

THIS PRIMORDIAL WORLD IS NOT SERIOUS!

Chapter 9 - 8 Goddess of Stealing Dreams

Luofeng Mountain, located in the northern Netherworld's Gui Land, is the source of the River of Oblivion.

At first glance, Luofeng Mountain doesn't seem large; its reflection in the real world spans only around three hundred thousand li in circumference and rises twenty-six thousand li in height.

But if you can break through the boundary between the illusory and the real, you will be able to step into the true Luofeng Cave Heaven and behold the mountain's true form.

Upon entering the Cave Heaven, you would see a crimson moon suspended high above, with blood-red moonlight sweeping across the Cycle and flowing through infinite dimensions, covering every corner of Luofeng Cave Heaven.

From Luofeng Mountain's ancestral veins branch out in all directions, yielding countless offshoots in the All Heavens World that extend into numerous

Spiritual Mountain Blessed Lands, which in turn nurture both minor and major worlds.

These worlds are rich in Innate Spiritual Energy, and a considerable portion of them possess complete Laws, with the light of the Dao and principle interwoven among the mountains like scattered, twinkling stars.

Xuanqing developed some of the major worlds with complete Laws, primarily as gardens for cultivating Heavenly Materials and Earthly Treasures.

After all, he would occasionally craft some Spiritual Treasures according to his interests.

There are not many buildings in the Cave Heaven, chiefly just seven; one Fengdu Hall dominates the myriad mountains and valleys, while six Heavenly Palaces are suspended in the firmament, each distanced by four hundred sixty-eight billion light-years from another.

One hall and six palaces form an array, creating a grand Innate Array.

Xuanqing stood before the gates of the Zhou Jue Heavenly Palace, removed the Talisman from the door, and then pushed open the gates, walking straight to a large cauldron.

Clang, clang!

He patted the cauldron, which immediately split into two.

"Let me think, what materials do I need?" Xuanqing searched his sleeve, took out two branches, and placed them into the cauldrons.

Then he snapped his fingers, and outside the Heavenly Palace, specks of light leaped out one by one, merging together to form a colorful rainbow bridge.

The rainbow bridge branched out in front of the Zhou Jue Heavenly Palace, with countless Heavenly Materials and Earthly Treasures suspended in the air, waiting to enter the cauldrons one by one.

"And this!"

Xuanqing took out two more talismans and adhered them onto the cauldrons, one bearing "Falling Cherry Blossom Divine Axe" and another "Mourning Stick."

These two items were the Spiritual Treasures he intended to craft.

"Alright, let's begin the refining!"

After distributing the main materials for Artifact Refining, Xuanqing turned to leave.

It's well known that Innate Spiritual Treasures are spirited.

As an Artifact Refiner, all Xuanqing had to do was prepare the materials, and the cauldrons had much more to consider.

They would complete the remainder of the refining process on their own.

Having left the Zhou Jue Heavenly Palace, Xuanqing planned to visit a Goddess.

He sat down in Fengdu Hall and then peacefully drifted off to sleep.

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When Xuanqing opened his eyes once more, he had arrived above a sea of light.

Endless brilliance submerged all his vision.

Here, there was nothing but light, more light, and nothing else.

The overwhelming radiance, unmatched in its magnitude, flickered through space and time, enveloping up, down, left, right, and past and future.

"Every time I enter a dream, it seems I arrive in a different place. Where is this time?" Xuanqing walked upon this incredible sea of light.

Looking up into the farthest reaches of the heavens, countless points of light drifted softly down, like ceaseless falling snowflakes blending into the vast sea of light, becoming part of it.

A thought flickered in Xuanqing's mind, and he captured some of the drifting points of light, "Is this... Soul Light?"

Xuanqing read some information within the light points, the lives of various beings, from birth to death, every little detail, incredibly real.

"What a pity." Xuanqing shook his head, opened his palm, and let the light points slip through his fingers.

"What a pity for what?"

The ethereal voice rose above the Sea of Lights.

"It's a pity that this is just a dream of the fellow Daoist."

Xuanqing looked up at the sky, taking a step out of the Sea of Lights to arrive at a different realm.

"I thought you would be puzzled, even if just for an instant."

In front of Xuanqing appeared a Goddess, clad in red, barefoot, with a sweet smile on her face.

"There is still doubt." Xuanqing turned to look at the Sea of Lights world floating in the void. It was but a tiny bubble, one among many, exactly three thousand in total.

"Where do all those Soul Lights come from?" Xuanqing recalled the scene just now. When he touched those Soul Lights and realized it was a sea of Soul Lights, he almost thought he had entered the resting place of all beings.

"Where from?"

The Goddess looked smilingly at Xuanqing, "Of course, they were stolen, pilfered from one dream after another."

"Stealing dreams?" Xuanqing raised an eyebrow, impressed by the divine skill.

"That is so." The Goddess nodded lightly, "It's to verify a possibility."

"I have been considering lately if all the Primordial Creatures were pulled into dreams, would it be possible to recreate a Supreme True Realm?"

Xuanqing thought for a moment, "It sounds like a good idea."

"Right? You think so too!" The Goddess's eyes brightened, she was somewhat excited, her voice as delightful as a lark's: "But I ran into some difficulties during the experiment."

"Firstly, I can't pull in the really strong ones; for instance, you. If you are unwilling to come, I can't do anything about it."

"Then there's the issue that everyone fights as soon as they come into contact. The dreams I painstakingly weave end up riddled with holes in an instant. This is truly disheartening. Is it the same with the gods you encounter outside?"

The Goddess extended her finger, earnestly listing the troubles she had faced to Xuanqing.

"Later, I felt that pulling people into dreams one by one was too troublesome, and stealing dreams was much quicker."

With a hint of pride in her tone, the Goddess said: "With just a bit of guidance, I can easily take whatever I want from the dreams. That Sea of Lights is my achievement."

"Then what?" Xuanqing asked.

"Then I failed." The Goddess sighed, a frown appearing on her delicate brow: "I tried to use these Soul Lights to shape a complete world, but no matter what, I couldn't succeed. These Soul Lights could only manage the simplest of accumulations."

She looked towards the Sea of Lights world, then raised her right hand and with a slender finger, she popped it.

"After all, it's just an illusory bubble."

A dead-end path is best shattered sooner rather than later.

"Ah, let's not talk about me, let's talk about you." The Goddess's sadness was swift to arrive and depart. In the blink of an eye, she excitedly looked towards Xuanqing.

"Did you cause some trouble outside? Recently, a very powerful guy has visited."

"That projection?"

"Yes!" The Goddess nodded, "He's very powerful, coming from a very distant space-time, saying he was here to deliver something to you."

"What did he send?" There was a slight stirring in Xuanqing's heart.

"A door." The Goddess gestured with her hands, and a bubble appeared in her palm.

As she handed it to Xuanqing, she said: "He said he hopes you will reconsider the invitation from last time."

As the bubble entered his hand, a voice echoed in Xuanqing's mind.

[Fellow Daoist from Fengdu, I believe we will meet again before long!]

"What's the matter?" The Goddess asked with concern.

"It's nothing." Xuanqing came back to his senses, looking at the bubble in his hand that contained a suspended black portal.

It really is Hong Jun...

