

THIS PRIMORDIAL WORLD IS NOT SERIOUS!

Chapter 8 - 7 Come, Daoist, have some soup!

Star Venerable slept very peacefully.

He even had a dream, a long dream.

In the dream, he feared no erosion from the Power of Time, and karma could not touch him, allowing him to wander freely along the river of time and boldly comprehend the Dao Fruit of the Innate Gods in the endless time-space.

There came a day when he realized his own essence, Great Dao Through Profound.

Just as Star Venerable was about to step out of the river of time and achieve transcendence, suddenly, a vast hand like a cage reached out from the vast time-space, grabbed him, making it impossible for him to break free no matter what!

"Heh heh, what a treat this time!"

The eerie laughter echoed through All Heavens: "What transcendence, what enlightenment, all are false."

"You all are merely food bred by me!"

No!!!

"My fate is mine, not dictated by the heavens!" Star Venerable shouted loudly, ready to make his final resistance against the dark hand behind the scenes.

Then... the dream ended.

"Where am I?"

"Yo, finally awake." What appeared before Star Venerable was a familiar smiling face.

The voice was also a bit familiar.

"How am I here? Where is this?" Star Venerable's mind was dizzy, he remembered he had slipped into the river of time to evade Luo Hou.

What happened after that?

"You are still in the river of time!" A different looking Ferryman, looking at the confused Star Venerable in the pot, nodded his head, it seems the force just now was just right, bewildering without harming the brain.

"Jidou Daoist? Why are you here?" Star Venerable then realized he was still in the form of a fish. Moreover, at this moment, he seemed to be in a pot? Star Venerable swam around in the boiling soup, confirming it was indeed a big pot.

"Me? Just passing by." The Ferryman casually said, "After you left, our meeting ended soon, having nothing better to do, I came here to see, and to find some topics for the next meeting."

This Ferryman was, of course, Xuanqing, more precisely, a thread of Xuanqing's divine intent transformed.

This ferry was actually the Netherworld's World Transcending Ship, originally tasked with shuttling between the boundaries of life and death to beckon the souls.

But in this era without Reincarnation and the existence of Underworld, there were no souls to beckon.

Later, Xuanqing thought, Wangchuan River is a river, the river of time is also a river, ferrying anywhere is still ferrying?

So, Xuanqing simply deployed the World Transcending Ship into the river of time, and split a thread of divine intent to participate and comprehend the Dao here.

Before this, the ones who had boarded this ship were only Luo Hou, and now, the transformed-into-fish Water Star.

Staring at Star Venerable in the pot, the Ferryman said: "Just when I arrived at the Time Mother River, I happened to meet Daoist Luo Hou rushing back, I saw him slap you unconscious and dump you into the riverbed, it was I who fished you out."

"Is that so?" Star Venerable recalled, he indeed heard the voice of Daoist Luo Hou.

"Then how come I am inside a pot?"

"Of course, to save you!"

The Ferryman seriously spouted nonsense: "You sank to the riverbed, your mind eroded by the power of the Time Mother River, so I set up a pot, made some soup for you, it took quite an effort to remove the negative effects."

Star Venerable suddenly understood: "So that's it, I was wondering why my memory was a bit fuzzy, it turns out to be influenced by the Time Mother River, my mind was impacted."

It was not his first time at the Time Mother River, similar things had occurred to him before, so he didn't doubt the Ferryman's words.

After a while, Star Venerable felt his mind gradually returning, then leaped out of the pot.

Upon landing, the handsome and elegant figure of the Daoist manifested, he bowed to the Ferryman: "Either way, thank you."

"We are all on the same side, no need for formalities." The Ferryman's mouth curled up, the soup from the Dream Daoist is quite effective after all, truly worthy of being Netherworld's future signature product.

Star Upper Venerable stood on the ferry, overlooking the vast river, witnessing the grand sight of the endless eras, his expression slightly moved, he looked down at the sturdy little boat: "Daoist, this boat..."

"Just a small toy, don't mind it." The Ferryman took a spoon and scooped up a spoonful of soup.

"Little toy?" Star Venerable's mouth twitched. To drift freely upon the Mother River of Time and Space, and yet the people in the boat remain unaffected—is this what you call a little toy?

Isn't this effect a bit too heaven-defying?

"Let's not worry about this for now, come, Daoist, have some soup." A bowl reached out in front of Star Venerable.

"No, thanks... glug~~" After swallowing the soup, a hint of confusion flashed through Star Venerable's eyes.

"What were we talking about just now?"

The Ferryman answered, "You were just saying that your other Dao Bodies might be in trouble."

"Right!" As Star Venerable sensed his one hundred and eight thousand Dao Bodies, he sighed, "Seventy percent of my Dao Bodies have met with

disaster, and the remaining thirty percent are also on the path to ruin. It seems Daoist Luo Hou had quite the harvest this trip!"

At the same time, Star also secretly celebrated in his heart, his gaze towards the Ferryman filled with gratitude.

Thankfully, Jidou gave him a helping hand, otherwise, they would have been completely wiped out this time.

"Daoist, I have an unkind request." Star hesitated for a moment, looking somewhat embarrassedly at the Ferryman, "I wonder if I could stay a bit longer here, seeing as how Daoist Luo Hou..."

"Of course, you can!" The Ferryman smiled. A tool that comes knocking, why not use it?

It just so happens he wanted to see what this Chaos Demon God that Luo Hou mentioned was all about.

Oblivious, Star Venerable sighed in relief, not stingy with his words of praise, "Daoist Jidou, truly a brother!"

"Next Taiwei Constellation meeting, I'll listen to brother, if brother says east, I'll never go west, if brother says sky, I never go underground!"

"We're all family here, no need for such, no need for such!" The Ferryman was moved, having already taken out the Image Keeping Mirror to record the scene.

Star Venerable looked around, "By the way, Daoist Jidou, this boat..."

"Come, Daoist, have another bowl of soup."

"No, thanks... glug~~ glug~~"

Star's adam's apple bobbed up and down as he drank another specially mixed bowl of Mengpo Soup.

"What were we talking about just now?"

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Netherworld.

Xuanqing's true body returned after the meeting was over.

All that happened in the River of Time flashed through his mind; he first frowned, then shook his head with a smile, "That's about enough, don't overdo it."

After instructing the Ferryman, Xuanqing scanned Du Shuo Mountain. The Divine Peach Tree was staying obediently in its spot, freely inhaling and exhaling Innate Divine Dawn; it was clearly adapted to the environment of the Netherworld, even the ninety-nine Divine Peaches turned pitch black.

"Daoist, lend me a branch."

After greeting the Divine Peach Tree, Xuanqing took a branch of the Divine Peach Tree.

As he passed the Naihe Bridge, suddenly a deity sprang out from under the bridge.

"Master!"

"It's Wangchuan." Xuanqing looked at the spirit of the River of Oblivion and asked, "What are you doing here?"

Wangchuan, a young-looking figure, politely said to Xuanqing, "The Master of Blood Sea came by once, and hurried away when he didn't see you."

"The Ming River?" Xuanqing chuckled, "He wanted to drag you into some research again, didn't he? No wonder you're hiding here."

Wangchuan nodded.

"Besides the Master of Blood Sea, there was an apparition that briefly lingered in the Netherworld; Sister Meng advised me not to bother about it."

"An apparition?"

Xuanqing nodded lightly, "I understand, you can go now."

"Yes!"