mei. It's best you don't provoke Them now."

"Why would I provoke Them? I'm just a ferryman," the Ferryman shook his head, indeed it was them.

"Is that so?" Luo Hou was noncommittal.

The Ferryman looked at Luo Hou and asked, "There's something I indeed want to ask."

So that was on purpose just now? Luo Hou indifferently said: "Ask."

"To attain the Da Luo Realm, must one go to the beginning of Heaven Creation, or even before Heaven Creation?" The Ferryman looked serious, his eyes intently staring at Luo Hou.

Luo Hou shook his head: "It's just gilding the lily."

"I'm there because there are some karmic ties I need to resolve, otherwise why do you think I'd willingly face that axe?"

"So you really got chopped by Pangu?" The Ferryman blinked, curiously scrutinizing Luo Hou from head to toe, smiling: "So it must have hurt!"

Luo Hou glared at him, irritably said: "If you can talk, talk more!"

The Ferryman decisively shut his mouth.

At last, a hand was raised in the air, waiving in front of Luo Hou, "That..."

"Ask away."

Luo Hou paused a moment, adding: "Ask something I can answer."

"I wanted to ask, is it the same for them?" This time the Ferryman became serious.

"The same."

Luo Hou affirmed, "No one wishes to carry burdens forward."

"I see," the Ferryman nodded. So, Luo Hou, Hong Jun, and Yang Mei are indeed followers of Chaos? Does settling their karmic ties mean making a clean break from the past, or retrieving something of their own?

The Ferryman lowered his head in contemplation.

"Do you have anything else to ask? If not, I will leave."

Luo Hou waited on the spot for a while.

"Nothing for now."

Upon hearing this, Luo Hou immediately disappeared.

"Oh right, I forgot to mention something." Luo Hou came back again, looking at the Ferryman: "If any Chaos Demon Gods try to enter the Primordial Heaven and Earth through the Space-Time River, remember to stop them."

"Ah?" The Ferryman was stunned.

Wait, what did you just say?

"I stop the Chaos Demon Gods?"

Luo Hou looked at the stunned Ferryman, a smile playing on his lips: "Don't worry, Their condition isn't great; they can't beat you here. And they might not come."

They? Damn, there's more than one Chaos Demon God, isn't there?

The Ferryman quickly stood up.

By this time, Luo Hou had already disappeared.

Looking at the spot where Luo Hou vanished, the Ferryman for the first time in eons lost his composure: "Luo Hou! Damn it, come back and explain clearly!"

"What the hell did you three do at the source of the Space-Time River?!!"

Still seething, the Ferryman took a deep breath, picking up the nearby oar.

"Daoist, heard enough?" The Ferryman looked towards the bottom of the river, rolling up his sleeves.

"Everyone has left, why not come up and chat with me?"

Bang!!!

The oar struck down, stirring up a massive splash in the Space-Time River.

Plop~

A stunned small fish fell onto the ferry boat.

"Hey hey, this will be delicious."